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VOL. V.

(CONTAINING)

Tristram Shandy,
The Chinese Tales,
and
The Sisters.



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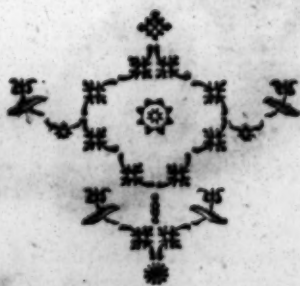
1781.



THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

BY THE REV. MR. STERNE.

Ταράσσει τὸς Ἀνθρώπους ὃ τὰ Πράγματα,
Ἀλλὰ τὰ περὶ τῶν Πραγμάτων, Δοξάματα.



L O N D O N:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster-Row.
M DCC LXXXI.





TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. PITT,

SIR,

NEVER poor Wight of a Dedicator had less hopes from his Dedication, than I have from this of mine; for it is written in a bye corner of the kingdom, and in a retired thatched house, where I live in a constant endeavour to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth; being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles, but much more so when he laughs, it adds something to this fragment of life.

I humbly beg, Sir, that you will honour this book, by taking it—(not under your protection, it must protect itself, but)—into the country with you; where, if I am ever told, it has made you smile, or can conceive it has beguiled you of one moment's pain—I shall think myself as happy as a minister of state;—perhaps much happier than any one (one only excepted) that I have ever read or heard of.

I am, great Sir,

(and what is more to your honour)

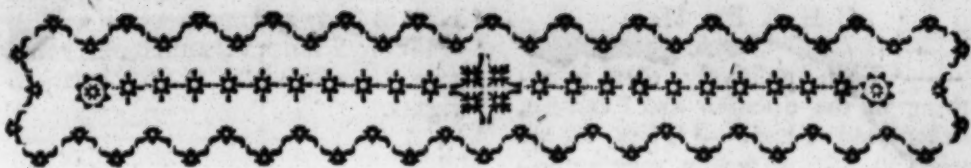
I am, good Sir,

Your well-wisher, and

most humble fellow-subject,

L. STERNE.

1911



THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.



With either my father or my mother, or indeed both of them, as they were in duty both equally bound to it, had minded what they were about when they begot me: had they duly considered how much depended upon what they were then doing—that not only the production of a rational being was concerned in it, but that possibly the happy formation and temperature of his body, perhaps his genius and the very cast of his mind—and, for aught they knew to the contrary, even the fortunes of his whole house, might take their turn from the humours and dispositions which were then uppermost—had they duly weighed and considered all this, and proceeded accordingly—I am verily persuaded I should have made a quite different figure in the world from that in which the reader is likely to see me.—Believe me, good folks, this is not so inconsiderable a thing as many of you may think it—you have all, I dare say, heard of the animal spirits,

as how they are transfused from father to son, &c. &c.—and a great deal to that purpose—well, you may take my word, that nine parts in ten of a man's sense or his nonsense, his successes and miscarriages in this world, depend upon their motions and activity, and the different tracts and trains you put them into; so that when they are once set a going, whether right or wrong, 'tis not a halfpenny matter—away they go clattering like hey-go-mad; and, by treading the same steps over and over again, they presently make a road of it, as plain and as smooth as a garden walk, which when they are once used to, the devil himself sometimes shall not be able to drive them off it.

'Pray my dear,' quoth my mother, 'have you not forgot to wind up the clock?'—'Good G—d!' cried my father, making an exclamation, but taking care to moderate his voice at the same time, 'did ever woman, since the creation of the world, interrupt a man with such a silly question?'—'Pray, what was your father saying?'—'Nothing.'

B

CHAP.

C H A P. II.

—‘Then, positively, there is nothing in the question that I can see, either good or bad.’—‘Then, let me tell you, Sir, it was a very unseasonable question at least; because it scattered and dispersed the animal spirits, whose business it was to have escorted and gone hand in hand with the *HOMUNCULUS*, and conducted him safe to the place destined for his reception.

‘The *HOMUNCULUS*, Sir, in how ever low and ludicrous a light he may appear in this age of levity, to the eye of folly or prejudice;—to the eye of reason in scientific research, he stands confessed—a being guarded and circumscribed with rights. The minutest philosophers, who, by the bye, have the most enlarged understandings, (their souls being inversely as their enquiries) shew us incontestibly, that the *HOMUNCULUS* is created by the same hand, engendered in the same course of nature, endowed with the same loco-motive powers and faculties with us:—that he consists, as we do, of skin, hair, fat, flesh, veins, arteries, ligaments, nerves, cartilages, bones, marrow, brains, glands, genitals, humours, and articulations—is a being of as much activity—and, in all senses of the word, as much and as truly our fellow-creature, as my Lord-chancellor of England.—He may be benefitted—he may be injured—he may obtain redress;—in a word, he has all the claims and rights of humanity, which Tully, Puffendorff, or the best ethick writers, allow to arise out of that state and relation.

‘Now, dear Sir, what if any accident had befallen him in his way alone?—or that, through terror of it, natural to so young a traveller, my little gentleman had got to his journey’s end miserably spent—his muscular strength and virility worn down to a thread—his own animal spirits ruffled beyond description—and that in this sad disordered state of nerves he had lain down a prey to sudden starts, or a series of melancholy dreams and fancies, for nine long, long months together—I tremble to think what a foundation

‘had been laid for a thousand weaknesses both of body and mind, which no skill of the physician or the philosopher could ever afterwards have set thoroughly to rights.’

C H A P. III.

TO my uncle Mr. Toby Shandy do I stand indebted for the preceding anecdote, to whom my father, who was an excellent natural philosopher, and much given to close reasoning upon the smallest matters, had oft, and heavily, complained of the injury—but once more particularly, as my Uncle Toby well remembered, upon his observing a most unaccountable obliquity (as he called it) in my manner of setting up my top, and justifying the principles upon which I had done it—the old gentleman shook his head, and in a tone more expressive by half of sorrow than reproach—he said his heart all along foreboded, and he saw it verified in this, and from a thousand other observations he had made upon me, that I should neither think nor act like any other man’s child:—‘But, alas!’ continued he, shaking his head a second time, and wiping away a tear which was trickling down his cheeks, ‘My Tristram’s misfortunes began nine months before ever he came into the world.’

—My mother, who was sitting by, looked up—but she knew no more than her backside what my father meant—but my uncle, Mr. Toby Shandy, who had been often informed of the affair, understood him very well.

C H A P. IV.

I Know there are readers in the world, as well as many other good people in it who are no readers at all—who find themselves ill at ease, unless they are let into the whole secret, from first to last, of every thing which concerns you.

It is in pure compliance with this humour of theirs, and from a backwardness in my nature to disappoint any one soul living, that I have been so very particular already. As my Life and Opinions

Opinions are likely to make some noise in the world; and, if I conjecture right, will take in all ranks, professions, and denominations of men whatever—be no less read than the Pilgrim's Progress itself—and, in the end, prove the very thing which Montaigne dreaded his Essays should turn out, that is, a book for a parlour-window—I find it necessary to consult every one a little in his turn; and therefore must beg pardon for going on a little farther in the same way: for which cause, right glad I am, that I have begun the history of myself in the way I have done; and that I am able to go on, tracing every thing in it, as Horace says, *ab ovo*.

Horace, I know, does not recommend this fashion altogether: but that gentleman is speaking only of an epick poem or a tragedy—(I forget which;)—besides, if it was not so, I should beg Mr. Horace's pardon; for in writing what I have set about, I shall confine myself neither to his rules, nor to any man's rules that ever lived.

To such, however, as do not chuse to go so far back into these things, I can give no better advice, than that they skip over the remaining part of this chapter; for I declare before-hand, 'tis wrote only for the curious and inquisitive.

— Shut the door — I was begot in the night, betwixt the first Sunday and the first Monday in the month of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighteen. I am positive I was.—But how I came to be so very particular in my account of a thing which happened before I was born, is owing to another small anecdote known only in our family, but now made publick for the better clearing up this point.

My father, you must know, who was originally a Turkey merchant, but had left off business for some years, in order to retire to, and die upon, his paternal estate in the county of —, was, I believe, one of the most regular men in every thing he did, whether 'twas matter of business, or matter of amusement, that ever lived. As a small specimen of this extreme exactness of his, to which he was in truth a slave, he had made it a rule for many years of his life, on the first Sunday-night of

every month throughout the whole year — as certain as ever the Sunday-night came—to wind up a large house-clock, which we had standing on the back-stairs head, with his own hands:—and being somewhere between fifty and sixty years of age, at the time I have been speaking of—he had likewise gradually brought some other little family concerns to the same period; in order, as he would often say to my Uncle Toby, to get them all out of the way at one time, and be no more plagued and pestered with them the rest of the month.

It was attended but with one misfortune, which, in a great measure, fell upon myself, and the effects of which, I fear, I shall carry with me to my grave; namely, that from an unhappy association of ideas which have no connection in nature, it so fell out at length, that my poor mother could never hear the said clock wound up, but the thoughts of some other things unavoidably popped into her head—and *vice versa*:—which strange combination of ideas, the sagacious Locke, who certainly understood the nature of these things better than most men, affirms to have produced more wry actions than all other sources of prejudice whatsoever.

But this by the bye.

Now it appears, by a memorandum in my father's pocket-book, which now lies upon the table, that on Lady-day, which was on the 25th of the same month in which I date my geniture—my father set out upon his journey to London with my eldest brother Bobby, to fix him at Westminster-school; and, as it appears from the same authority, that he did not get down to his wife and family till the second week in May following—it brings the thing almost to a certainty. However, what follows in the beginning of the next chapter, puts it beyond all possibility of doubt.

— 'But pray, Sir, what was your father doing all December, January, and February?'—'Why, Madam, he was all that time afflicted with a sciatica.'

CHAP. V.

ON the fifth day of November 1718, which, to the æra fixed on, was as near nine calendar months as any

B 2 husband

husband could in reason have expected—was I, Tristram Shandy, gentleman, brought forth into this scurvy and disastorous world of ours.—I wish I had been born in the moon, or in any of the planets, (except Jupiter or Saturn, because I never could bear cold weather) for it could not well have fared worse with me in any of them (though I will not answer for Venus) than it has in this vile, dirty planet of ours—which, o' my conscience, with reverence be it spoken, I take to be made up of the shreds and clippings of the rest!—Not but the planet is well enough, provided a man could be born in it to a great title or to a great estate; or could any how contrive to be called up to publick charges, and employments of dignity or power—but that is not my case—and therefore every man will speak of the fair as his own market has gone in it;—for which cause, I affirm it over again, to be one of the vilest worlds that ever was made—for I can truly say, that from the first hour I drew my breath in it, to this, that I can now scarce draw it at all, for an asthma I got in skaiting against the wind in Flanders—I have been the continual sport of what the world calls Fortune; and though I will not wrong her, by saying she has ever made me feel the weight of any great or signal evil—yet, with all the good temper in the world, I affirm it of her, that in every stage of my life, and at every turn and corner where she could get fairly at me, the ungracious duchess has pelted me with a set of as pitiful misadventures and cross accidents as ever small hero sustained.

CHAP. VI.

IN the beginning of the last chapter, I informed you exactly *when* I was born; but I did not inform you *how*. No, that particular was reserved entirely for a chapter by itself;—besides, Sir, as you and I are in a manner perfect strangers to each other, it would not have been proper to have let you into too many circumstances relating to myself all at once—you must have a little patience. I have undertaken, you see, to write not only my Life, but my Opinions also; hoping and expecting that

your knowledge of my character, and of what kind of a mortal I am, by the one, would give you a better relish for the other. As you proceed farther with me, the slight acquaintance, which is now beginning betwixt us, will grow into familiarity; and that, unless one of us is in fault, will terminate in friendship.—*O diem præclarum!*—then nothing which has touched me will be thought trifling in it's nature, or tedious in it's telling. Therefore, my dear friend and companion, if you should think me somewhat sparing of my narrative on my first setting out—bear with me—and let me go on, and tell my story my own way:—or, if I should seem now and then to trifle upon the road—or should sometimes put on a fool's cap with a bell to it, for a moment or two as we pass along—don't fly off—but rather courteously give me credit for a little more wisdom than appears upon my outside;—and as we jog on, either laugh with me, or at me, or in short, do any thing—only keep your temper.

CHAP. VII.

IN the same village where my father and my mother dwelt, dwelt also a thin, upright, motherly, notable, good old body of a midwife, who with the help of a little plain good sense, and some years full employment in her business, in which she had all along trusted little to her own efforts, and a great deal to those of Dame Nature—had acquired, in her way, no small degree of reputation in the world—by which word *world*, need I in this place inform your worship, that I would be understood to mean no more of it, than a small circle described upon the circle of the great world, of four English miles diameter, or thereabouts, of which the cottage where the good old woman lived, is supposed to be the centre?—She had been left, it seems, a widow in great distress, with three or four small children, in her forty-seventh year; and as she was at that time a person of decent carriage—grave deportment—a woman moreover of few words, and withal an object of compassion, whose distress, and silence under it, called out the louder for a friendly

a friendly lift; the wife of the parson of the parish was touched with pity—and having often lamented an inconvenience, to which her husband's flock had for many years been exposed, inasmuch as there was no such thing as a midwife, of any kind or degree, to be got at, let the case have been never so urgent, within less than six or seven long miles, riding—which said seven long miles, in dark nights and dismal roads, the country thereabouts being nothing but a deep clay, was almost equal to fourteen; and that in effect was sometimes next to having no midwife at all—it came into her head, that it would be doing as seasonable a kindness to the whole parish, as to the poor creature herself, to get her a little instructed in some of the plain principles of the business, in order to set her up in it. As no woman thereabouts was better qualified to execute the plan she had formed than herself, the gentlewoman very charitably undertook it; and having great influence over the female part of the parish, she found no difficulty in effecting it to the utmost of her wishes. In truth, the parson joined his interest with his wife's in the whole affair; and in order to do things as they should be, and give the poor soul as good a title by law to practise, as his wife had given by institution—he cheerfully paid the fees for the ordinary's licence himself, amounting in the whole, to the sum of eighteen shillings and four-pence; so that, betwixt them both, the good woman was fully invested in the real and corporal possession of her office, together with all its *rights, members, and appurtenances* *whatsoever*.

These last words, you must know, were not according to the old form in which such licences, faculties and powers, usually ran, which in like cases had heretofore been granted to the sisterhood: but it was according to a neat *formula* of *Didius* his own devising, who having a particular turn for taking to pieces and new framing over again, all kind of instruments in that way, not only hit upon this dainty amendment, but coaxed many of the old licensed matrons in the neighbourhood, to open their faculties afresh, in order to have this whim-wham of his inserted.

I own, I never could envy *Didius* in these kinds of fancies of his:—but every man to his own taste.—Did not *Dr. Kunastrokius*, that great man, at his leisure hours, take the greatest delight imaginable in combing of asses tails, and plucking the dead hairs out with his teeth, though he had tweezers always in his pocket? Nay, if you come to that, Sir, have not the wisest of men in all ages, not excepting *Solomon* himself—have they not had their *HOBBY-HORSES*;—their running-horses—their coins, and their cockle-shells—their drums and their trumpets—their fiddles, their pallets—their maggots, and their butterflies?—and so long as a man rides his hobby-horse peaceably and quietly along the king's highway, and neither compels you or me to get up behind him—pray, Sir, what have either you or I to do with it?

C H A P. VIII.

—*De gustibus non est disputandum*;—that is, there is no disputing against hobby-horses; and, for my part, I seldom don—or could I with any sort of grace, had I been an enemy to them at the bottom; for happening, at certain intervals and changes of the moon, to be both fidler and painter, according as the fly stings—Be it known to you, that I keep a couple of pads myself, upon which, in their turns, (nor do I care who knows it) I frequently ride out and take the air;—though sometimes, to my shame be it spoken, I take somewhat longer journies than what a wise man would think altogether right.—But the truth is, I am not a wise man;—and, besides, am a mortal of so little consequence in the world, it is not much matter what I do; so I seldom fret or fume at all about it: nor does it much disturb my rest, when I see such great lords and tall personages as hereafter follow;—such, for instance, as my Lord A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, I, K, L, M, N, O, P, Q, and so on, all of a row, mounted upon their several horses—some with large stirrups, getting on in a more grave and sober pace—others, on the contrary, tucked up to their very chins, with whips across their mouths, scouring and scampering
it

It away like so many little party-coloured devils astride a mortgage—and as if some of them were resolved to break their necks.—‘So much the better,’ say I to myself; ‘for in case the worst should happen, the world will make a shift to do excellently well without them; and, for the rest—why—God speed them—e’en let them ride on without opposition from me; for were their lordships unhorsed this very night, ’tis ten to one but that many of them would be worse mounted by one half before to-morrow morning.’

Not one of these instances, therefore, can be said to break in upon my rest.—But there is an instance, which I own puts me off my guard, and that is, when I see one born for great actions—and, what is still more for his honour, whose nature ever inclines him to good ones;—when I behold such a one, my lord, like yourself, whose principles and conduct are as generous and noble as his blood, and whom, for that reason, a corrupt world cannot spare one moment;—when I see such a one, my lord, mounted, though it is but for a minute beyond the time which my love to my country has prescribed to him, and my zeal for his glory wishes—then, my lord, I cease to be a philosopher, and in the first transport of an honest impatience, I with the hobby-horse, with all his fraternity, at the devil.

‘MY LORD,

‘**I** Maintain this to be a dedication, notwithstanding it’s singularity in the three great essentials of matter, form, and place: I beg, therefore, you will accept it as such, and that you will permit me to lay it, with the most respectful humility, at your lordship’s feet—when you are upon them—which you can be when you please;—and that is, my lord, whenever there is occasion for it—and I will add, to the best purposes too. I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship’s most obedient, and most devoted, and most humble servant,

‘TRISTRAM SHANDY.’

CHAP. IX.

I Solemnly declare to all mankind, that the above dedication was made for no one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate—duke, marquis, earl, viscount or baron, of this or any other realm in Christendom—nor has it yet been hawked about, or offered publickly or privately, directly or indirectly, to any one person or personage, great or small; but is honestly a true virgin dedication, untried on upon any soul living.

I labour this point so particularly, merely to remove any offence or objection which might arise against it from the manner in which I propose to make the most of it—which is the putting it up fairly to publick sale; which I now do.

—Every author has a way of his own in bringing his points to bear;—for my own part, as I hate chaffering and higgling for a few guineas in a dark entry—I resolved within myself, from the very beginning, to deal squarely and openly with your great folks in this affair, and try whether I should not come off the better by it.

If, therefore, there is any one duke, marquis, earl, viscount, or baron, in these his majesty’s dominions, who stands in need of a tight genteel dedication, and whom the above will suit—(for, by the bye, unless it suits in some degree, I will not part with it)—it is much at his service for fifty guineas—which I am positive is twenty guineas less than it ought to be afforded for, by any man of genius.

My lord, if you examine it over again, it is far from being a gross piece of daubing, as some dedications are. The design, your lordships sees, is good, the colouring transparent—the drawing not amiss;—or, to speak more like a man of science, and measure my piece in the painter’s scale, divided into 20—I believe, my lord, the outlines will turn out as 12—the composition as 9—the colouring as 6—the expression 13 and a half—and the design—if I may be allowed, my lord, to understand my own design, and supposing absolute perfection in designing, to be as 20—I think

think it cannot well fall short of 19. Besides all this—there is keeping in it; and the dark strokes in the hobby-horse, (which is a secondary figure, and a kind of back-ground to the whole) give great force to the principal lights in your own figure, and make it come off wonderfully;—and besides, there is an air of originality in the *tout ensemble*.

Be pleased, my good lord, to order the sum to be paid into the hands of Mr. Doddsley, for the benefit of the author; and in the next edition care shall be taken that this chapter be expunged, and your lordship's titles, distinctions, arms, and good actions, be placed at the front of the preceding chapter: all which, from the words, '*De gustibus non est disputandum*,' and whatever else in this book relates to HOBBY-HORSES, but no more, shall stand dedicated to your lordship.—The rest I dedicate to the MOON; who, by the bye, of all the Patrons or Matrons I can think of, has most power to set my book a going, and make the world run mad after it.

‘ BRIGHT GODDESS!

‘ If thou art not too busy with Candid and Miss Cunegund's affairs—
‘ take Tristram Shandy's under thy
‘ protection also.’

CHAP. X.

WHATEVER degree of small merit, the act of benignity in favour of the midwife might justly claim, or in whom that claim truly rested—at first sight seems not very material to this history;—certain however it was, that the gentlewoman, the parson's wife, did run away at that time with the whole of it: and yet, for my life, I cannot help thinking but that the parson himself, though he had not the good fortune to hit upon the design first—yet, as he heartily concurred in it the moment it was laid before him, and as heartily parted with his money to carry it into execution, had a claim to some share of it—if not to a full half of whatever honour was due to it.

The world, at that time, was pleased to determine the matter otherwise.

Lay down the book, and I will allow you half a day to give a probable guess at the grounds of this procedure.

Be it known, then, that for about five years before the date of the midwife's licence, of which you have had so circumstantial an account—the parson we have to do with had made himself a country-talk by a breach of all decorum, which he had committed against himself, his station, and his office—and that was, in never appearing better, or otherwise mounted, than upon a lean, sorry, jack-ass of a horse, value about one pound fifteen shillings; who, to shorten all description of him, was full brother to Rosinante, as far as similitude congenial could make him; for he answered his description to a hair-breadth in every thing—except that I do not remember 'tis any where said, that Rosinante was broken-winded; and that, moreover, Rosinante, as is the happiness of most Spanish horses, fat or lean—was undoubtedly a horse at all points.

I know very well that the Hero's horse was a horse of chaste deportment, which may have given grounds for the contrary opinion: but it is as certain at the same time, that Rosinante's continency (as may be demonstrated from the adventure of the Yanguesian carriers) proceeded from no bodily defect or cause whatsoever, but from the temperance and orderly current of his blood. And let me tell you, Madam, there is a great deal of very good chastity in the word, in behalf of which you could not say more for your life.

Let that be as it may, as my purpose is to do exact justice to every creature brought upon the stage of this dramatick work—I could not stifle this distinction in favour of Don Quixote's horse: in all other points, the parson's horse, I say, was just such another—for he was as lean, and as lank, and as sorry a jade, as Humility herself could have bestrided.

In the estimation of here and there a man of weak judgment, it was greatly in the parson's power to have helped the figure of this horse of his—for he was master of a very handsome demi-peaked saddle, quilted on the seat with green plush, garnished with a double row of silver-headed studs, and a noble pair
of

of shining brass stirrups, with a housings altogether suitable, of grey superfine cloth, with an edging of black lace, terminating in a deep, black, silk fringe, *poudre d'or*—all which he had purchased in the pride and prime of his life; together with a grand embossed bridle, ornamented at all points as it should be.—But not caring to banter his beast, he had hung all these up behind his study-door; and, in lieu of them, had seriously besetted him with just such a bridle and such a saddle, as the figure and value of such a steed might well and truly deserve.

In the several sallies about his parish, and in the neighbouring visits to the gentry who lived around him—you will easily comprehend, that the parson, so appointed, would both hear and see enough to keep his philosophy from rusting. To speak the truth, he never could enter a village, but he caught the attention of both old and young.—Labour stood still as he passed—the bucket hung suspended in the middle of the well—the spinning-wheel forgot it's round—even chuck-farthing and shuffle-cap themselves stood gaping till he had got out of sight; and, as his movement was not of the quickest, he had generally time enough upon his hands to make his observations—to hear the groans of the serious, and the laughter of the light-hearted; all which he bore with excellent tranquillity. His character was—he loved a jest in his heart;—and as he saw himself in the true point of ridicule, he would say, he could not be angry with others for seeing him in a light in which he so strongly saw himself—so that to his friends, who knew his foible was not the love of money, and who therefore made the less scruple in bantering the extravagance of his humour, instead of giving the true cause—he chose rather to join in the laugh against himself; and as he never carried one single ounce of flesh upon his own bones, being altogether as spare a figure as his beast—he would sometimes insist upon it, that the horse was as good as the rider deserved;—that they were, centaur-like—both of a piece. At other times, and in other moods, when his spirits were above the temptation of false wit—he would say, he found him-

self going off fast in a consumption—and, with great gravity, would pretend, he could not bear the sight of a fat horse without a dejection of heart, and a sensible alteration in his pulse; and that he had made choice of the lean one he rode upon, not only to keep himself in countenance, but in spirits.

At different times, he would give fifty humorous and apposite reasons for riding a meek-spirited jade of a broken-winded horse, preferable to one of mettle;—for on such a one he could sit mechanically, and meditate as delightfully *de vanitate mundi, et fuga sæculi*, as with the advantage of a death's head before him:—that in all other exertations, he could spend his time, as he rode slowly along, to as much account as in his study;—that he could draw up an argument in his sermon—or a hole in his breeches—as steadily on the one as in the other;—that brisk trotting and slow argumentation, like wit and judgment, were two incompatible movements—but that upon his steed—he could unite and reconcile every thing; he could compose his sermon—he could compose his cough—and, in case nature gave a call that way, he could likewise compose himself to sleep.—In short, the parson upon such encounters would assign any cause, but the true cause—and he withheld the true one, only out of a nicety of temper, because he thought it did honour to him.

But the truth of the story was as follows.—In the first years of this gentleman's life, and about the time when the superb saddle and bridle were purchased by him, it had been his manner, or vanity, or call it what you will, to run into the opposite extreme.—In the language of the county where he dwelt, he was said to have loved a good horse, and generally had one of the best in the whole parish standing in his stable always ready for saddling; and as the nearest midwife, as I told you, did not live nearer to the village than seven miles, and in a vile country—it so fell out, that the poor gentleman was scarce a whole week together without some piteous application for his beast; and as he was not an unkind-hearted man, and every case was more pressing and more distressful than the last—as much



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he loved his beast; he had never a heart to refuse him; the upshot of which was generally this, that his horse was either clapped, or spavined, or greazed;—or he was twitter-boned, or broken-winded—or something, in short, or other, had befallen him, which would let him carry no flesh—so that he had every nine or ten months a bad horse to get rid of; and a good horse to purchase in his stead.

What the loss in such a balance might amount to, *communibus annis*, I would leave to a special jury of sufferers in the same traffick to determine;—but let it be what it would, the honest gentleman bore it for many years without a murmur, till at length, by repeated ill accidents of the kind, he found it necessary to take the thing under consideration; and upon weighing the whole, and summing it up in his mind, he found it not only disproportioned to his other expences, but withal so heavy an article in itself, as to disable him from any other act of generosity in his parish: besides this, he considered, that with half the sum thus galloped away, he could do ten times as much good—and what still weighed more with him than all other considerations put together, was this—that it confined all his charity into one particular channel, and where, as he fancied, it was the least wanted, namely, to the child-bearing and child-getting part of his parish; reserving nothing for the impotent—nothing for the aged—nothing for the many comfortless scenes he was hourly called forth to visit, where poverty, and sickness, and affliction, dwelt together.

For these reasons, he resolved to discontinue the expence; and there appeared but two possible ways to extricate him clearly out of it;—and these were, either to make it an irrevocable law never more to lend his steed upon any application whatever—or else be content to ride the last poor devil, such as they had made him, with all his aches and infirmities, to the very end of the chapter.

As he dreaded his own constancy in the first—he very cheerfully betook himself to the second; and though he could very well have explained it, as I said,

to his honour—yet, for that very reason, he had a spirit above it; chusing rather to bear the contempt of his enemies, and the laughter of his friends, than undergo the pain of telling a story, which might seem a panegyrick upon himself.

I have the highest idea of the spiritual and refined sentiments of this reverend gentleman, from this single stroke in his character, which I think comes up to any of the honest refinements of the peerless Knight of La Mancha; whom, by the bye, with all his follies, I love more, and would actually have gone farther to have paid a visit to, than the greatest hero of antiquity.

But this is not the moral of my story: the thing I had in view was, to shew the temper of the world in the whole of this affair.—For you must know, that so long as this explanation would have done the parson credit, the devil a soul could find it out—I suppose his enemies would not, and that his friends could not—but no sooner did he bestir himself in behalf of the midwife, and pay the expences of the ordinary's licence to set her up—but the whole secret came out; every horse he had lost, and two horses more than ever he had lost, with all the circumstances of their destruction, were known and distinctly remembered.—The story ran like wild-fire.—‘The parson had a returning fit of pride which had just seized him, and he was going to be well mounted once again in his life; and if it was so, ’twas plain as the sun at noon-day, he would pocket the expence of the licence, ten times told, the very first year—so that every body was left to judge what were his views in this act of charity.’

What were his views in this, and in every other action of his life—or rather what were the opinions which floated in the brains of other people concerning it—was a thought which too much floated in his own, and too often broke in upon his rest, when he should have been sound asleep.

About ten years ago this gentleman had the good fortune to be made entirely easy upon that score—it being just so long since he left his parish, and the whole world at the same time, behind

behind him—and stands accountable to a Judge of whom he will have no cause to complain.

But there is a fatality attends the actions of some men—order them as they will, they pass through a certain medium, which so twists and refracts them from their true directions—that, with all the titles to praise which a rectitude of heart can give, the doers of them are nevertheless forced to live and die without it.

Of the truth of which this gentleman was a painful example.—But to know by what means this came to pass, and to make that knowledge of use to you, I insist upon it that you read the two following chapters, which contain such a sketch of his life and conversation, as will carry it's moral along with it. When this is done, if nothing stops us in our way, we will go on with the midwife.

CHAP. XI.

YORICK was this parson's name, and what is very remarkable in it, (as appears from a most ancient account of the family, wrote upon strong vellum, and now in perfect preservation) it had been exactly so spelt for near—I was within an ace of saying, nine hundred years:—but I would not shake my credit in telling an improbable truth, however indisputable in itself;—and therefore I shall content myself with only saying, it had been exactly so spelt, without the least variation or transposition of a single letter, for I do not know how long—which is more than I would venture to say of one half of the best surnames in the kingdom; which, in a course of years, have generally undergone as many chops and changes as their owners.—Has this been owing to the pride, or to the shame of the respective proprietors?—In honest truth, I think, sometimes to the one, and sometimes to the other, just as the temptation has wrought. But a villainous affair it is, and will one day so blend and confound us all together, that no one shall be able to stand up and swear, that his own great grandfather was the man who did either this or that.

This evil had been sufficiently fenced

against by the prudent care of the Yorick's family, and their religious preservation of these records I quote; which do farther inform us, that the family was originally of Danish extraction, and had been transplanted into England as early as in the reign of Horwendillus, King of Denmark, in whose court, it seems, an ancestor of this Mr. Yorick, and from whom he was lineally descended, held a considerable post to the day of his death. Of what nature this considerable post was, this record saith not;—it only adds, that, for near two centuries, it had been totally abolished as altogether unnecessary, not only in that court, but in every other court of the christian world.

It has often come into my head, that this post could be no other than that of the king's chief jester;—and that Hamlet's Yorick, in our Shakespeare—many of whose plays, you know, are founded upon authenticated facts—was certainly the very man.

I have not the time to look into Saxo Grammaticus's Danish History, to know the certainty of this;—but if you have leisure, and can easily get at the book, you may do it full as well yourself.

I had just time, in my travels through Denmark with Mr. Noddy's eldest son—whom, in the year 1741, I accompanied as governor, riding along with him at a prodigious rate through most parts of Europe, and of which original journey performed by us two, a most delectable narrative will be given in the progress of this work—I had just time, I say, and that was all, to prove the truth of an observation made by a long sojourner in that country. Namely, that Nature was neither very lavish, nor was she very stingy, in her gifts of genius and capacity to it's inhabitants;—but, like a discreet parent, was moderately kind to them all; observing such an equal tenor in the distribution of her favours, as to bring them, in those points, pretty near to a level with each other; so that you will meet with few instances in that kingdom of refined parts; but a great deal of good plain household understanding amongst all ranks of people, of which every body has a share.—which is, I think, very right.

With us, you see, the case is quite different:—we are all ups and downs

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in this matter.—You are a great genius;—or, 'tis fifty to one, Sir, you are a great dunce and a blockhead:—not that there is a total want of intermediate steps—no, we are not so irregular as that comes to—but the two extremes are more common, and in a greater degree, in this unsettled island—where Nature, in her gifts and dispositions of this kind is most whimsical and capricious; Fortune herself not being more so in the bequest of her goods and chattels than she.

This is all that ever staggered my faith in regard to Yorick's extractions; who, by what I can remember of him, and by all the accounts I could ever get of him, seemed not to have had one single drop of Danish blood in his whole crasis: in nine hundred years, it might possibly have all run out.—I will not philosophize one moment with you about it; for, happen how it would, the fact was this—that instead of that cold phlegm and exact regularity of sense and humours, you would have looked for in one so extracted; he was, on the contrary, as mercurial and sublimated a composition, as heteroclitite a creature in all his declensions; with as much life and whim, and *gaieté de cœur* about him, as the kindest climate could have engendered and put together. With all this fail, poor Yorick carried not one ounce of ballast—he was utterly unpractised in the world; and at the age of twenty-six knew just about as well how to steer his course in it, as a romping, unsuspicious girl of thirteen—so that upon his first setting out, the brisk gale of his spirits, as you will imagine, ran him foul ten times in a day of somebody's tackling; and as the grave and more slow-paced were oftenest in his way—you may likewise imagine, 'twas with such he had generally the ill luck to get the most entangled. For aught I know, there might be some mixture of unlucky wit at the bottom of such fracas;—for, to speak the truth, Yorick had an invincible dislike and opposition in his nature to gravity—not to gravity, as such—for where gravity was wanted, he would be the most grave or serious of mortal men for days and weeks together—but he was an enemy to the affectation of it, and declared open war against it, only as it appeared

a cloak for ignorance, or for folly—and then, whenever it fell in his way, however sheltered and protected, he seldom gave it much quarter.

Sometimes, in his wild way of talking, he would say, that gravity was an arrant scoundrel, and he would add—of the most dangerous kind too, because a fly one; and that, he verily believed, more honest, well-meaning people, were bubbled out of their goods and money by it in one twelvemonth, than by pocket-picking and shop-lifting in seven. In the naked temper which a merry heart discovered, he would say, there was no danger—but to itself—whereas, the very essence of gravity was design, and consequently deceit;—'twas a taught trick, to gain credit of the world for more sense and knowledge than a man was worth;—and that, with all its pretensions, it was no better, but often worse, than what a French wit had long ago defined it; viz. 'A mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind:—which definition of gravity, Yorick, with great imprudence would say, deserved to be wrote in letters of gold.

But, in plain truth, he was a man unhacknied and unpractised in the world, and was altogether as indiscreet and foolish on every other subject of discourse where policy is wont to impress restraint. Yorick had no impression but one, and that was what arose from the nature of the deed spoken of; which impression he would usually translate into plain English without any periphrasis—and too oft, without much distinction of either personage, time, or place—so that when mention was made of a pitiful or an ungenerous proceeding—he never gave himself a moment's time to reflect who was the hero of the piece—what his station—or how far he had power to hurt him hereafter:—but if it was a dirty action—without more ado—the man was a dirty fellow—and so on.—And as his comments had usually the ill fate to be terminated either in a bon mot, or to be enlivened throughout with some drollery or humour of expression, it gave wings to Yorick's indiscretion. In a word, though he never sought, yet at the same time, as he seldom shunned occasions of saying what came uppermost, and without much

ceremony—he had but too many temptations in life, of scattering his wit and his humour—his gibes and his jests, about him.—They were not lost for want of gathering.

What were the consequences, and what was Yorick's catastrophe thereupon, you will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

THE *mortgager* and *mortgagee* differ the one from the other not more in length of purse, than the *jester* and *jestee* do in that of memory. But in this the comparison between them runs, as the scholiasts call it, upon all-four; which, by the bye, is upon one or two legs more than some of the best of Homer's can pretend to—namely, that the one raises a sum, and the other a laugh, at your expence, and thinks no more about it. Interest, however, still runs on in both cases;—the periodical or accidental payments of it, just serving to keep the memory of the affair alive; till, at length, in some evil hour—pop comes the creditor upon each, and by demanding principal upon the spot, together with full interest to the very day, makes them both feel the full extent of their obligations.

As the reader (for I hate your *ifs*) has a thorough knowledge of human nature, I need not say more to satisfy him, that my hero could not go on at this rate without some slight experience of these incidental mementos. To speak the truth, he had wantonly involved himself in a multitude of small book-debts of this stamp—which, notwithstanding Eugenius's frequent advice, he too much disregarded; thinking, that as not one of them was contracted through any malignancy—but, on the contrary, from an honesty of mind, and a mere jocundity of humour, they would all of them be crossed out in course.

Eugenius would never admit this; and would often tell him, that one day or other he would certainly be reckoned with; and he would often add, in an accent of sorrowful apprehension—to the uttermost mite. To which Yorick, with his usual carelessness of heart, would as often answer with a 'Pshaw!—

and if the subject was started in the fields, with a hop, skip, and a jump at the end of it: but if close pent up in the social chimney-corner, where the culprit was barricaded in with a table and a couple of arm-chairs, and could not so readily fly off in a tangent—Eugenius would then go on with his lecture upon discretion in words to this purpose, though somewhat better put together.

'Trust me, dear Yorick, this unwary pleasantry of thine will sooner or later bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of.—In these sallies, too oft, I see, it happens, that a person laughed at, considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him; and when thou viewest him in that light too, and reckons up his friends, his family, his kindred and allies—and musters up with them the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger—'tis no extravagant arithmetick, to say, that for every ten jokes, thou hast got a hundred enemies; and till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

'I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malevolence of intent in these sallies—I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive:—But consider, my dear lad, that fools cannot distinguish this—and that knaves will not; and thou knowest not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other:—whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

'Revenge from some baneful corner shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart or integrity of conduct shall set right.—The fortunes of thy house shall totter—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it—thy faith questioned—thy works belied—thy wit forgotten—thy learn-

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ing trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes—the best of us, my dear lad, lie open there;—and trust me—trust me, Yorick,—*when to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon, that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with!*

Yorick scarce ever heard this sad vaticination of his destiny read over to him, but with a tear stealing from his eye, and a promissory look attending it, that he was resolved, for the time to come, to ride his tit with more propriety.—But, alas, too late!—a grand confederacy, with ***** and ***** at the head of it, was formed before the first prediction of it.—The whole plan of the attack, just as Eugenius had foreboded, was put in execution all at once—with so little mercy on the side of the allies—and so little suspicion in Yorick, of what was carrying on against him—that when he thought, good easy man! full surely preferment was o'ripening, they had inote his root, and then he fell, as many a worthy man had fallen before him.

Yorick, however, fought it out with all imaginable gallantry for some time; till overpowered by numbers, and worn out at length by the calamities of the war—but more so by the ungenerous manner in which it was carried on—he threw down the sword; and though he kept up his spirits in appearance to the last, he died, nevertheless, as was generally thought, quite broken-hearted.

What inclined Eugenius to the same opinion, was as follows.

A few hours before Yorick breathed his last, Eugenius slept in with an intent to take his last sight and last farewell of him: upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and asking how he felt himself, Yorick, looking up in his face, took hold of his hand—and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendship to him—for which, he said, 'if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again—he

told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the slip for ever. 'I hope not!' answered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tenderest tone that ever man spoke—'I hope not, Yorick!' said he. Yorick replied, with a look up, and gentle squeeze of Eugenius's hand; and that was all—but it cut Eugenius to his heart. 'Come, come, Yorick,' quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and summoning up the man within him, 'my dear lad, be comforted—let not all thy spirits and fortitude forsake thee at this crisis when thou most wants them;—who knows what resources are in store, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?'—Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently shook his head. 'For my part,' continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, 'I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee—and would gladly flatter my hopes,' added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, 'that there is still enough left of thee to make a bishop—and that I may live to see it.'—'I beseech thee, Eugenius,' quoth Yorick, taking off his night-cap as well as he could with his left-hand—his right being still grasped close in that of Eugenius—'I beseech thee to take a view of my head.'—'I see nothing that ails it,' replied Eugenius. 'Then, alas! my friend,' said Yorick, 'let me tell you, that 'tis so bruised and misshapen'd with the blows which ***** and ***** and some others, have so unhandfomely given me in the dark, that I might say with Sancho Panca, that should I recover, and "mitres" thereupon be suffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would fit it.'—Yorick's last breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet still it was uttered with something of a Cervantick tone;—and as he spoke it, Eugenius could perceive a stream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes—faint picture of those flashes of his spirit, which (as Shakespeare said of his ancestor) were wont to set the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he

he squeezed his hand—and then walked softly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door—he then closed them—and never opened them more.

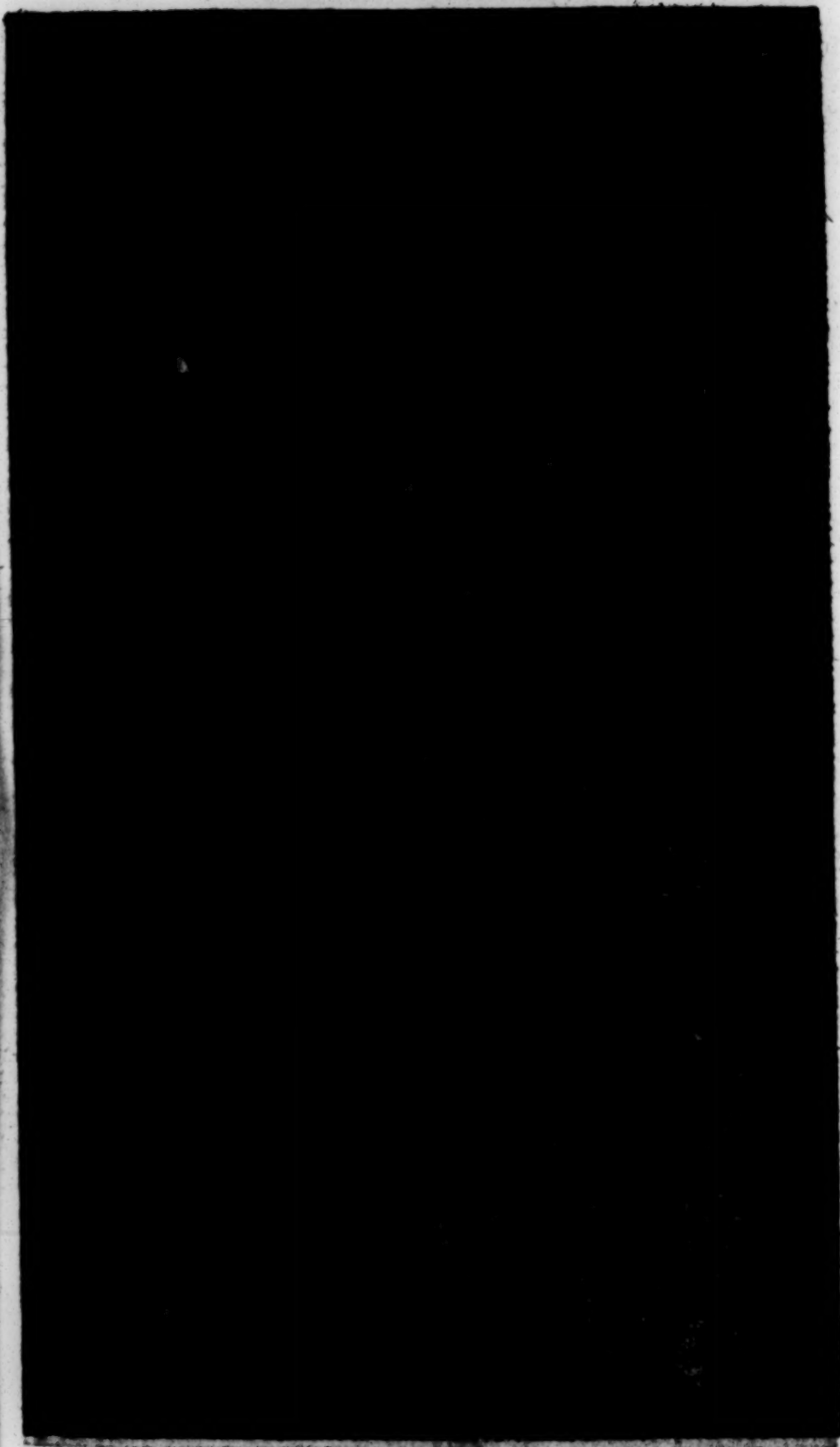
He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, in the parish of ———, under a plain marble slab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than these three words of inscription, serving both for his epitaph and elegy:

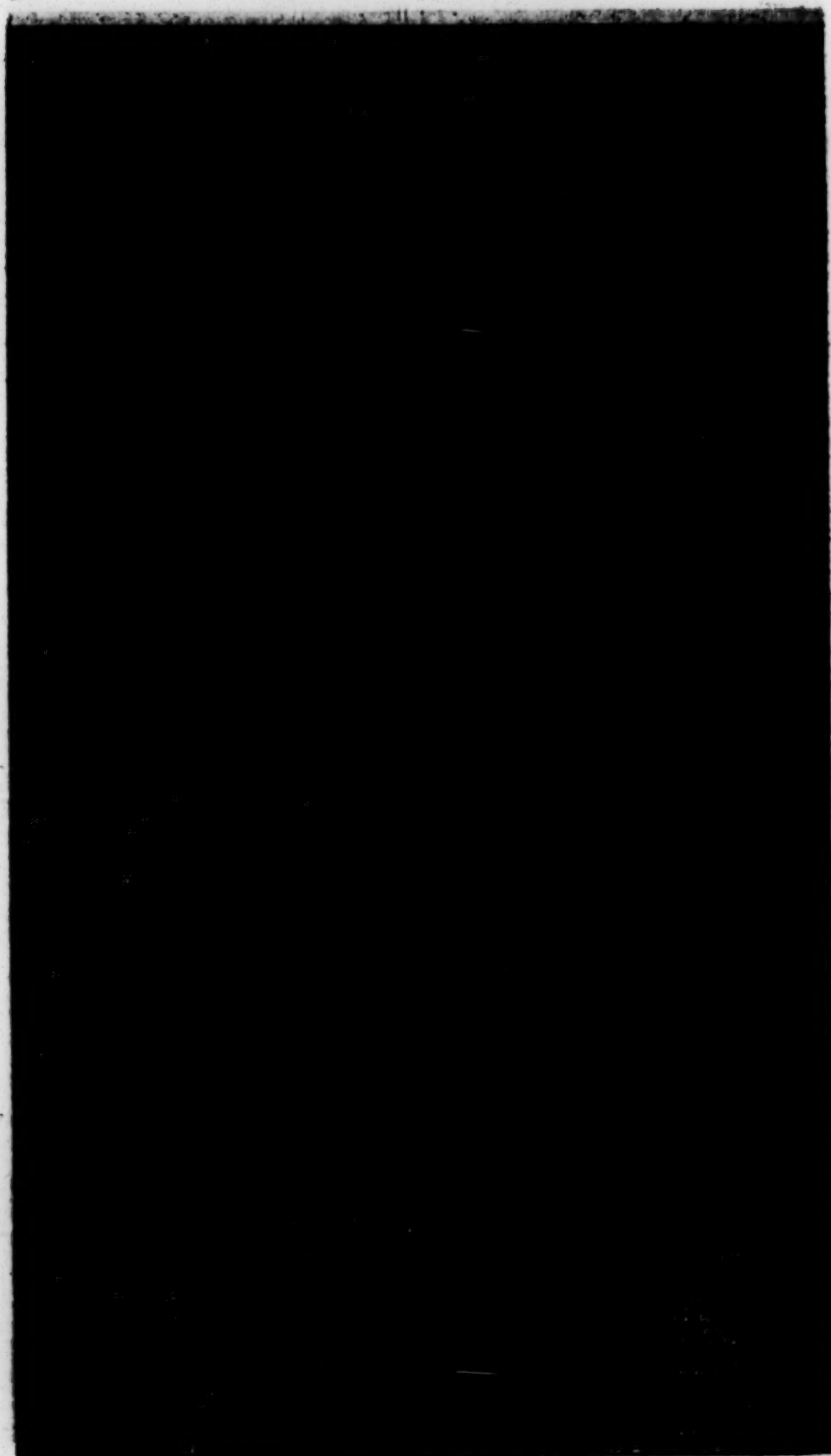
ALAS, POOR YORICK!

Ten times a day has Yorick's ghost the consolation to hear his monumental inscription read over with such a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and esteem for him—a footway crossing the church-yard close by the side of his grave—not a passenger goes by without stopping to cast a look upon it—and sighing, as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

CHAP.





C H A P. XIII.

IT is so long since the reader of this rhapsodical work has been parted from the midwife, that it is high time to mention her again to him, merely to put him in mind that there is such a body still in the world, and whom, upon the best judgment I can form upon my own plan at present—I am going to introduce to him for good and all: but as fresh matter may be started, and much unexpected business fall out betwixt the reader and myself, which may require immediate dispatch—'twas right to take care that the poor woman should not be lost in the mean time:—because, when she is wanted, we can no way do without her.

I think I told you, that this good woman was a person of no small note and consequence throughout our whole village and township—that her fame had spread itself to the very out-edge and circumference of that circle of importance, of which kind every soul living, whether he has a shirt to his back or no,—has one surrounding him;—which said circle, by the way, whenever 'tis said that such a one is of great weight and importance in the *world*—I desire may be enlarged or contracted in your worship's fancy, in a compound-ratio of the station, profession, knowledge, abilities, height and depth (measuring both ways) of the personage brought before you.

In the present case, if I remember, I fixed it at about four or five miles, which not only comprehended the whole parish, but extended itself to two or three of the adjacent hamlets in the skirts of the next parish; which made a considerable thing of it. I must add, that she was, moreover, very well looked on at one large grange-house, and some other odd houses and farms within two or three miles, as I said, from the smoke of her own chimney:—but I must here, once for all, inform you, that all this will be more exactly delineated and explained in a map, now in the hands of the engraver, which, with many other pieces and developments to this work, will be added to the end of the twentieth volume—not to swell the work—I detest the thought of such a thing;—but by way of commentary, scholium, illustration, and key to such passages, incidents, or inuendos, as shall be thought

to be either of private interpretation, or of dark or doubtful meaning, after my Life and my Opinions shall have been read over (now don't forget the meaning of the word) by all the *world*—which, betwixt you and me, and in spite of all the gentlemen-reviewers in Great Britain, and of all that their worships shall undertake to write or say to the contrary—I am determined shall be the case.—I need not tell your worship, that all this is spoken in confidence.

C H A P. XIV.

UPON looking into my mother's marriage-settlement, in order to satisfy myself and reader in a point necessary to be cleared up, before we could proceed any farther in this history;—I had the good fortune to pop upon the very thing I wanted before I had read a day and a half straight forwards—it might have taken me up a month;—which shews plainly, that when a man sits down to write a history—though it be but the history of Jack Hickathrift or Tom Thumb, he knows no more than his heels what lets and confounded hindrances he is to meet with in his way—or what a dance he may be led, by one excursion or another, before all is over. Could a historiographer drive on his history, as a muleteer drives on his mule—straight forward—for instance, from Rome all the way to Loretto—without ever once turning his head aside to the right-hand or to the left—he might venture to foretel you to an hour when he should get to his journey's end;—but the thing is, morally speaking, impossible: for, if he is a man of the least spirit, he will have fifty deviations from a straight line to make with this or that party as he goes along, which he can no ways avoid. He will have views and prospects to himself perpetually soliciting his eye, which he can no more help standing still to look at than he can fly; he will moreover have various

Accounts to reconcile;
Anecdotes to pick up;
Inscriptions to make out;
Stories to weave in;
Traditions to sift;
Personages to call upon;
Panegyrics to paste up at this door;
Pasquinades at that—all which, both the man and his mule are quite exempt

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from.

from. To sum up all; there are archives at every stage to be looked into, and rolls, records, documents, and endless genealogies, which justice ever and anon calls him back to stay the reading of:—in short, there is no end of it!—For my own part, I declare, I have been at it these six weeks, making all the speed I possibly could—and am not yet born:—I have just been able, and that's all, to tell you *when* it happened, but not *how*—so that you see the thing is yet far from being accomplished.

These unforeseen stoppages, which I own I had no conception of when I first set out;—but which, I am convinced now, will rather increase than diminish as I advance—have struck out a hint which I am resolved to follow;—and that is—not to be in a hurry—but to go on leisurely, writing and publishing two volumes of my life every year—which, if I am suffered to go on quietly, and can make a tolerable bargain with my bookseller, I shall continue to do as long as I live.

CHAP. XV.

THE article of my mother's marriage-settlement, which I told the reader I was at the pains to search for, and which, now that I have found it, I think proper to lay before him—is so much more fully expressed in the deed itself, than ever I can pretend to do it, that it would be barbarity to take it out of the lawyer's hand.—It is as follows.

'And this indenture further witnesseth, That the said Walter Shandy, merchant, in consideration of the said intended marriage to be had, and, by God's blessing, to be well and truly solemnized and consummated between the said Walter Shandy and Elizabeth Mollineux aforesaid, and divers other good and valuable causes and considerations him thereunto specially moving—doth grant, covenant, condescend, consent, conclude, bargain, and fully agree, to and with John Dixon, and James Turner, Esqrs. the above-named trustees, &c. &c.—To wit, That in case it should hereafter so fall out, chance, happen, or otherwise come to pass—that the said Walter Shandy, merchant, shall have

'left off business before the time of times that the said Elizabeth Mollineux shall according to the course of nature, or otherwise, have left off bearing and bringing forth children;—and that, in consequence of the said Walter Shandy having so left off business, he shall, in despite, and against the free will, consent, and good-liking, of the said Elizabeth Mollineux—make a departure from the City of London, in order to retire to, and dwell upon, his estate at Shandy-Hall, in the county of——, or at any other country-seat, castle, hall, mansion-house, messuage or grainge-house, now purchased, or hereafter to be purchased, or upon any part or parcel thereof—That then, and as often as the said Elizabeth Mollineux shall happen to be ensigned with child or children severally and lawfully begot, or to be begotten, upon the body of the said Elizabeth Mollineux, during her said coverture—he the said Walter Shandy shall, at his own proper cost and charges, and out of his own proper monies, upon good and reasonable notice—which is hereby agreed to be within six weeks of her the said Elizabeth Mollineux's full reckoning or time of supposed and computed delivery—pay, or cause to be paid, the sum of 120l. of good and lawful money, to John Dixon and James Turner, Esqrs. or assigns—upon TRUST and confidence, and for and unto the use and uses, intent, end, and purpose following:—That is to say, That the said sum of 120l. shall be paid into the hands of the said Elizabeth Mollineux, or to be otherwise applied by them the said trustees, for the well and truly hiring of one coach, with able and sufficient horses, to carry and convey the body of the said Elizabeth Mollineux, and the child or children which she shall be then and there ensigned and pregnant with—unto the city of London; and for the further paying and defraying of all other incidental costs, charges, and expences whatsoever—in and about, and for and relating to, her said intended delivery and lying-in, in the said city or suburbs thereof. And that the said Elizabeth Mollineux shall and may, from time to time, and at all such time and times

' as are here covenanted and agreed
 ' upon—peaceably and quietly hire
 ' the said coach and horses, and have
 ' free ingress, egress, and regress,
 ' throughout her journey, in and from
 ' the said coach, according to the ten-
 ' nor, true intent and meaning of these
 ' presents; without any let, suit, trou-
 ' ble, disturbance, molestation, dis-
 ' charge, hindrance, forfeiture, evic-
 ' tion, vexation, interruption, or in-
 ' cumbrance whatsoever.—And that it
 ' shall moreover be lawful to and for
 ' the said Elizabeth Mollineux, from
 ' time to time, and as oft or often as
 ' she shall well and truly be advanced in
 ' her said pregnancy to the time here-
 ' tofore stipulated and agreed upon—to
 ' live and reside in such place or places,
 ' and in such family or families, and
 ' with such relations, friends and
 ' other persons, within the said city of
 ' London, as she at her own will and
 ' pleasure, notwithstanding her present
 ' coverture, and as if she was a *feme sole*
 ' and unmarried—shall think fit.—And
 ' this indenture further witnesseth,
 ' That for the more effectually carrying
 ' of the said covenant into execution,
 ' the said Walter Shandy, merchant,
 ' doth hereby grant, bargain, sell, release,
 ' and confirm, unto the said John Dixon
 ' and James Turner, Esqrs. their heirs,
 ' executors and assigns, in their ac-
 ' tual possession now being, by virtue of
 ' an indenture of bargain and sale for
 ' a year to them the said John Dixon and
 ' James Turner, Esqrs. by him the
 ' said Walter Shandy, merchant, there-
 ' of made; which said bargain and
 ' sale for a year, bears date the day
 ' next before the date of these presents,
 ' and by force and virtue of the statute
 ' for transferring of uses into possession
 ' —All that the manor and lordship
 ' of Shandy, in the county of —,
 ' with all the rights, members, and
 ' appurtenances thereof; and all and
 ' every the messuages, houses, build-
 ' ings, barns, stables, orchards, gar-
 ' dens, backslides, tofts, crofts, garths,
 ' cottages, lands, meadows, feedings,
 ' pastures, marshes, commons, woods,
 ' under-woods, drains, fisheries, wa-
 ' ters, and water-courses;—together
 ' with all rents, reversions, services,
 ' annuities, fee-farms, knights fees,
 ' views of frank-pledge, escheats, re-
 ' liefs, mines, quarries, goods and chat-
 ' tels of felons and fugitives, felons of

' themselves and put in exigent, deo-
 ' dands, free warrens, and all other roy-
 ' alties and seignories, rights, and juris-
 ' dictions, privileges and hereditaments
 ' whatsoever—And also the advowson,
 ' donation, presentation, and free dis-
 ' position, of the rectory or parsonage
 ' of Shandy aforesaid, and all and every
 ' the tenths, tythes, glebe-lands —.
 In three words—' My mother was to
 ' lay in, (if she chose it) in London.'

But in order to put a stop to the
 practice of any unfair play on the part
 of my mother, which a marriage-arti-
 cle of this nature too manifestly opened
 a door to, and which indeed had never
 been thought of at all, but for my Un-
 cle Toby Shandy—a clause was added
 in security of my father, which was
 this:—' That in case my mother here-
 ' after should, at any time, put my fa-
 ' ther to the trouble and expence of a
 ' London journey, upon false cries and
 ' tokens;—that for every such instance,
 ' she should forfeit all the right and
 ' title which the covenant gave her
 ' to the next turn—but no more;—and
 ' so on, *toties quoties*, in as effectual
 ' a manner, as if such a covenant be-
 ' twixt them had not been made.'—
 This, by the way, was no more than
 what was reasonable;—and yet, as
 reasonable as it was, I have ever thought
 it hard that the whole weight of the ar-
 ticle should have fallen entirely, as it
 did, upon myself.

But I was begot and born to mis-
 fortunes;—for my poor mother, whe-
 ther it was wind or water—or a com-
 pound of both—or neither;—or whether
 it was simply the mere swell of imagi-
 nation and fancy in her;—or how far
 a strong wish and desire to have it so,
 might mislead her judgment;—in short,
 whether she was deceived or deceiving
 in this matter, it no way becomes me
 to decide. The fact was this, that in
 the latter end of September 1717, which
 was the year before I was born, my
 mother having carried my father up to
 town much against the grain—he pe-
 remptorily insisted upon the clause;—so
 that I was doomed, by marriage-arti-
 cles, to have my nose squeezed as flat to
 my face, as if the destinies had actually
 spun me without one.

How this event came about—and
 what train of vexatious disappointments,
 in one stage or other of my life, have

pursued me from the mere loss, or rather compression, of this one single member—shall be laid before the reader all in due time.

CHAP. XVI.

MY father, as any body may naturally imagine, came down with my mother into the country in but a pettish kind of a humour. The first twenty or five and twenty miles he did nothing in the world but fret and tease himself, and indeed my mother too, about the cursed expence, which he said might every shilling of it have been saved;—then what vexed him more than every thing else was, the provoking time of the year—which, as I told you, was towards the end of September, when his wall-fruit, and green-gages especially, in which he was very curious, were just ready for pulling.—Had he been whistled up to London, upon a Tom Fool's errand, in any other month of the whole year, he should not have said three words about it!

For the next two whole stages, no subject would go down, but the heavy blow he had sustained from the loss of a son, whom it seems he had fully reckoned upon in his mind, and registered down in his pocket-book, as a second staff for his old age, in case Bobby should fail him. The disappointment of this, he said, was ten times more to a wise man, than all the money which the journey, &c. had cost him, put together—Rot the 1201.—he did not mind it a rush!

From Stilton, all the way to Grantham, nothing in the whole affair provoked him so much as the condolences of his friends, and the foolish figure they should both make at church the first Sunday;—of which, in the satirical vehemence of his wit, now sharpened a little by vexation, he would give so many humorous and provoking descriptions—and place his rib and self in so many tormenting lights and attitudes, in the face of the whole congregation; that my mother declared, these two stages were so truly tragi-comical, that she did nothing but laugh and cry in a breath, from one end to the other of them all the way.

From Grantham, till they had crossed the Trent, my father was out of all

kind of patience at the vile trick and imposition which he fancied my mother had put upon him in this affair—'Certainly,' he would say to himself over and over again, 'the woman could not be deceived herself;—if she could—what weakness!'—Tormenting word! which led his imagination a thorny dance; and, before all was over, played the deuce and all with him—for sure as ever the word *weakness* was uttered, and struck full upon his brain;—so sure it set him upon running divisions upon how many kinds of weaknesses there were; that there was such a thing as weakness of the body—as well as weakness of the mind:—and then he would do nothing but syllogize within himself, for a stage or two together, how far the cause of these vexations might, or might not, have arisen out of himself.

In short, he had so many little subjects of disquietude springing out of this one affair, all fretting successively in his mind as they rose up in it, that my mother, whatever was her journey up, had but an uneasy journey of it down.—In a word, as she complained to my Uncle Toby, he would have tired out the patience of any flesh alive.

CHAP. XVII.

THOUGH my father travelled homewards, as I told you, in none of the best of moods—*psawing* and *pisbing* all the way down—yet he had the complaisance to keep the worst part of the story still to himself;—which was, the resolution he had taken of doing himself the justice which my Uncle Toby's clause in the marriage-settlement empowered him; nor was it till the very night in which I was begot, which was thirteen months after, that she had the least intimation of his design:—when my father happening, as you remember, to be a little chagrined and out of temper—took occasion as they lay chatting gravely in bed afterwards, talking over what was to come—to let her know that she must accommodate herself as well as she could to the bargain made between them in their marriage-deeds; which was to lye-in of her next child in the country, to balance her last year's journey.

My father was a gentleman of many virtues

virtues—but he had a strong spice of that in his temper, which might, or might not, add to the number.—'Tis known by the name of perseverance in a good cause—and of obstinacy in a bad one: of this my mother had so much knowledge, that she knew 'twas to no purpose to make any remonstrance,—so she e'en resolved to sit down quietly, and make the most of it.

C H A P. XVIII.

AS the point was that night agreed, or rather determined, that my mother should lie-in of me in the country, she took her measures accordingly; for which purpose, when she was three days, or thereabouts, gone with child, she began to cast her eyes upon the midwife, whom you have so often heard me mention; and before the week was well got round, as the famous Dr. Maningham was not to be had, she had come to a final determination in her mind—notwithstanding there was a scientifick operator within so near a call as eight miles of us, and who, moreover, had expressly wrote a five shillings book upon the subject of midwifery, in which he had exposed, not only the blunders of the sifterhood itself—but had likewise superadded many curious improvements for the quicker extraction of the foetus in cross-births, and some other cases of danger, which belay us in getting into the world;—notwithstanding all this, my mother, I say, was absolutely determined to trust her life, and mine with it, into no soul's hand but this old woman's only.—Now this I like;—when we cannot get at the very thing we wish—never to take up with the next best in degree to it:—no, that's pitiful beyond description.—It is no more than a week from this very day, in which I am now writing this book for the edification of the world—which is March 9, 1759—that my dear, dear Jenny, observing I looked a little grave; as she stood cheapening a silk of five and twenty shillings a yard—told the mercer, she was sorry she had given him so much trouble; and immediately went and bought herself a yard-wide stuff of tenpence a yard.—'Tis the duplication of one and the same greatness of soul; only what lessened the honour of it somewhat, in my mother's case, was, that

she could not heroine it into so violent and hazardous an extreme, as one in her situation might have wished, because the old midwife had really some little claim to be depended upon—as much, at least, as success could give her; having, in the course of her practice of near twenty years in the parish, brought every mother's son of them into the world without any one slip or accident which could fairly be laid to her account.

These facts, though they had their weight, yet did not altogether satisfy some few scruples and uneasinesses which hung upon my father's spirits in relation to his choice. To say nothing of the natural workings of humanity and justice—or of the yearnings of parental and connubial love, all which prompted him to leave as little to hazard as possible in a case of this kind;—he felt himself concerned in a particular manner, that all should go right in the present case—from the accumulated sorrow he lay open to should any evil betide his wife and child in lying-in at Shandy-Hall.—He knew the world judged by events, and would add to his afflictions in such a misfortune, by loading him with the whole blame of it.—'Alas o'day!—had Mrs. Shandy, poor gentlewoman! had but her wish in going up to town just to lie-in and come down again—which, they say, she begged and prayed for upon her bare knees—and which, in my opinion, considering the fortune which Mr. Shandy got with her, was no such mighty matter to have complied with—the lady and her babe might both of them have been alive at this hour!'

This exclamation, my father knew, was unanswerable:—and yet, it was not merely to shelter himself—nor was it altogether for the care of his offspring and wife that he seemed so extremely anxious about this point;—my father had extensive views of things—and stood moreover, as he thought, deeply concerned in it for the publick good, from the dread he entertained of the bad uses an ill-fated instance might be put to.

He was very sensible that all political writers upon the subject had unanimously agreed and lamented, from the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign down to his own time, that the current of men and money towards the metropolis, upon

on one frivolous errand or another—set in so strong—as to become dangerous to our civil rights; though, by the bye—a *current* was not the image he took most delight in—a *distemper* was here his favourite metaphor, and he would run it down into a perfect allegory, by maintaining it was identically the same in the body national as in the body natural, where the blood and spirits were driven up into the head faster than they could find their ways down—a stoppage of circulation must ensue, which was death in both cases.

There was little danger, he would say, of losing our liberties by French politicks or French invasions;—nor was he so much in pain of a consumption from the mafs of corrupted matter and ulcerated humours in our constitution, which he hoped was not so bad as it was imagined;—but he verily feared, that in some violent push, we should go off, all at once, in a state apoplexy—‘And then,’ he would say, ‘the Lord have mercy upon us all!’

My father was never able to give the history of this distemper—without the remedy along with it.

‘Was I an absolute prince,’ he would say, pulling up his breeches with both his hands, as he rose from his arm-chair, ‘I would appoint able judges at every avenue of my metropolis, who should take cognizance of every fool’s business who came there;—and if, upon a fair and candid hearing, it appeared not of weight sufficient to leave his own home, and come up bag and baggage, with his wife and children, farmers sons, &c. &c. at his backside, they should be all sent back, from constable to constable, like vagrants, as they were, to the place of their legal settlements. By this means I should take care, that my metropolis tottered not through it’s own weight—that the head be no longer too big for the body—that the extremes, now waisted and pinned in, be restored to their due share of nourishment, and regain with it their natural strength and beauty:—I would effectually provide, that the meadows and corn-fields of my dominions, should laugh and sing;—that good cheer and hospitality flourish once more—and that such weight and influence be put thereby into the hands of the squinality of my kingdom, as

‘should counterpoise what I perceive my nobility are now taking from them.’

‘Why are there so few palaces and gentlemen’s seats,’ he would ask, with some emotion, as he walked across the room, ‘throughout so many delicious provinces in France? whence is it that the few remaining *chateaus* amongst them are so dismantled—so unfurnished—and in so ruinous and desolate a condition?—Because, Sir,’ (he would say) ‘in that kingdom no man has any country interest to support—the little interest of any kind, which any man has any where in it, is concentrated in the court, and the looks of the grand monarch; by the sun-shine of whose countenance, or the clouds which pass across it, every Frenchman lives or dies.’

Another political reason which prompted my father so strongly to guard against the least evil accident in my mother’s lying-in in the country—was, that any such instance would infallibly throw a balance of power, too great already, into the weaker vessels of the gentry, in his own, or higher stations;—which, with the many other usurped rights which that part of the constitution was hourly establishing—would, in the end, prove fatal to the monarchical system of domestick government established in the first creation of things by God.

In this point he was entirely of Sir Robert Filmer’s opinion, that the plans and institutions of the greatest monarchies in the eastern part of the world, were originally all stolen from that admirable pattern and prototype of this household and paternal power—which, for a century, he said, and more, had gradually been degenerating away into a mixed government; the form of which, however desirable in great combinations of the species—was very troublesome in small ones—and seldom produced any thing, that he saw, but sorrow and confusion.

For all these reasons, private and publick, put together—my father was for having the man-midwife by all means—my mother by no means. My father begged and intreated, she would for once recede from her prerogative in this matter, and suffer him to chuse for her:—my mother, on the contrary, insisted upon her privilege in this matter, to chuse for herself—and have no mortal’s

help but the old woman's.—What could my father do? He was almost at his wit's end—talked it over with her in all moods—placed his arguments in all lights;—argued the matter with her like a christian—like a heathen—like a husband—like a father—like a patriot—like a man.—My mother answered every thing only like a woman; which was a little hard upon her:—for as she could not assume and fight it out behind such a variety of characters—'twas no fair match—'twas seven to one.—What could my mother do?—She had the advantage (otherwise she had been certainly overpowered) of a small reinforcement of chagrin personal at the bottom, which bore her up, and enabled her to dispute the affair with so equal an advantage—that both sides sung *Te Deum*. In a word, my mother was to have the old woman—and the operator was to have licence to drink a bottle of wine with my father and my uncle Toby Shandy in the back parlour—for which he was to be paid five guineas.

I must beg leave, before I finish this chapter, to enter a caveat in the breast of my fair reader;—and it is this—Not to take it absolutely for granted, from an unguarded word or two which I have dropt in it—‘that I am a married man.’—I own, the tender appellation of ‘my dear, dear Jenny’—with some other strokes of conjugal knowledge, interspersed here and there, might naturally enough have misled the most candid judge in the world into such a determination against me.—All I plead for, in this case, Madam, is strict justice; and that you do so much of it to me, as well as to yourself—as not to pre-judge, or receive such an impression of me, till you have better evidence than, I am positive, at present can be produced against me.—Not that I can be so vain or unreasonable, Madam, as to desire you should therefore think, that my dear, dear Jenny, is my kept mistress;—no—that would be flattering my character in the other extreme, and giving it an air of freedom, which, perhaps, it has no kind of right to. All I contend for, is the utter impossibility, for some volumes, that you, or the most penetrating spirit upon earth, should know how this matter really stands.—It is not impossible, but that my dear, dear Jenny! tender as the appellation is, may be my child.—Consider—I was

born in the year eighteen.—Nor is there any thing unnatural or extravagant in the supposition, that my dear Jenny may be my friend.—‘Friend!—my friend?’—‘Surely, Madam, a friendship between the two sexes may subsist, and be supported without—’ ‘Fy, Mr. Shandy!’—‘Without any thing, Madam, but that tender and delicious sentiment, which ever mixes in friendship, where there is a difference of sex. Let me intreat you to study the pure and sentimental parts of the best French romances;—it will really, Madam, astonish you to see with what a variety of chaste expressions this delicious sentiment, which I have the honour to speak of, is dressed out.’

C H A P. XIX.

I Would sooner undertake to explain the hardest problem in geometry, than pretend to account for it, that a gentleman of my father's great good sense—knowing, as the reader must have observed him, and curious too, in philosophy;—wise also in political reasoning—and in polemical (as he will find) no way ignorant;—could be capable of entertaining a notion in his head, so out of the common track—that I fear the reader, when I come to mention it to him, if he is the least of a cholerick temper, will immediately throw the book by—if mercurial, he will laugh most heartily at it—and if he is of a grave and saturnine cast, he will, at first sight, absolutely condemn as fanciful and extravagant—and that was, in respect to the choice and imposition of Christian names, on which he thought a great deal more depended than what superficial minds were capable of conceiving.

His opinion, in this matter, was—that there was a strange kind of magick bias, which good or bad names, as he called them, irresistibly impressed upon our characters and conduct.

The hero of Cervantes argued not the point with more seriousness—nor had he more faith—or more to say on the powers of necromancy in dishonouring his deeds, or on Dulcinea's name in shedding lustre upon them, than my father had on those of Trismegistus or Archimedes, on the one hand—or of Niky and Simpkin on the other. ‘How many
‘Caesars

‘Cæsars and Pompeys,’ he would say, ‘by mere inspiration of the names, have been rendered worthy of them!—And how many,’ he would add, ‘are there, who might have done exceeding well in the world, had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and Nicodemus’d into nothing!’

‘I see plainly, Sir, by your looks,’ (or as the case happened) my father would say—‘that you do not heartily subscribe to this opinion of mine—which, to those,’ he would add, ‘who have not carefully sifted it to the bottom—I own, has an air more of fancy than of solid reasoning in it:—and yet, my dear Sir, if I may presume to know your character, I am morally assured, I should hazard little in stating a case to you, not as a party in the dispute—but as a judge; and trusting my appeal upon it to your own good sense and candid disquisition in this matter—you are a person free from as many narrow prejudices of education as most men—and, if I may presume to penetrate farther into you—of a liberality of genius above bearing down an opinion, merely because it wants friends. Your son—your dear son—from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect—your Billy, Sir!—would you for the world, have called him *Judas*?—would you, my dear Sir,’ he would say, laying his hand upon your breast, with the genteelest address—and in that soft and irresistible piano of voice, which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* absolutely requires—‘Would you, Sir, if a *Jew* of a god-father had proposed the name for your child, and offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him?—O my God!’ he would say, looking up, ‘if I know your temper right, Sir, you are incapable of it!—you would have trampled upon the offer—you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter’s head with abhorrence!’

‘Your greatness of mind in this action, which I admire, with that generous contempt of money, which you shew me in the whole transaction, is really noble—and what renders it more so, is the principle of it—the workings of a parent’s love upon the truth and conviction of this very hy-

pothesis, namely, that was your son called Judas, the fordid and treacherous idea, so inseparable from the name, would have accompanied him through life like his shadow, and, in the end, made a miser and a rascal of him—in spite, Sir, of your example!’

I never knew a man able to answer this argument.—But, indeed, to speak of my father as he was—he was certainly irresistible both in his orations and disputations,—he was born an orator—*Secundum*. Persuasion hung upon his lips, and the elements of logick and rhetoric were so blended up in him—and, withal, he had so shrewd a guess at the weaknesses and passions of his respondent—that Nature might have stood up and said—‘This man is eloquent.’—In short, whether he was on the weak or the strong side of the question, ’twas hazardous in either case to attack him.—And yet, ’tis strange, he had never read Cicero, nor Quintilian de Oratore, nor Isocrates, nor Aristotle, nor Longinus, amongst the ancients;—nor Vossius, nor Skioppius, nor Ramus, nor Farnaby, amongst the moderns;—and what is more astonishing, he had never in his whole life the least light or spark of subtilty struck into his mind, by one single lecture upon Crackenthorp or Burgerfidijs, or any Dutch logician or commentator—he knew not so much as in what the difference of an argument *ad ignorantiam*, and an argument *ad hominem* consisted; so that I well remember, when he went up along with me to enter my name at Jesus College in ****, —it was a matter of just wonder with my worthy tutor, and two or three fellows of that learned society—that a man who knew not so much as the names of his tools, should be able to work after that fashion with them.

To work with them in the best manner he could, was what my father was, however, perpetually forced upon:—for he had a thousand little sceptical notions of the comick kind to defend—most of which notions, I verily believe, at first entered upon the footing of mere whims, and of a *triviale la bagatelle*; and as such he would make merry with them for half an hour or so, and having sharpened his wit upon them, dismiss them till another day.

I mention this, not only as matter of hypothesis or conjecture upon the progress and establishment of my father’s many

many odd opinions—but as a warning to the learned reader against the indilcreet reception of such guests, who, after a free and undisturbed entrance, for some years, into our brains—at length claim a kind of settlement there—working sometimes like yeast—but more generally after the manner of the gentle passion, beginning in jest, but ending in downright earnest.

Whether this was the case of the singularity of my father's notions—or that his judgment, at length, became the dupe of his wit—or how far, in many of his notions, he might, though odd, be absolutely right—the reader, as he comes at them, shall decide. All that I maintain here, is, that in this one, of the influence of Christian names, however it gained footing, he was serious; he was all uniformity—he was systematic; and, like all systematic reasoners, he would move both heaven and earth, and twist and torture every thing in nature to support his hypothesis. In a word, I repeat it over again—he was serious!—and, in consequence of it, he would lose all kind of patience whenever he saw people, especially of condition, who should have known better—as careless and as indifferent about the name they imposed upon their child, or more so, than in the choice of *Ponto* or *Cupid* for their puppy-dog.

This, he would say, looked ill—and had, moreover this particular aggravation in it, viz. that when once a vile name was wrongfully or injudiciously given, 'twas not like the case of a man's character, which, when wronged, might hereafter be cleared—and, possibly, some time or other, if not in the man's life, at least after his death—be, some how or other, set to rights with the world—but the injury of this, he would say, could never be undone—nay, he doubted even whether an act of parliament could reach it—He knew, as well as you, that the legislature assumed a power over surnames—but for very strong reasons, which he could give, it had never yet ventured, he would say, to go a step farther.

It was observable, that though my father, in consequence of this opinion, had, as I have told you, the strongest likings and dislikings towards certain names—that there were still numbers of names which hung so equally in the balance before him, that they were absolutely in-

different to him. *Jack*, *Dick*, and *Tom*, were of this class: these my father called neutral names—affirming of them, without a satire, that there had been as many knaves and fools, at least, as wise and good men, since the world began, who had indifferently borne them—so that, like equal forces acting against each other in contrary directions, he thought they mutually destroyed each other's effects: for which reason, he would often declare, he would not give a cherry-stone to chuse amongst them. *Bob*, which was my brother's name, was another of these neutral kinds of Christian names, which operated very little either way; and as my father happened to be at Epsom when it was given him,—he would oft-times thank Heaven it was no worse. *Andrew* was something like a negative quantity in algebra with him; 'twas worse, he said, than nothing:—*William* stood pretty high—*Numps* again was low with him—and *Nick*, he said, was the DEVIL.

But, of all the names in the universe, he had the most unconquerable aversion for *Tristram*—he had the lowest and most contemptible opinion of it of any thing in the world—thinking it could possibly produce nothing in *rerum natura*, but what was extremely mean and pitiful: so that, in the midst of a dispute on the subject, in which, by the bye, he was frequently involved—he would sometimes break off in a sudden and spirited EPIPHONEMA, or rather EROTESIS, raised a third, and sometimes a full fifth, above the key of the discourse—and demand it categorically of his antagonist, whether he would take upon him to say, he had ever remembered—whether he had ever read—or even, whether he had ever heard tell of a man, called *Tristram*, performing any thing great or worth recording!—'No,' he would say;—'*Tristram*—the thing is impossible!'

What could be wanting in my father, but to have wrote a book to publish this notion of his to the world? Little boots it to the subtle speculatist to stand single in his opinions—unless he gives them proper vent—it was the identical thing which my father did—for in the year sixteen, which was two years before I was born, he was at the pains of writing an express DISSERTATION simply upon the word *Tristram*—shewing the world, with great candour and

E modesty,

modesty, the grounds of his great abhorrence to the name.

When this story is compared with the title-page, will not the gentle reader pity my father from his soul—to see an orderly and well-disposed gentleman—who though singular, yet inoffensive in his notions—so played upon in them by cross-purposes—to look down upon the stage, and see him baffled and overthrown in all his little systems and wishes; to behold a train of events perpetually falling out against him, and in so critical and cruel a way, as if they had purposely been planned and pointed against him, merely to insult his speculations.—In a word, to behold such a one, in his old age, ill-fitted for troubles, ten times in a day suffering sorrow; ten times in a day calling the child of his prayers TRISTRAM!—Melancholy disyllable of sound! which, to his ears, was unison to *Nincompoop*, and every name vituperative under heaven.—By his ashes! I swear it—if ever malignant spirit took pleasure, or busied itself in traversing the purposes of mortal man—it must have been here!—and if it was not necessary I should be born before I was christened, I would this moment give the reader an account of it.

CHAP. XX.

—‘How could you, Madam, be so inattentive in reading the last chapter? I told you in it, *that my mother was not a Papist*.’—‘Papist! you told me no such thing, Sir.’—‘Madam, I beg leave to repeat it over again, that I told you as plain, at least, as words, by direct inference, could tell you, such a thing.’—‘Then, Sir, I must have missed a page.’—‘No, Madam, you have not missed a word.’—‘Then

‘I was asleep, Sir.’—‘My pride, Madam, cannot allow you that refuge.’—‘Then I declare, I know nothing at all about the matter.’—‘That, Madam, is the very fault I lay to your charge; and as a punishment for it, I do insist upon it, that you immediately turn back, that is as soon as you get to the next full-stop, and read the whole chapter over again.’—I have imposed this penance upon the lady, neither out of wantonness or cruelty; but from the best of motives; and therefore shall make her no apology for it when she returns back—’tis to rebuke a vicious taste, which has crept into thousands besides herself—of reading straight forwards, more in quest of the adventures, than of the deep erudition and knowledge which a book of this cast, if read over as it should be, would infallibly impart with them.—The mind should be accustomed to make wise reflections, and draw curious conclusions, as it goes along; the habitude of which made Pliny the Younger affirm, that he never read a book so bad, but he drew some profit from it. The stories of Greece and Rome, run over without this turn and application—do less service, I affirm it, than the History of Parismus and Parismenus, or of the Seven Champions of England, read with it.

—But here comes my fair lady. ‘Have you read over again the chapter, Madam, as I desired you?’—‘You have: and did you not observe the passage, upon the second reading, which admits the inference?’—‘Not a word like it!’—‘Then, Madam, be pleased to ponder well the last line but one of the chapter, where I take upon me to say, it was *necessary* I should be born before I was christened. Had my mother, Madam, been a Papist, that consequence did not follow*.’

It

* The Romish Rituals direct the baptizing of the child, in cases of danger, *before* it is born—but upon this proviso, that some part or other of the child’s body be seen by the baptizer:—But the doctors of the Sorbonne, by a deliberation held amongst them, April 10, 1733—have enlarged the powers of the midwives, by determining, that though no part of the child’s body should appear—that baptism shall nevertheless be administered to it by injection—*par le moyen d’une petite canulle*;—Anglicè, *a squirt*.—’Tis very strange that St. Thomas Aquinas, who had so good a mechanical head, both for tying and untying the knots of school-divinity—should, after so much pains bestowed upon this—give up the point at last as a second *la chose impossible*.—‘Infantes in matris uteris existentes,’ (quoth St. Thomas) ‘baptizari possunt nullo modo.’—O Thomas! Thomas!

If the reader has the curiosity to see the question upon baptism *by injection*, as presented to the doctors of the Sorbonne—with their consultation thereupon, it is as follows.

MEMOIRE

It is a terrible misfortune for this same book of mine, but more so to the republick of letters—so that my own is quite swallowed up in the consideration of it—that this self-same vile pruriency for fresh adventures in all things, has got so strongly into our habit and humours—and so wholly intent are we upon satisfying the impatience of our concupiscence that way—that nothing but the gross and more carnal parts of a composition will down :—the subtle hints and sly communications of science fly

off, like spirits, upwards—the heavy moral escapes downwards—and both the one and the other are as much lost to the world, as if they were still left in the bottom of the ink-horn.

I wish the male reader has not passed by many a one, as quaint and curious as this one in which the female reader has been detected. I wish it may have it's effects—and that all good people, both male and female, from her example, may be taught to think as well as read.

C H A P.

MEMOIRE présenté à Messieurs les Docteurs de Sorbonne *.

UN chirurgien accoucheur, represente à messieurs les docteurs de Sorbonne, qu'il y a des cas, quoique très rares, où une mere ne sçauroit accoucher, & même où l'enfant est tellement renfermé dans le sein de sa mere, qu'il ne fait paroître aucune partie de son corps; ce qui seroit un cas, suivant les rituels, de lui conférer, du moins sous condition, le baptême. Le chirurgien, qui consulte, prétend, par le moyen d'une *petite canulle*, de pouvoir baptiser immédiatement l'enfant, sans faire aucun tort à la mere.—Il demande si ce moyen, qu'il vient de proposer, est permis & légitime, & s'il peut s'en servir dans le cas qu'il vient d'exposer.

R E P O N S E.

LE Conseil estime, que la question proposée souffre de grandes difficultés. Les théologiens posent d'un côté pour principe, que la baptême, qui est une naissance spirituelle, suppose une premiere naissance : il faut être né dans le monde, pour renaître en Jesus Christ, comme ils l'enseignent. S. Thomas, 3 part. quest. 88. artic. 11. suit cette doctrine comme une verité constante; " L'on ne peut," dit ce S. Docteur, " baptiser les enfans qui sont renfermés dans le sein de leurs meres : " & S. Thomas est fondé sur ce, que les enfans ne sont point nés, & ne peuvent être comptés parmi les autres hommes; d'où il conclut, qu'ils ne peuvent être l'objet d'une action extérieure, pour recevoir par leur ministère, les sacremens nécessaires au salut : "*Pueri in maternis uteris existentes nondum prodierant in lucem ut cum aliis hominibus vitam ducant; unde non possunt subjici actioni humanæ, ut per eorum ministerium sacramenta recipiant ad salutem.*" Les rituels ordonnent dans la pratique ce que les theologiens ont établi sur les mêmes matieres; & ils desendent tous, d'une manière uniforme, de baptiser les enfans qui sont renfermés dans le sein de leurs meres, s'ils ne font paroître quelque partie de leurs corps. Le concours des theologiens, & des rituels, qui sont les règles des diocèses, paroît former une autorité qui termine la question presente; cependant le Conseil de conscience considerant d'un côté que le raisonnement des theologiens est uniquement fondé sur une raison de convenance, & que la defense des rituels suppose que l'on ne peut baptiser immédiatement les enfans ainsi renfermés dans le sein de leurs meres, ce qui est contre la supposition presente; & d'un autre côté, considerant que les mêmes theologiens enseignent, que l'on peut risquer les sacremens que Jesus Christ a établis comme des moyens faciles, mais nécessaires pour sanctifier les hommes; & d'ailleurs estimant, que les enfans renfermés dans le sein de leurs meres, pourroient être capables de salut, parcequ'ils sont capables de damnation—pour ces considerations, & en égard à l'exposé, suivant lequel on assure avoir trouvé un moyen certain de baptiser ces enfans ainsi renfermés, sans faire aucun tort à la mere. Le Conseil estime que l'on pourroit se servir du moyen proposé, dans la confiance qu'il à, que Dieu n'a point laissé ces sortes d'enfans sans aucuns secours; & supposant, comme il est exposé, que le moyen dont il s'agit est propre à leur procurer le baptême; cependant comme il s'agiroit, en autorisant la pratique proposée, de changer une regle universellement établie, le Conseil croit que celui qui consulte doit s'adresser à son évêque, & à qui il appartient de juger de l'utilité & du danger du moyen proposé, & comme, sous le bon plaisir de l'évêque, le Conseil estime qu'il faudroit recourir au Pape, qui à le droit d'expliquer les règles de l'église, & d'y déroger dans le cas, où la loi ne sçauroit obliger, quelque sage & quelque utile que paroisse la manière de baptiser

* Vide Deventer. Paris edit. 4to, 1734, p. 366,

CHAP. XXI.

—‘I wonder what’s all that noise, and running backwards and forwards for, above stairs!’ quoth my father, addressing himself, after an hour and a half’s silence, to my Uncle Toby—who, you must know, was sitting on the opposite side of the fire, smoaking his social pipe all the time, in mute contemplation of a new pair of black plush breeches which he had got on. ‘What can they be doing brother?’ quoth my father: ‘we can scarce hear ourselves talk.’

‘I think,’ replied my Uncle Toby, taking his pipe from his mouth, and striking the head of it two or three times upon the nail of the left-thumb, as he began his sentence; ‘I think,’ says he; —But to enter rightly into my Uncle Toby’s sentiments upon this matter, you must be made to enter first a little into his character, the outlines of which I shall just give you, and then the dialogue between him and my father will go on as well again.

—Pray what was that man’s name—for I write in such a hurry I have no time to recollect or look for it—who first made the observation, that there was great inconstancy in our air and climate? Whoever he was, ’twas a just and good observation in him.—But

the corollary drawn from it—namely, that it is this which has furnished us with such a variety of odd and whimsical characters—that was not his—it was found out by another man, at least a century and a half after him.—Then again, that this copious store-house of original materials, is the true and natural cause that our comedies are so much better than those of France, or any others that either have or can be wrote upon the continent—that discovery was not fully made till about the middle of King William’s reign, when the great Dryden, in writing one of his long prefaces, (if I mistake not) most fortunately hit upon it. Indeed, towards the latter end of Queen Anne, the great Addison began to patronize the notion, and more fully explained it to the world in one or two of his Spectators—but the discovery was not his.—Then, fourthly and lastly, that this strange irregularity in our climate, producing so strange an irregularity in our characters—doth thereby, in some sort, make us amends, by giving us somewhat to make us merry with when the weather will not suffer us to go out of doors—that observation is my own; and was struck out by me this very rainy day, March 26, 1759, and betwixt the hours of nine and ten in the morning.

Thus—thus, my fellow-labourers and associates in this great harvest of our

‘dont il s’agit, le Conseil ne pourroit l’approuver sans le concours de ces deux autorités. On conseille au moins à celui qui consulte, de s’adresser à son évêque, & de lui faire part de la présente décision; afin que, si le prelat entre dans les raisons sur lesquelles les docteurs soussignés s’appuyent, il puisse être autorisé dans le cas de nécessité, qu’il risquerait trop d’attendre, que la permission fût demandée & accordée d’employer le moyen qu’il propose si avantageux au salut de l’enfant. Au reste, le Conseil, en estimant que l’on pourroit s’en servir, croit cependant, que si les enfans dont il s’agit, venoient au monde, contre l’esperance de ceux qui se seroient servis du même moyen, il seroit nécessaire de les baptiser *sans condition*: & en cela le Conseil se conforme à tous les rituels, qui en autorisant le baptême d’un enfant qui fait paroître quelque partie de son corps, enjoignent néanmoins, & ordonnent de le baptiser *sous condition*, s’il vient heureusement au monde.

‘Délibéré en Sorbonne, le 10 Avril 1733.

‘A. LE MOYNE.

‘L. DE ROMIGNY.

‘DE MARCILLY.’

Mr. Tristram Shandy’s compliments to Messrs. Le Moyne, De Romigny, and De Marcilly; hopes they all rested well the night after so tiresome a consultation.—He begs to know, whether, after the ceremony of marriage, and before that of consummation, the baptizing all the HOMUNCULI at once, *slap-dash, by injection*, would not be a shorter and safer cut still; on condition, as above, that if the HOMUNCULI do well, and come safe into the world after this, that each and every of them shall be baptized again (*sous condition*);—and provided, in the second place, that the thing can be done—which Mr. Shandy apprehends it may, *par le moyen d’une petite canulle, & sans faire aucun tort à la mere.*

learning,

learning, now ripening before our eyes; thus it is, by slow steps of causal increase, that our knowledge, physical, metaphysical, physiological, polemical, nautical, mathematical, ænigmatical, technical, biographical, romantical, chemical, and obitretical, with fifty other branches of it, (most of them ending, as these do, in *ical*) have, for these two last centuries and more, gradually been creeping upwards towards that *Acme* of their perfections, from which, if we may form a conjecture from the advances of these last seven years, we cannot possibly be far off.

When that happens, it is to be hoped it will put an end to all kind of writings whatsoever—the want of all kind of writing will put an end to all kind of reading—and that in time—as *war begets poverty, poverty peace*,—must, in course, put an end to all kind of knowledge—and then—we shall have all to begin over again; or, in other words, be exactly where we started.

—Happy! thrice happy times!—I only wish that the æra of my begetting, as well as the mode and manner of it, had been a little altered—or that it could have been put off, with any convenience to my father or mother, for some twenty or five and twenty years longer, when a man in the literary world might have stood some chance.—

But I forgot my Uncle Toby, whom all this while we have left knocking the ashes out of his tobacco-pipe.

His humour was of that particular species, which does honour to our atmosphere; and I should have made no scruple of ranking him amongst one of the first-rate productions of it, had not there appeared too many strong lines in it of a family likeness, which shewed that he derived the singularity of his temper more from blood than either wind or water, or any modifications or combinations of them whatever: and I have, therefore, oft-times wondered, that my father, though I believe he had his reasons for it, upon his observing some tokens of excentricity, in my course when I was a boy—should never once endeavour to account for them in this way: for all the Shandy family were of an original character throughout—I mean, the males—the females had no character at all—except, indeed, my Great Aunt Dinah—who, about sixty years ago, was married and got with child by

the coachman; for which my father, according to his hypothesis of Christian names, would often say, she might thank her godfathers and godmothers.

It will seem very strange—and I would as soon think of dropping a riddle in the reader's way, which is not my interest to do, as set him upon guessing how it could come to pass, that an event of this kind, so many years after it had happened, should be reserved for the interruption of the peace and unity which otherwise so cordially subsisted between my father and my Uncle Toby. One would have thought, that the whole force of the misfortune should have spent and wasted itself in the family at first—as is generally the case.—But nothing ever wrought with our family after the ordinary way. Possibly, at the very time this happened, it might have something else to afflict it; and as afflictions are sent down for our good, and that as this had never done the Shandy family any good at all, it might lay waiting till apt times and circumstances should give it an opportunity to discharge its office.—Observe, I determine nothing upon this.—My way is ever to point out to the curious different tracts of investigation, to come at the first springs of the events I tell—not with a pedantick *fescue*—or in the decisive manner of Tacitus, who outwits himself and his reader—but with the officious humility of a heart devoted to the assistance merely of the inquisitive—to them I write—and by them I shall be read—if any such reading as this could be supposed to hold out so long—to the very end of the world.

Why this cause of sorrow, therefore, was thus reserved for my father and uncle, is undetermined by me. But how and in what direction it exerted itself so as to become the cause of dissatisfaction between them, after it began to operate, is what I am able to explain with great exactness, and is as follows.

My Uncle Toby Shandy, Madam, was a gentleman, who, with the virtues which usually constitute the character of a man of honour and rectitude—possessed one in a very eminent degree, which is seldom or never put into the catalogue; and that was, a most extreme and unparalleled modesty of nature—though I correct the word nature, for this reason, that I may not prejudice a point which must shortly come to a hearing, and that is, whether this modesty

modesty of his was natural or acquired.—Which ever way my Uncle Toby came by it, 'twas nevertheless modesty in the truest sense of it; and that is, Madam, not in regard to words, for he was so unhappy as to have very little choice in them—but to things—and this kind of modesty so possessed him, and it arose to such a height in him, as almost to equal, if such a thing could be, even the modesty of a woman: that female nicety, Madam, and inward cleanliness of mind and fancy, in your sex, which makes you so much the awe of ours.

You will imagine, Madam, that my Uncle Toby had contracted all this from this very source—that he had spent a great part of his time in converse with your sex; and that, from a thorough knowledge of you, and the force of imitation which such fair examples render irresistible—he had acquired this amiable turn of mind.

I wish I could say so—for unless it was with his sister-in-law, my father's wife and my mother—my Uncle Toby scarce exchanged three words with the sex in as many years.—No, he got it, Madam, by a blow.—‘A blow!’—Yes, Madam; it was owing to a blow from a stone, broke off by a ball from the parapet of a horn-work at the siege of Namur, which struck full upon my Uncle Toby's groin.—‘Which way could that effect it?’—The story of that, Madam, is long and interesting—but it would be running my history all upon heaps to give it you here—'tis for an episode hereafter; and every circumstance relating to it, in it's proper place, shall be faithfully laid before you.—Till then, it is not in my power to give farther light into this matter, or say more than what I have said already—that my Uncle Toby was a gentleman of unparalleled modesty, which happening to be somewhat subtilized and rarified by the constant heat of a little family pride—they both so wrought together within him, that he could never bear to hear the affair of my Aunt Dinah touched upon, but with the greatest emotion.—The least hint of it was enough to make the blood fly into his face; but when my father enlarged upon the story in mixed companies, which the illustration of his hypothesis frequently obliged him to do—the unfortunate blight of one of the fairest branches of the family, would set my Uncle Toby's honour and mo-

desty o'bleeding; and he would often take my father aside, in the greatest concern imaginable, to expostulate, and tell him, he would give him any thing in the world, only to let the story rest.

My father, I believe, had the truest love and tenderness for my Uncle Toby, that ever one brother bore towards another, and would have done any thing in nature, which one brother in reason could have desired of another, to have made my Uncle Toby's heart easy in this or any other point. But this lay out of his power.

—My father, as I told you, was a philosopher in grain—speculative—systematical—and my Aunt Dinah's affair was a matter of as much consequence to him, as the retrogradation of the planets to Copernicus—the backslidings of Venus in her orbit fortified the Copernican system, called so after his name; and the backslidings of my Aunt Dinah in her orbit, did the same service in establishing my father's system—which, I trust, will for ever hereafter be called the Shandean system, after his.

In any other family dishonour, my father, I believe, had as nice a sense of shame as any man whatever—and neither he, nor (I dare say) Copernicus, would have divulged the affair in either case, or have taken the least notice of it to the world, but for the obligations they owed, as they thought to truth.—‘*Amicus Plato*,’ my father would say, construing the words to my Uncle Toby, as he went along—‘*Amicus Plato*; that is, Dinah was my aunt—*sed magis amica Veritas*—but Truth is my sister.’

This contrariety of humours betwixt my father and my uncle, was the source of many a fraternal squabble. The one could not bear to hear the tale of family disgrace recorded—and the other would scarce ever let a day pass to an end without some hint at it.

‘For God's sake,’ my Uncle Toby would cry, ‘and for my sake, and for all our sakes, my dear brother Shandy, do let this story of our aunt's and her ashes sleep in peace!—how can you—how can you have so little feeling and compassion for the character of our family?’—‘What is the character of a family to an hypothesis?’ my father would reply.—‘Nay, if you come to that—what is the life of a family?’—‘The life of a family!’ my Uncle

Uncle Toby would say, throwing himself back in his arm-chair, and lifting up his hands, his eyes, and one leg. —‘Yes, the life;—my father would say, maintaining his point. ‘How many thousands of ‘em are there every year that come cast away, (in all civilized countries at least)—and considered as nothing but common air, in competition of an hypothesis!’—‘In my plain sense of things,’ my Uncle Toby would answer, ‘every such instance is downright murder, let who will commit it.’—‘There lies your mistake,’ my father would reply; ‘for, in *foro scientiæ*, there is no such thing as murder—’tis only death, brother.’

My Uncle Toby would never offer to answer this by any other kind of argument, than that of whistling half a dozen bars of Lillabullero.—You must know it was the usual channel through which his passions got vent, when any thing shocked or surprized him—but especially when any thing which he deemed very absurd was offered.

As not one of our logical writers, nor any of the commentators upon them, that I remember, have thought proper to give a name to this particular species of argument—I here take the liberty to do it myself, for two reasons. First, that, in order to prevent all confusion in disputes, it may stand as much distinguished for ever, from every other species of argument—as the *Argumentum ad Verecundiam*, *ex Absurdo*, *ex Fortiori*, or any other argument whatsoever;—and, Secondly, that it may be said by my children’s children, when my head is laid to rest—that their learned grandfather’s head had been busied to as much purpose once, as other people’s—that he had invented a name—and generously thrown it into the TREASURY of the *Ars Logica*, for one of the most unanswerable arguments in the whole science. And if the end of disputation is more to silence than convince—they may add, if they please, to one of the best arguments too.

I do therefore, by these presents, strictly order and command, that it be known and distinguished by the name and title of the *Argumentum Fistulatorium*, and no other—and that it rank hereafter with the *Argumentum Baculinum*, and the *Argumentum ad Crumenam*, and for ever hereafter be treated of in the same chapter.

As for the *Argumentum Tripodium*,

which is never used but by the woman against the man; and the *Argumentum ad Rem*, which, contrariwise, is made use of by the man only against the woman;—as these two are enough in conscience for one lecture—and moreover, as the one is the best answer to the other,—let them likewise be kept apart, and be treated of in a place by themselves.

C H A P. XXII.

THE learned Bishop Hall, I mean the famous Dr. Joseph Hall, who was Bishop of Exeter in King James the First’s reign, tells us in one of his Decads, at the end of his *Divine Art of Meditation*, imprinted at London, in the year 1610, by John Beal, dwelling in Aldersgate Street, ‘that it is an abominable thing for a man to commend himself:—and I really think it is so.

And yet, on the other hand, when a thing is executed in a masterly kind of a fashion, which thing is not likely to be found out—I think it is full as abominable, that a man should lose the honour of it, and go out of the world with the conceit of it rotting in his head.

This is precisely my situation.

For in this long digression which I was accidentally led into, as in all my digressions (one only excepted) there is a master-stroke of digressive skill, the merit of which has all along, I fear, been overlooked by my reader—not for want of penetration in him—but because ’tis an excellence seldom looked for, or expected indeed, in a digression—and it is this: that though my digressions are all fair, as you observe—and that I fly off from what I am about, as far, and as often too, as any writer in Great Britain; yet I constantly take care to order affairs so, that my main business does not stand still in my absence.

I was just going, for example, to have given you the great outlines of my Uncle Toby’s most whimsical character;—when my Aunt Dinah and the coachman came across us, and led us a vagary some millions of miles into the very heart of the planetary system: notwithstanding all this, you perceive that the drawing of my Uncle Toby’s character went on gently all the time—not the great contours of it—that was impossible—but some familiar strokes and faint designations of it, were here and there touched in, as we went along, so that

that you are much better acquainted with my Uncle Toby now than you was before.

By this contrivance, the machinery of my work is of a species by itself; two contrary motions are introduced into it, and reconciled, which are thought to be at variance with each other. In a word, my work is digressive, and it is progressive too—and at the same time.

This, Sir, is a very different story from that of the earth's moving round her axis, in her diurnal rotation, with her progress in her elliptick orbit which brings about the year, and constitutes that variety and vicissitude of seasons we enjoy—though I own it suggested the thought—as I believe the greatest of our boasted improvements and discoveries have come from some such trifling hints.

Digressions, incontestibly are the sunshine—they are the life, the soul of reading—take them out of this book, for instance—you might as well take the book along with them—one cold eternal winter would reign in every page of it:—restore them to the writer—he steps forth like a bridegroom—bids all hail; brings in variety, and forbids the appetite to fail.

All the dexterity is in the good cookery and management of them, so as to be not only for the advantage of the reader, but also of the author; whole distress, in this matter, is truly pitiable: for if he begins a digression—from that moment, I observe, his whole work stands stock still; and if he goes on with his main work—then there is an end of his digression.

—This is vile work.—For which reason, from the beginning of this, you see, I have constructed the main work and the adventitious parts of it with such interjections, and have so complicated and involved the digressive and progressive movements, one wheel within another, that the whole machine, in general, has been kept a-going—and, what's more, it shall be kept a-going these forty years, if it pleases the Fountain of Health to bless me so long with life and good spirits.

CHAP. XXIII.

I Have a strong propensity in me to begin this chapter very nonsensically, and I will not baulk my fancy.—Accordingly I set off thus:

If the fixture of Momus's glass in the

human breast, according to the proposed emendation of that arch-critick, had taken place—first, this foolish consequence would certainly have followed—that the very wisest and the very gravest of us all, in one coin or other, must have paid window-money every day of our lives.

And, secondly—that had the said glass been there set up, nothing more would have been wanting, in order to have taken a man's character, but to have taken a chair and gone softly, as you would to a dioptrical bee-hive, and looked in—viewed the soul stark naked—observed all her motions—her machinations—traced all her maggots from their first engendering to their crawling forth—watched her loose in her frisks, her gambols, her capricios; and after some notice of her more solemn deportment, consequent upon such frisks, &c.—then taken your pen and ink and set down nothing but what you had seen, and could have sworn to—but this is an advantage not to be had by the biographer in this planet; in the planet Mercury (belike) it may be so, if not better still for him—for there the intense heat of the country, which is proved by computators, from it's vicinity to the sun, to be more than equal to that of red-hot iron—must, I think, long ago have vitrified the bodies of the inhabitants, (as the efficient cause) to suit them for the climate (which is the final cause;) so that betwixt them both, all the tenelements of their souls, from top to bottom, may be nothing else, for aught the soundest philosophy can shew to the contrary, but one fine transparent body of clear glass (bating the umbilical knot)—so that, till the inhabitants grow old and tolerably wrinkled, whereby the rays of light, in passing through them, become so monstrously refracted—or return reflected from their surfaces in such transverse lines to the eye, that a man cannot be seen through—his soul might as well, unless for mere ceremony—of the trifling advantage which the umbilical point gave her—might, upon all other accounts, I say, as well play the fool out o' doors as in her own house.

But this, as I said above, is not the case of the inhabitants of this earth—our minds shine not through the body, but are wrapt up here in a dark covering of uncrystallized flesh and blood; so that, if we would come to the specifick characters of them, we must go some other way to work.

Many,

Many, in good truth, are the ways, which human wit has been forced to take to do this thing with exactness.

Some, for instance, draw all their characters with wind-instruments—Virgil takes notice of that way in the affair of Dido and Æneas—but it is as fallacious as the breath of Fame—and, moreover, bespeaks a narrow genius. I am not ignorant that the Italians pretend to a mathematical exactness in their designations of one particular sort of character among them, from the *forte* or *piano* of a certain wind-instrument they use,—which they say is infallible.—I dare not mention the name of the instrument in this place—'tis sufficient we have it amongst us—but never think of making a drawing by it—this is ænigmatical, and intended to be so, at least, *ad populum*—and therefore, I beg, Madam, when you come here, that you read on as fast as you can, and never stop to make any enquiry about it.

There are others, again, who will draw a man's character from no other helps in the world, but merely from his evacuations—but this often gives a very incorrect outline—unless, indeed, you take a sketch of his repletions too; and by correcting one drawing from the other, compound one good figure out of them both.

I should have no objection to this method, but that I think it must smell too strong of the lamp, and be rendered still more operose, by forcing you to have an eye to the rest of his *non-naturals*.—Why the most natural actions of a man's life should be called his *non-naturals*—is another question.

There are others, Fourthly, who disdain every one of these expedients—not from any fertility of his own, but from the various ways of doing it, which they have borrowed from the honourable devices which the Pentagraphick * brethren of the brush have shewn in taking copies.—These, you must know, are your great historians.

One of these you will see drawing a full-length character *against the light*—that's illiberal—dishonest—and hard upon the character of a man who sits.

Others, to mend the matter, will make a drawing of you in the *camera*—that is most unfair of all—because, *there*

you are sure to be represented in some of your most ridiculous attitudes.

To avoid all and every one of these errors, in giving you my Uncle Toby's character, I am determined to draw it by no mechanical help whatever—nor shall my pencil be guided by any one wind-instrument which ever was blown upon, either on this or on the other side of the Alps—nor will I consider either his repletions or his discharges—or touch upon his non-naturals—but, in a word, I will draw my Uncle Toby's character from his *hobby-horse*.

CHAP. XXIV.

IF I was not morally sure that the reader must be out of all patience for my Uncle Toby's character,—I would here previously have convinced him that there is no instrument so fit to draw such a thing with, as that which I have pitched upon.

A man and his hobby-horse, though I cannot say that they act and re-act exactly after the same manner in which the soul and body do upon each other: yet doubtless there is a communication between them of some kind; and my opinion rather is, that there is something in it more of the manner of electrified bodies—and that by means of the heated parts of the rider, which come immediately into contact with the back of the hobby-horse.—By long journies and much friction it so happens, that the body of the rider is at length filled as full of hobby-horsical matter as it can hold;—so that if you are able to give but a clear description of the nature of the one, you may form a pretty exact notion of the genius and character of the other.

Now the hobby-horse which my Uncle Toby always rode upon was, in my opinion, a hobby-horse well worth giving a description of, if it was only upon the score of his great singularity; for you might have travelled from York to Dover—from Dover to Penzance in Cornwall—and from Penzance to York back again, and not have seen such another upon the road; or if you had seen such a one, whatever haste you had been in, you must infallibly have stopped to have taken a view of him.

* Pentagraph; an instrument to copy prints and pictures mechanically, and in any proportion.

Indeed, the gait and figure of him was so strange, and so utterly unlike was he, from his head to his tail, to any one of the whole species, that it was now and then made a matter of dispute—whether he was really a hobby-horse or no: but as the philosopher would use no other argument to the sceptick, who disputed with him against the reality of motion, save that of rising upon his legs, and walking across the room; so would my Uncle Toby use no other argument to prove his hobby-horse was a hobby-horse indeed, but by getting upon his back and riding him about—leaving the world, after that, to determine the point as it thought fit.

In good truth, my Uncle Toby mounted him with so much pleasure, and he carried my Uncle Toby so well—that he troubled his head very little with what the world either said or thought about it.

It is now high time, however, that I give you a description of him—but to go on regularly, I only beg you will give me leave to acquaint you first how my Uncle Toby came by him.

CHAP. XXV.

THE wounds in my Uncle Toby's groin, which he received at the siege of Namur, rendering him unfit for the service, it was thought expedient he should return to England, in order, if possible, to be set to rights.

He was four years totally confined—part of it to his bed, and all of it to his room; and in the course of his cure, which was all that time in hand, suffered unspeakable miseries—owing to a succession of exfoliation from the *os pubis*, and the outward edge of that part of the *coxendix* called the *os illium*—both of which bones were dismally crushed, as much by the irregularity of the stone, which I told you was broke off the parapet—as by it's size—(though it was pretty large) which inclined the surgeon all along to think, that the great injury which it had done my Uncle Toby's groin, was more owing

to the gravity of the stone itself, than to the projectile force of it—which he would often tell him was a great happiness.

My father at that time was just beginning business in London, and had taken a house—and as the truest friendship and cordiality subsisted between the two brothers—and that my father thought my Uncle Toby could no where be so well nursed and taken care of as in his own house—he assigned him the very best apartment in it. And what was a much more sincere mark of his affection still, he would never suffer a friend or an acquaintance to step into the house on any occasion, but he would take him by the hand, and lead him up stairs to see his brother Toby, and chat an hour by his bed-side.

The history of a soldier's wound beguiles the pain of it—my uncle's visitors at least thought so, and in their daily calls upon him, from the courtesy arising out of that belief, they would frequently turn the discourse to that subject—and from that subject the discourse would generally roll on to the siege itself.

These conversations were infinitely kind; and my Uncle Toby received great relief from them, and would have received much more, but that they brought him into some unforeseen perplexities, which for three months together, retarded his cure greatly; and if he had not hit upon an expedient to extricate himself out of them, I very believe they would have laid him in his grave.

What these perplexities of my Uncle Toby were—'tis impossible for you to guess: if you could—I should blush; not as a relation—not as a man—nor even as a woman—but I should blush as an author; inasmuch as I set no small store by myself upon this very account, that my reader has never yet been able to guess at any thing. And in this, Sir, I am of so nice and singular a humour, that if I thought you was able to form the least judgment or probable conjecture to yourself, of what was to come in the next page—I would tear it out of my book.



THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.
VOLUME THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.



I Have begun a new book, on purpose that I might have room enough to explain the nature of the perplexities in which my Uncle Toby was involved, from the many discourses and interrogations about the siege of Namur, where he received his wound.

I must remind the reader, in case he has read the history of King William's wars—but if he has not—I then inform him that one of the most memorable attacks in that siege, was that which was made by the English and Dutch upon the point of the advanced counterscarp, between the gate of St. Nicholas, which inclosed the great sluice or water-stop, where the English were terribly exposed to the shot of the counter-guard and demi-bastion of St. Roch: the issue of which hot dispute, in three words, was this; that the Dutch lodged themselves upon the counter-guard, and that the English made themselves masters of the covered-way before St. Nicholas gate, notwithstanding the gallantry of the French officers, who exposed themselves upon the glacis sword in hand.

As this was the principal attack of which my Uncle Toby was an eye-witness at Namur—the army of the besiegers being cut off, by the confluence of the Maes and Sambre, from seeing

much of each others operations—my Uncle Toby was generally more eloquent and particular in his account of it; and the many perplexities he was in, arose out of the almost insurmountable difficulties he found in telling his story intelligibly, and giving such clear ideas of the differences and distinctions between the scarp and counterscarp—the glacis and covered-way—the half-moon and ravelin—as to make his company fully comprehend where and what he was about.

Writers themselves are too apt to confound these terms; so that you will the less wonder, if in his endeavours to explain them, and in opposition to many misconceptions, that my Uncle Toby did oft-times puzzle his visitors, and sometimes himself too.

To speak the truth, unless the company my father led up stairs were tolerably clear-headed, or my Uncle Toby was in one of his best explanatory moods, 'twas a difficult thing, do what he could, to keep the discourse free from obscurity.

What rendered the account of this affair the more intricate to my Uncle Toby, was this—that in the attack of the counterscarp, before the gate of St. Nicholas, extending itself from the bank of the Maes, quite up to the great water-stop—the ground was cut and cross cut with such a multitude of dykes, drains, rivulets, and sluices, on all sides

—and he would get so sadly bewildered, and set fast amongst them, that frequently he could neither get backwards or forwards to save his life; and was oft-times obliged to give up the attack upon that very account only.

These perplexing rebuffs gave my Uncle Toby Shandy more perturbations than you would imagine; and as my father's kindness to him was continually dragging up fresh friends and fresh enquirers—he had but a very uneasy task of it.

No doubt my Uncle Toby had great command of himself—and could guard appearances, I believe, as well as most men; yet any one may imagine, that when he could not retreat out of the ravelin without getting into the half-moon, or getting out of the covered-way without falling down the counter-scarp, nor cross the dyke without danger of slipping into the ditch, but that he must have fretted and fumed inwardly:—he did so—and these little and hourly vexations, which may seem trifling and of no account to the man who has not read Hippocrates—yet, whoever has read Hippocrates, or Dr. James Mackenzie, and has considered well the effects which the passions and affections of the mind have upon the digestion—(why not of a wound as well as of a dinner?)—may easily conceive what sharp paroxysms and exacerbations of his wound my Uncle Toby must have undergone upon that score only.

—My Uncle Toby could not philosophize upon it—'twas enough he felt it was so—and having sustained the pain and sorrows of it for three months together, he was resolved some way or other to extricate himself.

He was one morning lying upon his back in his bed, the anguish and nature of the wound upon his groin suffering him to lye in no other position, when a thought came into his head, that if he could purchase such a thing, and have it pasted down upon a board, as a large map of the fortification of the town and citadel of Namur, with it's environs, it might be a means of giving him ease.—I take notice of his desire to have the environs along with the town and citadel, for this reason—because my Uncle Toby's wound was got in one of the traverses, about thirty toises from the returning angle of the trench, opposite to the salient angle of the demi-

bastion of St. Roch—so that he was pretty confident he could stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing on when the stone struck him.

All this succeeded to his wishes; and not only freed him from a world of sad explanation—but, in the end, it proved the happy means, as you will read, of procuring my Uncle Toby his hobby-horse.

CHAP. II.

THERE is nothing so foolish, when you are at the expence of making an entertainment of this kind, as to order things so badly, as to let your criticks and gentry of refined taste run it down: nor is there any thing so likely to make them do it, as that of leaving them out of the party—or, what is full as offensive, of bestowing your attention upon the rest of your guests in so particular a way, as if there was no such thing as a critick (by occupation) at table.

—I guard against both; for, in the first place, I have left half a dozen places purposely open for them—and in the next place, I pay them all court.—Gentlemen, I kiss your hands; I protest no company could give me half the pleasure—by my soul I am glad, to see you—I beg only you will make no strangers of yourselves, but sit down without any ceremony, and fall on heartily.

I said I had left six places, and I was upon the point of carrying my complaisance so far, as to have left a seventh open for them—and in this very spot I stand on; but being told by a critick (though not by occupation—but by nature) that I had acquitted myself well enough, I shall fill it up directly, hoping, in the mean time, that I shall be able to make a great deal of more room next year.

—'How, in the name of wonder! could your Uncle Toby, who, it seems, was a military man, and whom you have represented as no fool—be at the same time such a confused, pudding-headed, muddle-headed, fellow, as——' Go look!

So, Sir Critick, I could have replied; but I scorn it—'tis language unurbane—and only befitting the man who

who cannot give clear and satisfactory accounts of things, or dive deep enough into the first causes of human ignorance and confusion. It is moreover the reply valiant—and therefore I reject it; for though it might have suited my Uncle Toby's character as a soldier excellently well—and had he not accustomed himself, in such attacks, to whistle the Lillabullero, as he wanted no courage, 'tis the very answer he would have given; yet it would by no means have done for me. You see, as plain as can be, that I write as a man of erudition—that even my similes, and my allusions, and my illustrations, and my metaphors, are euridite—and that I must sustain my character properly, and contrast it properly, too—else what would become of me? Why, Sir, I should be undone—at this very moment that I am going here to fill up one place against a critick—I should have made an opening for a couple.

—Therefore I answer thus.

'Pray, Sir, in all the reading which you have ever read, did you ever read such a book as Locke's Essay upon the Human Understanding?—Don't answer me rashly—because many, I know, quote the book, who have not read it—and many have read it who understand it not.—If either of these is your case, as I write to instruct, I will tell you in three words what the book is.—It is a history—'A history! of who? what? where? when?'—'Don't hurry yourself—It is a history-book, Sir, (which may possibly recommend it to the world) of what passes in a man's own mind; and if you will say so much of the book, and no more—believe me, you will cut no contemptible figure in a metaphysick circle.

But this by the way.

'Now if you will venture to go along with me, and look down into the bottom of this matter, it will be found that the cause of obscurity and confusion, in the mind of man, is threefold.

'Dull organs, dear Sir, in the first place. Secondly, slight and transient impressions made by the objects when the said organs are not dull. And thirdly, a memory like unto a sieve, not able to retain what it has received. —Call down Dolly your chambermaid, and I will give you my cap and

'bell along with it, if I make not this matter so plain, that Dolly herself should understand it as well as Malbranche.—When Dolly has indited her epistle to Robin, and has thrust her arm into the bottom of her pocket hanging by her right side—take that opportunity to recollect that the organs and faculties of perception can by nothing in this world be so aptly typified and explained as by that one thing which Dolly's hand is in search of.—Your organs are not so dull that I should inform you—'tis an inch, Sir, of red seal-wax.

'When this is melted and dropped upon the letter, if Dolly fumbles too long for her thimble, till the wax is over-hardened, it will not receive the mark of her thimble from the usual impulse which was wont to imprint it.—Very well.—If Dolly's wax, for want of better, is bees-wax, or of a temper too soft—though it may receive—it will not hold the impression, how hard soever Dolly thrusts against it—and last of all, supposing the wax good, and eke the thimble, but applied thereto in careless haste, as her mistress rings the bell—in any one of these three cases, the print left by the thimble will be as unlike the prototype as a brass jack.

'Now you must understand, that not one of these was the true cause of the confusion in my Uncle Toby's discourse; and it is for that very reason I enlarge upon them so long, after the manner of great physiologists—to shew the world, what it did *not* arise from.

'What it *did* arise from, I have hinted above, and a fertile source of obscurity it is—and ever will be—and that is, the unsteady uses of words which have perplexed the clearest and most exalted understandings.

'It is ten to one (at Arthur's) whether you have ever read the literary histories of past ages—if you have—what terrible battles, 'yclept logomachies, have they occasioned and perpetuated with so much gall and inkshed—that a good-natured man cannot read the accounts of them without tears in his eyes.

'Gentle critick! when thou hast weighed all this, and considered within thyself how much of thy own knowledge, discourse, and conversation, has been

‘ been pestered and disordered, at one time or other, by this, and this only—What a pudder and racket in COUNCILS about *scia* and *inseparis*; and in the SCHOOLS of the learned about power and about spirit—about essences, and about quintessences—about substances, and about space—What confusion in greater THEATRES from words of little meaning, and as indeterminate a sense! when thou considerest this, thou wilt not wonder at my Uncle Toby’s perplexities—thou wilt drop a tear of pity upon his scarp and his counterscarp—his glacis and his covered-way—his ravelin and his half-moon: ’Twas not by ideas—by heaven! his life was put in jeopardy by words.’

CHAP. III.

WHEN my Uncle Toby got his map of Namur to his mind, he began immediately to apply himself, and with the utmost diligence, to the study of it; for nothing being of more importance to him than his recovery, and his recovery depending, as you have read, upon the passion and affections of his mind, it behoved him to take the nicest care to make himself so far master of his subject, as to be able to talk upon it without emotion.

In a fortnight’s close and painful application—which, by the bye, did my Uncle Toby’s wound upon his groin no good—he was enabled, by the help of some marginal documents at the feet of the elephant, together with Gobesius’s Military Architecture and Pyroballogy, translated from the Flemish, to form his discourse with passable perspicuity; and before he was two full months gone—he was right eloquent upon it, and could make not only the attack of the advanced counterscarp with great order—but having, by that time, gone much deeper into the art than what his first motive made necessary, my Uncle Toby was able to cross the Maes and Sambre; make diversions as far as Vauban’s line, the abbey of Salsines, &c. and give his visitors as distinct a history of each of their attacks, as of that of the gate of St. Nicholas, where he had the honour to receive his wound.

But desire of knowledge, like the thirst of riches, increases ever with the

acquisition of it. The more my Uncle Toby pored over his map, the more he took a liking to it—by the same process and electrical assimilation, as I told you—through which I ween the souls of connoisseurs themselves, by long friction and incumbition, have the happiness, at length, to get all be-virtued—be-pictured—be-butterflied, and be-fiddled.

The more my Uncle Toby drank of this sweet fountain of science, the greater was the heat and impatience of his thirst—so that before the first year of his confinement had well gone round, there was scarce a fortified town in Italy or Flanders, of which, by one means or other, he had not procured a plan—reading over as he got them, and carefully collating therewith the histories of their sieges, their demolitions, their improvements, and new works—all which he would read with that intense application and delight, that he would forget himself—his wound—his confinement—his dinner.

In the second year, my Uncle Toby purchased Ramelli and Cataneo, translated from the Italian—likewise Stevinus, Marolis, the Chevalier de Ville, Lorini, Cochorn, Sheeter, the Count de Pagan, the Marshal Vauban, Monf. Blondel—with almost as many more books of military architecture, as Don Quixote was found to have of chivalry, when the curate and barber invaded his library.

Towards the beginning of the third year, which was in August ninety-nine, my Uncle Toby found it necessary to understand a little of projectiles—and having judged it best to draw his knowledge from the fountain-head; he began with N. Tartaglia, who it seems was the first man who detected the imposition of a cannon ball’s doing all that mischief under the notion of a right line—This N. Tartaglia proved to my Uncle Toby to be an impossible thing.

—Endless is the search of truth.

No sooner was my Uncle Toby satisfied which road the cannon-ball did not go, but he was insensibly led on, and resolved in his mind to enquire and find out which road the ball *did* go; for which purpose he was obliged to set off afresh with old Maltus, and studied him devoutly.—He proceeded next to Gallileo and Torricellius—wherein, by certain

certain geometrical rules, infallibly laid down, he found the precise path to be a PARABOLA—or else an HYPERBOLA—and that the parameter, or latus rectum, of the conick section of the said path, was to the quantity and amplitude in a direct ratio, as the whole line to the sine of double the angle of incidence, formed by the breach upon an horizontal plane;—and that the semi-parameter—‘Stop! my dear Uncle Toby—stop!—go not one foot farther into this thorny and bewildered track—intricate are the steps! intricate are the mazes of this labyrinth! intricate are the troubles which the pursuit of this bewitching phantom, KNOWLEDGE, will bring upon thee!—O my uncle; fly—fly—fly from it as from a serpent!’—Is it fit—good-natured man! thou should’st sit up, with the wound upon thy groin, whole nights, baking thy blood with hectic watchings!—Alas! ’twill exasperate thy symptoms—check thy perspirations—evaporate thy spirits—waste thy animal strength—dry up thy radical moisture—bring thee into a coactive habit of body—impair thy health—and hasten all the infirmities of thy old age!’—O my uncle! my Uncle Toby!’

CHAP. IV.

I Would not give a groat for that man’s knowledge in pen-craft, who does not understand this—that the best plain narrative in the world, tacked very close to the last spirited apostrophe to my Uncle Toby—would have felt both cold and vapid upon the reader’s palate—therefore I forthwith put an end to the chapter, though I was in the middle of my story.

—Writers of my stamp have one principle in common with painters. Where an exact copying makes our pictures less striking, we chuse the less evil; deeming it more pardonable to trespass against truth, than beauty. This is to be understood *cum grano salis*; but be it as it will—as the parallel is made more for the sake of letting the apostrophe cool, than any thing else—’tis not very material whether upon any other score the reader approves of it or not.

In the latter end of the third year,

my Uncle Toby, perceiving that the parameter and semi-parameter of the conick section angered his wound, he left off the study of projectiles in a kind of a huff, and betook himself to the practical part of fortification only; the pleasure of which, like a spring held back, returned upon him with redoubled force.

It was in this year that my uncle began to break in upon the daily regularity of a clean shirt—to dismiss his barber unshaven—and to allow his surgeon scarce time sufficient to dress his wound; concerning himself so little about it, as not to ask him once in seven times dressing, how it went on: when, lo!—all of a sudden, for the change was as quick as lightning, he began to sigh heavily for his recovery—complained to my father—grew impatient with the surgeon—and one morning, as he heard his foot coming up stairs, he shut up his books, and thrust aside his instruments, in order to expostulate with him upon the protraction of his cure, which, he told him, might surely have been accomplished, at least, by that time.—He dwelt long upon the miseries he had undergone, and the sorrows of his four years melancholy imprisonment; adding, that had it not been for the kind looks and fraternal cheerings of the best of brothers—he had long since sunk under his misfortunes.—My father was by: my Uncle Toby’s eloquence brought tears into his eyes—’twas unexpected—My Uncle Toby, by nature was not eloquent—it had the greater effect—the surgeon was confounded:—not that there wanted grounds for such, or greater marks of impatience—but ’twas unexpected too; in the four years he had attended him, he had never seen any thing like it in my Uncle Toby’s carriage; he had never once dropped one fretful or discontented word; he had been all patience—all submission.

—We lose the right of complaining sometimes by forbearing it—but we often treble the force.—The surgeon was astonished; but much more so, when he heard my Uncle Toby go on, and peremptorily insist upon his healing up the wound directly—or sending for Monsieur Ronjat, the king’s serjeant-surgeon, to do it for him.

The desire of life and health is implanted in man’s nature—the love of liberty and enlargement is a sister passion

sion to it: these my Uncle Toby had in common with his species; and either of them had been sufficient to account for his earnest desire to get well and out of doors—but I have told you before, that nothing wrought with our family after the common way—and from the time and manner in which this eager desire shewed itself in the present case, the penetrating reader will suspect there was some other cause or crotchet for it in my Uncle Toby's head.—There was so, and 'tis the subject of the next chapter to set forth what that cause and crotchet was. I own, when that's done, 'twill be time to return back to the parlour fire-side, where we left my Uncle Toby in the middle of his sentence.

CHAP. V.

WHEN a man gives himself up to the government of a ruling passion—or, in other words, when his *hobby-horse* grows head-strong—farewel cool reason and fair discretion!

My Uncle Toby's wound was near well, and as soon as the surgeon recovered his surprize; and could get leave to say as much—he told him, 'twas just beginning to incarnate; and that if no fresh exfoliation happened, which there was no sign of—it would be dried up in five or six weeks. The sound of as many Olympiads twelve hours before, would have conveyed an idea of shorter duration to my Uncle Toby's mind.—The succession of his ideas was now rapid—he broiled with impatience to put his design in execution—and so, without consulting farther with any soul living—which, by the bye, I think is right, when you are predetermined to take no one soul's advice—he privately ordered Trim, his man, to pack up a bundle of lint and dressings, and hire a chariot and four to be at the door exactly at twelve o'clock that day, when he knew my father would be upon Change. So leaving a bank note upon the table for the surgeon's care of him, and a letter of tender thanks for his brother's—he packed up his maps, his books of fortification, his instruments, &c. and by the help of a crutch on one side, and Trim on the other—my Uncle Toby embarked handy-Hall.

The reason, or rather the rise of this sudden demigration, was as follows.

The table in my Uncle Toby's room, and at which, the night before this change happened, he was sitting with his maps, &c. about him—being somewhat of the smallest, for that infinity of great and small instruments of knowledge which usually lay crouded upon it—he had the accident, in reaching over for his tobacco-box, to throw down his compasses, and in stooping to take his compasses up, with his sleeve he threw down his case of instruments and snuffers—and as the dice took a run against him, in his endeavouring to catch the snuffers in falling—he thrust Monsieur Blondel off the table, and Count de Pagan o'top of him.

'Twas to no purpose for a man, lame as my Uncle Toby was, to think of redressing all these evils by himself—he rung his bell for his man Trim—'Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'pr'ythee see what confusion I have here been making—I must have some better contrivance, Trim.—Canst thou not take my rule, and measure the length and breadth of this table, and then go and bespeak me one as big again?'—'Yes, and please your honour,' replied Trim, making a bow; 'but I hope your honour will be soon well enough to get down to your country-seat—where, as your honour takes so much pleasure in fortification, we could manage this matter to a T.'

I must here inform you, that this servant of my Uncle Toby's, who went by the name of Trim, had been a corporal in my uncle's own company—his real name was James Butler—but having got the nick-name of Trim in the regiment, my Uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.

The poor fellow had been disabled for the service, by a wound on his left knee by a musket-bullet, at the battle of Landon, which was two years before the affair of Namur—and as the fellow was well beloved in the regiment, and a handy fellow into the bargain, my Uncle Toby took him for his servant—and of excellent use was he, attending my Uncle Toby in the camp, and in his quarters, as a valet, groom, barber, cook, sempster, and nurse; and, indeed, from first to last, waited upon him





Plate III.

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him and served him with great fidelity and affection.

My Uncle Toby loved the man in return, and what attached him more to him still, was the similitude of their knowledge—for Corporal Trim, (for so, for the future, I shall call him) by four years occasional attention to his master's discourse upon fortified towns, and the advantage of prying and peeping continually into his master's plans, &c. exclusive and besides what he gained *HONNY-HORSICALLY*, as a body-servant, *non bobby-horsicat per se*—had become no mean proficient in the science; and was thought, by the cook and chamber-maid, to know as much of the nature of strong-holds as my Uncle Toby himself.

I have but one more stroke to give to finish Corporal Trim's character—and it is the only dark line in it.—The fellow loved to advise—or rather, to hear himself talk: his carriage, however, was so perfectly respectful, 'twas easy to keep him silent when you had him so; but set his tongue a-going—you had no hold of him—he was voluble—the eternal interlardings of *your honour*, with the respectfulness of Corporal Trim's manner, interceding so strong in behalf of his elocution—that though you might have been incommoded—you could not well be angry. My Uncle Toby was seldom either the one or the other with him—or, at least, this fault, in Trim, broke no squares with them. My Uncle Toby, as I said, loved the man; and besides, as he ever looked upon a faithful servant—but as a humble friend, he could not bear to stop his mouth.—Such was Corporal Trim.

'If I durst presume,' continued Trim, 'to give your honour my advice, and speak my opinion in this matter—' 'Thou art welcome, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby—'speak—speak—what thou thinkest upon the subject, man, without fear.'—'Why, then,' replied Trim—(not hanging his ears, and scratching his head, like a country lout, but) stroking his hair back from his forehead, and standing erect as before his division—'I think,' quoth Trim, (advancing his left, which was his lame leg, a little forwards—and pointing with his right-hand open towards a map of Dunkirk, which was pinned against the hangings;) 'I think,'

quoth Corporal Trim, 'with humble submission to your honour's better judgment—that these ravelins, bastions, curtains, and horn-works, make but a poor, contemptible, fiddle-faddle piece of work of it here upon paper, compared to what your honour and I could make of it, were we in the country by ourselves, and had but a rood or a rood and a half of ground to do what we pleased with.—As summer is coming on,' continued Trim, 'your honour might fit out of doors, and give me the nography—' ('Call it ichnography,' quoth my uncle) 'of the town or citadel your honour was pleased to sit down before—and I will be shot by your honour upon the glacis of it, if I did not fortify it to your honour's mind.—' 'I dare say thou would'st, Trim,' quoth my uncle.—'For, if your honour,' continued the corporal, 'could but mark me the polygon, with it's exact lines and angles—' 'That I could do very well,' quoth my uncle.—'I would begin with the fossé; and if your honour could tell me the proper depth and breadth—' 'I can to a hair's breadth, Trim,' replied my uncle.—'I would throw out the earth upon this hand towards the town, for the scarp—and on that hand towards the campaign, for the counterscarp.'

—'Very right, Trim!' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'And when I had sloped them to your mind—an' please your honour, I would face the glacis, as the finest fortifications are done in Flanders, with sods—and as your honour knows they should be—and I would make the walls and parapets with sods too.'—'The best engineers call them gazons, Trim,' said my Uncle Toby.—'Whether they are gazons or sods, is not much matter,' replied Trim; 'your honour knows they are ten times beyond a facing either of brick or stone.'—'I know they are, Trim, in some respects;'—quoth my Uncle Toby, nodding his head—for a cannon-ball enters into the gazon right onwards, without bringing any rubbish down with it, which might fill the fossé, (as was the case at St. Nicholas's Gate) and facilitate the passage over it.'

'Your honour understands these matters,' replied Corporal Trim, 'better than any officer in his majesty's service—'

'service—but would your honour please to let the bespeaking of the table alone, and let us but go into the country, I would work under your honour's directions like a horse, and make fortifications for you something like a tanfy, with all their batteries, saps, ditches, and pallisadoes, that it should be worth all the world's riding twenty miles to go and see it.'

My Uncle Toby blushed as red as scarlet as Trim went on—but it was not a blush of guilt—of modesty—or of anger—it was a blush of joy!—He was fired with Corporal Trim's project and description.—'Trim!' said my Uncle Toby, 'thou hast said enough.'—'We might begin the campaign,' continued Trim, 'on the very day that his majesty and the allies take the field, and demolish them town by town as fast as—' 'Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'say no more.'—'Your honour,' continued Trim, 'might sit in your arm-chair,' [Pointing to it.] 'this fine weather, giving me your orders, and I would——' 'Say no more, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'Besides, your honour would get not only pleasure and good pastime—but good air, and good exercise, and good health—and your honour's wound would be well in a month.'—'Thou hast said enough, Trim!'—quoth my Uncle Toby—(putting his hand into his breeches pocket)—'I like thy project mightily.'—'And if your honour pleases, I'll this moment go and buy a pioneer's spade to take down with us, and I'll bespeak a shovel and a pick-ax, and a couple of——' 'Say no more, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, leaping up upon one leg, quite overcome with rapture—and thrusting a guinea into Trim's hand.—'Trim,' said my Uncle Toby, 'say no more!—but go down, Trim, this moment, my lad, and bring up my supper this instant.'

Trim ran down and brought up his master's supper—to no purpose—Trim's plan of operation ran so in my Uncle Toby's head, he could not taste it.—'Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'get me to-bed.'—'Twas all one.—Corporal Trim's description had fired his imagination—my Uncle Toby could not shut his eyes.—The more he considered it, the more bewitching the scene appeared to him—so that, two full hours before day-

light, he had come to a final determination, and had concerted the whole plan of his and Corporal Trim's decampment.

My Uncle Toby had a little neat country-house of his own, in the village where my father's estate lay at Shandy, which had been left him by an old uncle, with a small estate of about one hundred pounds a year. Behind this house, and contiguous to it, was a kitchen-garden of about half an acre; and at the bottom of the garden, and cut off from it by a tall yew-hedge, was a bowling-green, containing just about as much ground as Corporal Trim wished for:—so that as Trim uttered the words, 'A rood and a half of ground to do what they would with;' this identical bowling-green instantly presented itself, and became curiously painted all at once, upon the retina of my Uncle Toby's fancy—which was the physical cause of making him change colour, or at least of heightening his blush to that immoderate degree I spoke of.

Never did lover post down to a beloved mistress with more heat and expectation, than my Uncle Toby did to enjoy this self-same thing in private—I say, in private—for it was sheltered from the house, as I told you, by a tall yew-hedge, and was covered on the other three sides, from mortal sight, by rough holly and thick set flowering-shrubs—so that the idea of not being seen, did not a little contribute to the idea of pleasure pre-conceived in my Uncle Toby's mind.—Vain thought! however thick it was planted about—or private soever it might seem—to think, dear Uncle Toby, of enjoying a thing which took up a whole rood and a half of ground—and not have it known!

How my Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim managed this matter—with the history of their campaigns, which were no way barren of events—may make no uninteresting under-plot in the epitafis and working-up of this drama.—At present the scene must drop—and change for the parlour fire-side.

CHAP. VI.

—'What can they be doing, brother?' said my father.—'I think,' replied my Uncle Toby—taking, as I told you, his pipe from his mouth, and striking the ashes out of it as he began his

his sentence—'I think,' replied he—'it would not be amiss, brother, if we rung the bell.'

'Pray, what's all that racket over our heads, Obadiah?'—quoth my father.—'My brother and I can scarce hear ourselves speak.'

'Sir,' answered Obadiah, making a bow towards his left-shoulder—'my mistress is taken very badly.'—'And where's Susannah running down the garden there, as if they were going to ravish her?'—'Sir, she is running the shortest cut into the town,' replied Obadiah, 'to fetch the old midwife.'—'Then saddle a horse,' quoth my father, 'and do you go directly for Doctor Slop, the man-midwife, with all our services—and let him know your mistress is fallen into labour—and that I desire he will return with you with all speed.'

'It is very strange,' says my father, addressing himself to my Uncle Toby, as Obadiah shut the door—'as there is so expert an operator as Doctor Slop so near—that my wife should persist to the very last in this obstinate humour of her's, in trusting the life of my child, who has had one misfortune already, to the ignorance of an old woman:—and not only the life of my child, brother—but her own life, and with it the lives of all the children I might, peradventure, have begot out of her hereafter.'

'Mayhap, brother,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'my sister does it to save the expence.'—'A pudding's end!' replied my father—'the doctor must be paid the same for inaction as action—if not better—to keep him in temper.'

'Then it can be out of nothing in the whole world,' quoth my Uncle Toby, in the simplicity of his heart—but modesty.—'My sister, I dare say,' added he, 'does not care to let a man come so near her ****.' I will not say whether my Uncle Toby, had completed the sentence or not—'tis for his advantage to suppose he had; as, I think, he could have added no ONE WORD which would have improved it.

If, on the contrary, my Uncle Toby had not fully arrived at his period's end—then the world stands indebted to the sudden snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe, for one of the neatest examples of that ornamental figure in oratory, which rhetoricians style the *apostrophe*.—Just Heaven! how does the

poco più and the *poco meno* of the Italian artists—the insensible *more* or *less*, determine the precise line of beauty in the sentence, as well as in the statue! How do the slight touches of the chisel, the pencil, the pen, the fiddle-stick, *et cetera*—give the true swell, which gives the true pleasure!—O my countrymen!—be nice—be cautious of your language;—and never, O! never let it be forgotten upon what small particles your eloquence and your fame depend.

—'My sister, mayhap,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'does not chuse to let a man come so near her ****.' Make this dash—'tis an *apostrophe*.—Take the dash away, and write *backside*—'tis *barbary*.—Scratch *backside* out, and put *covered way* in—'tis a metaphor—and, I dare say, as fortification ran so much in my Uncle Toby's head, that if he had been left to have added one word to the sentence—that word was it.

But whether that was the case or not the case—or whether the snapping of my father's tobacco-pipe so critically, happened through accident or anger, will be seen in due time.

CHAP. VII.

THOUGH my father was a good natural philosopher—yet he was something of a moral philosopher too; for which reason, when his tobacco-pipe snapped short in the middle—he had nothing to do, as such, but to have taken hold of the two pieces, and thrown them gently upon the back of the fire.—He did no such thing—he threw them with all the violence in the world—and, to give the action still more emphasis—he started up upon both his legs to do it.

This looked something like heat—and the manner of his reply to what my Uncle Toby was saying, proved it was so.

—'Not chuse,' quoth my father, (repeating my Uncle Toby's words) 'to let a man come so near her!—By Heaven, brother Toby! you would try the patience of a Job—and I think I have the plagues of one already, without it!—Why?—where?—wherein?—wherefore?—upon what account?' replied my Uncle Toby, in the utmost astonishment.—'To think,' said my father, 'of a man living to your age, brother, and knowing so

‘little about women!’—‘I know nothing at all about them,’ replied my Uncle Toby—‘and I think,’ continued he, ‘that the shock I received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in my affair with Widow Wadman—which shock, you know, I should not have received, but from my total ignorance of the sex—has given me just cause to say, that I neither know nor do pretend to know, any thing about ‘em or their concerns either.’—‘Me thinks, brother,’ replied my father, ‘you might, at least, know so much as the right end of a woman from the wrong.’

It is said, in Aristotle’s Master-Piece, that when a man doth think of any thing which is past—he looketh down upon the ground;—but that when he thinketh of something that is to come, he looketh up towards the heavens.

My Uncle Toby, I suppose, thought of neither, for he looked horizontally.—‘Right end,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, muttering the two words low to himself, and fixing his two eyes insensibly as he muttered them, upon a small crevice, formed by a bad joint in the chimney-piece.—‘Right end of a woman!’—I declare,’ quoth my Uncle, ‘I know no more which it is than the man in the moon—and if I was to think,’ continued my Uncle Toby, (keeping his eye still fixed upon the bad joint) ‘this month together, I am sure I should not be able to find it out.’

‘Then, Brother Toby,’ replied my father, ‘I will tell you.

‘Every thing in this world,’ continued my father—(filling a fresh pipe)—‘every thing in this earthly world, my dear brother Toby, has two handles.’—‘Not always,’ quoth my Uncle Toby.—‘At least,’ replied my father, ‘every one has two hands—which comes to the same thing.—Now, if a man was to sit down coolly, and consider with himself the make, the shape, the construction, come-at-ability, and convenience of all the parts which constitute the whole of that animal called woman; and compare them analogically—’ ‘I never understood rightly the meaning of that word;’ quoth my Uncle Toby.

‘ANALOGY,’ replied my father, ‘is the certain relation and agreement, which different—’ Here a devil of a rap at the door snapped my father’s definition (like his tobacco-pipe) in

two—and, at the same time, crushed the head of as notable and curious a dissertation as ever was engendered in the womb of speculation—it was some months before my father could get an opportunity to be safely delivered of it—And, at this hour, it is a thing full as problematical as the subject of the dissertation itself—(considering the confusion and distresses of our domestick misadventures, which are now coming thick one upon the back of another) whether I shall be able to find a place for it in the third volume or not.

CHAP. VIII.

IT is about an hour and a half’s tolerable good reading since my Uncle Toby rung the bell, when Obadiah was ordered to saddle a horse and go for Doctor Slop, the man-midwife—so that no one can say, with reason, that I have not allowed Obadiah time enough, poetically speaking, and considering the emergency too, both to go and come—though morally and truly speaking, the man perhaps has scarce had time to get on his boots.

If the hyper-critick will go upon this; and is resolved after all to take a pendulum, and measure the true distance betwixt the ringing of the bell, and the rap at the door—and, after finding it to be no more than two minutes, thirteen seconds, and three fifths, —should take upon him to insult over me for such a breach in the unity, or rather probability of time—I would remind him, that the idea of duration, and of it’s simple modes, is got merely from the train and succession of our ideas—and is the true scholastick pendulum—and by which, as a scholar, I will be tried in this matter—abjuring and detesting the jurisdiction of all other pendulums whatever.

I would therefore desire him to consider, that it is but poor eight miles from Shandy-Hall to Doctor Slop, the man-midwife’s house—and that whilst Obadiah has been going those said miles and back, I have brought my Uncle Toby from Namur, quite across all Flanders, into England—that I have had him ill upon my hands near four years—and have since travelled him and Corporal Trim in a chariot and four, a journey of near two hundred miles down into Yorkshire—all which put together,

must

must have prepared the reader's imagination for the entrance of Doctor Slop upon the stage—as much, at least, (I hope) as a dance, a song, or a concerto between the acts.

If my hyper-critick is intractable, alledging, that two minutes and thirteen seconds are no more than two minutes and thirteen seconds—when I have said all I can about them—and that this plea, though it might save me dramatically, will damn me biographically, rendering my book from this very moment, a professed ROMANCE, which before was a book apocryphal—I am thus pressed—I then put an end to the whole objection and controversy about it all at once—by acquainting him, that Obadiah had not got above threescore yards from the stable-yard, before he met with Doctor Slop—and indeed he gave a dirty proof that he had met with him, and was within an ace of giving a tragical one too.

Imagine to yourself—but this had better begin a new chapter,

CHAP. IX.

IMAGINE to yourself a little squat, uncourtly figure of a Doctor Slop, of about four feet and a half perpendicular height, with a breadth of back, and a susquipedality of belly, which might have done honour to a serjeant in the horse-guards.

Such were the outlines of Doctor Slop's figure, which—if you have read Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty—and if you have not, I wish you would—you must know, may as certainly be caricatured, and conveyed to the mind by three strokes as three hundred.

Imagine such a one—for such, I say, were the outlines of Dr. Slop's figure, coming slowly along, foot by foot, waddling through the dirt upon the vertebræ of a little diminutive poney, of a pretty colour—but of strength—alack!—scarce able to have made an amble of it, under such a fardel, had the roads been in an ambling condition.—They were not.—Imagine to yourself, Obadiah mounted upon a strong monster of a coach-horse, pricked into a full gallop, and making all practicable speed the adverse way.

Pray, Sir, let me interest you a moment in this description.

Had Doctor Slop beheld Obadiah a

mile off, posting in a narrow lane directly towards him, at that monstrous rate—splashing and plunging like a devil through thick and thin as he approached, would not such a phenomenon, with such a vortex of mud and water moving along with it round its axis—have been a subject of juster apprehension to Dr. Slop, in his situation, than the *worst* of Whiston's comets?—To say nothing of the NUCLEUS; that is, of Obadiah and the coach-horse.—In my idea, the vortex alone of 'em was enough to have involved and carried, if not the doctor, at least the doctor's poney, quite away with it. What then do you think must the terror and hydrophobia of Doctor Slop have been, when you read, (which you are just going to do) that he was advancing thus warily along towards Shandy-Hall, and had approached to within sixty yards of it, and within five yards of a sudden turn, made by an acute angle of the garden-wall—and in the dirtiest part of a dirty lane—when Obadiah and his coach-horse turned the corner, rapid, furious—pop—full upon him!—Nothing, I think, in nature, can be supposed more terrible than such a rencounter—so imprompt! so ill prepared to stand the shock of it as Doctor Slop was.

What could Doctor Slop do?—He crossed himself.—'Pugh!—But the doctor, Sir, was a papist.—'No matter; he had better have kept hold of 'the pummel.'—He had so—nay, as it happened, he had better have done nothing at all; for, in crossing himself, he let go his whip—and in attempting to save his whip betwixt his knee and his saddle's skirt, as it slipped, he lost his stirrup—in losing which he lost his seat—and in the multitude of all these losses (which, by the bye, shews what little advantage there is in crossing) the unfortunate doctor lost his presence of mind. So that without waiting for Obadiah's onset, he left his poney to its destiny, tumbling off it diagonally, something in the style and manner of a pack of wool, and without any other consequence from the fall, save that of being left, (as it would have been) with the broadest part of him sunk about twelve inches deep in the mire.

Obadiah pulled off his cap twice to Doctor Slop—once as he was falling—and then again when he saw him seated.—'Ill-timed complaisance!—Had

'not

‘not the fellow better have stopped his horse, and got off and helped him?’—Sir, he did all that his situation would allow—but the momentum of the coach-horse was so great, that Obadiah could not do it all at once—He rode in a circle three times round Doctor Slop, before he could fully accomplish it any how;—and at last, when he did stop his beast, ’twas done with such an explosion of mud, that Obadiah had better have been a league off. In short, never was a Doctor Slop so beluted, and so substantiated, since that affair came into fashion.

CHAP. X.

WHEN Doctor Slop entered the back-parlour, where my father and my Uncle Toby were discoursing upon the nature of women—it was hard to determine whether Doctor Slop’s figure, or Doctor Slop’s presence, occasioned more surprize to them; for as the accident happened so near the house, as not to make it worth while for Obadiah to remount him—Obadiah had led him in as he was, unwiped, unappointed, unanealed, with all his stains and blotches on him.—He stood like Hamlet’s ghost, motionless and speechless, for a full minute and a half, at the parlour-door, (Obadiah still holding his hand) with all the majesty of mud. His hinder parts, upon which he had received his fall, totally besmeared—and in every other part of him, blotched over in such a manner with Obadiah’s explosion, that you would have sworn (without mental reservation) that every grain of it had taken effect.

Here was a fair opportunity for my Uncle Toby to have triumphed over my father in his turn—for no mortal, who had beheld Doctor Slop in that pickle, could have dissented from so much, at least, of my Uncle Toby’s opinion, that mayhap his sister might not care to let such a Doctor Slop come so near her ****.

—But it was the *Argumentum ad hominem*; and if my Uncle Toby was not very expert at it, you may think, he might not care to use it.—No; the reason was—’twas not his nature to insult.

Doctor Slop’s presence at that time, was no less problematical than the mode of it; though it is certain, one moment’s reflection in my father might

have solved it; for he had apprized Doctor Slop, but the week before, that my mother was at her full reckoning; and as the doctor had heard nothing since, ’twas natural and very political too in him, to have taken a ride to Shandy-Hall, as he did, merely to see how matters went on.

But my father’s mind took unfortunately a wrong turn in the investigation; running, like the hyper-critick’s, altogether upon the ringing of the bell and the rap upon the door—measuring their distance, and keeping his mind so intent upon the operation, as to have power to think of nothing else—common-place infirmity of the greatest mathematicians! working with might and main at the demonstration, and so wasting all their strength upon it, that they have none left in them to draw the corollary, to do good with.

The ringing of the bell, and the rap upon the door, struck likewise strong upon the sensorium of my Uncle Toby—but it excited a very different train of thoughts—the two irreconcilable pulsations instantly brought Stevinus, the great engineer, along with them, into my Uncle Toby’s mind. What business Stevinus had in this affair—is the greatest problem of all—it shall be solved—but not in the next chapter.

CHAP. XI.

WRITING, when properly managed, (as you may be sure I think mine is) is but a different name for conversation. As no one, who knows what he is about in good company, would venture to talk all—so no author, who understands the just boundaries of decorum and good-breeding, would presume to think all: the truest respect which you can pay to the reader’s understanding, is to halve this matter amicably, and leave him something to imagine, in his turn, as well as yourself.

For my own part, I am eternally paying him compliments of this kind, and do all that lies in my power to keep his imagination as busy as my own.

’Tis his turn now—I have given an ample description of Doctor Slop’s sad overthrow, and of his sad appearance in the back-parlour—his imagination must now go on with it for a while.

Let

Let the reader imagine, then, that Doctor Slop has told his tale—and in what words, and with what aggravations, his fancy chuses!—let him suppose, that Obadiah has told his tale also, and with such rueful looks of affected concern, as he thinks will best contrast the two figures, as they stand by each other—let him imagine, that my father has stepped up stairs to see my mother—and, to conclude this work of imagination—let him imagine the doctor washed—rubbed down—condoled with—felicitated—got into a pair of Obadiah's pumps, stepping forwards towards the door, upon the very point of entering upon action.

Truce!—truce, good Doctor Slop! stay thy obstetrick hand; return it safe into thy bosom to keep it warm—little dost thou know what obstacles—little dost thou think what hidden causes retard it's operation!—hast thou, Doctor Slop—hast thou been intrusted with the secret articles of this solemn treaty which has brought thee into this place?—Art thou aware, that at this instant, a daughter of Lucina is put obstetrically over thy head?—Alas!—'tis too true.—Besides, great son of Pilumnus! what canst thou do?—Thou hast come forth unarmed—thou hast left thy *tire tête*—thy new-invented forceps—thy crotchet—thy squirt—and all thy instruments of salvation and deliverance, behind thee.—By Heaven! at this moment they are hanging up in a green baize bag, betwixt thy two pistols, at the bed's head!—Ring!—call!—send Obadiah back upon the coach-horse to bring them with all speed!—'Make great haste, Obadiah,' quoth my father, 'and I'll give thee a crown.'—'And,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'I'll give him another.'

CHAP. XII.

YOUR sudden and unexpected arrival,' quoth my Uncle Toby, addressing himself to Doctor Slop, (all three of them sitting down to the fire together, as my Uncle Toby began to speak)—'instantly brought the great Stevinus into my head; who, you must know, is a favourite author with me.'—'Then,' added my father, making use of the argument *Ad Crumenam*—'I will lay twenty guineas to a single

crown-piece, (which will serve to give away to Obadiah when he gets back) that this same Stevinus was some engineer or other, or has wrote something or other, either directly or indirectly, upon the science of fortification.'

'He has so,' replied my Uncle Toby.—'I knew it,' said my father; 'though, for the soul of me, I cannot see what kind of connection there can be betwixt Doctor Slop's sudden coming, and a discourse upon fortification—yet I fear'd it.—Talk of what we will, brother—or let the occasion be never so foreign or unfit for the subject—you are sure to bring it in.—'I would not, brother Toby,' continued my father.—'I declare, I would not have my head so full of curtains and horn-works——' 'That I dare say, you would not!' quoth Dr. Slop; interrupting him, and laughing most immoderately at his pun.

Dennis the critick could not detest and abhor a pun, or the insinuation of a pun, more cordially than my father—he would grow testy upon it at any time—but to be broke in upon by one, in a serious discourse, was as bad, he would say, as a fillip upon the nose—he saw no difference.

'Sir,' quoth my uncle Toby, addressing himself to Doctor Slop, 'the curtains my brother Shandy mentions here, have nothing to do with bedsteads—though, I know, Du Cange says, that bed-curtains, in all probability, have taken their name from them—nor have the horn-works, he speaks of, any thing in the world to do with the horn-works of cuckoldom—but the *curtin*, Sir, is the word we use in fortification for that part of the wall or rampart which lies between the two bastions and joins them.—Besiegers seldom offer to carry on their attacks directly against the curtain, for this reason, because they are so well *flanked*.—('It is the case of other curtains,' quoth Doctor Slop, laughing.) 'However,' continued my Uncle Toby, 'to make them sure, we generally chuse to place ravelins before them, taking care only to extend them beyond the fossé or ditch.—The common men; who know very little of fortification, confound the ravelin and the half-moon together—though they are very different things—'

‘things—not in their figure or construction, for we make them exactly alike in all points—for they always consist of two faces, making a salient angle, with the gorges, not straight; but in form of a crescent.’—‘Where then lies the difference?’ quoth my father, a little testily.—‘In their situations,’ answered my Uncle Toby: ‘for when a ravelin, brother, stands before the curtain, it is a ravelin; and when a ravelin stands before a bastion, then the ravelin is not a ravelin—it is a half-moon—a half-moon, like-wise, is a half-moon, and no more, so long as it stands before it’s bastion—but was it to change place, and get before the curtain—’twould be no longer a half-moon; a half-moon, in that case, is not a half-moon—’tis no more than a ravelin.’—‘I think,’ quoth my father, ‘that the noble science of defence has it’s weak sides—as well as others.’

—‘As for the *born-works*—’ (‘Heigh! ho!’ sighed my father.)—‘which,’ continued my Uncle Toby, ‘my brother was speaking of, they are a very considerable part of an out-work—they are called by the French engineers, *ouvrage a corne*, and we generally make them to cover such places as we suspect to be weaker than the rest—’tis formed by two epaulments or demi-bastions—they are very pretty; and if you will take a walk, I’ll engage to shew you one well worth your trouble.—I own,’ continued my Uncle Toby, ‘when we crown them—they are much stronger; but then they are very expensive, and take up a great deal of ground; so that, in my opinion, they are most of use to cover or defend the head of a camp; otherwise the double tenaille—’ ‘By the mother who bore us, brother Toby!’ quoth my father, not able to hold out any longer—‘you would provoke a faint!—Here have you got us, I know not how, not only soufe into the middle of the old subject again—but so full is your head of these confounded works, that though my wife is this moment in the pains of labour, and you hear her cry out, yet nothing will serve you but to carry off the man-midwife.’—‘*Accoucheur*, if you please!’ quoth Doctor Slop. ‘With all my heart,’ replied my father; ‘I don’t care what they call you—but I

‘with the whole science of fortification, with all it’s inventors, at the devil!—it has been the death of thousands—and it will be mine in the end!—I would not, I would not, brother Toby, have my brains so full of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, palisadoes, ravelins, half-moons, and such trumpery, to be proprietor of Namur, and of all the towns in Flanders with it.’

My Uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries—not from want of courage—I have told you in the fifth chapter of this second book, that he was a man of courage—and will add here, that where just occasions presented, or called it forth—I know no man under whose arm I would have sooner taken shelter—nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts—for he felt this insult of my father’s as feelingly as a man could do—but he was of a peaceful, placid nature—no jarring element in it—all was mixed up so kindly within him, my Uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

—‘Go,’ says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him—‘I’ll not hurt thee,’ says my Uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand—‘I’ll not hurt a hair of thy head!—Go,’ says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape—‘go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee?—This world, surely, is wide enough to hold both thee and me!’

I was but ten years old when this happened—but whether it was, that the action itself was more in unison to my nerves at that age of pity, which instantly set my whole frame into one vibration of most pleasurable sensation—or how far the manner and expression of it might go towards it—or in what degree, or by what secret magick—a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a passage to my heart, I know not—this I know, that the lesson of universal good-will then taught and imprinted by my Uncle Toby, has never since been worn out of my mind: and though I would not depreciate what the study of the *literæ humaniores*, at the university, have done for

for me in that respect, or discredit the other helps of an expensive education bestowed upon me, both at home and abroad since—yet I often think, that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impression.

¶ This is to serve for parents and governors instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

I could not give the reader this stroke in my Uncle Toby's picture, by the instrument with which I drew the other parts of it—that taking in no more than the mere hobby-horſical likeness—this is a part of his moral character. My father, in this patient endurance of wrongs, which I mention, was very different, as the reader must long ago have noted: he had a much more acute and quick sensibility of nature, attended with a little forenens of temper; though this never transported him to any thing which looked like malignancy—yet, in the little rubs and vexations of life, 'twas apt to shew itself in a drollish and witty kind of peevishness—He was, however, frank and generous in his nature—at all times open to conviction; and, in the little ebullitions of this sub-acid humour towards others, but particularly towards my Uncle Toby, whom he truly loved—he would feel more pain, ten times told, (except in the affair of my Aunt Dinah, or where an hypothesis was concerned) than what he ever gave.

The characters of the two brothers, in this view of them, reflected light upon each other, and appeared with great advantage in this affair which arose about Stevinus.

I need not tell the reader, if he keeps a HOBBY-HORSE—that a man's hobby-horse is as tender a part as he has about him; and that these unprovoked strokes at my Uncle Toby's could not be unfelt by him.—No—as I said above—my Uncle Toby did feel them, and very sensibly too.

'Pray, Sir, what said he?—How did he behave?'—O, Sir! it was great: for as soon as my father had done insulting his hobby-horse—he turned his head, without the least emotion, from Doctor Slop, to whom he was addressing his discourse—and looked up into my father's face, with a countenance spread over with so much good-nature—so placid—so fraternal—so inexpressibly tender towards him—it penetrated my

father to his heart: he rose up hastily from his chair, and seizing hold of both my Uncle Toby's hands as he spoke—

'Brother Toby,' said he, 'I beg thy pardon—forgive, I pray thee, this rash humour which my mother gave me!'—'My dear, dear brother,' answered my Uncle Toby, rising up by my father's help, 'say no more about it—you are heartily welcome, had it been ten times as much, brother.'—'But 'tis ungenerous,' replied my father, 'to hurt any man—a brother worse—but to hurt a brother of such gentle manners—so unprovoked—and so unresenting—'tis base—by Heaven, 'tis cowardly!'—'You are heartily welcome, brother,' quoth my Uncle Toby—'had it been fifty times as much!'—'Besides, what have I to do, my dear Toby,' cried my father, 'either with your amusements or your pleasures, unless it was in my power (which it is not) to increase their measure?'—

—'Brother Shandy,' answered my Uncle Toby, looking wistfully in his face—'you are much mistaken in this point—for you do increase my pleasure very much, in begetting children for the Shandy family at your time of life.'—'But, by that, Sir,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'Mr. Shandy increases his own.'—'Not a jot,' quoth my father.

CHAP. XIII.

'MY brother does it,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'out of principle.'—'In a family way, I suppose,' quoth Doctor Slop.—'Pshaw!' said my father, 'it is not worth talking of.'

CHAP. XIV.

AT the end of the last chapter, my father and my Uncle Toby were left both standing, like Brutus and Cassius at the close of the scene, making up their accounts.

As my father spoke the three last words—he sat down—my Uncle Toby exactly followed his example—only, that before he took his chair, he rung the bell, to order Corporal Trim, who was in waiting, to step home for Stevinus—my Uncle Toby's house being no farther off than the opposite side of the way.

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Some

Some men would have dropped the subject of Stevinus—but my Uncle Toby had no resentment in his heart; and he went on with the subject, to shew my father that he had none.

‘Your sudden appearance,’ Doctor Slop, quoth my uncle, resuming the discourse, ‘instantly brought Stevinus into my head.’—(My father, you may be sure, did not offer to lay any more wagers upon Stevinus’s head.)—‘Because,’ continued my Uncle Toby, ‘the celebrated sailing-chariot, which belonged to Prince Maurice, and was of such wonderful contrivance and velocity, as to carry half a dozen people thirty German miles in I don’t know how few minutes—was invented by Stevinus, that great mathematician and engineer.’

‘You might have spared your servant the trouble,’ quoth Doctor Slop, (as the fellow is lame) of going for Stevinus’s account of it; because, in my return from Leyden through the Hague, I walked as far as Schevling, which is two long miles, on purpose to take a view of it.’

—‘That’s nothing,’ replied my Uncle Toby, ‘to what the learned Peireskius did; who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from Paris to Schevling, and from Schevling to Paris back again, in order to see it—and nothing else.’

Some men cannot bear to be out-gone.

‘The more fool Peireskius!’ replied Doctor Slop.—But mark, ’twas out of no contempt of Peireskius at all: but that Peireskius’s indefatigable labour in trudging so far on foot, out of love for the sciences, reduced the exploit of Doctor Slop, in that affair, to nothing.—

‘The more fool Peireskius!’ said he again.—‘Why so?’ replied my father, taking his brother’s part—not only to make reparation as fast as he could for the insult he had given him, which sat still upon my father’s mind—but partly, that my father began really to interest himself in the discourse.—‘Why so,’ said he.—‘Why is Peireskius, or any man else, to be abused for an appetite for that, or any other morsel of sound knowledge?—For, notwithstanding I know nothing of the chariot in question,’ continued he, ‘the inventor of it must have had a very mechanical head; and though I cannot guess

upon what principles of philosophy he has achieved it—yet certainly his machine has been constructed upon solid ones, be they what they will, or it could not have answered at the rate my brother mentions.’

‘It answered,’ replied my Uncle Toby, ‘as well, if not better: for, as Peireskius elegantly expresses it, speaking of the velocity of its motion, “*Tam citus erat, quam erat ventus*,” which, unless I have forgotten my Latin, is, that it was as swift as the wind itself.’

‘But pray, Doctor Slop,’ quoth my father, interrupting my uncle, (though not without begging pardon for it, at the same time,) ‘upon what principles was this self-same chariot set a-going?’—‘Upon very pretty principles, to be sure!’ replied Doctor Slop—and I have often wondered,’ continued he, evading the question, ‘why none of our gentry, who live upon large plains like this of ours—(especially they whose wives are not past child-bearing)—attempt nothing of this kind; for it would not only be infinitely expeditious upon sudden calls, to which the sex is subject—if the wind only served—but would be excellent good husbandry to make use of the winds, which cost nothing, and which eat nothing, rather than horses, which (the devil take ’em!) both cost and eat a great deal.’

‘For that very reason,’ replied my father—‘because they cost nothing, and because they eat nothing—the scheme is bad—it is the consumption of our products, as well as the manufactures of them, which gives bread to the hungry, circulates trade, brings in money, and supports the value of our lands—and though, I own, if I was a prince, I would generously recompense the scientific head which brought forth such contrivances—yet I would as peremptorily suppress the use of them.’

My father here had got into his element—and was going on as prosperously with his dissertation upon trade, as my Uncle Toby had before, upon his of fortification—but, to the loss of much sound knowledge, the destinies in the morning had decreed that no dissertation of any kind should be spun by my father that day—for, as he opened his mouth to begin the next sentence—

C H A P.

C H A P. XV.

IN popped Corporal Trim with Stevinus—but 'twas too late—all the discourse had been exhausted without him, and was running into a new channel.

—'You may take the book home again, Trim!' said my Uncle Toby, nodding to him.

'But pr'ythee, corporal,' quoth my father, drolling,—'look first into it, and see if thou can'st spy aught of a sailing-chariot in it.'

Corporal Trim, by being in the service, had learned to obey—and not to remonstrate: so taking the book to a side-table, and running over the leaves—

—'An' please your honour,' said Trim, 'I can see no such thing!—however,' continued the corporal, drolling a little in his turn, 'I'll make sure work of it, an' please your honour.'—So taking hold of the two covers of the book, one in each hand, and letting the leaves fall down, as he bent the covers back, he gave the book a good sound shake.

'There is something fallen out, however,' said Trim, 'an' please your honour; but it is not a chariot, or any thing like one.'—Pr'ythee, 'Corporal,' said my father, smiling; 'what is it then?'—'I think,' answered Trim, stooping to take it up—'tis more like a sermon—for it begins with a text of Scripture, and the chapter and verse—and then goes on—not as a chariot, but like a sermon directly.' The company smiled.

'I cannot conceive how it is possible,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'for such a thing as a sermon to have got into my Stevinus.'

'I think 'tis a sermon,' replied Trim; 'but if it please your honours, as it is a fair hand, I will read you a page:—for Trim, you must know, loved to hear himself read almost as well as talk.'

'I have ever a strong propensity,' said my father, 'to look into things which cross my way by such strange fatalities as these; and as we have nothing better to do, at least till Obadiah gets back, I shall be obliged to you, brother—if Doctor Slop has no objection to it—to order the corporal to give us a page or two of it—if he is as able to do it, as he seems willing.'—'An' please your honour,' quoth Trim, 'I officiated two whole

campaigns, in Flanders, as clerk to the chaplain of the regiment.'—'He can read it,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'as well as I can.'—Trim, I assure you, 'was the best scholar in any company, and should have had the next halberd, but for the poor fellow's misfortune.' Corporal Trim laid his hand upon his heart, and made a humble bow to his master—then laying down his hat upon the floor, and taking up the sermon in his left-hand, in order to have his right at liberty—he advanced, nothing doubting, into the middle of the room, where he could best see, and be best seen by, his audience.

C H A P. XVI.

—'If you have any objection,' said my father, addressing himself to Doctor Slop: 'Not in the least,' replied Doctor Slop—'for it does not appear on which side of the question it is wrote—it may be a composition of a divine of our church, as well as yours;—so that we run equal brisques.'—'Tis wrote upon neither side,' quoth Trim, 'for 'tis only upon conscience, an' please your honours.' Trim's reason put his audience into good-humour—all but Doctor Slop; who, turning his head about towards Trim, looked a little angry.

'Begin, Trim—and read distinctly,' quoth my father. 'I will, an' please your honour,' replied the corporal; making a bow, and bespeaking attention with a slight movement of his right-hand.

C H A P. XVII.

—But before the corporal begins, I must first give you a description of his attitude—otherwise he will naturally stand represented, by your imagination, in an uneasy posture—stiff—perpendicular—dividing the weight of his body equally upon both legs—his eye fixed, as if on duty—his look determined—clenching the sermon in his left-hand, like his fire-lock.—In a word, you would be apt to paint Trim, as if he was standing in his platoon ready for action.—His attitude was as unlike all this as you can conceive.

He stood before them with his body
H 2 swayed,

swayed, and bent forwards just so far, as to make an angle of eighty-five degrees and a half upon the plane of the horizon—which sound orators, to whom I address this, know very well, to be the true persuasive angle of incidence—in any other angle you may talk and preach—’tis certain—and it is done every day—but with what effect—I leave the world to judge!

The necessity of this precise angle of eighty-five degrees and a half, to a mathematical exactness—does it not shew us, by the way, how the arts and sciences mutually befriend each other?

How the deuce Corporal Trim, who knew not so much as an acute angle from an obtuse one, came to hit it so exactly—or whether it was chance or nature, or good sense or imitation, &c. shall be commented upon in that part of this cyclopædia of arts and sciences, where the instrumental parts of the eloquence of the senate, the pulpit, the bar, the coffee-house, the bed-chamber, and fire-side, fall under consideration.

He stood—for I repeat it, to take the picture of him in at one view—with his body swayed, and somewhat bent forwards—his right-leg from under him, sustaining seven-eighths of his whole weight—the foot of his left-leg, the defect of which was no disadvantage to his attitude, advanced a little—not laterally, nor forwards, but in a line betwixt them—his knee bent, but that not violently—but so as to fall within the limits of the line of beauty—and I add, of the line of science too—for, consider, it had one-eighth part of his body to bear up—so that in this case the position of the leg is determined—because the foot could be no farther advanced, or the knee more bent, than what would allow him, mechanically, to receive an eighth part of his whole weight under it, and to carry it too.

¶ This I recommend to painters;—need I add—to orators!—I think not; for unless they practise it—they must fall upon their noses.

So much for Corporal Trim’s body and legs.—He held the sermon loosely, not carelessly, in his left-hand, raised something above his stomach, and detached a little from his breast—his right-arm falling negligently by his side, as nature and the laws of gravity ordered it—but with the palm of it open

and turned towards his audience, ready to aid the sentiment in ~~case~~ it stood in need.

Corporal Trim’s eyes, and the muscles of his face were in full harmony with the other parts of him—he looked frank—unconstrained—something assured—but not bordering upon assurance.

Let not the critick ask how Corporal Trim could come by all this.—I’ve told him it should be explained—but so he stood before my father, my Uncle Toby, and Doctor Slop—so swayed his body, so contrasted his limbs, and with such an oratorical sweep throughout the whole figure—a statuary might have modelled from it—nay, I doubt whether the oldest fellow of a college—or the Hebrew professor himself, could have much mended it.

Trim made a bow, and read as follows.

THE SERMON.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

—For we trust we have a good conscience.

‘TRUST!—Trust we have a good conscience!’

[‘Certainly, Trim,’ quoth my father, interrupting him, ‘you give that sentence a very improper accent; for you curl up your nose, man, and read it with such a sneering tone, as if the parson was going to abuse the apostle.’

‘He is, an’ please your honour,’ replied Trim. ‘Pugh!’ said my father, smiling.

‘Sir,’ quoth Doctor Slop, ‘Trim is certainly in the right; for the writer (who I perceive is a Protestant) by the snappish manner in which he takes up the apostle, is certainly going to abuse him—if this treatment of him has not done it already.’—‘But from whence,’ replied my father, ‘have you concluded so soon, Doctor Slop, that the writer is of our church?—for aught I can see yet, he may be of any church.’—‘Because,’ answered Doctor Slop, ‘if he was of ours—he durst no more take such a licence—than a bear by his beard.—If in our communion, Sir, a man was to insult an apostle—a saint—or even the paring of a saint’s nail—he would have his eyes scratched out.’—‘What, by the saint!’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘No,

'No,' replied Doctor Slop, 'he would have an old house over his head.'—
 'Pray is the Inquisition an ancient building,' answered my Uncle Toby; or is it a modern one?'—'I know nothing of architecture,' replied Doctor Slop.—
 'An' please your honours,' quoth Trim, 'the Inquisition is the vilest—' 'Pr'ythee spare thy description, Trim; I hate the very name of it!' said my father.—
 'No matter for that,' answered Doctor Slop—'it has it's uses: for though I'm no great advocate for it—yet, in such a case as this, he would soon be taught better manners; and I can tell him, if he went on at that rate, would be flung into the Inquisition for his pains.'—'God help him then!' quoth my Uncle Toby. 'Amen!' added Trim, 'for Heaven above knows, I have a poor brother who has been fourteen years a captive in it.'—'I never heard one word of it before,' said my Uncle Toby, hastily—'how came he there, Trim?'—'O, Sir, the story will make your heart bleed—as it has made mine a thousand times—but it is too long to be told now—your honour shall hear it from first to last some day when I am working beside you in our fortifications—but the short of the story is this—that my brother Tom went over a servant to Lisbon—and then married a Jew's widow, who kept a small shop, and sold sausages—which some how or other, was the cause of his being taken in the middle of the night out of his bed, where he was lying with his wife and two small children, and carried directly to the Inquisition; where, —God help him!' continued Trim, fetching a sigh from the bottom of his heart—'the poor honest lad lies confined at this hour—he was as honest a soul,' added Trim, (pulling out his handkerchief) 'as ever blood warmed!'—

—The tears trickled down Trim's cheeks faster than he could well wipe them away—A dead silence in the room ensued for some minutes—Certain proof of pity!

'Come, Trim,' quoth my father—'after he saw the poor fellow's grief had got a little vent—' read on, and put this melancholy story out of thy head.—I grieve that I interrupted thee; but pr'ythee begin the sermon again—for if the first sentence in it is matter of abuse, as thou sayest, I have a great

'desire to know what kind of provocation the apostle has given.'

Corporal Trim wiped his face—and returning his handkerchief into his pocket—and making a bow as he did it—he began again.]

THE SERMON.

HEBREWS xiii. 18.

—*For we trust we have a good conscience.*

TRUST! trust we have a good conscience! Surely if there is any thing in this life which a man may depend upon, and to the knowledge of which he is capable of arriving upon the most indisputable evidence, it must be this very thing—whether he has a good conscience, or no.

['I am positive I am right!' quoth, Doctor Slop.]

'If a man thinks at all, he cannot well be a stranger to the true state of this account.—He must be privy to his own thoughts and desires—he must remember his past pursuits, and know certainly the true springs and motives which in general have governed the actions of his life.'

['I defy him, without an assistant!' quoth Doctor Slop.]

'In other matters we may be deceived by false appearances; and, as the wise man complains, *hardly do we guess aright at the things that are upon the earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us.* But here the mind has all the evidence and facts within herself—is conscious of the web she has wove—knows it's texture and fineness, and the exact share which every passion has had in working upon the several designs which virtue or vice has planned before her.'

['The language is good; and I declare Trim reads very well!' quoth my father.]

'Now—as conscience is nothing else but the knowledge which the mind has within herself of this; and the judgment, either of approbation or censure, which it unavoidably makes upon the successive actions of our lives; 'tis plain, you will say, from the very terms of the proposition—whenever this inward testimony goes against a man, and he stands self-accused—that he must necessarily be a guilty

‘guilty man.—And, on the contrary, when the report is favourable on his side, and his heart condemns him not—that it is not a matter of *trust*, as the apostle intimates, but a matter of *certainly* and fact, that the conscience is good, and that the man must be good also.’

[‘Then the apostle is altogether in the wrong, I suppose,’ quoth Doctor Slop, ‘and the Protestant divine is in the right!’—‘Sir, have patience,’ replied my father; ‘for I think it will presently appear, that St. Paul and the Protestant divine are both of an opinion.’—‘As nearly so,’ quoth Doctor Slop, ‘as east is to west!’—But this,’ continued he, lifting both hands, ‘comes from the liberty of the press!’

‘It is no more, at the worst,’ replied my Uncle Toby, ‘than the liberty of the pulpit; for it does not appear that the sermon is printed, or ever likely to be.’

‘Go on, Trim,’ quoth my father.]

‘At first sight, this may seem to be a true state of the case; and I make no doubt but the knowledge of right and wrong is so truly impressed upon the mind of man—that did no such thing ever happen, as that the conscience of a man, by long habits of sin, might (as the Scripture assures it may) insensibly become hard—and, like some tender parts of his body, by much stress and continual hard usage, lose, by degrees, that nice sense and perception with which God and nature endowed it—did this never happen—or was it certain that self-love could never hang the least bias upon the judgment—or that the little interests below could rise up and perplex the faculties of our upper regions, and encompass them about with clouds and thick darkness—could no such thing as favour and affection enter this sacred court—did wit disdain to take a bribe in it; or was ashamed to shew it’s face as an advocate for an unwarrantable enjoyment—or, lastly, were we assured that interest stood always unconcerned whilst the cause was hearing—and that passion never got into the judgment-seat, and pronounced sentence in the stead of reason, which is supposed to preside and determine upon the case—was this truly so, as the objection must suppose—no doubt, then, the religious

‘and moral state of a man would be exactly what he himself esteemed it—and the guilt or innocence of every man’s life could be known, in general, by no better measure, than the degrees of his own approbation and censure.’

‘I own, in one case, whenever a man’s conscience does accuse him (as it seldom errs on that side) that he is guilty; and unless in melancholy and hypochondriack cases, we may safely pronounce upon it, that there is always sufficient grounds for the accusation.’

‘But the converse of the proposition will not hold true—namely, that, whenever there is guilt, the conscience must accuse; and if it does not, that a man is therefore innocent—This is not fact—So that the common consolation which some good Christian or other is hourly administering to himself—that he thanks God his mind does not misgive him, and that, consequently, he has a good conscience, because he has a quiet one—is fallacious—and as current as the inference is, and as infallible as the rule appears at first sight; yet when you look nearer to it, and try the truth of this rule upon plain facts—you see it liable to so much error from a false application—the principle upon which it goes so often perverted—the whole force of it lost, and sometimes so vilely cast away, that it is painful to produce the common examples from human life which confirm the account.’

‘A man shall be vicious and utterly debauched in his principles—exceptionable in his conduct to the world—shall live shameless, in the open commission of a sin which no reason or pretence can justify—a sin by which, contrary to all the workings of humanity, he shall ruin for ever the deluded partner of his guilt—rob her of her best dowry—and not only cover her own head with dishonour—but involve a whole virtuous family in shame and sorrow for her sake—Surely, you will think conscience must lead such a man a troublesome life—he can have no rest night or day from it’s reproaches.’

‘Alas! conscience had something else to do all this time, than brood in upon him: as Elijah reproached the God Baal—this domestic god

‘was either talking, or pursuing, or was in a journey, or peradventure he slept and could not be awoke.’

‘Perhaps he was gone out in company with *Honour* to fight a duel; to pay off some debt at play—or dirty annuity, the bargain of his lust: perhaps *Conscience* all this time was engaged at home, talking loud against petty-larceny, and executing vengeance upon some such puny crimes as his fortune and rank in life secured him against all temptation of committing; so that he lives as merrily——’ [‘If he was of our church, though,’ quoth Doctor Slop, ‘he could not.’]—— ‘Sleeps as soundly in his bed—and at last meets death as unconcernedly—perhaps much more so—than a much better man.’

[‘All this is impossible with us,’ quoth Doctor Slop, turning to my father—‘the case could not happen in our church.’—‘It happens in ours,’ however, replied my father, ‘but too often.’—‘I own,’ quoth Doctor Slop, (struck a little with my father’s frank acknowledgment) ‘that a man in the Romish church may live as badly—but then he cannot easily die so.’—‘It is little matter,’ replied my father, ‘with an air of indifference, how a rascal dies.’—‘I mean,’ answered Doctor Slop, ‘he would be denied the benefits of the last sacraments.’—‘Pray, how many have you in all?’ said my Uncle Toby; ‘for I always forget.’—‘Seven,’ answered Doctor Slop. ‘Humph!’ said my Uncle Toby; though not accented as a note of acquiescence—but as an interjection of that particular species of surprise—when a man, in looking into a drawer, finds more of a thing than he expected—‘Humph!’ replied my Uncle Toby. Doctor Slop, who had an ear, understood my Uncle Toby as well as if he had wrote a whole volume against the seven sacraments.—‘Humph!’ replied Doctor Slop, (stating my Uncle Toby’s argument over again to him)—‘Why, Sir, are there not seven cardinal virtues?—Seven mortal sins?—Seven golden candlesticks?—Seven heavens?’—‘It is more than I know,’ replied my Uncle Toby.—‘Are there not seven wonders of the world?—Seven days of the creation?—Seven planets?—Seven plagues?’—‘That there are!’ quoth my father, with a most affected

gravity. ‘But pr’ythee,’ continued he, ‘go on with the rest of thy characters, Trim.’]

‘Another is sordid, unmerciful,’ [Here Trim waved his right-hand.] ‘a strait-hearted, selfish wretch, incapable either of private friendship, or publick spirit. Take notice how he passes by the widow and orphan in their distress, and sees all the miseries incident to human life without a sigh or a prayer.’ [‘An’ please your honours,’ cried Trim, ‘I think this a viler man than the other!’]

‘Shall not conscience rise up and sting him on such occasions?—No; thank God there is no occasion, I pay every man his own; I have no fornication to answer to my conscience—no faithless vows or promises to make up—I have debauched no man’s wife or child; thank God, I am not as other men, adulterers, unjust, or even as this libertine, who stands before me.’

‘A third is crafty and designing in his nature. View his whole life—’tis nothing but a cunning contexture of dark arts and unequitable subterfuges, basely to defeat the true intent of all laws—plain-dealing, and the safe enjoyment of our several properties.—You will see such a one working out a frame of little designs upon the ignorance and perplexities of the poor and needy man—shall raise a fortune upon the inexperience of a youth, or the unsuspecting temper of his friend, who would have trusted him with his life.’

‘When old age comes on, and repentance calls him to look back upon this black account, and state it over again with his conscience—CONSCIENCE looks into the STATUTES AT LARGE—finds no express law broken by what he has done—perceives no penalty or forfeiture of goods and chattels incurred—sees no scourge waving over his head, or prison opening his gates upon him—What is there to affright his conscience?—Conscience has got safely entrenched behind the letter of the law; sits there invulnerable, fortified with Cases and Reports so strongly on all sides—that it is not preaching can dispossess it of its hold.’

[Here Corporal Trim and my Uncle Toby exchanged looks with each other.

—‘Aye,

—‘Aye, aye, Trim!’ quoth my Uncle Toby, shaking his head—‘these are but sorry fortifications, Trim.’—‘O! very poor work,’ answered Trim, ‘to what your honour and I make of it.’—‘The character of this last man,’ said Doctor Slop, interrupting Trim, ‘is more detestable than all the rest—and seems to have been taken from some pettifogging lawyer amongst you.—Amongst us, a man’s conscience could not possibly continue so long blinded;—three times in a year, at least, he must go to confession.’—‘Will that restore it to sight?’ quoth my Uncle Toby.—‘Go on, Trim,’ quoth my father, ‘or Obadiah will have got back before thou hast got to the end of thy sermon.’—‘Tis a very short one,’ replied Trim. ‘I wish it was longer,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘for I like it hugely.’—Trim went on.]

‘A fourth man shall want even this refuge—shall break through all this ceremony of flow chicane—scorns the doubtful workings of secret plots and cautious trains to bring about his purpose—See the bare-faced villain, how he cheats, lyes, perjures, robs, murders—Horrid!—But indeed much better was not to be expected, in the present case—the poor man was in the dark!—his priest had got the keeping of his conscience—and all he would let him know of it was, that he must believe in the pope—go to mass—cross himself—tell his beads—be a good catholick—and that this, in all conscience, was enough to carry him to Heaven. What—if he perjures!—Why—he had a mental reservation in it.—But if he is so wicked and abandoned a wretch as you represent him—if he robs—if he stabs—will not conscience, on every such act, receive a wound itself?—Aye—but the man has carried it to confession—the wound digests there, and will do well enough, and in a short time be quite healed up by absolution.—O Popery! what hast thou to answer for?—when, not content with the too many natural and fatal ways, through which the heart of man is every day thus treacherous to itself above all things—thou hast wilfully set open this wide gate of deceit before the face of this unwary traveller, too apt, God knows! to go astray of himself; and confidently speak peace to himself, when there is no peace.

‘Of this the common instances which I have drawn out of life, are too notorious to require much evidence. If any man doubts the reality of them, or thinks it impossible for a man to be such a bubble to himself—I must refer him a moment to his own reflections, and will then venture to trust my appeal with his own heart.

‘Let him consider in how different a degree of detestation, numbers of wicked actions stand *there*, though equally bad and vicious in their own natures—he will soon find, that such of them as strong inclination and custom have prompted him to commit, are generally dressed out and painted with all the false beauties which a soft and flattering hand can give them,—and that the others, to which he feels no propensity, appear at once naked and deformed, surrounded with all the true circumstances of folly and dishonour.

‘When David surprized Saul sleeping in the cave, and cut off the skirt of his robe—we read his heart smote him for what he had done—but in the matter of Uriah, where a faithful and gallant servant, whom he ought to have loved and honoured, fell to make way for his lust—where conscience had so much greater reason to take the alarm—his heart smote him not. A whole year had almost passed from the first commission of that crime, to the time Nathan was sent to reprove him; and we read not once of the least sorrow or compunction of heart which he testified, during all that time, for what he had done.

‘Thus conscience, this once able monitor—placed on high as a judge within us, and intended by our Maker as a just and equitable one too—by an unhappy train of causes and impediments, takes often such imperfect cognizance of what passes—does it’s office so negligently—sometimes so corruptly—that it is not to be trusted alone; and therefore we find there is a necessity, an absolute necessity, of joining another principle with it, to aid, if not govern, it’s determinations.

‘So that if you would form a just judgment of what is of infinite importance to you not to be misled in—namely, in what degree of real merit you stand, either as an honest man, an useful

useful citizen, a faithful subject to your king, or a good servant to your God, —call in religion and morality.— Look, what is written in the law of God?—How readest thou?—Consult calm reason, and the unchangeable obligations of justice and truth—what say they?

Let CONSCIENCE determine the matter upon these reports—and then if thy heart condemns thee not, which is the case the apostle supposes—the rule will be infallible—[Here Doctor Slop fell asleep.]—thou wilt have confidence towards God—that is, have just grounds to believe the judgment thou hast past upon thyself, is the judgment of God; and nothing else but an anticipation of that righteous sentence which will be pronounced upon thee hereafter by that Being to whom thou art finally to give an account of thy actions.

Blessed is the man, indeed, then, as the author of the book of Ecclesiasticus expresses it, who is not pricked with the multitude of his sins: Blessed is the man whose heart hath not condemned him; whether he be rich or whether he be poor, if he have a good heart, (a heart thus guided and informed) he shall at all times rejoice in a cheerful countenance; his mind shall tell him more than seven watchmen that sit above upon a tower on high.—[‘A tower has no strength,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘unless ’tis flanked.’]—In the darkest doubts it shall conduct him safer than a thousand casuists, and give the state he lives in a better security for his behaviour than all the clauses and restrictions put together, which law-makers are forced to multiply:—Forced, I say, as things stand; human laws not being a matter of original choice, but of pure necessity, brought in to fence against the mischievous effects of those consciences which are no law unto themselves; well intending, by the many provisions made—that in all such corrupt and misguided cases, where principles and the checks of conscience will not make us upright—to supply their force—and, by the terrors of gaols and halters, oblige us to it.

[‘I see plainly,’ said my father, ‘that this sermon has been composed to be preached at the Temple—or at some

‘Affize.—I like the reasoning—and am sorry that Doctor Slop has fallen asleep before the time of his conviction—for it is now clear, that the parson, as I thought at first, never insulted St. Paul in the least—nor has there been, brother, the least difference between them.’—‘A great matter, if they had differed!’ replied my Uncle Toby; ‘the best friends in the world may differ sometimes.’—‘True, brother Toby,’ quoth my father, shaking hands with him—‘we’ll fill our pipes, brother, and then Trim shall go on.

‘Well—what dost thou think of it?’ said my father; speaking to Corporal Trim, as he reached his tobacco-box.

‘I think,’ answered the corporal, ‘that the seven watchmen upon the tower—who, I suppose, are all centinels there, are more, an’ please your honour, than were necessary—and, to go on at that rate, would harrafs a regiment all to pieces, which a commanding officer, who loves his men, will never do, if he can help it—because two centinels,’ added the corporal, ‘are as good as twenty.—I have been a commanding officer myself in the *Corps de Garde* a hundred times,’ continued Trim, rising an inch higher in his figure as he spoke—‘and all the time I had the honour to serve his Majesty King William, in relieving the most considerable posts, I never left more than two in my life.’—‘Very right Trim,’ quoth my Uncle Toby—‘but you do not consider, Trim, that the towers, in Solomon’s days, were not such things as our bastions, flanked and defended by other works—this, Trim, was an invention since Solomon’s death; nor had they hornworks, or ravelins before the curtain, in his time—or such a fossé as we make with a *curvette* in the middle of it, and with covered ways and counter-scarps pallisadoed along it, to guard against a *coup de main*:—So that the seven men upon the tower were a party, I dare say, from the *Corps de Garde*, set there, not only to look out, but to defend it.’—‘They could be no more, an’ please your honour, than a Corporal’s Guard.’—My father smiled inwardly—but not outwardly—the subject being rather too serious, considering what had happened, to make a jest of.—So putting his pipe into his mouth, which he had just lighted—he

I contented

contented himself with ordering Trim to read on. He read on as follows.]

‘To have the fear of God before our eyes; and, in our mutual dealings with each other, to govern our actions by the eternal measures of right and wrong.—The first of these will comprehend the duties of religion—the second, those of morality—which are so inseparably connected together, that you cannot divide these two tables, even in imagination, (though the attempt is often made in practice) without breaking and mutually destroying them both.

‘I said, the attempt is often made; and so it is—there being nothing more common, than to see a man who has no sense at all of religion, and indeed has so much honesty as to pretend to none, who would take it as the bitterest affront, should you hint at a suspicion of his moral character—or imagine he was not conscientiously just and scrupulous to the uttermost mite.

‘When there is some appearance, that it is so—though one is unwilling even to suspect the appearance of so amiable a virtue as moral honesty, yet were we to look into the grounds of it, in the present case, I am persuaded we should find little reason to envy such a one the honour of his motive.

‘Let him declaim as pompously as he chuses upon the subject, it will be found to rest upon no better foundation, than either his interest, his pride, his ease, or some such little and changeable passion as will give us but small dependence upon his actions in matters of great stress.

‘I will illustrate this by an example.

‘I know the banker I deal with, or the physician I usually call in—[‘There is no need,’ cried Doctor Slop, (waking) ‘to call in any physician in this case’]—‘to be neither of them men of much religion: I hear them make a jest of it every day, and treat all it’s sanctions with so much scorn, as to put the matter past doubt. Well— notwithstanding this, I put my fortune into the hands of the one—and, what is dearer still to me, I trust my life to the honest skill of the other.

‘Now let me examine what is my reason for this great confidence.—Why, in the first place, I believe

‘there is no probability that either of them will employ the power I put into their hands to my disadvantage—I consider that honesty serves the purposes of this life—I know their success in the world depends upon the fairness of their characters.—In a word, I am persuaded that they cannot hurt me without hurting themselves more.

‘But put it otherwise; namely, that interest lay, for once, on the other side—that a case should happen, wherein the one, without stain to his reputation, could secrete my fortune, and leave me naked in the world—or that the other could send me out of it, and enjoy an estate by my death, without dishonour to himself or his art—in this case what hold have I of either of them?—Religion, the strongest of all motives, is out of the question;—interest, the next most powerful motive in the world, is strongly against me—what have I left to cast into the opposite scale to balance this temptation?—Alas! I have nothing—nothing but what is lighter than a bubble—I must lay at the mercy of HONOUR or some such capricious principle!—Strait security for two of my most valuable blessings, —my property, and my life!

‘As, therefore, we can have no dependence upon morality without religion—so, on the other hand, there is nothing better to be expected from religion without morality—nevertheless, ’tis no prodigy to see a man, whose real moral character stands very low, who yet entertains the highest notion of himself, in the light of a religious man.

‘He shall not only be covetous, revengeful, implacable—but even wanting in points of common honesty; yet, inasmuch as he talks aloud against the infidelity of the age—is zealous for some points of religion—goes twice a-day to church—attends the sacraments—and amuses himself with a few instrumental parts of religion—shall cheat his conscience into a judgment, that for this he is a religious man; and has discharged truly his duty to God: and you will find that such a man, through force of this delusion, generally looks down with spiritual pride upon every other man who has

less affectation of piety—though, perhaps, ten times more moral honesty than himself.

'This, likewise, is a sore evil under the sun; and, I believe, there is no one mistaken principle, which, for its time, has wrought more serious mischiefs.—For a general proof of this—examine the history of the Romish church—*'Well, what can you make of that?'* cried Doctor Slop.—*'see what scenes of cruelty, murder, rapine, bloodshed—'* [*'They may thank their own obstinacy!'* cried Doctor Slop.]—*'have all been sanctified by a religion not strictly governed by morality.'*

'In how many kingdoms of the world—' [Here Trim kept waving his right-hand from the sermon to the extent of his arm, returning it backwards and forwards to the conclusion of the paragraph.]

'In how many kingdoms of the world has the crusading sword of this misguided saint-errant spared neither age or merit, or sex or condition?—and, as he fought under the banners of a religion which set him loose from justice and humanity, he shewed none; mercilessly trampled upon both—heard neither the cries of the unfortunate, nor pitied their distresses.'

'I have been in many a battle, and please your honour!' quoth Trim, sighing, *'but never in so melancholy a one as this!—I would not have drawn a trigger in it against these poor souls—to have been made a general officer!'*—*'Why? what do you understand of the affair?'* said Doctor Slop, looking towards Trim, with something more of contempt than the corporal's honest heart deserved.—*'What do you know, friend, about this battle you talk of?'*—*'I know,'* replied Trim, *'that I never refused quarter in my life to any man who cried out for it—but to a woman or a child,'* continued Trim, *'before I would level my musket at them, I would lose my life a thousand times!'*—*'Here's a crown for thee,'* Trim, to drink with Obadiah tonight? quoth my Uncle Toby: and *'I'll give Obadiah another too.'*—*'God bless your honour!'* replied Trim—*'I had rather these poor women and children had it.'*—*'Thou art an honest fellow,'* quoth my Uncle Toby.—*'My father nodded his head—as much as to say—'* and so he is.—

'But, pr'ythee, Trim,' said my father, *'make an end—for I see thou hast but a leaf or two left.'*

Corporal Trim read on.]

'If the testimony of past centuries in this matter is not sufficient—consider at this instant, how the votaries of that religion are every day thinking to do service and honour to God, by actions which are a dishonour and scandal to themselves.'

'To be convinced of this, go with me for a moment into the prisons of the Inquisition.'—*'God help my poor brother Tom!'*—*'Behold Religion, with Mercy and Justice chained down under her feet—there sitting ghastly upon a black tribunal, propped up with racks and instruments of torment. Hark!—hark! what a piteous groan!'*—[Here Trim's face turned as pale as ashes.]

—*'See the melancholy wretch who uttered it,'*—[Here the tears began to trickle down.]—*'just brought forth to undergo the anguish of a mock trial, and endure the utmost pains that a studied system of cruelty has been able to invent.'*—*'D—n them all!'* quoth Trim, his colour returning into his face as red as blood.]—*'Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors—his body so wasted with sorrow and confinement—'* [*'Oh, 'tis my brother!'* cried poor Trim in a most passionate exclamation, dropping the sermon upon the ground, and clapping his hands together—*'I fear 'tis poor Tom! My father's and my Uncle Toby's heart yearned with sympathy for the poor fellow's distress; even Slop himself acknowledged pity for him.'*—*'Why, Trim,'* said my father, *'this is not a history—'tis a sermon thou art reading: pr'ythee begin the sentence again.'*—*'Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors—his body so wasted with sorrow and confinement, you will see every nerve and muscle as it suffers.'*

'Observe the last movement of that horrid engine!'—*'I would rather face a cannon,'* quoth Trim, stamping.]—*'See what convulsions it has thrown him into!—Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched;—what exquisite torture he endures by it!'*—*'I hope 'tis not in Portugal.'*—*'It is all nature can bear!'*

' Good God! see how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips!—[' I would not read another line of it,' quoth Trim, ' for all the world—I fear, an' please your honours, all this is in Portugal, where my poor brother Tom is.'—' I tell thee, Trim, again,' quoth my father, ' it is not an historical account—it is a description.'—' It is only a description, honest man,' quoth Slop; ' there's not a word of truth in it.'—' That's another story,' replied my father.—' However, as Trim reads it with so much concern—'tis cruelty to force him to go on with it.—Give me hold of the sermon, Trim—I'll finish it for thee, and thou mayest go.'—' I must stay and hear it too!' replied Trim, ' if your honour will allow me;—though I would not read it myself for a colonel's pay.'—' Poor Trim!' quoth my Uncle Toby.—My father went on.]

' —Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched—what exquisite torture he endures by it!—'Tis all nature can bear!—Good God! see how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips, willing to take it's leave—but not suffered to depart!—Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell!—[' Then, thank God, however,' quoth Trim, ' they have not killed him.']—' See him dragged out of it again to meet the flames, and the insults in his last agonies, which this principle—this principle, that there can be religion without mercy—has prepared for him.'—[' Then, thank God—he is dead!' quoth Trim; ' he is out of his pain—and they have done their worst at him!—O, Sirs!—' ' Hold your peace, Trim,' said my father, going on with the sermon, lest Trim should incense Doctor Slop—' we shall never have done at this rate.']

' The surest way to try the merit of any disputed notion, is to trace down the consequences such a notion has produced, and compare them with the spirit of Christianity—'tis the short and decisive rule which our Saviour hath left us, for these and such like cases, and it is worth a thousand arguments—*By their fruits ye shall know them.*

' I will add no farther to the length of this sermon, than by two or three

' short and independent rules deducible from it.

' *First*, Whenever a man talks loudly against religion, always suspect that it is not his reason, but his passions which have got the better of his CREED. A bad life, and a good belief, are disagreeable and troublesome neighbours; and where they separate, depend upon it, 'tis for no other cause but quietness sake.

' *Secondly*, When a man, thus represented, tells you in any particular instance—that such a thing goes *against* his conscience—always believe he means exactly the same thing, as when he tells you such a thing goes *against* his stomach—a present want of appetite being generally the true cause of both. In a word—trust that man in nothing, who has not a CONSCIENCE in every thing.

' And, in your own case, remember this plain distinction—a mistake in which has ruined thousands—that your conscience is not a law—no; God and reason made the law, and have placed conscience within you to determine—not, like an Asiatick cadi, according to the ebbs and flows of his own passions—but like a British judge, in this land of liberty and good sense, who makes no new law, but faithfully declares that law which he knows already written.

' F I N I S.'

' Thou hast read the sermon extremely well, Trim,' quoth my father.—' If he had spared his comments,' replied Doctor Slop—' he would have read it much better.'—' I should have read it ten times better, Sir,' answered Trim, ' but that my heart was so full.'—' That was the very reason,' Trim, replied my father, ' which has made thee read the sermon as well as thou hast done—and if the clergy of our church,' continued my father, addressing himself to Doctor Slop, ' would take part in what they deliver as deeply as this poor fellow has done—as their compositions are fine—[' I deny it!' quoth Doctor Slop.]—' I maintain it—that the eloquence of our pulpits, with such subjects to inflame it, would be a model for the whole world.—But, alas!' continued my father,

father, 'and I own it, Sir, with sorrow, that, like French politicians in this respect, what they gain in the cabinet they lose in the field.'—'Twere a pity,' quoth my uncle, 'that this should be lost.'—'I like the sermon well,' replied my father—'tis dramatick—and there is something in that way of writing, when skilfully managed, which catches the attention.'—'We preach much in that way with us,' said Doctor Slop.—'I know that very well,' said my father—but in a tone and manner which disgusted Doctor Slop, full as much as his assent, simply, could have pleased him.—'But in this,' added Doctor Slop, a little piqued—'our sermons have greatly the advantage, that we never introduce any character into them below a patriarch or a patriarch's wife, or a martyr or a saint.'—'There are some very bad characters in this, however,' said my father, 'and I do not think the sermon a jot the worse for 'em.'—'But pray,' quoth my Uncle Toby—'who's can this be?—How could it get into my Stevinus?'—'A man must be as great a conjuror as Stevinus,' said my father, 'to resolve the second question:—the first, I think, is not so difficult—for, unless my judgment greatly deceives me—I know the author; for 'tis wrote, certainly, by the parson of the parish.'

The similitude of the style and manner of it, with those my father constantly had heard preached in his parish-church, was the ground of his conjecture—proving it as strongly, as an argument *à priori* could prove such a thing to a philosophick mind, that it was Yorick's, and no one's else. It was proved to be so *à posteriori*, the day after, when Yorick sent a servant to my Uncle Toby's house to enquire after it.

It seems that Yorick, who was inquisitive after all kinds of knowledge, had borrowed Stevinus of my Uncle Toby, and had carefully popped his sermon, as soon as he had made it, into the middle of Stevinus; and by an act of forgetfulness, to which he was ever subject, he had sent Stevinus home, and his sermon to keep him company.

Ill-fated sermon! thou wast lost, after this recovery of thee, a second time!—dropped through an unsuspected fissure in thy master's pocket, down into

a treacherous and a tattered lining—trod deep into the dirt by the left hind-foot of his Rosinante, inhumanly stepping upon thee as thou falled'st—buried ten days in the mire—raised up out of it by a beggar—sold for a halfpenny to a parish-clerk—transferred to his parson—lost for ever to thy own, the remainder of his days—nor restored to his restless MANES till this very moment, that I tell the world the story.

Can the reader believe, that this sermon of Yorick's was preached at an assize, in the cathedral of York, before a thousand witnesses, ready to give oath of it, by a certain prebendary of that church, and actually printed by him when he had done—and within so short a space as two years and three months after Yorick's death?—Yorick, indeed, was never better served in his life;—but it was a little hard to mal-treat him after, and plunder him after he was laid in his grave.

However, as the gentleman who did it was in perfect charity with Yorick—and, in conscious justice, printed but a few copies to give away—and, that I am told he could moreover have made as good a one himself, had he thought fit—I declare I would not have published this anecdote to the world—nor do I publish it with an intent to hurt his character and advancement in the church—I leave that to others—but I find myself impelled by two reasons, which I cannot withstand.

The first is, that, in doing justice, I may give rest to Yorick's ghost—which—as the country-people, and some others, believe—*still walks*.

The second reason is, that, by laying open this story to the world, I gain an opportunity of informing it—that in case the character of Parson Yorick, and this sample of his sermons, is liked—there are now in the possession of the Shandy family, as many as will make a handsome volume, at the world's service—and much good may they do it.

C H A P. XVIII.

OBADIAH gained the two crowns without dispute; for he came in jingling, with all the instruments in the green baize bag we spoke of, slung across his body, just as Corporal Trim went out of the room.

• It

'It is now proper, I think,' quoth Doctor Slop, (clearing up his looks) 'as we are in a condition to be of some service to Mrs. Shandy, to send up stairs to know how she goes on.'

'I have ordered,' answered my father, 'the old midwife to come down to us upon the least difficulty—for you must know, Doctor Slop,' continued my father, with a perplexed kind of a smile upon his countenance, 'that by express treaty, solemnly ratified between me and my wife, you are no more than an auxiliary in this affair—and not so much as that, unless the lean old mother of a midwife above stairs cannot do without you.—Women have their particular fancies; and in points of this nature,' continued my father, 'where they bear the whole burden, and suffer so much acute pain for the advantage of our families, and the good of the species—they claim a right of deciding, *en souveraines*, in whose hands and in what fashion, they chuse to undergo it.'

'They are in the right of it!' quoth my Uncle Toby. 'But, Sir,' replied Doctor Slop, not taking notice of my Uncle Toby's opinion, but turning to my father—'they had better govern in other points—and a father of a family, who wishes it's perpetuity, in my opinion, had better exchange this prerogative with them, and give up some other rights in lieu of it.'—'I know not,' quoth my father, answering a little too testily, to be quite dispassionate in what he said—'I know not,' quoth he, 'what we have left to give up, in lieu of who shall bring our children into the world, unless that—of who shall beget them.'—'One would almost give up any thing,' replied Doctor Slop—'I beg your pardon!' answered my Uncle Toby.—'Sir,' replied Doctor Slop, 'it would astonish you to know what improvements we have made of late years in all branches of obstetrical knowledge, but particularly in that one single point of the safe and expeditious extraction of the *fœtus*—which has received such lights, that, for my part,' (holding up his hands) 'I declare, I wonder how the world has—' 'I wish,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'you had seen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders.'

CHAP. XIX.

I Have dropped the curtain over this scene for a minute—to remind you of one thing—and to inform you of another.

What I have to inform you, comes, I own, a little out of it's due course—for it should have been told a hundred and fifty pages ago, but that I foresaw then 'twould come in pat hereafter, and be of more advantage here than elsewhere.—Writers had need look before them, to keep up the spirit and connection of what they have in hand.

When these two things are done—the curtain shall be drawn up again, and my Uncle Toby, my father, and Doctor Slop, shall go on with their discourse, without any more interruption.

First, then, the matter which I have to remind you of, is this—that from the specimens of singularity in my father's notions in the point of Christian-names, and that other point previous thereto—you was led, I think, into an opinion, (and I am sure I said as much) that my father was a gentleman altogether as odd and whimsical in fifty other opinions. In truth there was not a stage in the life of man, from the very first act of his begetting—down to the lean and slipped pantaloons in his second childishness, but he had some favourite notion to himself, springing out of it, as sceptical, and as far out of the highway of thinking, as these two which have been explained.

—Mr. Shandy, my father, Sir, would see nothing in the light in which others placed it—he placed things in his own light—he would weigh nothing in common scales—no; he was too refined a researcher, to lie open to so gross an imposition.—'To come at the exact weight of things in the scientifick steel-yard, the fulcrum,' he would say, 'should be almost invisible, to avoid all friction from popular tenets;—without this, the minutiae of philosophy, which would always turn the balance, will have no weight at all.' Knowledge, like matter, he would affirm, was divisible in *infinitum*—that the grains and scruples were as much a part of it, as the gravitation of the whole world.—In a word, he would say, error was error—no matter where it fell—whether in a fraction,

fraction, or a pound—it was alike fatal to truth, and she was kept down at the bottom of her well, as inevitably by a mistake in the dust of a butterfly's wing—as in the disk of the sun, the moon, and all the stars of heaven put together.

He would often lament that it was for want of considering this properly, and of applying it skilfully to civil matters, as well as to speculative truths, that so many things in this world were out of joint—that the political arch was giving way—and that the very foundations of our excellent constitution, in church and state, were so sapped as estimators had reported.

'You cry out,' he would say, 'we are a ruined, undone people.—Why?' he would ask, making use of the sorites or syllogism of Zeno and Chrysippus, without knowing it belonged to them.—'Why? why are we a ruined people?'—'Because we are corrupted.'—'Whence is it, dear Sir, that we are corrupted?'—'Because we are needy!'—'our poverty, and not our wills, consent.'—And wherefore,' he would add, 'are we needy?'—From the neglect,' he would answer, 'of our pence and our halfpence:—our bank-notes, Sir; our guineas;—nay, our shillings—take care of themselves.'

'It is the same,' he would say, 'throughout the whole circle of the sciences—the great, the established points of them, are not to be broke in upon.—The laws of nature will defend themselves—but error,'—(he would add, looking earnestly at my mother)—'error, Sir, creeps in through the minute holes and small crevices which human nature leaves unguarded.'

This turn of thinking in my father, is what I had to remind you of—the point you are to be informed of, and which I have reserved for this place, is as follows.

Amongst the many and excellent reasons, with which my father had urged my mother to accept of Doctor Slop's assistance preferably to that of the old woman—there was one of a very singular nature; which, when he had done arguing the matter as a Christian, and came to argue it over again with her as a philosopher, he had put his whole strength to, depending indeed upon it as his sheet-anchor.—It failed him: though from no defect in the argument itself; but that, do what he could, he was not

able for his soul to make her comprehend the drift of it.—'Curfed luck!'—said he to himself one afternoon, as he walked out of the room, after he had been stating it for an hour and a half to her, to no manner of purpose.—'curfed luck!'—said he, biting his lip as he shut the door.—'for a man to be master of one of the finest chains of reasoning in nature—and have a wife at the same time with such a head-piece, that he cannot hang up a single inference within side of it, to save his soul from destruction!'

This argument, though it was entirely lost upon my mother—had more weight with him, than all his other arguments joined together:—I will therefore endeavour to do it justice—and set it forth with all the perspicuity I am master of.

My father set out upon the strength of these two following axioms:

First, That an ounce of a man's own wit, was worth a ton of other people's; and,

Secondly, (which by the bye, was the ground-work of the first axiom—though it comes last) That every man's wit must come from every man's own soul—and no other body's.

Now, as it was plain to my father, that all souls were by nature equal—and that the great difference between the most acute and the most obtuse understanding—was from no original sharpness or bluntness of one thinking substance above or below another—but arose merely from the lucky or unlucky organization of the body, in that part where the soul principally took up her residence—he had made it the subject of his enquiry to find out the identical place.

Now, from the best accounts he had been able to get of this matter, he was satisfied it could not be where Des Cartes had fixed it, upon the top of the pineal gland of the brain; which, as he philosophised, formed a cushion for her about the size of a marrow-pea; though, to speak the truth, as so many nerves did terminate all in that one place,—it was no bad conjecture;—and my father had certainly fallen with that great philosopher plumb into the centre of the mistake, had it not been for my Uncle Toby—who rescued him out of it, by a story he told him of a Walloon officer at the battle of Landen, who had one part of his brain shot away by a musket.

musket-ball—and another part of it taken out after by a French surgeon; and after all, recovered, and did his duty very well without it.

‘If death,’ said my father, reasoning with himself, ‘is nothing but the separation of the soul from the body—and if it is true that people can walk about and do their business without brains—then certes the soul does not inhabit there.’ Q. E. D.

As for that certain, very thin, subtle, and very fragrant juice, which Cogliossimo Borri, the great Milaneze physician, affirms, in a letter to Bartholine, to have discovered in the cellulæ of the occipital parts of the cerebellum, and which he likewise affirms to be the principal seat of the reasonable soul, (for, you must know, in these latter and more enlightened ages, there are two souls in every man living—the one, according to the great Metheglingius, being called the *Animus*, the other the *Anima*;)—as for this opinion, I say, of Borri—my father could never subscribe to it by any means; the very idea of so noble, so refined, so immaterial, and so exalted a being as the *Anima*, or even the *Animus*, taking up her residence, and sitting dabbling, like a tad-pole, all day long, both summer and winter, in a puddle—or in a liquid of any kind, how thick or thin soever, he would say, shocked his imagination: he would scarce give the doctrine a hearing.

What, therefore, seemed the least liable to objections of any, was, that the chief sensorium, or head-quarters of the soul, and to which place all intelligences were referred, and from whence all her mandates were issued—was in or near the cerebellum—or rather somewhere about the *medulla oblongata*, wherein it was generally agreed by Dutch anatomists, that all the minute nerves from all the organs of the seven senses concentered, like streets and winding alleys, into a square.

So far there was nothing singular in my father’s opinion—he had the best of philosophers, of all ages and climates,

to go along with him.—But here he took a road of his own, setting up another Shandean hypothesis upon these corner-stones they had laid for him—and which said hypothesis equally stood it’s ground; whether the subtilty and fineness of the soul depended upon the temperature and clearness of the said liquor, or of the finer net-work and texture in the cerebellum itself; which opinion he favoured.

He maintained, that next to the due care to be taken in the act of propagation of each individual, which required all the thought in the world, as it laid the foundation of this incomprehensible contexture, in which wit, memory, fancy, eloquence, and what is usually meant by the name of good natural parts, do consist—that next to this and his Christian name, which were the two original and most efficacious causes of all—that the third cause, or rather what the logicians call the *causa sine quâ non*, and without which all that was done was of no manner of significance—was the preservation of this delicate and fine-spun web, from the havock which was generally made in it by the violent compression and crush which the head was made to undergo, by the nonsensical method of bringing us into the world by that part foremost.

— This requires explanation.

My father, who dipped into all kinds of books, upon looking into *Lithopædus Senonensis de Partu difficili**, published by Adrianus Smelvgot, had found out, that the lax and pliable state of a child’s head in parturition, the bones of the cranium having no sutures at that time, was such—that by force of the woman’s efforts, which, in strong labour pains, was equal, upon an average, to the weight of four hundred and seventy pounds avoirdupois acting perpendicularly upon it—it so happened, that in forty-nine instances out of fifty, the said head was compressed and moulded into the shape of an oblong conical piece of dough, such as a pastry-cook generally rolls up in order to make a pye of.

* The author is here twice mistaken—for *Lithopædus* should be wrote thus, *Lithopædii Senonensis Icon*. The second mistake is, that this *Lithopædus* is not an author, but a drawing of a petrified child. The account of this, published by Albosius, 1580, may be seen at the end of Cordæus’s works in Spachius. Mr. Tristram Shandy has been led into this error, either from seeing *Lithopædus*’s name of late in a catalogue of learned writers in Doctor ———, or by mistaking *Lithopædus* for *Trinecavellius*—from the too great similitude of the names.

'Good God!' cried my father, 'what havoc and destruction must this make in the infinitely fine and tender texture of the cerebellum!—Or if there is such a juice as Borri pretends—is it not enough to make the clearest liquid in the world both seculent and mothy?'

But how great was his apprehension, when he farther understood, that this force acting upon the very vertex of the head, not only injured the brain itself or cerebrum—but that it necessarily squeezed and propelled the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, which was the immediate seat of the understanding.—'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' cried my father—'can any soul withstand this shock?—No wonder the intellectual web is so rent and tattered as we see it; and that so many of our best heads are no better than a puzzled skein of silk—all perplexity—all confusion within-side.'

But when my father read on, and was let into the secret, that when a child was turned topsy-turvy, which was easy for an operator to do, and was extracted by the feet—that instead of the cerebrum being propelled towards the cerebellum, the cerebellum, on the contrary, was propelled simply towards the cerebrum, where it could do no manner of hurt—'By heavens!' cried he, 'the world is in a conspiracy to drive out what little wit God has given us—and the professors of the obstetrick art are lifted into the same conspiracy.—What is it to me which end of my son comes foremost into the world, provided all goes right after, and his cerebellum escapes uncrushed?'

It is the nature of an hypothesis, when once a man has conceived it, that it assimilates every thing to itself, as proper nourishment; and, from the first moment of your begetting it, it generally grows the stronger by every thing you see, hear, read, or understand.—This is of great use.

When my father was gone with this about a month, there was scarce a phenomenon, of stupidity or of genius, which he could not readily solve by it—it accounted for the eldest son being the greatest blockhead in the family.—'Poor devil!' he would say—'he made way for the capacity of his younger brothers.'—It unriddled the observations of drivellers and monstrous heads

—shewing, *a priori*, it could not be otherwise—unless **** I don't know what. It wonderfully explained and accounted for the acumen of the Asiatick genius, and that sprightlier turn, and a more penetrating intuition of minds, in warmer climates; not from the loose and common-place solution of a clearer sky, and a more perpetual sunshine, &c.—which, for aught he knew, might as well rarify and dilute the faculties of the soul into nothing, by one extreme—as they are condensed in colder climates, by the other—but he traced the affair up to it's spring-head—shewed that, in warmer climates nature had laid a lighter tax upon the fairest part of the creation—their pleasures more—the necessity of their pains less—insomuch that the pressure and resistance upon the vertex was so slight, that the whole organization of the cerebellum was preserved—nay, he did not believe, in natural births, that so much as a single thread of the net-work was broke or displaced—so that the soul might just act as she liked.

When my father had got so far—what a blaze of light did the accounts of the Cæsarean section, and of the towering geniuses who had come safe into the world by it, cast upon this hypothesis? 'Here you see,' he would say, 'there was no injury done to the sensorium—no pressure of the head against the pelvis—no propulsion of the cerebrum towards the cerebellum, either by the *os pubis* on this side, or the *os coxycis* on that—and pray, what were the happy consequences?—Why, Sir, your Julius Cæsar, who gave the operation a name—and your Hermes Trismegistus, who was born so before ever the operation had a name—your Scipio Africanus—your Manlius Torquatus—our Edward the Sixth; who, had he lived, would have done the same honour to the hypothesis—these, and many more who figured high in the annals of fame—all came *side-ways*, Sir, into the world.'

The incision of the *abdomen* and *uterus* ran for six weeks together in my father's head—He had read, and was satisfied, that wounds in the *epigastrium*, and those in the *matrix*, were not mortal—so that the belly of the mother might be opened extremely well to give a passage to the child.—He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother—

K merely

merely as a matter of fact—but seeing her turn as pale as ashes at the very mention of it—as much as the operation flattered his hopes, he thought it as well to say no more of it—contenting himself with admiring—what he thought was to no purpose to propose.

This was my father Mr. Shandy's hypothesis; concerning which I have only to add, that my brother Bobby did as great honour to it (whatever he did to the family) as any one of the great heroes we have been speaking of: for happening not only to be christened, as I told you, but to be born too, when my father was at Epfom—being moreover my mother's first child—coming into the world with his head foremost—and turning out afterwards a lad of wonderful flow parts—my father spelt all these together in his opinion—and, as he had failed at one end, he was determined to try the other.

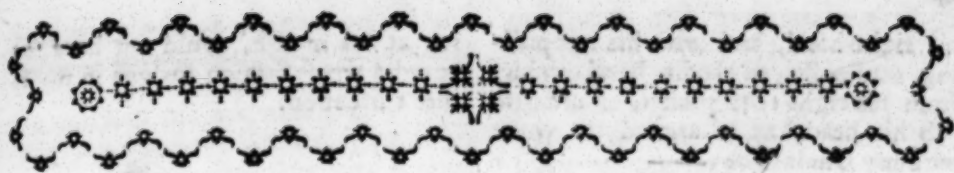
This was not to be expected from one of the sisterhood, who are not easily to be put out of their way—and was therefore one of my father's great reasons in favour of a man of science, whom he could better deal with.

Of all men in the world, Doctor Slop was the fittest for my father's purpose—for though his new invented forceps was the armour he had, proved, and what he maintained to be the safest instrument of deliverance—yet, it seems, he had scattered a word or two in his book, in favour of the very thing which ran in my father's fancy—though not with a view to the soul's good in ex-

tracting by the feet, as was my father's system—but for reasons merely obstetrical.

This accounts for the coalition betwixt my father and Doctor Slop, in the ensuing discourse, which went a little hard against my Uncle Toby.—In what manner a plain man, with nothing but common sense, could bear up against two such allies in science—is hard to conceive.—You may conjecture upon it, if you please—and whilst your imagination is in motion, you may encourage it to go on, and discover by what causes and effects in nature it could come to pass, that my Uncle Toby got his modesty by the wound he received upon his groin. You may raise a system to account for the loss of my nose by marriage-articles—and shew the world how it could happen, that I should have the misfortune to be called TRISTRAM, in opposition to my father's hypothesis, and the wish of the whole family, god-fathers and god-mothers not excepted.—These, with fifty other points left yet unravelled, you may endeavour to solve if you have time—but I tell you before-hand it will be in vain—for not the Sage Alquise, the magician in Don Belianis of Greece, nor the no less famous Urganda, the sorceress his wife, (were they alive) could pretend to come within a league of the truth.

The reader will be content to wait for a full explanation of these matters till the next year—when a series of things will be laid open which he little expects.



THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CHAP. I.



Wish, Doctor Slop,' quoth my Uncle Toby—(repeating his wish for Doctor Slop a second time, and with a degree of more zeal and earnestness in his manner of wishing, than he had wished at first*) 'I wish, Doctor Slop,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'you had seen what prodigious armies we had in Flanders!'

My Uncle Toby's wish did Doctor Slop a disservice which his heart never intended any man—Sir, it confounded him—and thereby putting his ideas first into confusion, and then to flight, he could not rally them again for the soul of him.

In all disputes—male or female—whether for honour, for profit, or for love—it makes no difference in the case—nothing is more dangerous, Madam, than a wish coming side-ways in this unexpected manner upon a man: the safest way in general to take off the force of the wish, is for the party wished at, instantly to get upon his legs—and wish the wisher something in return, of pretty near the same value—so balancing the account upon the spot, you stand as you were—nay, sometimes gain the advantage of the attack by it.

This will be fully illustrated to the world in my chapter of wishes.—

Doctor Slop did not understand the nature of this defence—he was puzzled with it, and it put an entire stop to the dispute for four minutes and a half—five had been fatal to it—my father saw the danger—the dispute was one of the most interesting disputes in the world—whether the child of his prayers and endeavours should be born without a head or with one—he waited to the last moment to allow Doctor Slop, in whose behalf the wish was made, his right of returning it; but perceiving, I say, that he was confounded, and continued looking with that perplexed vacuity of eye, which puzzled souls generally stare with—first in my Uncle Toby's face—then in his—then up—then down—then east—east and by east—and so on—coasting it along by the plinth of the wainscot till he had got to the opposite point of the compass—and that he had actually begun to count the brass nails upon the arm of his chair—my father thought there was no time to be lost with my Uncle Toby, so took up the discourse as follows.

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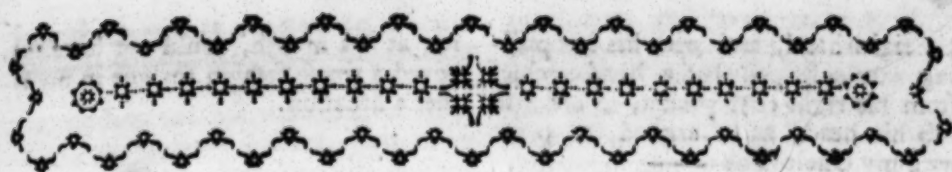
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CHAP. II.

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“you had in Flanders!”

‘Brother Toby,’ replied my father, taking his wig from off his head with

his right-hand, and with his left pulling out a striped India handkerchief from his right coat-pocket, in order to rub his head, as he argued the point with my Uncle Toby—

—Now in this I think my father was much to blame: and I will give you my reasons for it.

Matters of no more seeming consequence in themselves than—whether my father should have taken off his wig with his right-hand or with his left—have divided the greatest kingdoms, and made the crowns of the monarchs who governed them to totter upon their heads.

—But need I tell you, Sir, that the circumstances with which every thing in this world is begirt, give every thing in this world its size and shape!—and by tightening it, or relaxing it, this way or that, make the thing be, what it is—great—little—good—bad—indifferent, or not indifferent—just as the case happens.

As my father's India handkerchief was in his right coat-pocket, he should by no means have suffered his right-hand to have got engaged: on the contrary, instead of taking off his wig with it, as he did, he ought to have committed that entirely to the left; and then, when the natural exigency my father was under of rubbing his head, called out for his handkerchief, he would have had nothing in the world to have done, but to have put his right-hand into his right coat-pocket and taken it out—which he might have done without any violence, or the least ungraceful twist in any one tendon or muscle of his whole body.

In this case—(unless, indeed, my father had been resolved to make a fool of himself by holding the wig stiff in his left-hand—or by making some nonsensical angle or other at his elbow-joint, or arm-pit)—his whole attitude had been easy—natural—unforced: Reynolds himself, as great and gracefully as he paints, might have painted him as he sat.

Now as my father managed this matter—consider what a devil of a figure my father made of himself.

In the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, and in the beginning of the reign of King George the First—coat-pockets were cut very low down in the skirt—I need say no more—the father of mischief, had he been hammer-

ing at it a month, could not have contrived a worse fashion for one in my father's situation.

CHAP. III.

IT was not an easy matter, in any king's reign, (unless you were as lean a subject as myself) to have forced your hand diagonally quite across your whole body, so as to gain the bottom of your opposite coat-pocket.—In the year one thousand seven hundred and eighteen, when this happened, it was extremely difficult; so that when my Uncle Toby discovered the transverse zig-zaggery of my father's approaches towards it, it instantly brought into his mind those he had done duty in before the gate of St. Nicholas—the idea of which drew off his attention so entirely from the subject in debate, that he had got his right-hand to the bell to ring up Trim to go and fetch his map of Namur, and his compasses and sector along with it, to measure the returning angles of the traverses of that attack—but particularly of that one where he received his wound upon his groin.

My father knit his brows; and as he knit them, all the blood in his body seemed to rush up into his face—my Uncle Toby dismounted immediately.

—‘I did not apprehend your Uncle Toby was o' horseback.’—

CHAP. IV.

A Man's body and his mind, with the utmost reverence to both I speak it, are exactly like a jerkin; and a jerkin's lining—rumple the one—you rumple the other. There is one certain exception, however, in this case—and that is, when you are so fortunate a fellow as to have had your jerkin made of a gum-taffeta, and the body-lining to it of a sarcenet or thin persian.

Zeno, Cleanthes, Diogenes Babilonius, Dionysius, Heracleotes, Antipater, Panætius, and Possidonius, amongst the Greeks—Cato, and Varro, and Seneca, amongst the Romans—Pantenus, and Clemens Alexandrinus, and Montaigne, amongst the Christians; and a score and a half of good, honest, unthinking, Shandean people, as ever lived, whose names I can't recollect—all pretended that

that their jerkins were made after this fashion—you might have rumbled and crumpled, and doubled and creased, and fretted and fringed the outside of them all to pieces—in short, you might have played the very devil with them, and at the same time, not one of the insides of them would have been one button the worse for all you had done to them.

I believe in my conscience, that mine is made up somewhat after this sort—for never poor jerkin has been tickled off at such a rate as it has been these last nine months together—and yet I declare, the lining to it—as far as I am a judge of the matter—is not a three-penny piece the worse—Pell-mell, helter-skelter, ding-dong, cut and thrust, back-stroke and fore-stroke, side-way and long-way, have they been trimming it for me!—Had there been the least gunminess in my lining—by Heaven! it had all of it, long ago, been frayed and fretted to a thread.

—You, Messieurs, the Monthly Reviewers!—how could you cut and slash my jerkin as you did?—How did you know, but you would cut my lining too?

Heartily, and from my soul, to the protection of that Being who will injure none of us, do I recommend you and your affairs—so God bless you! Only, next month, if any one of you should gnash his teeth, and storm and rage at me, as some of you did last MAY—in which I remember the weather was very hot—don't be exasperated, if I pass it by again with good temper—being determined as long as I live or write (which in my case means the same thing) never to give the honest gentleman a worse word or a worse wish than my Uncle Toby gave the fly which buzzed about his nose all dinner-time—'Go, go, poor devil, quoth he—'get thee gone!—why should I hurt thee? This world is surely wide enough to hold both thee and me.'

CHAP. V.

ANY man, Madam, reasoning upwards, and observing the prodigious suffusion of blood in my father's countenance—by means of which (as all the blood in his body seemed to rush up into his face, as I told you) he

must have reddened, pictorially and scientifically speaking, six whole tints and a half, if not a full octave above his natural colour—any man, Madam, but my Uncle Toby, who had observed this, together with the violent knitting of my father's brows, and the extravagant contortion of his body during the whole affair—would have concluded my father in a rage; and taking that for granted—had he been a lover of such kind of concord as arises from two such instruments being put in exact tune—he would instantly have screwed up his to the same pitch—and then the devil and all had broke loose—the whole piece, Madam, must have been played off like the sixth of Avison Scarlatti—*en furia*—like mad.—'Grant me patience!—what has *con furia*—*con fure*—*pito*—or any other hurly-burly what—ever, to do with harmony?

Any man, I say, Madam, but my Uncle Toby—the benignity of whose heart interpreted every motion of the body in the kindest sense the motion would admit of—would have concluded my father angry, and blamed him too. My Uncle Toby blamed nothing but the taylor who cut the pocket-hole—so, sitting still till my father had got his handkerchief out of it, and looking all the time up in his face with inexpressible good will—my father at length went on as follows.

CHAP. VI.

—"What prodigious armies you had in Flanders!"

'Brother Toby,' quoth my father, 'I do believe thee to be as honest a man, and with as good and as upright a heart as ever God created—nor is it thy fault, if all the children which have been, may, can, shall, will, or ought to be begotten, come with their heads foremost into the world—but, believe me, dear Toby, the accidents which unavoidably way-lay them, not only in the article of our begetting 'em—though these, in my opinion, are well worth considering—but the dangers and difficulties our children are beset with, after they are got forth into the world, are enough—little need is there to expose them to unnecessary ones in their passage to it!—'Are these dangers,' quoth

quoth my Uncle Toby, laying his hand upon my father's knee, and looking up seriously in his face for an answer; 'are these dangers greater now o'days, brother, than in times past?'—'Brother Toby,' answered my father, 'if a child was but fairly begot, and born alive, and healthy, and the mother did well after it—our forefathers never looked farther.' My Uncle Toby instantly withdrew his hand from off my father's knee, reclined his body gently back in his chair, raised his head till he could just see the cornice of the room—and then directing the buccinatory muscles along his cheeks, and the orbicular muscles around his lips to do their duty—he whistled Lillabullero.

C H A P. VII.

WHILST my Uncle Toby was whistling Lillabullero to my father—Doctor Slop was stamping, and cursing, and damning at Obadiah, at a most dreadful rate—it would have done your heart good, and cured you, Sir, for ever of the vile sin of swearing, to have heard him. I am determined therefore to relate the whole affair to you.

When Doctor Slop's maid delivered the green baize bag, with her master's instruments in it, to Obadiah, she very sensibly exhorted him to put his head and one arm through the strings, and ride with it slung across his body: so undoing the bow-knot to lengthen the strings for him, without any more ado, she helped him on with it. However, as this, in some measure, unguarded the mouth of the bag, lest any thing should bolt out in galloping back at the speed Obadiah threatened, they consulted to take it off again: and in the great care and caution of their hearts, they had taken the two strings and tied them close (purging up the mouth of the bag first) with half a dozen hard knots, each of which Obadiah, to make all safe, had twitched and drawn together with all the strength of his body.

This answered all that Obadiah and the maid intended; but was no remedy against some evils which neither he or she foresaw. The instruments, it seems, as tight as the bag was tied above, had so much room to play in it, towards the bottom, (the shape of the bag being conical) that Obadiah could not make

a trot of it, but with such a terrible jingle, what with the *tire tête*, *forceps*, and *squirt*, as would have been enough, had Hymen been taking a jaunt that way, to have frightened him out of the country; but when Obadiah accelerated this motion, and from a plain trot assayed to prick his coach-horse into a full gallop—by Heaven, Sir, the jingle was incredible!

As Obadiah had a wife and three children—the turpitude of fornication, and the many other political ill consequences of this jingling, never once entered his brain—he had however his objection, which came home to himself, and weighed with him, as it has oft-times done with the greatest patriots—the poor fellow, Sir, was not able to hear himself whistle.

C H A P. VIII.

AS Obadiah loved wind-musick pre-ferably to all the instrument-musick he carried with him—he very considerably set his imagination to work, to contrive and to invent by what means he should put himself in a condition of enjoying it.

In all distresses (except musical) where small cords are wanted, nothing is so apt to enter a man's head at his hat-band—the philosophy of this is so near the surface—I scorn to enter into it.

As Obadiah's was a mixed case—mark, Sirs—I say, a mixed case—for it was obstetrical—scriptical, squirtical, papistical—and as far as the coach-horse was concerned in it—caball-istical—and only partly musical—Obadiah made no scruple of availing himself of the first expedient which offered; so taking hold of the bag and instruments, and griping them hard together with one hand, and with the finger and thumb of the other putting the end of the hat-band betwixt his teeth, and then slipping his hand down to the middle of it—he tied and cross-tied them all fast together from one end to the other (as you would cord a trunk) with such a multiplicity of round-about and intricate cross turns, with a hard knot at every intersection or point where the strings met—that Doctor Slop must have had three fifths of Job's patience, at least, to have unloosed them.—I think in my conscience, that had Nature been in

one of her nimble moods, and in humour for such a contest—and she and Doctor Slop both fairly started together—there is no man living who had seen the bag with all that Obadiah had done to it—and known likewise the great speed the goddess can make when she thinks proper, who would have had the least doubt remaining in his mind—which of the two would have carried off the prize. My mother, Madam, had been delivered sooner than the green bag infallibly—at least by twenty knots.—Sport of small accidents, Tristram Shandy! that thou art, and ever will be! had that trial been made for thee, and it was fifty to one but it had—thy affairs had not been so depressed—(at least by the depression of thy nose)—as they have been; nor had the fortunes of thy house and the occasions of making them, which have so often presented themselves in the course of thy life, to thee, been so often, so vexatiously, so tamely, so irrecoverably abandoned—as thou hast been forced to leave them—but 'tis over—all but the account of 'em, which cannot be given to the curious till I am got out into the world.

CHAP. IX.

GREAT wits jump—for the moment Doctor Slop cast his eyes upon his bag—(which he had not done till the dispute with my Uncle Toby about midwifery put him in mind of it)—the very same thought occurred—'It is God's mercy,' quoth he to himself, 'that Mrs. Shandy has had so bad a time of it—else she might have been brought to-bed seven times told, before one half of these knots could have got untied.'—But here, you must distinguish—the thought floated only in Doctor Slop's mind, without sail or ballast to it, as a simple proposition; millions of which, as your worship knows, are every day swimming quietly in the middle of the thin juice of a man's understanding, without being carried backwards or forwards, till some little gust of passion or interest drive them to one side.

A sudden trampling in the room above, near my mother's bed, did the proposition the very service I am speaking of. 'By all that's unfortunate,' quoth Doctor Slop, 'unless I make haste, the thing will actually befall me as it is!'

CHAP. X.

IN the case of knots—by which, in the first place, I would not be understood to mean slip-knots—because, in the course of my Life and Opinions—my opinions concerning them will come in more properly when I mention the catastrophe of my great uncle Mr. Hammond Shandy—a little man—but of high fancy—he rushed into the Duke of Monmouth's affair—nor, secondly, in this place, do I mean that particular species of knots called bow-knots—there is so little address, or skill, or patience, required in the unloosing them, that they are below my giving any opinion at all about them.—But by the knots I am speaking of, may it please your reverences to believe, that I mean good, honest, devilish tight, hard knots, made *bona fide*, as Obadiah made his—in which there is no quibbling provision made by the duplication and return of the two ends of the strings through the annulus or noose made by the second implication of them—to get them slipped and undone by—I hope you apprehend me.

In the case of these knots, then, and of the several obstructions which, may it please your reverences, such knots cast in our way in getting through life—every hasty man can whip out his penknife and cut through them.—'Tis wrong. Believe me, Sirs, the most virtuous way, and which both reason and conscience dictate—is to take our teeth or our fingers to them.—Doctor Slop had lost his teeth—his favourite instrument, by extracting in a wrong direction, or by some misapplication of it, unfortunately slipping, he had formerly in a hard labour, knocked out three of the best of them with the handle of it—he tried his fingers—alas! the nails of his fingers and thumbs were cut close.—'The deuce take it! I can make nothing of it either way!' cried Doctor Slop.—The trampling over-head near my mother's bed-side increased.—'Pox take the fellow! I shall never get the knots untied as long as I live.'—My mother gave a groan.—'Lend me your penknife—I must e'en cut the knots at last—pugh—psha—Lord! I have cut my thumb quite across, to the very bone—curse the fellow!—if there was not another man midwife within fifty miles—I am undone for this bout.—I wish the scoundrel hanged!

‘hanged!—I wish he was shot!—I wish
‘all the devils in hell had him, for a
‘blockhead!’—

My father had a great respect for Obadiah, and could not bear to hear him disposed of in such a manner—he had moreover some little respect for himself—and could as ill bear with the indignity offered to himself in it.

Had Doctor Slop cut any part about him, but his thumb—my father had passed it by—his prudence had triumphed—as it was, he was determined to have his revenge.

‘Small curses, Doctor Slop, upon
‘great occasions,’ quoth my father, (condoling with him first upon the accident) ‘are but so much waste of our
‘strength and soul’s health to no manner
‘of purpose.’—‘I own it,’ replied Doctor Slop.—‘They are like sparrow-
‘shot,’ quoth my Uncle Toby (suspending his whistling) ‘fired against
‘a bastion.’—‘They serve,’ continued my father, ‘to stir the humours—but
‘carry off none of their acrimony—
‘for my own part, I seldom swear or
‘curse at all—I hold it bad—but if
‘I fall into it by surprize, I generally
‘retain so much presence of mind—
‘Right,’ quoth my Uncle Toby)—
‘as to make it answer my purpose—
‘that is, I swear on till I find myself
‘easy. A wise and a just man, how-
‘ever, would always endeavour to pro-
‘portion the vent given to these hu-
‘mours, not only to the degree of them
‘stirring within himself—but to the
‘size and ill-intent of the offence upon
‘which they are to fall.’—‘Injuries
‘come only from the heart;’ quoth my
Uncle Toby. ‘For this reason,’ continued my father, with the most Cer-

vantick gravity, ‘I have the greatest
‘veneration in the world for that gentle-
‘man, who, in distrust of his own dis-
‘cretion in this point, sat down and
‘composed (that is, at his leisure) fit
‘forms of swearing, suitable to all cases,
‘from the lowest to the highest provo-
‘cations which could possibly happen
‘to him—which forms being well con-
‘sidered by him, and such moreover as
‘he could stand to, he kept them ever
‘by him on the chimney-piece, within
‘his reach, ready for use.’—‘I never
‘apprehended,’ replied Doctor Slop,
‘that such a thing was ever thought of
‘—much less executed.’—‘I beg your
‘pardon,’ answered my father; ‘I was
‘reading—though not using—one of
‘them to my brother Toby this morn-
‘ing, whilst he poured out the tea—
‘’tis here upon the shelf over my head—
‘but, if I remember right, ’tis too violent
‘for a cut of the thumb.’—‘Not at all,’
quoth Doctor Slop—‘the devil take the
‘fellow!’—‘Then,’ answered my fa-
ther, ‘it is much at your service, Doc-
‘ter Slop—on condition you will read
‘it aloud.’—So rising up and reaching
down a form of excommunication of the
church of Rome, a copy of which, my fa-
ther (who was curious in his collections)
had procured out of the ledger-book of
the church of Rochester, writ by Er-
nulphus the bishop—with a most affect-
seriousness of look and voice, which
might have cajoled Ernulphus himself
—he put it into Doctor Slop’s hands.
—Doctor Slop wrapt his thumb up in
the corner of his handkerchief, and
with a wry face, though without any
suspicion, read aloud, as follows—
my Uncle Toby whistling Lillabullero
as loud as he could all the time.

Textus de Ecclesiâ Rossensi, per Er-
nulfum Episcopum*.

CHAP. XXV.

EXCOMMUNICATIO.

EX auctoritate Dei Omnipotentis,
Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti,
et sanctorum canonum, sanctæque et
intemeratæ Virginis Dei genetricis Ma-
riæ—

CHAP. XI.

BY the authority of God Almighty,
ty, the Father, Son, and Holy
Ghost; and of the holy canons; and
of the undefiled Virgin Mary, mo-
ther and patroness of our Saviour—

* As the genuineness of the consultation of the *Sorbonne*, upon the question of baptism, was doubted by some, and denied by others—’twas thought proper to print the original of this Excommunication; for the copy of which Mr. Shandy returns thanks to the Chapter-clerk of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.

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Published as the Act directs by Harrison & Co May 26 1781.



[‘ I think there is no necessity,’ quoth Doctor Slop, dropping the paper down to his knee, and addressing himself to my father—‘ as you have read it over, ‘ Sir, so lately, to read it aloud—and ‘ as Captain Shandy seems to have no ‘ great inclination to hear it—I may ‘ as well read it to myself.’—‘ That’s ‘ contrary to treaty,’ replied my father—‘ besides, there is something so ‘ whimsical, especially in the latter part ‘ of it, I should grieve to lose the pleasure of a second reading.’ Doctor Slop did not altogether like it—but my Uncle Toby offering at that instant to give over whistling, and read it himself to them—Doctor Slop thought he might as well read it under the cover of my Uncle Toby’s whistling—as suffer my Uncle Toby to read it alone—so raising up the paper to his face, and holding it quite parallel to it, in order to hide his chagrin—he read it aloud as follows—my Uncle Toby whistling Lillabullero, though not quite so loud as before.]

‘ By the authority of God Almighty, ‘ the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; ‘ and of the undefiled Virgin Mary, ‘ mother and patroness of our Saviour, ‘ and of all the celestial virtues, angels, archangels, thrones, dominions, ‘ powers, cherubins and seraphins, and ‘ of all the holy patriarchs, prophets, ‘ and of all the apostles and evangelists, ‘ and of the holy innocents, who in the ‘ sight of the Holy Lamb are found ‘ worthy to sing the new song of the ‘ holy martyrs and holy confessors, and ‘ of the holy virgins, and of all the ‘ saints together with the holy and elect ‘ of God—May he—(Obadiah)— ‘ be damned,’ for tying these knots. ‘ We excommunicate, and anathematize him, and from the threshold of ‘ the holy church of God Almighty we ‘ sequester him, that he may be tormented, disposed and delivered over, ‘ with Dathan and Abiram, and with ‘ those who say unto the Lord God, “ Depart from us, we desire none of thy ways.” And as fire is quenched ‘ with water, so let the light of him ‘ be put out for evermore, unless it shall ‘ repent him,’ (Obadiah) of the knots which he has tied—‘ and make satisfaction’—(for them)—‘ Amen.’

—atque omnium coelestium virtutum, angelorum, archangelorum, thronorum, dominationum, potestatum, cherubin ac seraphin, et sanctorum patriarcharum, prophetarum, et omnium apostolorum et evangelistarum, et sanctorum innocentium, qui in conspectu Agni soli digni inventi sunt canticum cantare novum, et sanctorum martyrum, et sanctorum confessorum, et sanctorum virginum, atque omnium simul sanctorum et electorum Dei—Excommunicamus, et anathematiza-

mus hunc furem, ^{vel os} ^s ^{vel os} vel hunc malefactor-

em, N. N. et a liminibus sanctæ Dei, ecclesiæ sequestramus et æternis suppli-

ciis extruendum, ^{veli} ⁿ mancipetur, cum Dathan et Abiram, et cum his qui dixerunt Domino Deo, ‘ Recede à nobis, ‘ scientiam viarum tuarum nolumus: ‘ et sicut aqua ignis extinguitur, sic ex-

tinguatur lucerna ejus in secula seculo-

rum nisi respuerit, et ad satisfactionem

venerit. Amen.

L

‘ May

^{os}
 Maledicat illum Deus Pater qui ho-
^{os}
 minem creavit. Maledicat illum Dei
 Filius qui pro homine passus est. Ma-
^{os}
 ledicat illum Spiritus Sanctus qui in
^{os}
 baptismo effusus est. Maledicat illum
 sancta crux, quam Christus pro nostra
 salute hostem triumphans, ascendit.

^{os}
 Maledicat illum sancta Dei genetrix
 et perpetua Virgo Maria. Maledicat
^{os}
 illum Sanctus Michael, animarum sus-
^{os}
 ceptor sacrarum. Maledicant illum
 omnes angeli et archangeli, principatus,
 et potestates, omnisque militia cœlestis.

^{os}
 Maledicat illum patriarcharum et pro-
 phetarum laudabilis numerus. Male-
^{os}
 dicat illum Sanctus Johannes, Præcur-
 sor et Baptista Christi, et Sanctus Pe-
 trus, et Sanctus Paulus, atque Sanctus
 Andreas, omnesque Christi apostoli,
 simul et cæteri discipuli, quatuor quo-
 que evangelistæ, qui sua prædicatione
 mundum universum converterunt. Ma-
^{os}
 ledicat illum cuneus martyrum et con-
 fessorum mirificus, qui Deo bonis ope-
 ribus placitus inventus est.

^{os}
 Maledicant illum sacrarum virginum
 chori, quæ mundi vana causa honoris
 Christi respuenda contempserunt. Male-
^{os}
 dicant illum omnes sancti qui ab initio
 mundi usque in finem seculi Deo dilecti
 inveniuntur.

^{os}
 Maledicant illum cœli et terra, et
 omnia sancta in eis manentia.

i n n
 Maledictus sit ubicunque fuerit, sive
 in domo, sive in agro, sive in viâ, sive
 in semitâ, sive in silvâ, sive in aquâ,
 sive in ecclesiâ.

i n
 Maledictus sit vivendo, moriendo—
 — — — — —

‘ May the Father who created ^{man},
 ‘ curse him—May the Son who suf-
 ‘ fered for us, curse him.—May the
 ‘ Holy Ghost, who was given to us
 ‘ in baptism, curse him—(Obadiah)
 —‘ May the holy cross, which Christ
 ‘ for our salvation triumphing over his
 ‘ enemies ascended, curse him.

‘ May the holy and eternal Virgin
 ‘ Mary, mother of God, curse him.—
 ‘ May St. Michael, the advocate of
 ‘ holy souls, curse him. May all the
 ‘ angels and archangels, principalities
 ‘ and powers, and all the heavenly
 ‘ armies, curse him.’—[‘ Our armies
 ‘ swore terribly in Flanders,’ cried my
 ‘ Uncle Toby—‘ but nothing to this.—
 ‘ For my own part, I could not have
 ‘ the heart to curse my dog so.’]

‘ May St. John the Præcursor and
 ‘ St. John the Baptist, and St. Peter,
 ‘ and St. Paul, and St. Andrew, and
 ‘ all other Christ’s apostles, together
 ‘ curse him. And may the rest of
 ‘ his disciples and four evangelists,
 ‘ who by their preaching converted the
 ‘ universal world—and may the holy
 ‘ and wonderful company of martyrs
 ‘ and confessors, who by their holy
 ‘ works are found pleasing to God Al-
 ‘ mighty—curse him,’—(Obadiah.)

‘ May the holy choir of the holy
 ‘ virgins, who for the honour of Christ
 ‘ have despised the things of the world,
 ‘ damn him.—May all the saints, who
 ‘ from the beginning of the world to
 ‘ everlasting ages are found to be be-
 ‘ loved of God, damn him.—May the
 ‘ heavens and earth, and all the holy
 ‘ things remaining therein, damn him,’
 —(Obadiah)—‘ or her,’—(or whoever
 else had a hand in tying these knots.)

‘ May he,’—(Obadiah)—‘ be damn’d
 ‘ wherever he be—whether in the house
 ‘ or the stables, the garden or the field,
 ‘ or the highway, or in the path, or in
 ‘ the wood, or in the water, or in the
 ‘ church.—May he be cursed in living,
 ‘ in dying—’ [Here my Uncle Toby,
 taking

taking the advantage of a *minim* in the second bar of his tune, kept whistling one continual note to the end of the sentence.—Doctor Slop, with his division of curfes moving under him, like a running bafs all the way.]—‘ May he
‘ be curfed in eating and drinking, in
‘ being hungry, in being thirsty, in
‘ fafting, in fleeping, in flumbering,
‘ in walking, in ftanding, in fitting, in
‘ lying, in working, in refting, in piff-
‘ ing, in fhitting, and in blood-letting!

‘ May he,’—(Obadiah)—‘ be cursed
‘ in all the faculties of his body.

‘ May he be curfed inwardly and
‘ outwardly.—May he be curfed in the
‘ hair of his head!—May he be curfed
‘ in his brains, and in his vertex,’—
[‘ That is a fad curfe,’ quoth my fa-
ther.]—‘ in his temples, in his fore-
‘ head, in his ears, in his eye-brows,
‘ in his cheeks, in his jaw-bones, in his
‘ noftrils, in his fore-teeth and grinders,
‘ in his lips, in his throat, in his
‘ foulders, in his wrifts, in his arms,
‘ in his hands, in his fingers!

' May he be damn'd in his mouth,
' in his breast, in his heart and purte-
' nance, down to the very stomach!

‘ May he be curfed in his reins, and
‘ in his groin—’ [‘ God in heaven
‘ forbid!’ quoth my Uncle Toby.]—
‘ in his thighs, in his genitals,’—(my
father shook his head)—‘ in his hips,
‘ and in his knees, his legs and feet,
‘ and toe-nails!’

‘ May he be curfed in all the joints
‘ and articulations of his members,
‘ from the top of his head to the foal of
‘ his foot! May there be no foundnefs
‘ in him.

‘ May the Son of the living God,
‘ with all the glory of his Majesty—’
[Here my Uncle Toby, throwing back
his head, gave a monstrous long, loud
‘ Whew—w—w!’ something betwixt
the interjectional whistle of ‘ *Hey day!*’
and the word itself.—]

—By the golden beard of Jupiter—
and of Juno (if her majesty wore one)
and by the beards of the rest of your
heathen worships—which, by the bye,
was no small number—since what with
the beards of your celestial gods, and
gods aerial and aquatick—to say no-
thing

thing of the beards of town-gods and country-gods, or of the celestial goddesses your wives, or of the infernal goddesses your whores and concubines—(that is, in case they wore them)—all which beards, as Varro tells me, upon his word and honour, when mustered up together, made no less than thirty thousand effective beards upon the Pagan establishment; every beard of which claimed the rights and privileges of being stroked and sworn by—by all these beards together, then—I vow and protest—that of the two bad cassocks I am worth in the world, I would have given the better of them, as freely as ever Cid Hamet offered his—only to have stood by, and heard my Uncle Toby's accompaniment.

—et insurgat adversus illum cœlum cum omnibus virtutibus quæ in eo moventur ad *damnandum* eum, nisi penituerit et ad satisfactionem venerit. Amen. Fiat, fiat. Amen.

—‘curse him!’—continued Doctor Slop—‘and may Heaven, with all the powers which move therein, rise up against him, curse and damn him,’—(Obadiah)—‘unless he repent, and make satisfaction! Amen.—So be it.—So be it.—Amen.’

‘I declare,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘my heart would not let me curse the devil himself with so much bitterness.’—‘He is the father of curses,’ replied Doctor Slop. ‘So am not I,’ replied my uncle.—‘But he is cursed and damned already, to all eternity,’ replied Doctor Slop.

‘I am sorry for it,’ quoth my Uncle Toby.

Doctor Slop drew up his mouth—and was just beginning to return my Uncle Toby the compliment of his Whu—u—u—or interjectional whistle—when the door hastily opening in the next chapter but one—put an end to the affair.

CHAP. XII.

NOW don't let us give ourselves a parcel of airs, and pretend that the oaths we make free with in this land of liberty of ours are our own; and because we have the spirit to swear them—imagine that we have had the wit to invent them too.

I'll undertake this moment to prove it to any man in the world, except to a

connoisseur—though I declare I object only to a connoisseur in swearing—as I would do to a connoisseur in painting, &c. &c. the whole set of 'em are so hung round and besetished with the bobs and trinkets of criticism—or, to drop my metaphor, which, by the bye is a pity—for I have fetched it as far as from the coast of Guinea—their heads, Sir, are stuck so full of rules and compasses, and have that eternal propensity to apply them upon all occasions, that a work of genius had better go to the devil at once, than stand to be pricked and tortured to death by 'em.

—‘And how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night?’—‘Oh, against all rule, my lord—most ungrammatically! Betwixt the substantive and the adjective, which should agree together in *number*, *case*, and *gender*, he made a breach thus—stopping, as if the point wanted settling—and betwixt the nominative *case*, which your lordship knows should govern the verb, he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three fifths, by a stop-watch, my lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian!—But in spending

spending his voice—was the sense suspended likewise?—Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm?—Was the eye silent?—Did you narrowly look?—‘I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord.’—‘Excellent observer!’

‘And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about?’—‘Oh! ’tis out of all plumb, my lord—quite an irregular thing!—not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compasses, &c. my lord, in my pocket.’—‘Excellent critic!’

—‘And for the epick poem your lordship bid me look at—upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu’s—’tis out, my lord, in every one of it’s dimensions.’—‘Admirable connoisseur!’

—‘And did you step in to take a look at the grand picture in your way back?’—‘It is a melancholy daub! my lord; not one principle of the *pyramid* in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Reubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the *corregioesque* of Corregio—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Carrachi’s—or the grand contour of Angelo.’—Grant me patience, just Heaven!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!

I would go fifty miles on foot, (for I have not a horse worth riding on) to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author’s hands—be pleased he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

Great Apollo! if thou art in a giving humour—give me—I ask no more—but one stroke of native humour, with a single spark of thy own fire along with it—and send Mercury, with the *rules and compasses*, if he can be spared, with my compliments, to—no matter.

Now to any one else, I will undertake to prove, that all the oaths and imprecations which we have been puffing off upon the world! for these two hundred and fifty years last past as originals—except *St. Paul’s thumb—God’s*

flesh, and God’s fish—which were oaths monarchial—and, considering who made them, not much amiss: and as kings oaths, ’tis not much matter whether they were fish or flesh—else, I say, there is not an oath, or at least a curse amongst them, which has not been copied over and over again out of Ernulphus a thousand times: but, like all other copies, how infinitely short of the force and spirit of the original!—It is thought to be no bad oath—and by itself passes very well—‘*God damn you.*’—Set it before Ernulphus’s—‘God Almighty the Father damn you—God the Son damn you—God the Holy Ghost damn you;’ you see ’tis nothing.—There is an orientality in his we cannot rise up to: besides, he is more copious in his invention—possessed more of the excellencies of a swearer—had such a thorough knowledge of the human frame, it’s membranes, nerves, ligaments, knittings of the joints, and articulations—that when Ernulphus cursed—no part escaped him. ’Tis true there is something of a *hardness* in his manner—and, as in Michael Angelo, a want of *grace*—but then there is such a greatness of *gusto*!—

My father, who generally looked upon every thing in a light very different from all mankind, would, after all, never allow this to be an original.—He considered rather Ernulphus’s anathema, as an institute of swearing, in which, as he suspected, upon the decline of *swearing* in some milder pontificate, Ernulphus, by order of the succeeding pope, had with great learning and diligence collected together all the laws of it—for the same reason that Justinian, in the decline of the empire, had ordered his chancellor Tribonian to collect the Roman or civil laws all together into one code or digest—left, through the rust of time—and the fatality of all things committed to oral tradition—they should be lost to the world for ever.

For this reason my father would oft-times affirm, there was not an oath, from the great and tremendous oath of William the Conqueror—‘*By the splendour of God!*’ down to the lowest oath of a scavenger—‘*Damn your eyes!*’ which was not to be found in Ernulphus—‘In short,’ he would add, ‘I defy a man to swear out of it.’

The hypothesis is, like most of my father’s,

father's, singular and ingenious too—nor have I any objection to it, but that it overturns my own.

CHAP. XIII.

—'BLESS my soul!—my poor 'mistress is ready to faint—' and her pains are gone—and the drops 'are done—and the bottle of julap is 'broke—and the nurse has cut her 'arm—' 'And I my thumb!' cried Doctor Slop—'and the child is where 'it was,' continued Susannah—'and 'the midwife has fallen backwards 'upon the edge of the fender, and 'bruised her hip as black as your hat.'—'I'll look at it,' quoth Doctor Slop. 'There is no need of that,' replied Susannah—'you had better look at my 'mistress—but the midwife would 'gladly first give you an account how 'things are, so desires you would go 'up stairs and speak to her this moment.'

Human nature is the same in all professions.

The midwife had just before been put over Doctor Slop's head—he had not digested it—'No,' replied Doctor Slop, 'it would be full as proper, if 'the midwife came down to me.'—'I like subordination,' quoth my Uncle Toby—'and, but for it, after the reduction of Lisle, I know not what 'might have become of the garrison of 'Ghent, in the mutiny for bread, in 'the year ten.'—'Nor,' replied Doctor Slop, (parodying my Uncle Toby's hobby-horrical reflection, though full as hobby-horrically himself)—'do I 'know, Captain Shandy, what might 'have become of the garrison above 'stairs, in the mutiny and confusion I 'find all things are in at present, but 'for the subordination of fingers and 'thumbs to ***** the application of 'which, Sir, under this accident of 'mine, comes in so *a propos*, that without it, the cut upon my thumb might 'have been felt by the Shandy family 'as long as the Shandy family had a 'name.'

CHAP. XIV.

LET us go back to the *****—in the last chapter.

It is a singular stroke of eloquence

(at least it was so when eloquence flourished at Athens and Rome, and would be so now did orators wear mantles) not to mention the name of a thing, when you had the thing about you *in petto*, ready to produce, pop, in the place you want it. A scar, an axe, a sword, a pinked doublet, a rusty helmet, a pound and a half of pot-ashes in an urn, or a three-halfpenny pickle pot—but above all, a tender infant royally accoutred. Though if it was too young, and the oration as long as Tully's second Philippick—it must certainly have beshit the orator's mantle.—And then, again, if too old—it must have been unwieldy and incommodious to his action—so as to make him lose by his child almost as much as he could gain by it.—Otherwise, when a state orator has hit the precise age to a minute—hid his BAMBINO in his mantle so cunningly that no mortal could smell it—and produced it so critically, that no soul could say it came in by head and shoulders—Oh, Sirs! it has done wonders.—It has opened the sluices, and turned the brains, and shook the principles, and unhinged the politicks of half a nation.

These feats, however, are not to be done, except in those states and times, I say, where orators wore mantles—and pretty large ones too, my brethren, with some twenty or five and twenty yards of good purple, superfine, marketable cloth in them—with large flowing folds and doubles, and in a great style of design.—All which plainly shews, may it please your worships, that the decay of eloquence, and the little good service it does at present, both within and without doors, is owing to nothing else in the world but short coats, and the disuse of trunk-hose.—We can conceal nothing under ours, Madam, worth shewing.

CHAP. XV.

DOCTOR Slop was within an ace of being an exception to all this argumentation: for happening to have his green baize bag upon his knees, when he began to parody my Uncle Toby—'twas as good as the best mantle in the world to him: for which purpose, when he foresaw the sentence would end in his new-invented forceps,

he thrust his hand into the bag in order to have them ready to clap in, where your reverences took so much notice of the *****: which had he managed—my Uncle Toby had certainly been overthrown; the sentence and the argument in that case jumping closely in one point, so like the two lines which form the salient angle of a ravelin—Doctor Slop would never have given them up—and my Uncle Toby would as soon thought of flying, as taking them by force. But Doctor Slop fumbled so vilely in pulling them out, it took off the whole effect, and what was a ten times worse evil, (for they seldom come alone in this life) in pulling out his *forceps*, his *forceps* unfortunately drew out the *squirt* along with it.

When a proposition can be taken in two senses—'tis a law in disputation, that the respondent may reply to which of the two he pleases, or finds most convenient for him.—This threw the advantage of the argument quite on my Uncle Toby's side.—'Good God!' cried my Uncle Toby, '*are children brought into the world with a squirt?*'

C H A P. XVI.

—UPON my honour, Sir, you 'have tore every bit of skin quite off the back of both my hands with your forceps,' cried my Uncle Toby—'and you have crushed all my knuckles into the bargain with them to a jelly.'—'It is your own fault,' said Doctor Slop—'you should have clenched your two fists together into the form of a child's head, as I told you, and fat firm.'—'I did so,' answered my Uncle Toby.—'Then the points of my forceps have not been sufficiently armed, or the rivet wants closing—or else the cut on my thumb has made me a little awkward—or possibly——' 'It is well,' quoth my father, interrupting the detail of possibilities—'that the experiment was not first made upon my child's head—piece.'—'It would not have been a cherry-stone the worse,' answered Doctor Slop.—'I maintain it,' said my Uncle Toby, 'it would have broke the cerebellum, (unless, indeed, the skull had been as hard as a granado) and turned it all into a perfect possiet.'—'Phaw!' replied Doctor Slop; 'a

child's head is naturally as soft as the pap of an apple—the futures give way—and, besides, I could have extracted by the feet after.'—'Not you,' said she.—'I rather wish you would begin that way,' quoth my father. 'Pray do,' added my Uncle Toby.

C H A P. XVII.

—AND pray, good woman, after 'all, will you take upon you to say, it may not be the child's hip, as well as the child's head?'—'It is most certainly the head,' replied the midwife.—'Because,' continued Doctor Slop, (turning to my father) 'as positive as these old ladies generally are—'tis a point very difficult to know, and yet of the greatest consequence to be known—because, Sir, if the hip is mistaken for the head—there is a possibility (if it is a boy) that the forceps * * * * *

—What the possibility was, Doctor Slop whispered very low to my father, and then to my Uncle Toby—'There is no such danger,' continued he, 'with the head.'—'No, in truth,' quoth my father—'but when your possibility has taken place at the hip—you may as well take off the head too.'

—It is morally impossible the reader should understand this—'tis enough Doctor Slop understood it—so taking the green baize bag in his hand, with the help of Obadiah's pumps, he tripped pretty nimbly, for a man of his size, across the room to the door—and from the door was shewn the way, by the good old midwife, to my mother's apartment.

C H A P. XVIII.

IT is two hours, and ten minutes, '—and no more,' cried my father, looking at his watch, 'since Doctor Slop and Obadiah arrived—and I know not how it happens, brother Toby—but to my imagination it seems almost an age.'

—Here—pray, Sir, take hold of my cap—nay, take the bell along with it, and my pantoufles too.

Now, Sir, they are all at your service;

vice; and I freely make you a present of 'em, on condition you give me all your attention to this chapter.

Though my father said, *he knew not how it happened*—yet he knew very well how it happened—and at the instant he spoke it, was predetermined in his mind to give my Uncle Toby a clear account of the matter by a metaphysical dissertation upon the subject of *duration and its simple modes*, in order to shew my Uncle Toby by what mechanism and mensurations in the brain it came to pass, that the rapid succession of their ideas, and the eternal scampering of discourse from one thing to another, since Doctor Slop had come into the room, had lengthened out so short a period to so inconceivable an extent.—‘I know not how it happens,’ cried my father, ‘but it seems an age.’

—‘It is owing entirely,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘to the succession of our ideas.’

My father, who had an itch in common with all philosophers, of reasoning upon every thing which happened, and accounting for it too—proposed infinite pleasure to himself in this, of the succession of ideas, and had not the least apprehension of having it snatched out of his hands by my Uncle Toby, who (honest man) generally took every thing as it happened—and who, of all men in the world, troubled his brain the least with abstruse thinking—the ideas of time and space—or how we came by those ideas—or of what stuff they were made—or whether they were born with us—or we picked them up afterwards as we went along—or whether we did it in frocks—or not till we had got into breeches—with a thousand other inquiries and disputes about INFINITY, PRESCIENCE, LIBERTY, NECESSITY, and so forth, upon whose desperate and unconquerable theories so many fine heads have been turned and cracked—never did my Uncle Toby’s the least injury at all: my father knew it—and was no less surprized, than he was disappointed, with my uncle’s fortuitous solution.

‘Do you understand the theory of that affair?’ replied my father.

‘Not I,’ quoth my uncle.

—‘But you have some ideas,’ said my father, ‘of what you talk about?’—

‘No more than my horse,’ replied my Uncle Toby.

‘Gracious Heaven!’ cried my father, looking upwards, and clasping his two hands together—‘there is a worth in thy honest ignorance, brother Toby;—twere almost a pity to exchange it for a knowledge—But I’ll tell thee.’

‘To understand what *time* is aright, without which we never can comprehend *infinity*, inasmuch as one is a portion of the other—we ought seriously to sit down and consider what idea it is we have of *duration*, so as to give a satisfactory account how we came by it.’—‘What is that to any body?’ quoth my Uncle Toby. ‘* For if you will turn your eyes inwards upon your mind, continued my father, ‘and observe attentively, you will perceive, brother, that whilst you and I are talking together, and thinking, and smoking our pipes; or whilst we receive successively ideas in our minds, we know that we do exist, and so we estimate the existence, or the continuation of the existence of ourselves, or any thing else, commensurate to the succession of any ideas in our minds, the duration of ourselves; or any such other thing co-existing with our thinking—and so according to that pre-conceived—’—‘You puzzle me to death!’ cried my Uncle Toby!

—‘It is owing to this,’ replied my father, ‘that in our computations of *time*, we are so used to minutes, hours, weeks, and months—and of clocks, (I wish there was not a clock in the kingdom) to measure out their several portions to us, and to those who belong to us—that ’twill be well if in time to come, the *succession* of our ideas be of any use or service to us at all.

‘Now, whether we observe it or no,’ continued my father, ‘in every sound man’s head, there is a regular succession of ideas of one sort or other, which follow each other in train just like—’ ‘A train of artillery,’ said my Uncle Toby.—‘A train of a fiddlestick!’—quoth my father—‘which follow and succeed one another in our minds at certain distances, just like the images in the inside of a lantern turned round by the heat of a candle.’

—‘I declare,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘mine are more like a smoak-jack.’—
‘Then, brother Toby, I have nothing more to say to you upon that subject,’ said my father.

CHAP. XIX.

—**W**HAT a conjuncture was here lost!—My father in one of his best explanatory moods—in eager pursuit of a metaphysick point into the very regions where clouds and thick darkness would soon have encompassed it about—my Uncle Toby in one of the finest dispositions for it in the world—his head like a smoak-jack—the funnel unswept, and the ideas whirling round and round about in it, all obfuscated and darkened over with fuliginous matter!—By the tomb-stone of Lucian—if it is in being—if not, why then by his ashes! by the ashes of my dear Rabelais, and dearer Cervantes!—my father and my Uncle Toby’s discourse upon TIME and ETERNITY—was a discourse devoutly to be wished for! and the petulancy of my father’s humour, in putting a stop to it as he did, was a robbery of the *Ontologick Treasury* of such a jewel, as no coalition of great occasions and great men are ever likely to restore to it again.

CHAP. XX.

THOUGH my father persisted in not going on with the discourse—yet he could not get my Uncle Toby’s smoak-jack out of his head—piqued as he was at first with it—there was something in the comparison, at the bottom, which hit his fancy; for which purpose, resting his elbow upon the table, and reclining the right side of his head upon the palm of his hand—but looking first stedfastly in the fire—he began to commune with himself, and philosophize about it: but his spirits being wore out with the fatigues of investigating new tracts, and the constant exertion of his faculties upon that variety of subjects which had taken their turn in the discourse—the idea of the smoak-jack soon turned all his ideas upside down—so that he fell asleep almost before he knew what he was about.

As for my Uncle Toby, his smoak-jack had not made a dozen revolutions, before he fell asleep also.—Peace be with them both!—Doctor Slop is engaged with the midwife and my mother above stairs.—Trim is busy in turning an old pair of jack-boots into a couple of mortars, to be employed in the siege of Messina next summer—and is this instant boring the touch-holes with the point of a hot poker.—All my heroes are off my hands—’tis the first time I have had a moment to spare—and I’ll make use of it, and write my Preface.

THE

AUTHOR’S PREFACE.

NO, I’ll not say a word about it—here it is—in publishing it—I have appealed to the world—and to the world I leave it—it must speak for itself.

All I know of the matter is—when I sat down, my intent was to write a good book; and as far as the tenuity of my understanding would hold out—a wife, aye, and a discreet—taking care only, as I went along, to put into it all the wit and the judgment (be it more or less) which the great Author and Bestower of them had thought fit originally to give me—so that, as your worships see—’tis just as God pleases.

Now, Agalastes (speaking dispraisingly) sayeth, that there may be some wit in it, for aught he knows—but no judgment at all. And Triptolemus and Phutatorius agreeing thereto, ask, how is it possible there should: for that wit and judgment in this world never go together; inasmuch as they are two operations differing from each other as wide as east is from west.—So, says Locke;—‘So are farting and hickuping,’ say I. But in answer to this, Didius the great church lawyer, in his code *De fartandi et illustrandi fallaciis*, doth maintain and make fully appear, that an illustration is no argument—nor do I maintain the wiping of a looking-glass clean to be a syllogism—but you all, may it please your worships, see the better for it:—so that the main good these things do, is only to clarify the understanding, previous to the application of the argument itself, in order to free it from any

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little

little motes, or specks of opacular matter, which, if left swimming therein, might hinder a conception, and spoil all.

Now, my dear anti-Shandean, and thrice able criticks, and fellow-labourers (for to you I write this preface)—and to you, most subtle statesmen and discreet doctors (do—pull off your beards) renowned for gravity and wisdom—Monopolos, my politician—Didius, my counsel—Kysarcus, my friend—Phutatorius, my guide—Gastripheres, the preserver of my life—Somnolentius, the balm and repose of it—not forgetting all others, as well sleeping as waking, ecclesiastical as civil, whom for brevity, but out of no resentment to you, I lump all together.—Believe me, right worthy—

My most zealous wish and fervent prayer in your behalf, and in my own too, in case the thing is not done already for us—is, that the great gifts and endowments both of wit and judgment, with every thing which usually goes along with them—such as memory, fancy, genius, eloquence, quick parts, and what not, may this precious moment, without stint or measure, let or hindrance, be poured down warm as each of us could bear it—scum and sediment and all, (for I would not have a drop lost) into the several receptacles, cells, cellules, domiciles, dormitories, refectories, and spare places of our brains—in such sort, that they might continue to be injected and tunned into, according to the true intent and meaning of my wish; until every vessel of them, both great and small, be so replenished, saturated, and filled up therewith, that no more, would it save a man's life, could possibly be got either in or out.

Bless us!—what noble work we should make!—how should I tickle it off!—and what spirits should I find myself in, to be writing away for such readers!—and you, just Heaven!—with what raptures would you sit and read—But, oh!—'tis too much—I am sick—I faint away deliciously at the thoughts of it—'tis more than nature can bear!—lay hold of me—I am giddy—I am stone blind—I am dying—I am gone.—Help! Help! Help!—But hold.—I grow something better again, for I am beginning to foresee, when this is over, that as we shall all of us continue

to be great wits—we should never agree amongst ourselves, one day to an end—there would be so much satire and sarcasm—scoffing and flouting, with rallying and reparteeing of it—thrusting and parrying in one corner or another—there would be nothing but mischief among us.—Chaste stars! what biting and scratching, and what a racket and a clatter we should make! what with breaking of heads, and rapping of knuckles, and hitting of sore places—there would be no such thing as living for us.

But then again, as we should all of us be men of great judgment, we should make up matters as fast as ever they went wrong; and though we should abominate each other ten times worse than so many devils or devilesses, we should nevertheless, my dear creatures, be all courtesy and kindness—milk and honey—'twould be a second land of promise—a paradise upon earth, if there was such a thing to be had—so that upon the whole we should have done well enough.

All I fret and fume at, and what most distresses my invention at present, is how to bring the point itself to bear; for as your worships well know, that of these heavenly emanations of wit and judgment, which I have so bountifully wished both for your worships and myself—there is but a certain *quantum* stored up for us all, for the use and behoof of the whole race of mankind; and such small *modicums* of 'em are only sent forth into this wide world, circulating here and there in one bye corner or another—and in such narrow streams, and at such prodigious intervals from each other, that one would wonder how it holds out, or could be sufficient for the wants and emergencies of so many great states, and populous empires.

Indeed there is one thing to be considered, that in Nova Zembla, North Lapland, and in all those cold and dreary tracts of the globe, which lie more directly under the arctic and antarctic circles, where the whole province of a man's concerns lies for near nine months together within the narrow compass of his cave—where the spirits are compressed almost to nothing—and where the passions of a man, with every thing which belongs to them, are as frigid as the zone itself—there the least quantity of judgment imaginable does the

the business—and of wit—there is a total and an absolute saving—for as not one spark is wanted—so not one spark is given. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! what a dismal thing would it have been to have governed a kingdom, to have fought a battle, or made a treaty, or run a match, or wrote a book, or got a child, or held a provincial chapter there, with so plentiful a lack of wit and judgment about us! For mercy's sake, let us think no more about it, but travel on as fast as we can southwards into Norway—crossing over Swedeland, if you please, through the small triangular province of Angermania to the lake of Bothnia; coasting along it through east and west Bothnia, down to Carelia, and so on, through all those states and provinces which border upon the far side of the Gulph of Finland, and the north-east of the Baltic, up to Petersbourg, and just stepping into Ingria; then stretching over directly from thence through the north parts of the Russian empire—leaving Siberia a little upon the left-hand, till we get into the very heart of Russian and Asiatick Tartary.

Now throughout this long tour which I have led you, you observe the good people are better off by far, than in the polar countries which we have just left:—for if you hold your hand over your eyes, and look very attentively, you may perceive some small glimmerings (as it were) of wit, with a comfortable provision of good plain household judgment; which, taking the quality and quantity of it together, they make a very good shift with—and had they more of either the one or the other, it would destroy the proper balance betwixt them, and I am satisfied moreover they would want occasions to put them to use.

Now, Sir, if I conduct you home again into this warmer and more luxuriant island, where you perceive the spring-tide of our blood and humours runs high—where we have more ambition, and pride, and envy, and lechery, and other whorison passions upon our hands to govern and subject to reason—the height of our wit, and the depth of our judgment, you see, are exactly proportioned to the length and breadth of our necessities—and accordingly we have sent them down amongst us in such a flowing kind of decent and creditable

plenty, that no one thinks he has any cause to complain.

It must however be confessed on this head, that, as our air blows hot and cold—wet and dry, ten times in a day, we have them in no regular and settled way—so that sometimes for near half a century together, there shall be very little wit or judgment either to be seen or heard of amongst us—the small channels of them shall seem quite dried up—then all of a sudden the sluices shall break out, and take a fit of running again like fury—you would think they would never stop—and then it is, that in writing and fighting, and twenty other gallant things, we drive all the world before us.

It is by these observations, and a wary reasoning by analogy in that kind of argumentative process, which Suidas calls *dialektick induction*—that I draw and set up this position as most true and veritable.

That of these two luminaries, so much of their irradiations are suffered from time to time to shine down upon us; as He, whose infinite wisdom which dispenses every thing in exact weight and measure, knows will just serve to light us on our way in this night of our obscurity; so that your reverences and worships now find out, nor is it a moment longer in my power to conceal ~~it~~ from you, that the fervent wish in your behalf with which I set out, was no more than the first insinuating *How d'ye* of a caressing prefacer, stifling his reader, as a lover sometimes does a coy mistress, into silence. For, alas! could this effusion of light have been as easily procured, as the exordium wished it—I tremble to think how many thousands for it, of benighted travellers (in the learned sciences at least) must have groped and blundered on in the dark, all the nights of their lives—running their heads against posts, and knocking out their brains without ever getting to their journeys end—some falling with their noses perpendicularly into stinks—others horizontally with their tails into kennels. Here one half of a learned profession tilting full butt against the other half of it, and then tumbling and rolling one over the other in the dirt like hogs.—Here the brethren of another profession, who should have run in opposition to each other, flying on the

contrary like a flock of wild geese, all in a row, the same way.—What confusion!—what mistakes!—fiddlers and painters judging by their eyes and ears!—admirable!—trusting to the passions excited—in an air sung, or a story painted to the heart—instead of measuring them by a quadrant.

In the fore-ground of this picture, a statesman turning the political wheel, like a brute, the wrong way round—against the stream of corruption—by Heaven!—instead of with it.

In this corner, a son of the divine Esculapius, writing a book against predestination; perhaps worse—feeling his patient's pulse, instead of his apothecary's—a brother of the faculty in the back ground upon his knees in tears—drawing the curtains of a mangled victim to beg his forgiveness—offering a fee—instead of taking one.

In that spacious hall, a coalition of the gown, from all the bars of it, driving a damned, dirty, vexatious cause before them, with all their might and main, the wrong way—kicking it out of the great doors, instead of in—and with such fury in their looks, and such a degree of inveteracy in their manner of kicking it, as if the laws had been originally made for the peace and preservation of mankind—perhaps a more enormous mistake committed by them still—a litigated point fairly hung up:—for instance, whether John O'Nokes his nose could stand in Tom O'Stoiles his face, without a trespass, or not—rashly determined by them in five and twenty minutes; which, with the cautious pro's and con's required in so intricate a proceeding, might have taken up as many months—and if carried on upon a military plan, as your honours know an action should be, with all the stratagems practicable therein—such as feints—forced marches—surprizes—ambuscades—mask-batteries, and a thousand other strokes of generalship, which consist in catching at all advantages on both sides—might reasonably have lasted them as many years, finding food and raiment all that term for a centumvirate of the profession.

As for the clergy—No—if I say a word against them, I'll be shot!—I have no desire—and, besides, if I had—I durst not for my soul touch upon the subject—with such weak nerves and

spirits, and in the condition I am in at present, 'twould be as much as my life was worth, to deject and contrist myself with so sad and melancholy an account—and therefore 'tis safer to draw a curtain across, and hasten from it, as fast as I can, to the main and principal point I have undertaken to clear up—and that is, how it comes to pass, that your men of least wit are reported to be men of most judgment.—But mark—I say, reported to be—for it is no more, my dear Sirs, than a report; and which, like twenty others taken up every day upon trust, I maintain to be a vile and a malicious report into the bargain.

This, by the help of the observations already premised, and I hope already weighed and perpended by your reverences and worships, I shall forthwith make appear.

I hate set dissertations—and above all things in the world, 'tis one of the silliest things in one of them, to darken your hypothesis by placing a number of tall, opaque words, one before another, in a right line, betwixt your own and your reader's conception; when, in all likelihood, if you had looked about you, you might have seen something standing, or hanging up, which would have cleared the point at once—for what 'hindrance, hurt, or harm doth the 'laudable desire of knowledge bring 'to any man, if even from a sot, a pot, 'a fool, a stool, a winter-mittain, a 'truckle for a pully, the lid of a goldsmith's crucible, an oil bottle, an old 'slipper, or a cane chair—I am this moment sitting upon one. Will you give me leave to illustrate this affair of wit and judgment, by the two knobs on the top of the back of it—they are fastened on, you see, with two pegs stuck slightly into two gimlet-holes, and will place what I have to say in so clear a light, as to let you see through the drift and meaning of my whole preface, as plainly as if every point and particle of it was made up of sun-beams.

I enter now directly upon the point.

—Here stands Wit—and there stands Judgment, close beside it, just like the two knobs I am speaking of, upon the back of this self-same chair on which I am sitting.

—You see, they are the highest and most ornamental parts of it's frame—as wit and judgment are of ours—and like

like them too, indubitably both made and fitted to go together, in order, as we say in all such cases of duplicated embellishments—to answer one another.

Now, for the sake of an experiment, and for the clearer illustrating this matter—let us for a moment take off one of these two curious ornaments (I care not which) from the point or pinnacle of the chair it now stands on—nay, don't laugh at it—but did you ever see in the whole course of your lives such a ridiculous business as this has made of it?—Why, 'tis as miserable a sight as a sow with one ear; and there is just as much sense and symmetry in the one, as in the other—do—pray, get off your seats only to take a view of it.—Now, would any man who valued his character a straw, have turned a piece of work out of his hand in such a condition?—Nay, lay your hands upon your hearts, and answer this plain question, Whether this one single knob, which now stands here like a blockhead by itself, can serve any purpose upon earth, but to put one in mind of the want of the other?—and let me farther in case the chair was your own, if you ask, would not in your consciences think, rather than be as it is, that it would be ten times better without any knob at all?

Now these two knobs—or top ornaments of the mind of man, which crown the whole entablature—being, as I said, wit and judgment, which of all others, as I have proved it, are the most needful—the most prized—the most calamitous to be without, and consequently the hardest to come at—for all these reasons put together, there is not a mortal among us, so destitute of a love of good fame or feeding—or so ignorant of what will do him good therein—who does not wish and steadfastly resolve in his own mind, to be, or to be thought at least, master of the one or the other, and indeed of both of them, if the thing seems any way feasible, or likely to be brought to pass.

Now your graver gentry having little or no kind of chance in aiming at the one—unless they laid hold of the other—pray what do you think would become of them?—Why, Sirs, in spite of all their gravities, they must e'en have been contented to have gone with their sides naked—this was not to be

borne, but by an effort of philosophy not to be supposed in the case we are upon—so that no one could well have been angry with them, had they been satisfied with what little they could have snatched up and secreted under their cloaks and great perriwigs, had they not raised a hue and cry at the same time against the lawful owners.

I need not tell your worships, that this was done with so much cunning and artifice—that the great Locke, who was seldom outwitted by false sounds—was nevertheless bubbled here. The cry, it seems, was so deep and solemn a one, and that with the help of great wigs, grave faces, and other implements of deceit, was rendered so general a one against the poor wits in this matter, that the philosopher himself was deceived by it—it was his glory to free the world from the lumber of a thousand vulgar errors—but this was not of the number: so that instead of sitting down coolly, as such a philosopher should have done, to have examined the matter of fact before he philosophized upon it—on the contrary, he took the fact for granted, and so joined in with the cry, and halloo'd it as boisterously as the rest.

This has been made the Magna Charta of stupidity ever since—but your reverences plainly see, it has been obtained in such a manner, that the title to it is not worth a groat—which, by the bye, is one of the many and vile impositions which gravity and grave folks have to answer for hereafter.

As for great wigs, upon which I may be thought to have spoken my mind too freely—I beg leave to qualify whatever has been unguardedly said to their dispraise or prejudice, by one general declaration—That I have no abhorrence whatever, nor do I detest and abjure either great wigs or long beards, any farther than when I see they are bespoke and let grow on purpose to carry on this self-same imposture—for any purpose—peace be with them—*mark only*—I write not for them.

CHAP. XXI.

EVERY day for at least ten years together did my father resolve to have it mended—'tis not mended yet—no family but ours would have borne with

with it an hour—and what is most astonishing, there was not a subject in the world upon which my father was so eloquent, as upon that of door-hinges. —And yet, at the same time, he was certainly one of the greatest bubbles to them, I think, that history can produce: his rhetoric and conduct were at perpetual handy-cuffs. —Never did the parlour-door open—but his philosophy or his principles fell a victim to it!—three drops of oil with a feather, and a smart stroke of a hammer, had saved his honour for ever.

—Inconsistent soul that man is!—languishing under wounds, which he has the power to heal!—his whole life a contradiction to his knowledge!—his reason, that precious gift of God to him (instead of pouring in oil) serving only to sharpen his sensibilities—to multiply his pains, and render him more melancholy and uneasy under them!—Poor unhappy creature, that he should do so! —Are not the necessary causes of misery in this life enough, but he must add voluntary ones to his stock of sorrow;—struggle against evils which cannot be avoided, and submit to others, which a tenth part of the trouble they create him would remove from his heart for ever?

By all that is good and virtuous, if there are three drops of oil to be got, and a hammer to be found within ten miles of Shandy-Hall—the parlour-door hinge shall be mended this reign,

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN Corporal Trim had brought his two mortars to bear, he was delighted with his handy-work above measure; knowing what a pleasure it would be to his master to see them, he was not able to resist the desire he had of carrying them directly into his parlour.

Now to the next moral lesson I had in view in mentioning the affair of hinges, I had a speculative consideration arising out of it, and it is this.

Had the parlour-door opened and turn'd upon it's hinges, as a door should do—

—Or, for example, as cleverly as our government has been turning upon it's hinges—(that is, in case things have all along gone well with your worship—

otherwise I give up my smile)—in this case, I say, there had been no danger either to master or man, in Corporal Trim's peeping in; the moment he had beheld my father and my Uncle Toby fast asleep—the respectfulness of his carriage was such, he would have retired as silent as death, and left them both in their arm-chairs, dreaming as happy as he had found them: but the thing was, morally speaking, so very impracticable, that for the many years in which this hinge was suffered to be out of order, and amongst the hourly grievances my father submitted to upon it's account—this was one; that he never folded his arms to take his nap after dinner, but the thoughts of being unavoidably awakened by the first person who should open the door, was always uppermost in his imagination, and so incessantly stepped in betwixt him and the first balmy preface of his repose, as to rob him, as he often declared, of the whole sweets of it.

When things move upon bad hinges, an' please your lordships, how can it be otherwise?

'Pray what's the matter? Who is there?' cried my father, waking, the moment the door began to creak.—'I wish the smith would give a peep at that confounded hinge.'—'It is no thing, an' please your honour,' said Trim, 'but two mortars I am bringing in.'—'They shan't make a clatter with them here,' cried my father hastily.—'If Doctor Slop has any drugs to pound, let him do it in the kitchen.'—'May it please your honour,' cried Trim, 'they are two mortar-pieces for a siege next summer, which I have been making out of a pair of jack-boots, which Obadiah told me your honour had left off wearing.'—'By Heaven!' cried my father, springing out of his chair, as he swore.—'I have not one appointment belonging to me, which I set so much store by, as I do by these jack-boots—they were our great-grandfather's, brother Toby—they were hereditary.'—'Then I fear,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'Trim has cut off the entail.'—'I have only cut off the tops, an' please your honour,' cried Trim.—'I hate perquisites as much as any man alive,' cried my father, '—but these jack-boots,' continued he, (smiling, though

very angry at the same time) 'have been in the family, brother, ever since the civil wars—Sir Roger Shandy wore them at the battle of Marston-Moor. —I declare I would not have taken ten pounds for them.'—'I'll pay you the money, brother Shandy,' quoth my Uncle Toby, looking at the two mortars with infinite pleasure, and putting his hand into his breeches pocket as he viewed them—'I'll pay you the ten pounds this moment with all my heart and soul.'—

'Brother Toby,' replied my father, altering his tone, 'you care not what money you dissipate and throw away, provided,' continued he, 'it is but upon a SIEGE.'—'Have I not a hundred and twenty pounds a year, besides my half-pay?' cried my Uncle Toby. 'What is that,' replied my father hastily, 'to ten pounds for a pair of jack-boots?—twelve guineas for your pontoons?—half as much for your Dutch draw-bridge?—to say nothing of the train of little brass artillery you bespoke last week, with twenty other preparations for the siege of Messina. Believe me, dear Brother Toby,' continued my father, taking him kindly by the hand, 'these military operations of yours are above your strength—you mean well, brother—but they carry you into greater expences than you were first aware of;—and take my word, dear Toby, they will in the end quite ruin your fortune, and make a beggar of you.'—'What signifies it if they do, brother,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'so long as we know it is for the good of the nation.'—

My father could not help smiling, for his soul—his anger, at the worst, was never more than a spark—and the zeal and simplicity of Trim, and the generous (though hobby-horsical) gallantry of my Uncle Toby, brought him into perfect good-humour with them in an instant.

'Generous souls!—God prosper you both, and your mortar-pieces too!' quoth my father to himself.

CHAP. XXIII.

'ALL is quiet and hush,' cried my father, 'at least above stairs; I hear not one foot stirring.

'Pr'ythee, Trim, who's in the kitchen?'—'There is no one soul in the kitchen,' answered Trim, making a low bow as he spoke, 'except Doctor Slop.'—'Confusion!' cried my father, (getting up upon his legs a second time)—'not one single thing has gone right this day! had I faith in astrology, brother,' (which, by the bye, my father had) 'I would have sworn some retrograde planet was hanging over this unfortunate house of mine, and turning every individual thing in it out of its place.—Why, I thought Doctor Slop had been above stairs with my wife, and so said you.—What can the fellow be puzzling about in the kitchen?'—'He is busy, an' please your honour,' replied Trim, 'in making a bridge.'—'It is very obliging in him,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'Pray, give my humble service to Doctor Slop, Trim, and tell him I thank him heartily.'

You must know, my Uncle Toby mistook the bridge—as widely as my father mistook the mortars—but to understand how my Uncle Toby could mistake the bridge—I fear I must give you an exact account of the road which led to it—or, to drop my metaphor, (for there is nothing more dishonest in an historian than the use of one) in order to conceive the probability of this error in my Uncle Toby aright, I must give you some account of an adventure of Trim's, though much against my will—I say much against my will, only because the story, in one sense, is certainly out of its place here; for by right it should come in, either amongst the anecdotes of my Uncle Toby's amours with Widow Wadman, in which Corporal Trim was no mean actor—or else in the middle of his and my Uncle Toby's campaigns on the bowling-green—for it will do very well in either place—but then if I reserve it for either of those parts of my story—I ruin the story I am upon—and if I tell it here—I anticipate matters, and ruin it there.

—What would your worships have me to do in this case?

—Tell it, Mr. Shandy, by all means.—'You are a fool, Tristram, if you do.'

O ye powers! (for powers ye are, and great ones too)—which enable mortal man to tell a story worth the hearing

ing—that kindly shew him where he is to begin it and where he is to end it—what he is to put into it, and what he is to leave out—how much of it he is to cast into shade—and whereabouts he is to throw his light!—Ye, who preside over this vast empire of biographical freebooters, and see how many scrapes and plunges your subjects hourly fall into—will you do one thing?

I beg and beseech you, (in case you will do nothing better for us) that wherever in any part of your dominions it so falls out, that three several roads meet in one point, as they have done just here—that at least you set up a guide-post in the centre of them, in mere charity, to direct an uncertain devil which of the three he is to take.

C H A P. XXIV.

THOUGH the shock my Uncle Toby received the year after the demolition of Dunkirk, in his affair with Widow Wadman, had fixed him in a resolution never more to think of the sex—or of aught which belonged to it—yet Corporal Trim had made no such bargain with himself.—Indeed, in my Uncle Toby's case there was a strange and unaccountable concurrence of circumstances which insensibly drew him in to lay siege to that fair and strong citadel.—In Trim's case there was a concurrence of nothing in the world, but of him and Bridget in the kitchen; though in truth, the love and veneration he bore his master was such, and so fond was he of imitating him in all he did, that had my Uncle Toby employed his time and genius in tagging of points—I am persuaded the honest corporal would have laid down his arms and followed his example with pleasure. When, therefore, my Uncle Toby sat down before the mistress—Corporal Trim incontinently took ground before the maid.

Now, my dear friend Garrick, whom I have so much cause to esteem and honour—(why, or wherefore, 'tis no matter)—can it escape your penetration—I defy it—that so many play-wrights and opincers of chit-chat, have ever since been working upon Trim's and my Uncle Toby's pattern. I care not what Aristotle, or Pacuvius, or Bossu, or

Ricaboni say—(though I never read one of them)—there is not a greater difference between a single-horse chair and Madam Pompadour's *vis-à-vis*; than betwixt a single amour, and an amour thus nobly doubled, and going upon all four, prancing throughout a grand drama—Sir, a simple, single, silly affair of that kind—is quite lost in five acts—but that is neither here or there.

After a series of attacks and repulses in a course of nine months on my Uncle Toby's quarter, a most minute account of every particular of which shall be given in it's proper place, my Uncle Toby, honest man! found it necessary to draw off his forces and raise the siege somewhat indignantly.

Corporal Trim, as I said, had made no such bargain either with himself—or with any one else—the fidelity, however, of his heart, not suffering him to go into a house which his master had forsaken for the siege—he contented himself with passing his part of the siege into a blockade—that is, he kept others off—for though he never after went to the house, yet he never met Bridget in the village, but he would either nod or wink, or smile, or look kindly at her—or (as circumstances directed) he would shake her by the hand—or ask her lovingly how she did—or would give her a ribband—and now and then, though never but when it could be done with decorum, would give Bridget a —.

Precisely in this situation did these things stand for five years; that is, from the demolition of Dunkirk in the year 13, to the latter end of my Uncle Toby's campaign in the year 18, which was about six or seven weeks before the time I am speaking of—when Trim, as his custom was, after he had put my Uncle Toby to bed, going down one moon-shiny night to see that every thing was right at his fortifications—in the lane separated from the bowling-green with flowering shrubs and holly—he espied his Bridget.

As the corporal thought there was nothing in the world so well worth shewing as the glorious works which he and my Uncle Toby had made, Trim courteously and gallantly took her by the hand, and led her in: this was not done so privately, but that the foul-mouthed trumpet of Fame carried it from ear to ear, till at length it reached my father's, with

with this untoward circumstance along with it, that my Uncle Toby's curious draw-bridge, constructed and painted after the Dutch fashion, and which went quite across the ditch—was broke down, and some how or other crushed all to pieces that very night.

My father, as you have observed, had no great esteem for my Uncle Toby's hobby-horse—he thought it the most ridiculous horse that ever gentleman mounted; and, indeed, unless my Uncle Toby vexed him about it, could never think of it once, without smiling at it:—so that it never could get lame or happen any mischance, but it tickled my father's imagination beyond measure; but this being an accident much more to his humour than any one which had yet befallen it, it proved an inexhaustible fund of entertainment to him.—Well—but dear Toby! my father would say, 'do tell us seriously how this affair of the bridge happened.'—'How can you teaze me so much about it?' my Uncle Toby would reply.—'I have told it you twenty times, word for word as Trim told it me.'—'Prythee, how was it then, corporal?' my father would cry, turning to Trim.—'It was a mere misfortune, an' please your honour—I was shewing Mrs. Bridget our fortifications, and in going too near the edge of the fosse, I unfortunately slipp'd in.'—'Very well, Trim!' my father would cry—(smiling mysteriously, and giving a nod—but without interrupting him)—'and being link'd fast, an' please your honour, arm in arm with Mrs. Bridget, I dragged her after me, by means of which she fell backwards soss against the bridge—'And Trim's foot,' (my Uncle Toby would cry, taking the story out of his mouth) 'getting into the cuvette, he tumbled full against the bridge too.—It was a thousand to one,' my Uncle Toby would add, 'that the poor fellow did not break his leg.'—'Ay, truly,' my father would say—'a limb is soon broke, brother Toby, in such encounters.'—'And so, an' please your honour, the bridge, which your honour knows was a very slight one, was broke down betwixt us, and splintered all to pieces.'

At other times, but especially when my Uncle Toby was so unfortunate as

to say a syllable about cannons, bombs, or petards—my father would exhaust all the stores of his eloquence (which indeed were very great) in a panegyrick upon the *battering-rams* of the ancients—the *vinea* which Alexander made use of at the siege of Tyre.—He would tell my Uncle Toby of the *catapultæ* of the Syrians, which threw such monstrous stones so many hundred feet, and shook the strongest bulwarks from their very foundation.—He would go on and describe the wonderful mechanism of the *ballista* which Marcellinus makes so much rout about—the terrible effects of the *pyroboli*, which casts fire—the danger of the *terebra* and *scorpio*, which cast javelins.—'But what are these,' he would say, 'to the destructive machinery of Corporal Trim?—Believe me, brother Toby, no bridge, or bastion, or Sally-port, that ever was constructed in this world, can hold out against such artillery.'

My Uncle Toby would never attempt any defence against the force of this ridicule, but that of redoubling the vehemence of smoaking his pipe; in doing which, he raised so dense a vapour one night after supper, that it set my father, who was a little phthysical, into a suffocating fit of violent coughing. My Uncle Toby leap'd up without feeling the pain upon his groin—and, with infinite pity, stood beside his brother's chair, tapping his back with one hand, and holding his head with the other, and from time to time wiping his eyes with a clean cambrick handkerchief, which he pull'd out of his pocket.—The affectionate and endearing manner in which my Uncle Toby did these little offices—cut my father through his reins, for the pain he had just been giving him.—'May my brains be knock'd out with a battering-ram or a catapultæ, I care not which,' quoth my father to himself—'if ever I insult this worthy soul more!

C H A P. XXV.

THE draw-bridge being held irreparable, Trim was ordered directly to set about another—but not upon the same model: for Cardinal Alberoni's intrigues at that time being dis-

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covered

covered, and my Uncle Toby rightly foreseeing that a flame would inevitably break out betwixt Spain and the Empire, and that the operations of the ensuing campaign must in all likelihood be either in Naples or Sicily—he determined upon an Italian bridge—(my Uncle Toby, by the-bye, was not far out in his conjectures)—but my father, who was infinitely the better politician, and took the lead as far of my Uncle Toby in the cabinet, as my Uncle Toby took it of him in the field—convinced him, that if the King of Spain and the Emperor went together by the ears, that England, and France, and Holland must, by force of their pre-engagements, all enter the lists too—‘And if so,’ he would say, ‘the combatants, brother Toby, as sure as we are alive, will fall to it again, pell-mell, upon the old prize-fighting stage of Flanders—then what will you do with your Italian bridge?’

—‘We will go on with it then, upon the old model,’ cried my Uncle Toby.

When Corporal Trim had about half finished it in that style—my Uncle Toby found out a capital defect in it, which he had never thoroughly considered before. It turned, it seems, upon hinges at both ends of it, opening in the middle; one half of which turned to one side of the fosse, and the other to the other: the advantage of which was this, that by dividing the weight of the bridge into two equal portions, it empowered my Uncle Toby to raise it up or let it down with the end of his crutch, and with one hand; which, as his garrison was weak, was as much as he could well spare—but the disadvantages of such a construction were insurmountable—‘For by this means,’ he would say, ‘I leave one half of my bridge in my enemy’s possession—and pray of what use is the other?’

The natural remedy for this—was, no doubt, to have his bridge fast only at one end with hinges, so that the whole might be lifted up together, and stand bolt upright—but that was rejected for the reason given above.

For a whole week after he was determined in his mind to have one of that particular construction which is made to draw back horizontally, to hinder a passage; and to thrust forwards again

to gain a passage—of which sorts your worships might have seen three famous ones at Spire before its destruction—and one now at Brisack, if I mistake not—but my father advising my Uncle Toby, with great earnestness, to have nothing more to do with thrusting bridges—and my uncle foreseeing moreover that it would but perpetuate the memory of the corporal’s misfortune—he changed his mind for that of the Marquis d’Hôpital’s invention, which the younger Bernouilli has so well and learnedly described, as your worships may see—*Act. Erud. Lips. ann. 1695*—to these a lead weight is an eternal balance, and keeps watch as well as a couple of centinels, inasmuch as the construction of them was a curve line approximating to a cycloid—if not a cycloid itself.

My Uncle Toby understood the nature of a parabola as well as any man in England—but was not quite such a master of the cycloid—he talked however about it every day—the bridge went not forwards.—‘We’ll ask somebody about it,’ cried my Uncle Toby to Trim.

CHAP. XXVI.

WHEN Trim came in and told my father, that Doctor Slop was in the kitchen, and busy in making a bridge—my Uncle Toby—the affair of the jack-boots having just then raised a train of military ideas in his brain—took it instantly for granted that Doctor Slop was making a model of the Marquis d’Hôpital’s bridge.—‘It is very obliging in him,’ quoth my Uncle Toby:—‘pray give my humble service to Doctor Slop, Trim, and tell him I thank him heartily.’

Had my Uncle Toby’s head been a Savoyard’s box, and my father peeping in all the time at one end of it—it could not have given him a more distinct conception of the operations in my Uncle Toby’s imagination, than what he had; so notwithstanding the catapults, and battering-ram, and his bitter imprecation about them, he was just beginning to triumph.

When Trim’s answer, in an instant, tore the laurel from his brows, and twisted it to pieces.

CHAP. XXVII.

— **T**HIS unfortunate draw-
 'bridge of yours—'
 quoth my father—'God bless your ho-
 nour,' cried Trim, 'it is a bridge for
 master's nose.—In bringing him into
 the world with his vile instruments, he
 has trussed his nose,' Susannah says,
 'as flat as a pancake to his face, and he
 is making a false bridge with a piece of
 cotton and a thin piece of whalebone
 out of Susannah's stays, to raise it up.'
 '—Lead me, Brother Toby,' cried
 my father, 'to my room this instant!'

CHAP. XXVIII.

FROM the first moment I sat down
 to write my Life for the amusement
 of the world, and my Opinions for it's
 instruction, has a cloud insensibly been
 gathering over my father.—A tide of
 little evils and distresses has been setting
 in against him.—Not one thing, as he
 observed himself, has gone right: and
 now is the storm thickened, and going
 to break, and pour down full upon his
 head.

I enter upon this part of my story in
 the most pensive and melancholy frame
 of mind that ever sympathick breast
 was touched with.—My nerves relax
 as I tell it.—Every line I write, I feel an
 abatement of the quickness of my pulse,
 and of that careless alacrity with it,
 which every day of my life prompts me
 to say and write a thousand things I
 should not.—And this moment that I
 last dipped my pen into my ink, I could
 not help taking notice what a cautious
 air of sad composure and solemnity there
 appeared in my manner of doing it.—
 Lord! how different from the rash jerks
 and hair-brained squirts thou art wont,
 Tristram, to transact it with in other
 humours—dropping thy pen—spurting
 thy ink about thy table and thy books
 —as if thy pen and thy ink, thy books
 and thy furniture, cost thee nothing!

CHAP. XXIX.

— **I** Won't go about to argue the
 point with you—'tis so—and I
 am persuaded of it, Madam, as much

as can be, that both man and wo-
 man bear pain or sorrow (and, for
 aught I know, pleasure too) best in a
 horizontal position.

The moment my father got up into
 his chamber, he threw himself prostrate
 across his bed in the wildest disorder
 imaginable, but at the same time in the
 most lamentable attitude of a man borne
 down with sorrows, that ever the eye of
 pity dropped a tear for.—The palm of
 his right-hand, as he fell upon the
 bed, receiving his forehead, and co-
 vering the greatest part of both his eyes,
 gently sunk down with his head (his
 elbow giving way backwards) till his
 nose touched the quilt—his left-arm
 hung insensible over the side of the bed,
 his knuckles reclining upon the handle
 of the chamber-bot, which peeped out
 beyond the valance—his right-leg (his
 left being drawn up towards his body)
 hung half over the side of the bed, the
 edge of it pressing upon his shin-bone—
 He felt it not. A fixed inflexible sor-
 row took possession of every line of his
 face.—He sighed once—heaved his
 breast often—but uttered not a word.

An old set-stitched chair, valanced
 and fringed around with party-coloured
 worsted bobs, stood at the bed's head,
 opposite to the side where my father's
 head reclined—My Uncle Toby sat him
 down in it.

Before an affliction is digested—con-
 solation ever comes too soon—and af-
 ter it is digested—it comes too late: so
 that you see, Madam, there is but a
 mark between these two, as fine almost
 as a hair, for a comforter to take aim
 at. My Uncle Toby was always either
 on this side, or on that of it; and would
 often say, he believed in his heart, he
 could as soon hit the longitude: for this
 reason, when he sat down in the chair,
 he drew the curtain a little forwards,
 and having a tear at every one's service,
 —he pulled out a cambrick handkerchief
 —gave a low sigh—but held his peace,

CHAP. XXX.

— **A**LL is not gain that is got
 'into the purse.'—So that
 notwithstanding my father had the hap-
 piness of reading the oddest books in the
 universe, and had moreover, in himself,
 the oddest way of thinking that ever
 N 2 man

man in it was blessed with, yet it had this drawback upon him after all—that it laid him open to some of the oddest and most whimsical distresses; of which this particular one, which he sunk under at present, is as strong an example as can be given.

No doubt, the breaking down of the bridge of a child's nose, by the edge of a pair of forceps—however scientifically applied—would vex any man in the world who was at so much pains in begetting a child as my father was—yet it will not account for the extravagance of his affliction, or will it justify the unchristian manner he abandoned and surrendered himself up to it.

To explain this, I must leave him upon the bed for half an hour—and my good Uncle Toby in his old fringed chair sitting beside him.

C H A P. XXXI.

—‘I Think it a very unreasonable demand,’ cried my great-grandfather, twisting up the paper, and throwing it upon the table.—‘By this account, Madam, you have but two thousand pounds fortune, and not a shilling more—and you insist upon having three hundred pounds a year jointure for it.’—

—‘Because,’ replied my great-grandmother, ‘you have little or no nose, Sir.’—

Now, before I venture to make use of the word *nose* a second time—to avoid all confusion in what will be said upon it, in this interesting part of my story, it may not be amiss to explain my own meaning, and define, with all possible exactness and precision, what I would willingly be understood to mean by the term; being of opinion, that it is owing to the negligence and perverseness of writers in despising this precaution, and to nothing else—that all the polemical writings in divinity are not as clear and demonstrative as those upon a Will o’ the Wisp, or any other sound part of philosophy, and natural pursuit; in order to which, what have you to do, before you set out, unless you intend to go puzzling on to the day of judgment—but to give the world a good definition, and stand to it, of the main word you have most occasion for—

changing it, Sir, as you would a guinea, into small coin?—which done—let the father of confusion puzzle you, if he can; or put a different idea either into your head, or your reader's head, if he knows how.

In books of strict morality and close reasoning, such as this I am engaged in—the neglect is inexcusable; and Heaven is witness, how the world has revenged itself upon me for leaving so many openings to equivocal strictures—and for depending so much as I have done, all along, upon the cleanliness of my reader's imaginations.

‘Here are two senses,’ cried Eugenius, as he walked along, pointing with the fore-finger of his right-hand to the word *crevice*, in the forty-eight page of the second volume of this book of books—‘here are two senses,’ quoth he.—‘And here are two roads,’ replied I, turning short upon him; ‘a dirty and a clean one—which shall we take?’—‘The clean, by all means,’ replied Eugenius.—‘Eugenius,’ said I, stepping before him, and laying my hand upon his breast—‘to define—is to distrust.’—Thus I triumphed over Eugenius; but I triumphed over him as I always do, like a fool.—It is my comfort, however, I am not an obstinate one; therefore—

I define a nose, as follows—intreating only before-hand, and beseeching my readers, both male and female, of what age, complexion, and condition soever, for the love of God and their own souls, to guard against the temptations and suggestions of the devil, and suffer him by no art or wile to put any other ideas into their minds, than what I put into my definition.—For by the word *nose*, throughout all this long chapter of noses, and in every other part of my work, where the word *nose* occurs—I declare, by that word, I mean a nose, and nothing more or less.

C H A P. XXXII.

—‘BECAUSE,’ quoth my great-grandmother, repeating the words again—‘you have little or no nose, Sir.’—

‘Sdeath!’ cried my great-grandfather, clapping his hand upon his nose; ‘it is not so small as that comes to—’

'it is a full inch longer than my father's.' Now, my great grandfather's nose was for all the world like unto the noses of all the men, women, and children, whom *Pantagruel* found dwelling upon the Island of ENNASIN.—By the way, if you would know the strange way of getting a kin amongst so flat-nosed a people—you must read the book—find it out yourself you never can.—

—'Twas shaped, Sir, like an ace clubs.

—'It is a full inch,' continued my great-grandfather, pressing up the ridge of his nose with his finger and thumb, and repeating his assertion; 'it is full an inch longer, Madam, than my father's.'—'You must mean your uncle's,' replied my great-grandmother.

—My great-grandfather was convinced—He untwisted the paper, and signed the article.

C H A P. XXXIII.

—'WHAT an unconscionable jointure, my dear, do we pay out of this small estate of ours,' quoth my grandmother to my grandfather.

'My father,' replied my grandfather, 'had no more nose, my dear, saving the mark, than there is upon the back of my hand.'

—Now, you must know, that my great-grandmother outlived my grandfather twelve years; so that my father had the jointure to pay, a hundred and fifty pounds half-yearly—(on Michaelmas and Lady-day)—during all that time.

No man discharged pecuniary obligations with a better grace than my father. And as far as the hundred pounds went, he would fling it upon the table, guinea by guinea, with that spirited jerk of an honest welcome, which generous souls, and generous souls only, are able to fling down money—but as soon as ever he entered upon the odd fifty—he generally gave a loud *bem!* rubbed the side of his nose leisurely with the flat part of his fore-finger—inserted his hand cautiously betwixt his head and the cawl of his wig—looked at both sides of every guinea as he parted with it—and seldom could get to the end of the fifty

pounds, without pulling out his handkerchief and wiping his temples.

Defend me, gracious Heaven! from those persecuting spirits who make no allowances for these workings within us!—Never—O never may I lay down in their tents, who cannot relax the engine, and feel pity for the force of education, and the prevalence of opinions long derived from ancestors!

For three generations, at least, this tenet in favour of long noses had gradually been taking root in our family.—*Tradition* was all along on it's side, and *interest* was every half-year stepping in to strengthen it—so that the whimsicality of my father's brain was far from having the whole honour of this, as it had of almost all his other strange notions.—For in a great measure he might be said to have sucked this in with his mother's milk. He did his part, however. If education planted the mistake, (in case it was one) my father watered it, and ripened it to perfection.

He would often declare, in speaking his thoughts upon the subject, that he did not conceive how the greatest family in England could stand it out against an uninterrupted succession of six or seven short noses.—And for the contrary reason, he would generally add, that it must be one of the greatest problems in civil life, where the same number of long and jolly noses, following one another in a direct line, did not raise and hoist it up into the best vacancies in the kingdom.—He would often boast that the Shandy family ranked very high in King Harry the VIIth's time, but owed it's rise to no state-engine—he would say—but to that only;—but that, like other families, he would add—it had felt the turn of the wheel, and had never recovered the blow of my great-grandfather's nose.—'It was an ace of clubs indeed,' he would cry, shaking his head, 'and as vile a one for an unfortunate family as ever turned up trumps.'

—Fair and softly, gentle reader!—where is thy fancy carrying thee?—If there is truth in man, by my great-grandfather's nose, I mean the external organ of smelling, or that part of man which stands prominent in his face—and which painters say, in good jolly noses and well-proportioned faces, should comprehend a full third—that is, measuring

firing downwards from the setting on of the hair.—

—What a life of it has an author, at this pass?

C H A P. XXXIV.

IT is a singular blessing, that nature has formed the mind of man with the same happy backwardness and renitency against conviction, which is observed in old dogs—‘of not learning new tricks.’

What a shuttle-cock of a fellow would the greatest philosopher that ever existed be whisked into at once, did he read such books, and observe such facts, and think such thoughts, as would eternally be making him change sides!

Now, my father, as I told you last year, detested all this.—He picked up an opinion, Sir, as a man in a state of nature picks up an apple.—It becomes his own—and if he is a man of spirit, he would lose his life rather than give it up.

I am aware that Didius, the great civilian, will contest this point; and cry out against me, ‘Whence comes this man’s right to this apple?—*ex confesso*,’ he will say—‘things were in a state of nature.—The apple, as much Frank’s apple as John’s. Pray, Mr. Shandy, what patent has he to shew for it? and how did it begin to be his? was it, when he set his heart upon it? or when he gathered it? or when he chewed it? or when he roasted it? or when he peeled, or when he brought it home? or when he digested? or when he——’—For ’tis plain, Sir, if the first picking up of the apple, made it not his—that no subsequent act could.

‘Brother Didius,’ Tribonius will answer—(now Tribonius the civilian and church lawyer’s beard being three inches and a half and three-eighths longer than Didius his beard—I’m glad he takes up the cudgels for me, so I give myself no farther trouble about the answer.)—‘Brother Didius,’ Tribonius will say, ‘it is a decreed case, as you may find it in the fragments of Gregorius and Hermogenes’s codes, and in all the codes from Justinian’s down to the codes of Louis and Des Eaux—that the sweat of a man’s brows, and the exsudations of a man’s brains, are as

much a man’s own property as the breeches upon his backside;—which said exsudations, &c. being dropped upon the said apple by the labour of finding it, and picking it up; and being moreover indissolubly waisted, and as indissolubly annexed by the picker-up, to the thing picked up, carried home, roasted, peeled, eaten, digested, and so on;—it is evident that the gatherer of the apple, in so doing, has mixed up something which was his own, with the apple which was not his own, by which means he has acquired a property—or, in other words, the apple is John’s apple.

By the same learned chain of reasoning my father stood up for all his opinions: he had spared no pains in picking them up, and the more they lay out of the common way, the better still was his title.—No mortal claimed them; they had cost him moreover as much labour in cooking and digesting as in the case above; so that they might well and truly be said to be his own goods and chattels.—Accordingly he held fast by ’em, both by teeth and claws—would fly to whatever he could lay his hands on—and, in a word, would intrench and fortify them round with as many circumvallations and breast-works, as my Uncle Toby would a citadel.

There was one plaguy rub in the way of this—the scarcity of materials to make any thing of a defence with, in case of a smart attack; inasmuch as few men of great genius had exercised their parts in writing books upon the subject of great noses: by the trotting of my lean horse, the thing is incredible! and I am quite lost in my understanding when I am considering what a treasure of precious time and talents together has been waisted upon worse subjects—and how many millions of books in all languages, and in all possible types and bindings, have been fabricated upon points not half so much tending to the unity and peace-making of the world. What was to be had, however, he set the greater store by; and though my father would oft-times sport with my Uncle Toby’s library—which, by the bye, was ridiculous enough—yet at the very same time he did it, he collected every book and treatise which had been systematically wrote upon noses, with as much care as my honest Uncle Toby had

had done those upon military architecture.—It is true, a much less table would have held them—but that was not thy transgression, my dear uncle.—

Here—but why here—rather than in any other part of my story—I am not able to tell—but here it is—my heart stops me to pay to thee, my dear Uncle Toby, once for all, the tribute I owe thy goodness.—Here let me thrust my chair aside, and kneel down upon the ground, whilst I am pouring forth the warmest sentiments of love for thee, and veneration for the excellency of thy character, that ever virtue and nature kindled in a nephew's bosom.—'Peace and comfort rest for evermore upon thy head!—Thou envied'st no man's comforts—insulted'st no man's opinions.—Thou blackened'st no man's character—devoured'st no man's bread! gently, with faithful Trim behind thee, did'st thou amble round the little circle of thy pleasures, jostling no creature in thy way—for each one's service, thou had'st a tear—for each man's need, thou had'st a shilling. 'Whilst I am worth one, to pay a weeder—thy path from thy door to thy bowling-green shall never be grown up.—Whilst there is a rood and a half of land in the Shandy family, thy fortifications, my dear Uncle Toby, shall never be demolished!'

C H A P. XXXV.

MY father's collection was not great; but, to make amends, it was curious—and consequently he was some time in making it; he had the great good fortune, however, to set off well, in getting Bruscamville's prologue upon long noses, almost for nothing—for he gave no more for Bruscamville than three half crowns; owing indeed to the strong fancy which the stall-man saw my father had for the book the moment he laid his hands upon it.—'There are not three Bruscamvilles in Christendom,' said the stall-man, 'except what are chained up in the libraries of the curious.' My father flung down the money as quick as lightning—took Bruscamville into his bosom—hied home from Piccadilly to Coleman Street with it, as he would have hied home with a treasure, without taking

his hand once off from Bruscamville all the way.

To those who do not yet know of which gender Bruscamville is—inasmuch as a prologue upon long noses might easily be done by either—'twill be no objection against the simile—to say, that when my father got home, he solaced himself with Bruscamville after the manner in which, 'tis ten to one, your worship solaced yourself with your first mistress—that is, from morning even unto night: which, by the bye, how delightful soever it may prove to the innamorato—is of little or no entertainment at all to by-standers.—Take notice, I go no farther with the simile;—my father's eye was greater than his appetite—his zeal greater than his knowledge—he cooled—his affections became divided—he got hold of Prignitz, —purchased Scroderus—Andrea Paræus—Bouchet's Evening Conferences—and, above all, the great and learned Hafen Slawkenbergius; of which, as I shall have much to say by and by—I will say nothing now.

C H A P. XXXVI.

OF all the tracts my father was at the pains to procure and study in support of his hypothesis, there was not any one wherein he felt a more cruel disappointment at first, than in the celebrated dialogue between Pamphagus and Cocles, written by the chaste pen of the great and venerable Erasmus, upon the various uses and seasonable applications of long noses.—Now don't let Satan, my dear girl, in this chapter, take advantage of any one spot of rising-ground to get astride of your imagination, if you can any ways help it; or, if he is so nimble as to slip on—let me beg of you, like an unbacked filly—*to frisk it, to squirt it, to jump it, to rear it, to bound it—and to kick it, with long kicks, and short kicks*—till like Tickletoby's mare, you break a strap or a crupper, and throw his worship into the dirt.—You need not kill him.

—'And pray who was Tickle-toby's mare?'—'tis just as discreditable and unscholar-like a question, Sir, as to have asked what year (*ab urb. con.*) the second Punick war broke out.—Who

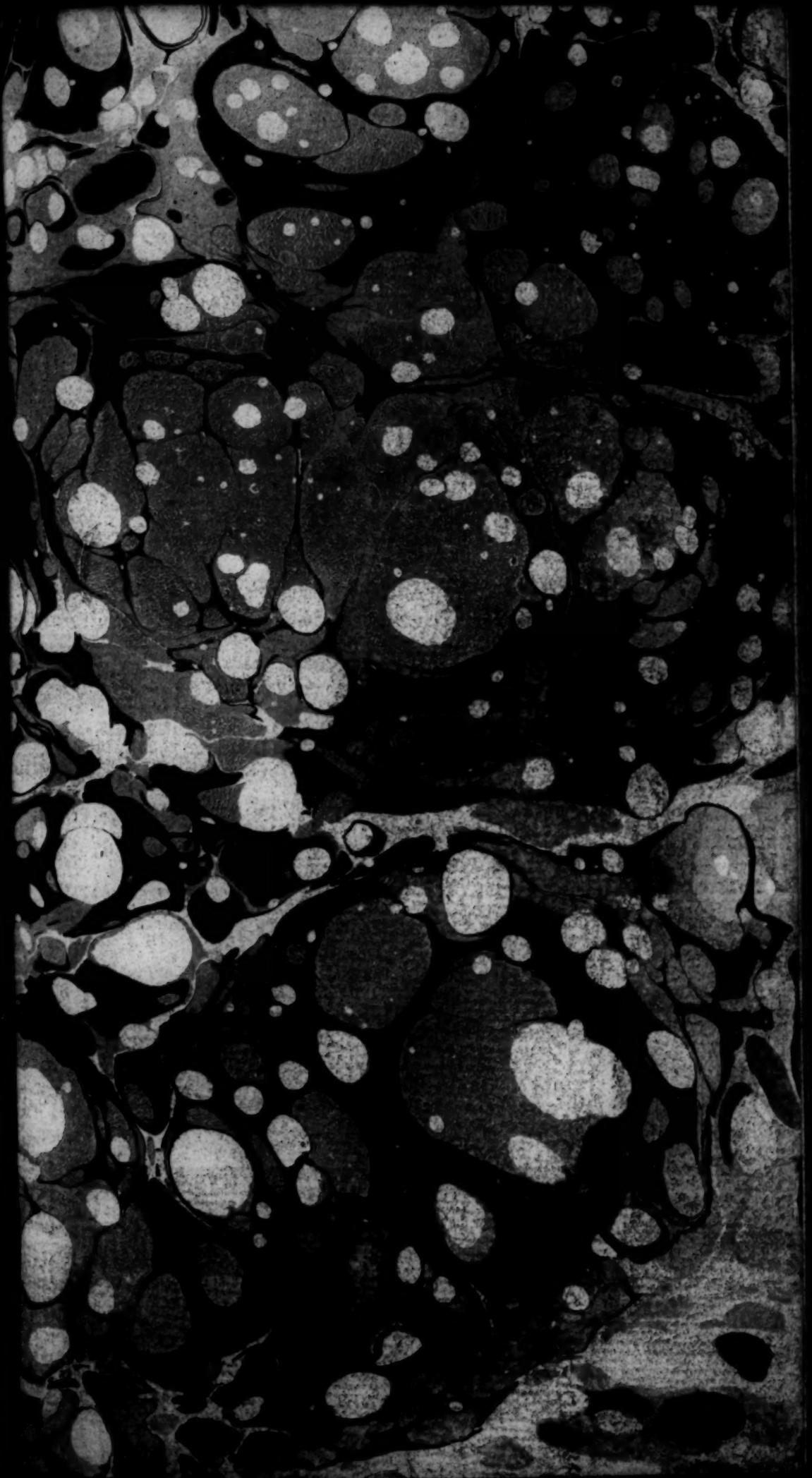
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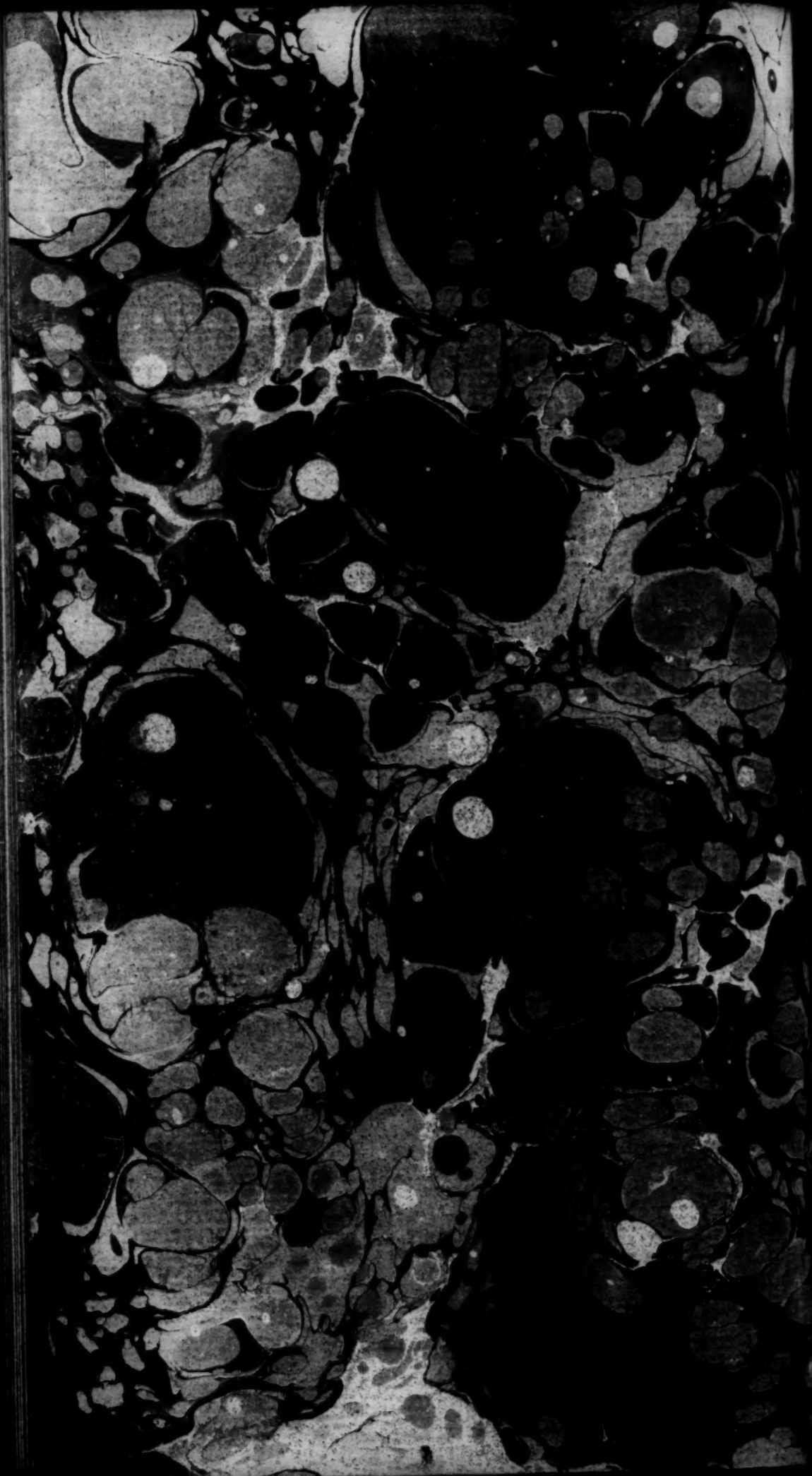
was Tickletohy's mare!—Read, read, read, read, my unlearned reader! read, —or by the knowledge of the great St. Paraleipomenon—I tell you beforehand, you had better throw down the book at once; for without *much reading*, by which your reverence knows I mean *much knowledge*, you will no

more be able to penetrate the moral of the next marbled page (motly emblem of my work!) than the world with all its sagacity has been able to unravel the many opinions, transactions, and truths, which still lie mystically hid under the dark veil of the black one.

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C H A P. XXXVII.

NIHIL *me pœnitet hujus nasi,*
 quoth Pamphagus—that is,
 ‘my nose has been the making of me.’
 ‘*Nec est cur pœniteat,*’ replies Cocles;
 that is, ‘how the deuce should such a
 nose fail!’

The doctrine, you see, was laid down
 by Erasmus, as my father wished it, with
 the utmost plainness; but my father’s
 disappointment was, in finding nothing
 more from so able a pen, but the bare fact
 itself; without any of that speculative
 subtilty or ambi-dexterity of argumen-
 tation upon it, which Heaven had be-
 lowed upon man on purpose to investi-
 gate truth, and fight for her on all sides.
 —My father *pisb’d* and *pugb’d* at first
 most terribly.—Tis worth something to
 have a good name.—As the dialogue
 was of Erasmus, my father soon came
 to himself, and read it over and over
 again with great application, studying
 every word and every syllable of it,
 through and through, in it’s most strict
 and literal interpretation—he could still
 make nothing of it, that way. ‘May-
 haps there is more meant, than is said
 in it,’ quoth my father.—‘Learned
 men, brother Toby, don’t write dia-
 logues upon long noses for nothing.—
 I’ll study the mystick and the allego-
 rick sense—here is some room to turn
 a man’s self in, brother.’

My father read on.—

Now I find it needful to inform your
 reverences and worships, that besides
 the many nautical uses of long noses
 enumerated by Erasmus, the dialogist
 affirmeth, that a long nose is not with-
 out it’s domestick conveniences also;
 for that in a case of distress—and for
 want of a pair of bellows, it will do
 excellently well, *ad excitandum focum,*
 (to stir up the fire.)

Nature had been prodigal in her gifts
 to my father beyond measure, and had
 sown the seeds of verbal criticism as
 deep within him, as she had done the
 seeds of all other knowledge—so that he
 had got out his penknife, and was try-
 ing experiments upon the sentence, to
 see if he could not scratch some better
 sense into it.—‘I’ve got within a single
 letter, brother Toby,’ cried my fa-
 ther, ‘of Erasmus his mystick mean-
 ing.—You are near enough, bro-

ther,’ replied my uncle, ‘in all con-
 science.’—‘Pshaw!’ cried my father,
 scratching on—‘I might as well be
 seven miles off.—I’ve done it—’ said
 my father, snapping his fingers.—‘See,
 my dear brother Toby, how I have
 mended the sense.’—‘But you have
 marred a word,’ replied my Uncle
 Toby.—My father put on his spectacles
 —bit his lip—and tore out the leaf in a
 passion.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

O Slawkenbergius! thou faithful
 analyzer of my *Disgrázias*—
 thou sad foreteller of so many of the
 whips and short turns which in one
 stage or other of my life have come
 slap upon me from the shortness of
 my nose, and no other cause, that I
 am conscious of.—Tell me, Slaw-
 kenbergius! what secret impulse was
 it? what intonation of voice? whence
 came it? how did it sound in thy
 ears?—art thou sure thou heard’st it?
 which first cried out to thee, ‘Go—go,
 Slawkenbergius! dedicate the labours
 of thy life—neglect thy pastimes—call
 forth all the powers and faculties of
 thy nature—macerate thyself in the
 service of mankind, and write a grand
 folio for them, upon the subject of
 their noses.’

How the communication was convey-
 ed into Slawkenbergius’s sensorium—
 so that Slawkenbergius should know
 whose finger touch’d the key—and whose
 hand it was that blew the bellows—as
 Hafen Slawkenbergius has been dead
 and laid in his grave above fourscore
 and ten years—we can only raise con-
 jectures.

Slawkenbergius was played upon, for
 aught I know, like one of Whitfield’s
 disciples—that is, with such a distinct
 intelligence, Sir, of which of the two
masters it was that had been practising
 upon his *instrument*—as to make all
 reasoning upon it needless.

—For in the account which Hafen
 Slawkenbergius gives the world of his
 motives and occasions for writing, and
 spending so many years of his life upon
 this one work—towards the end of his
 prologomena—which, by the bye, should
 have come first; but the book-binder has
 most injudiciously placed it betwixt the
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analytical contents of the book, and the book itself—he informs his reader, that ever since he had arrived at the age of discernment, and was able to sit down coolly, and consider within himself the true state and condition of man, and distinguish the main end and design of his being:—or—to shorten my translation, for Slawkenbergius's book is in Latin, and not a little prolix in this passage; —'Ever since I understood,' quoth Slawkenbergius, 'any thing—or rather *what was what*—and could perceive that the point of long noses had been too loosely handled by all who had gone before—have I (Slawkenbergius) felt a strong impulse, with a mighty and an unresistible call within me, to gird up myself to this undertaking.'

And to do justice to Slawkenbergius, he has entered the list with a stronger lance, and taken a much larger career in it, than any one man who had ever entered it before him—and, indeed, in many respects deserves to be *en-nich'd* as a prototype for all writers, of voluminous works at least, to model their books by—for he has taken in, Sir, the whole subject—examined every part of it *dialecically*—then brought it into full day; elucidating it with all the light which either the collision of his own natural parts could strike—or the profoundest knowledge of the sciences had impowered him to cast upon it—collating, collecting, and compiling—begging, borrowing, and stealing—as he went along, all that had been wrote or wrangled thereupon in the schools and porticos of the learned: so that Slawkenbergius his book may properly be considered, not only as a model—but as a thorough-stitched DIGEST and regular institute of *noses*, comprehending in it all that is or can be needful to be known about them.

For this cause it is that I forbear to speak of so many (otherwise) valuable books and treatises of my father's collecting, wrote either plump upon noses—or collaterally touching them—such, for instance as Prignitz, now lying upon the table before me; who, with infinite learning, and from the most candid and scholar-like examination of above four thousand different skulls, in upwards of twenty charnel-houses in Silesia, which he had rummaged—has informed us, that the mensuration and configuration of the osseous or boney

parts of human noses, in any given tract of country, except Crim Tartary, where they are all crushed down by the thumb, so that no judgment can be formed upon them—are much nearer alike, than the world imagines;—the difference amongst them, being, he says, a mere trifle, not worth taking notice of—but that the size and jollity of every individual nose, and by which one nose ranks above another, and bears a higher price, is owing to the cartilaginous and muscular parts of it, into whose ducts and sinuses the blood and animal spirits being impelled and driven by the warmth and force of the imagination, which is but a step from it—(bating the case of ideots, whom Prignitz, who had lived many years in Turkey, supposes under the more immediate tutelage of Heaven)—it so happens, and ever must, says Prignitz, that the excellency of the nose is in a direct arithmetical proportion to the excellency of the wearer's fancy.

It is for the same reason, that is, because it is all comprehended in Slawkenbergius, that I say nothing likewise of Scroderus (Andrea;) who, all the world knows, set himself to opugn Prignitz with great violence—proving it in his own way, first *logically*, and then by a series of stubborn facts, that so far was Prignitz from the truth, in affirming that the fancy begat the nose—that, on the contrary—the nose begat the fancy.

—The learned suspected Scroderus of an indecent sophism in this—and Prignitz cried out aloud in the dispute, that Scroderus had shifted the idea upon him—but Scroderus went on, maintaining his thesis.

My father was just balancing within himself, which of the two sides he should take in this affair; when Ambrose Paræus decided it in a moment; and by overthrowing the systems, both of Prignitz and Scroderus, drove my father out of both sides of the controversy at once.

Be witnesses —

I do not acquaint the learned reader;—in saying it, I mention it only to shew the learned, I know the fact myself —

That this Ambrose Paræus was chief surgeon and nose-mender to Francis the Ninth of France, and in high credit with him and the two preceding, or succeeding

ing kings—(I know not which)—and that, except in the slip he made in his story of Taliacotius's noses, and his manner of setting them on—was esteemed by the whole college of physicians at that time, as more knowing in matters of noses, than any one who had ever taken them in hand.

Now Ambrose Paræus convinced my father, that the true and efficient cause of what had engaged so much the attention of the world, and upon which Prignitz and Scroderus had wasted so much learning and fine parts—was neither this nor that—but that the length and goodness of the nose was owing simply to the softness and flaccidity in the nurse's breast—as the flatness and shortness of *puisse* noses was to the firmness and elastick repulsion of the same organ of nutrition in the hale and lively—which, though happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inasmuch as his nose was so snubbed, so rebuffed, so rebated, and so refrigerated thereby, as never to arrive *ad mensuram suam legitimam*—but that in case of the flaccidity and softness of the nurse or mother's breast—by sinking into it, quoth Paræus, as into so much butter, the nose was comforted, nourished, plumped up, refreshed, refocillated, and set a growing for ever.

I have but two things to observe of Paræus; first, that he proves and explains all this with the utmost chastity and decorum of expression—for which may his soul for ever rest in peace!

And, secondly, that besides the systems of Prignitz and Scroderus, which Ambrose Paræus his hypothesis effectually overthrew—it overthrew at the same time the system of peace and harmony of our family; and for three days together, not only embroiled matters between my father and my mother, but turned likewise the whole house and every thing in it, except my Uncle Toby, quite upside down.

Such a ridiculous tale of a dispute between a man and his wife, never surely, in any age or country, got vent through the key-hole of a street-door.

My mother, you must know—but I have fifty things more necessary to let you know first—I have a hundred difficulties which I have promised to clear up, and a thousand distresses and domestic misadventures crouding in upon me thick and threefold, one upon the

neck of another.—A cow broke in (tomorrow morning) to my Uncle Toby's fortifications, and eat up two ratios and a half of dried grafs, tearing up the sods with it, which faced his horn-work and covered way.—Trim insists upon being tried by a court-martial—the cow to be shot—Slop to be *crucified*—myself to be *tristramed*, and at my very baptism made a martyr of—poor unhappy devils that we all are!—I want swaddling—but there is no time to be lost in exclamations—I have left my father lying across his bed, and my Uncle Toby in his old fringed chair, sitting beside him, and promised I would go back to them in half an hour; and five and thirty minutes are lapsed already.—Of all the perplexities a mortal author was ever seen in—this certainly is the greatest—for I have *Hafen Slawkenbergius's folio*, Sir, to finish—a dialogue between my father and my Uncle Toby, upon the solution of Prignitz, Scroderus, Ambrose Paræus, Pocrates, and Grangousier, to relate;—a tale out of *Slawkenbergius* to translate—and all this in five minutes less than no time at all—such a head!—would to Heaven my enemies only saw the inside of it!

C H A P. XXXIX.

THERE was not any one scene more entertaining in our family—and to do it justice in this point—and I here put off my cap and lay it upon the table close beside my ink-horn, on purpose to make my declaration to the world concerning this one article the more solemn—that I believe in my soul, (unless my love and partiality to my understanding blinds me) the hand of the supreme Maker and first Designer of all things never made or put a family together—(in that period at least of it which I have sat down to write the story of)—where the characters of it were cast or contrasted with so dramatick a felicity as ours was, for this end; or in which the capacities of affording such exquisite scenes, and the powers of shifting them perpetually from morning to night, were lodged and intrusted with so unlimited a confidence, as in the SHANDY FAMILY.

Not any one of these was more diverting, I say, in this whimsical theatre

of ours—than what frequently arose out of this self-same chapter of long noses—especially when my father's imagination was heated with the enquiry, and nothing would serve him but to heat my Uncle Toby's too.

My Uncle Toby would give my father all possible fair play in this attempt; and with infinite patience would sit smoking his pipe for whole hours together, whilst my father was practising upon his head, and trying every accessible avenue to drive Prignitz and Scroderus's solutions into it.

Whether they were above my Uncle Toby's reason—or contrary to it—or that his brain was like wet tinder, and no spark could possibly take hold—or that it was so full of saps, mines, blinds, curtains, and such military disqualifications to his seeing clearly into Prignitz and Scroderus's doctrines—I say not—let schoolmen—scullions, anatomists, and engineers, fight for it amongst themselves—

It was some misfortune, I make no doubt, in this affair, that my father had every word of it to translate for the benefit of my Uncle Toby, and render out of Slawkenbergius's Latin, of which, as he was no great master, his translation was not always of the purest—and generally least so, where it was most wanted.—This naturally opened a door to a second misfortune—that in the warmer paroxysms of his zeal to open my Uncle Toby's eyes—my father's ideas ran on as much faster than the translation, as the translation outmoted my Uncle Toby's—neither one or the other added much to the perspicuity of my father's lecture.

CHAP. XL.

THE gift of ratiocination and making syllogisms—I mean, in man—for in superior classes of beings, such as angels and spirits—it is all done, may it please your worships, as they tell me, by intuition; and beings inferior, as your worships all know—syllogize by their noses: though there is an island swimming in the sea (though not altogether at it's ease) whose inhabitants, if my intelligence deceives me not, are so wonderfully gifted, as to syllogize after the same fashion, and oft-times to make

very well out too—but that's neither here nor there—

The gift of doing it as it should be, amongst us, or—the great and principal act of ratiocination in man, as logicians tell us, is the finding out the agreement or disagreement of two ideas one with another, by the intervention of a third (called the *medius terminus*) just as a man, as Locke well observes, by a yard, finds two men's nine-pin alleys to be of the same length, which could not be brought together, to measure their equality, by *juxta-position*.

Had the same great reasoner looked on, as my father illustrated his systems of noses, and observed my Uncle Toby's deportment—what great attention he gave to every word—and as oft as he took his pipe from his mouth, with what wonderful seriousness he contemplated the length of it—surveying it transversely as he held it betwixt his finger and his thumb—then fore-right—then this way, and then that, in all it's possible directions and fore-shortenings—he would have concluded my Uncle Toby had got hold of the *medius terminus*, and was syllogizing and measuring with it the truth of each hypothesis of long noses, in order as my father laid them before him. This, by the bye, was more than my father wanted;—his aim in all the pains he was at in these philosophick lectures—was to enable my Uncle Toby not to *discuss*, but *comprehend*—to *hold* the grains and scruples of learning, not to *weigh* them.—My Uncle Toby, as you will read in the next chapter, did neither the one or the other.

CHAP. XLI.

'IT is a pity,' cried my father one winter's night, after a three hours painful translation of Slawkenbergius—
'it is a pity,' cried my father, putting my mother's thread-paper into the book for a mark, as he spoke—'that truth, brother Toby, should shut herself up
'in such impregnable fastnesses, and be
'so obstinate as not to surrender herself
'sometimes up upon the closest siege.'

Now it happened then, as indeed it had often done before, that my Uncle Toby's fancy, during the time of my father's explanation of Prignitz to him—having

—having nothing to stay it there, had taken a short flight to the bowling-green—his body might as well have taken a turn there too—so that with all the semblance of a deep school-man intent upon the *medius terminus*—my Uncle Toby was in fact as ignorant of the whole lecture, and all it's pro's and con's, as if my father had been translating *HafenSlawkenbergius* from the Latin tongue into the Cherokee. But the word *siege*, like a talismanick power, in my father's metaphor, wafting back my Uncle Toby's fancy, quick as a note could follow the touch—he opened his ears—and my father observing that he took his pipe out of his mouth, and shuffled his chair nearer the table, as with a desire to profit—my father with great pleasure began his sentence again, —changing only the plan, and dropping the metaphor of the siege of it, to keep clear of some dangers my father apprehended from it.

'It is a pity,' said my father, 'that truth can only be on one side, brother Toby—considering what ingenuity these learned men have all shewn in their *solutions* of noses.'—'Can noses be *dissolved*?' replied my Uncle Toby.

—My father thrust back his chair—rose up—put on his hat—took four long strides to the door—jerked it open—thrust his head half way out—shut the door again—took no notice of the bad hinge—returned to the table—plucked my mother's thread paper out of *Slawkenbergius's* book—went hastily to his bureau—walked slowly back—twisted my mother's thread-paper about his thumb—unbuttoned his waistcoat—threw my mother's thread-paper into the fire—bit her fatten pin-cushion in two—filled his mouth with bran—confounded it—But mark!—the oath of confusion was levelled at my Uncle Toby's brain—which was e'en confused enough already—the curse came charged only with the bran—the bran, may it please your honours, was no more than powder to the ball.

'Twas well my father's passions lasted not long; for so long as they did last, they led him a busy life on't; and it is one of the most unaccountable problems that ever I met with in my observations of human nature, that nothing should prove my father's mettle so much, or make his passions go off so like gun-

powder, as the unexpected strokes his science met with from the quaint simplicity of my Uncle Toby's questions.—Had ten dozen of hornets stung him behind in so many different places all at one time—he could not have exerted more mechanical functions in fewer seconds—or started half so much, as with one single *quare* of three words unseasonably popping in full upon him in his hobby-horlick career.

'Twas all one to my Uncle Toby—he smoaked his pipe on with unvaried composure—his heart never intended offence to his brother—and as his head could seldom find out where the sting of it lay—he always gave my father the credit of cooling by himself.—He was five minutes and thirty-five seconds about it in the present case.

'By all that's good!' said my father, swearing, as he came to himself, and taking the oath out of *Ernulphus's* digest of curses—(though, to do my father justice, it was a fault, as he told Doctor Slop in the affair of *Ernulphus*, which he as seldom committed as any man upon earth.)—'By all that's good and great! brother Toby,' said my father, 'if it was not for the aids of philosophy, which befriend one so much as they do—you would put a man beside all temper.—Why, by the solution of noses, of which I was telling you, I meant as you might have known, had you favoured me with one grain of attention, the various accounts which learned men of different kinds of knowledge have given the world of the causes of short and long noses.'—'There is no cause but one,' replied my Uncle Toby—'why one man's nose is longer than another's, but because God pleases to have it so.'—'That is *Grangousier's* solution,' said my father.—'It is He,' continued my Uncle Toby, looking up and not regarding my father's interruption, 'who makes us all, and frames and puts us together in such forms and proportions, and for such ends, as is agreeable to his infinite wisdom.'—'It is a pious account,' cried my father, 'but not philosophical—there is more religion in it than sound science.' It was no inconsistent part of my Uncle Toby's character—that he feared God, and revered religion.—So, the moment my father finished his remark—my

—my Uncle Toby fell a whistling Lillabullero, with more zeal (though more out of tune) than usual.—

‘What is become of my wife’s thread-paper?’

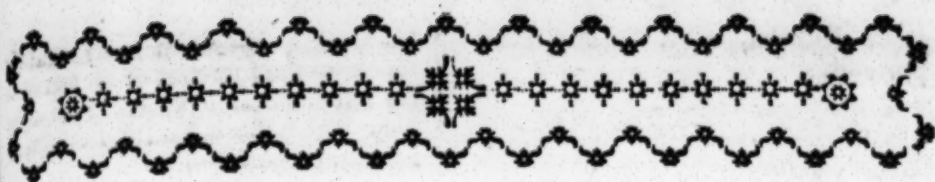
C H A P. XLII.

NO matter—as an appendage to seamstressy, the thread-paper might be of some consequence to my mother—of none to my father, as a mark in Slawkenbergius. Slawkenbergius, in every page of him, was a rich treasury of inexhaustible knowledge to my father—he could not open him amiss; and he would often say, in closing the book, that if all the arts and sciences in the world, with the books which treated of them, were lost—should the wisdom and policies of governments, he would say, through disuse, ever happen to be forgot, and all that statesmen had wrote, or caused to be written, upon the strong or the weak sides of courts and kingdoms, should they be forgot also—and Slawkenbergius only left—there would be enough in him, in all conscience, he would say, to set the world a-going again. A treasure therefore was he indeed! an institute of all that was necessary to be known of noses, and every thing else—at matin, noon, and vespers, was Hafen Slawkenbergius, his recreation and delight: ’twas for ever in his hands—you would have sworn, Sir,

it had been a canon’s prayer-book—so worn, so glazed, so contrited and attrited was it with fingers and with thumbs in all its parts—from one end even unto the other.

I am not such a bigot to Slawkenbergius as my father—there is a fund in him, no doubt; but, in my opinion, the best, I don’t say the most profitable, but the most amusing part of Hafen Slawkenbergius, is his tales—and, considering he was a German, many of them told not without fancy—these take up his second book, containing nearly one half of his folio, and are comprehended in ten decads, each decad containing ten tales—Philosophy is not built upon tales; and therefore it was certainly wrong in Slawkenbergius to send them into the world by that name!—there are a few of them in his eighth, ninth, and tenth decads, which I own seem rather playful and sportive, than speculative—but in general they are to be looked upon by the learned as a detail of so many independent facts, all of them turning round some how or other upon the main hinges of his subject, and collected by him with great fidelity, and added to his work as so many illustrations upon the doctrines of noses.

As we have leisure enough upon our hands—if you give me leave, Madam, I’ll tell you the ninth tale of his tenth decad.



THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

SLAWKENBERGII

FABELLA*.



ESPERA quâdam frigidulâ, posteriori in parte mensis Augusti, peregrinus, mulo fusco colore infidens, manticâ a tergo, paucis indusiis, binis calceis, braccisque sericis coccineis repletâ Argentoratum ingressus est.

Militi eum percontanti, quum portus intraret dixit, se apud Nasorum Promontorium fuisse, Francofurtum Proficisci, et Argentoratum, transitu ad fines Sarmatiz mensis intervallo, reversurum.

Miles peregrini in faciem suspexit—
Di boni, nova forma nasi!

At multum mihi profuit, inquit peregrinus, carpum amento extrahens, e quo pependit acinaces: loculo manum inseruit: et magnâ cum urbanitate; pilei parte anteriore tactâ manu sinistrâ, ut

SLAWKENBERGIUS'S

TALE.

‘IT was one cool refreshing evening, at the close of a very sultry day, in the latter end of the month of August, when a stranger, mounted upon a dark mule, with a small cloak-bag behind him, containing a few shirts, a pair of shoes, and a crimson-fattin pair of breeches, entered the town of Strasburg.

‘He told the centinel, who questioned him as he entered the gates, that he had been at the Promontory of Noses—was going onto Franckfort—and should be back again at Strasburg that day month, in his way to the borders of Crim Tartary.

‘The centinel looked up into the stranger's face—never saw such a nose in his life!’

—“I have made a very good venture of it,” quoth the stranger—so slipping his wrist out of the loop of a black ribband, to which a short scymetar was hung; he put his hand into

* As Hasen Slawkenbergius de Nasis is extremely scarce, it may not be unacceptable to the learned reader, to see the specimen of a few pages of his original; I will make no reflection upon it, but that his story-telling Latin is much more concise than his philosophy—and, I think, has more of Latinity in it.

extendit dextram, militi florinum dedit
et processit.

Dolet mihi, ait miles, tympanistam
nanum et valgum alloquens, virum adeo
urbanum vaginam perdidisse, itinerari
haud poterit nudâ acinaci: neque vagi-
nam totò Argentorato, habilem inve-
niet.—Nullam unquam habui, respon-
dit peregrinus respiciens—seque comi-
ter inclinans—hoc more gesto, nudam
acinacem elevans, mulo lentò progre-
diente, ut nasum tueri possim.

Non immerito, benigne peregrine, re-
spondit miles.

Nihili æstimo, ait ille tympanista, e
pergamenâ factitius est.

Prout Christianus sum, inquit miles,
nasus ille, ni sexties major sit, meo
esset conformis.

Crepitare audivi, ait tympanista.

Mehercule, sanguinem imisit! re-
spondit miles.

Miseret me, inquit tympanista, qui
non ambo titigimus!

Eodem temporis puncto, quo hæc res
argumentata fuit inter militem et tym-
panistam, desceptabatur ibidem tubicine
ex uxore suâ, qui tunc accesserunt, et
peregrino prætereunte, resisterunt.

Quantus nasus! æque longus est, ait
tubicina, ac tuba.

Et ex eodem metallo, ait tubicen,
velut sternutamento audias.

his pocket, and with great courtesy
touching the fore-part of his cap with
his left-hand as he extended his right
—he put a florin into the centinel's
hand, and passed on.

"It grieves me," said the centinel,
speaking to a little dwarfish bandy-
dy-legged drummer, "that so cour-
teous a soul should have lost his scab-
bard—he cannot travel without one
to his scymetar, and will not be able
to get a scabbard to fit it in all Straf-
burg."—"I never had one," replied
the stranger, looking back to the cen-
tinel, and putting his hand up to his
cap as he spoke—"I carry it," con-
tinued he, "thus"—holding up his
naked scymetar, his mule moving on
slowly all the time—"on purpose to
defend my nose."

"It is well worth it, gentle stran-
ger," replied the centinel.

—"It is not worth a single stiver,"
said the bandy-legged drummer—
"it is a nose of parchment."

"As I am a true Catholick—except
that it is six times as big—'tis a
nose," said the centinel, "like my
own."

—"I heard it crackle," said the
drummer.

"By dunder," said the centinel, "I
saw it bleed."

"What a pity," cried the bandy-
legged drummer, "we did not both
touch it!"

"At the very time that this dispute
was maintaining by the centinel and
the drummer—was the same point
debating betwixt a trumpeter and a
trumpeter's wife, who were just then
coming up, and had stopped to see
the stranger pass by.

"Benedicity!—What a nose! 'tis as
long," said the trumpeter's wife
as a trumpet."

"And of the same metal," said
trumpeter, "as you hear by
sneezing."

Tantum abest, respondit illa, quod
fistulam dulcedine vincit.

Æneus est, ait tubicen.

Nequaquam, respondit uxor.

Rursum affirmo, ait tubicen, quod
æneus est.

Rem penitus explorabo; prius, enim
digito tangam, ait uxor, quam dormi-
vero.

Mulus peregrini, gradulento pro-
gressus est, ut unumquodque verbum
controverſiæ, non tantum inter militem
et tympanistam, verum etiam inter tu-
bicinem et uxorem ejus audiret.

Nequaquam, ait ille, in muli collum
fræna demittens, et manibus ambabus
in pectus positis, (mulo lentè progredi-
ente) nequaquam, ait ille, respiciens, non
necesse est ut res isthæc dilucidata foret.
Minime gentium! meus nasus nun-
quam tangetur, dum spiritus hos reget
artus— Ad quid agendam? ait uxor
burgomagistri.

Peregrinus illi non respondit—votum
sciebat tunc temporis Sancto Nicolao;
quo facto, sinum dextram inferens, e
quâ negligenter pependit acinaces, lento
gradu processit per plateam Argentorati
latam quæ ad diversorium templo ex ad-
versum ducit.

Peregrinus mulo descendens stabulo
includi, et manticam inferri jussit: quâ
apertâ et coccineis sericis femoralibus ex-
tractis cum argenteo laciniato *Regis* *quasi*,
his sese induit, statimque, acinaci in
manu, ad forum deambulavit.

"It is as soft as a flute," said she.

—" 'Tis brass," said the trum-
peter.

—" 'Tis a pudding's end!" said
his wife.

"I tell thee again," said the trum-
peter, "it is a brazen nose."

"I'll know the bottom of it," said
the trumpeter's wife; "for I will
touch it with my finger before I
sleep."

"The stranger's mule moved on at
so slow a rate, that he heard every
word of the dispute, not only betwixt
the centinel and the drummer, but
betwixt the trumpeter and the trum-
peter's wife.

"No!" said he, dropping his reins
upon his mule's neck, and laying
both his hands upon his breast, the
one over the other, in a faint-like po-
sition, (his mule going on easily all the
time)—"No!" said he, looking up—
"I am not such a debtor to the world—
slandered and disappointed as I have
been—as to give it that conviction!
—no!" said he; "my nose shall ne-
ver be touched whilst Heaven gives
me strength—" "To do what?"
said a burgomaster's wife.

"The stranger took no notice of the
burgomaster's wife—he was making
a vow to St. Nicolas; which done,
having uncrossed his arms with the
same solemnity with which he crossed
them, he took up the reins of his
bridle with his left hand, and put-
ting his right hand into his bosom,
with his scymetar hanging loosely to
the wrist of it—he rode on as slow-
ly as one foot of the mule could
follow another through the principal
streets of Strasburg, till chance brought
him to the great inn in the market-
place over-against the church.

"The moment the stranger alighted,
he ordered his mule to be led into
the stable, and his cloak-bag to be
brought in; then opening, and taking
out of it his crimson sattin breeches,
with a silver fringe—(appendage to
them,

Quod ubi peregrinus esset ingressus, uxorem tubicinis obviam eentem aspicit; illico eursum flectit, metuens ne nasus suus exploraretur, atque ad diversorium regressus est—exiit se vestibus; braccas coccineas sericas manticae imposuit mulumque educi iussit.

Francfurtum proficiscor, ait ille, et Argentoratum quatuor abhinc hebdomadis revertar.

Bene curasti hoc jumentum, (ait) muli faciem manu demulcens—me, manticaeque meam, plus sexcentis mille passibus portavit.

Longa via est! respondit hospes, nisi plurimum esset negoti.—Enimvero, ait peregrinus, a Nasorum Promontorio redii, et nasum speciosissimum, egregiosissimumque quem unquam quisquam sortitus est, acquisivi.

Dum peregrinus hanc miram rationem, de seipso reddit, hospes et uxor ejus, oculis intentis, peregrini nasum contemplantur.—Per sanctos sanctasque omnes, ait hospitis uxor, nasus duodecim maximis, in toto Argentorato major est!—estne, ait illa mariti in aurem insusurrans, nonne est nasus prægrandis?

Dolus inest, anime mi, ait hospes—nasus est falsus.

Verus est, respondit uxor.

Ex abiete factus est, ait ille; terebinthinum olet—

‘ them, which I dare not translate)—
‘ he put his breeches, with his fringed
‘ cod-piece on, and forthwith, with his
‘ short scymetar in his hand, walked
‘ out to the grand parade.

‘ The stranger had just taken three
‘ turns upon the parade, when he perceived the trumpeter’s wife at the opposite side of it—so turning short, in pain lest his nose should be attempted, he instantly went back to his inn—undressed himself, packed up his crimson sattin breeches, &c. in his cloak-bag, and called for his mule.

“ I am going forwards,” said the stranger, “ for Franckfort—and shall be back at Strasburg this day month.”

“ I hope,” continued the stranger, “ stroking down the face of his mule with his left-hand as he was going to mount it, “ that you have been kind to this faithful slave of mine—it has carried me and my cloak-bag,” continued he, tapping the mule’s back, “ above six hundred leagues.”

“ It is a long journey, Sir!” replied the master of the inn—“ unless a man has great business.”—“ Tut! tut!” said the stranger, “ I have been at the Promontory of Noses; and have got me one of the goodliest and goodliest, thank Heaven, that ever fell to a single man’s lot.”

‘ Whilst the stranger was giving this odd account of himself, the master of the inn and his wife kept both their eyes fixed full upon the stranger’s nose.—“ By St. Radagunda,” said the inn-keeper’s wife to herself, “ there is more of it than in any dozen of the largest noses put together in all Strasburg!—is it not,” said she, whispering her husband in his ear—“ is it not a noble nose?”

“ It is an imposture, my dear,” said the master of the inn—“ it is a false nose.”

“ It is a true nose,” said his wife.

“ It is made of fir-tree,” said he—“ I smell the turpentine.”—

“ There’s

Carbunculus inest, ait uxor.

Mortuus est nasus, respondit hospes.

Vivus est, ait illa—et si ipsa vivam tangam.

Votum feci Sancto Nicolao, ait peregrinus, nasum meum intactum fore usque ad— Quodnam tempus? illico respondit illa.

Minime tangetur, inquit ille, (manibus in pectus compositis) usque ad illam horam— Quam horam? ait illa. Nullum! respondit peregrinus, donec perveneo, ad— Quem locum, obsecro? ait illa.—Peregrinus nil respondens inulo consensu discessit.

"There's a pimple on it," said she.

"It is a dead nose," replied the inn-keeper.

"It is a live nose; and if I am alive myself," said the inn-keeper's wife, "I will touch it."

"I have made a vow to St. Nicolas this day," said the stranger, "that my nose shall not be touched till—"
Here the stranger, suspending his voice, looked up. "Till when?" said she, hastily.

"It never shall be touched," said he, clasping his hands and bringing them close to his breast, "till that hour—" "What hour?" cried the inn-keeper's wife.—"Never!—never!" said the stranger; "never till I am got—" "For Heaven's sake, into what place?" said she.—The stranger rode away without saying a word.

The stranger had not got half a league on his way towards Franckfort before all the city of Strasburg was in an uproar about his nose. The Compline bells were just tinkling to call the Strasburghers to their devotions, and shut up the duties of the day in prayer:—no soul in all Strasburg heard 'em—the city was like a swarm of bees—men, women, and children, (the Compline bells tinkling all the time) flying here and there—in at one door, out at another—this way and that way—long ways and cross ways—up one street, down another street—in at this alley, out of that—"Did you see it? did you see it? did you see it? O! did you see it? Who saw it? Who did see it? For mercy's sake, who saw it?"
"Alack o'day! I was at vespers!—I was washing; I was starching; I was scouring; I was quilting—God help me! I never saw it—I never touch'd it!—would I had been a centinel, a bandy-legged drummer, a trumpeter, a trumpeter's wife!" was the general cry and lamentation in every street and corner of Strasburg.

Whilst all this confusion and dis-

order triumphed throughout the great city of Strasburg, was the courteous stranger going on as gently upon his mule in his way to Franckfort, as if he had had no concern at all in the affair—talking all the way he rode in broken sentences—sometimes to his mule—sometimes to himself—sometimes to his Julia.

"O Julia, my lovely Julia!—Nay, I cannot stop to let thee bite that thistle—that ever the suspected tongue of a rival should have robbed me of enjoyment when I was upon the point of tasting it!"

—"Pugh!—'tis nothing but a thistle—never mind it—thou shalt have a better supper at night."

—"Banish'd from my country—my friends—from thee—"

"Poor devil, thou art sadly tired with thy journey!—come—get on a little faster—there's nothing in my cloak-bag but two shirts—a crimson-sattin pair of breeches, and a fringed—Dear Julia!"

—"But why to Franckfort?—Is it that there is a hand unfelt, which secretly is conducting me through these meanders and unsuspected tracts!"

—“ Stumbling, by St. Nicolas, every step!—why, at this rate we shall be all night in getting in—

—“ To happiness—or am I to be the sport of fortune and slander!—destined to be driven forth unconquicted—unheard—untouched!—if so, why did I not stay at Strasburg; where justice—but I had sworn! —Come, thou shalt drink—to St. Nicolas—O Julia!—What dost thou prick up thy ears at—’tis nothing but a man!” &c.

“ The stranger rode on, communing in this manner with his mule and Julia—till he arrived at his inn; where, as soon as he arrived, he alighted—saw his mule, as he had promised it, taken good care of—took off his cloak-bag, with his crimson sattin breeches, &c. in it—called for an omelet to his supper, went to his bed about twelve o’clock, and in five minutes fell fast asleep.

“ It was about the same hour when the tumult in Strasburg being abated for that night—the Strasburghers had all got quietly into their beds—but not, like the stranger, for the rest either of their minds or bodies: Queen Mab, like an elf as she was, had taken the stranger’s nose; and, without reduction of it’s bulk, had that night been at the pains of sitting and dividing it into as many noses of different cuts and fashions, as there were heads in Strasburg to hold them. The Abbess of Quedlingberg—who, with the four great dignitaries of her chapter, the prioress, the deaness, the sub-chantress, and senior canones, had that week come to Strasburg to consult the university upon a case of conscience relating to their placket-holes—was ill all the night.

“ The courteous stranger’s nose had got perched upon the top of the pineal gland of her brain, and made such rousing work in the fancies of the four great dignitaries of her chapter, that they could not get a wink of sleep the whole night through for it—there was no keeping a limb still amongst

“ them—in short, they got up like so many ghosts.

“ The penitentiaries of the third order of St. Francis—the nuns of Mount Calvary—the Præmonstratenses—the Clunienses*—the Carthusians, and all the severer orders of nuns who lay that night in blankets or hair-cloth, were still in a worse condition than the Abbess of Quedlingberg—by tumbling and tossing, and tossing and tumbling, from one side of their beds to the other the whole night long—the several sisterhoods had scratch’d and mawl’d themselves all to death—they got out of their beds almost dead alive—every body thought St. Antony had visited them for probation with his fire—they had never once, in short, shut their eyes the whole night long from vespers to matins.

“ The nuns of St. Ursula acted the wisest—they never attempted to go to bed at all.

“ The Dean of Strasburg, the prebendaries, the capitulars and domiciliars (capitularly assembled in the morning to consider the case of butter’d buns) all wished they had followed the nuns of St. Ursula’s example.

“ In the hurry and confusion every thing had been in the night before, the bakers had all forgot to lay their leaven—there were no butter’d buns to be had for breakfast in all Strasburg—the whole cclose of the cathedral was in one eternal commotion—such a cause of restlessness and disquietude, and such a zealous inquiry into the cause of that restlessness, had never happened in Strasburg, since Martin Luther, with his doctrines, had turned the city up-side down.

“ If the stranger’s nose took this liberty of thrusting itself thus into the dishes † of religious orders, &c. what a carnival did his nose make of it, in those of the laity!—’tis more than my pen, worn to the stump as it is, has power to describe; though I acknowledge—(*cries Slawkenbergius, with more gaiety of thought than I*

* Hufen Slawkenbergius means the Benedictine nuns of Cluny, founded in the year 940, by Odo, Abbé de Cluny.

† Mr. Shandy’s compliments to orators—is very sensible that Slawkenbergius has here changed his metaphor—which he is very guilty of—that, as a translator, Mr. Shandy has all along done what he could to make him stick to it—but that here it was impossible.

could have expected from him)—‘that there is many a good simile now subsisting in the world which might give my countrymen some idea of it; but at the close of such a folio as this, wrote for their sakes, and in which I have spent the greatest part of my life—though I own to them the simile is in being, yet would it not be unreasonable in them to expect I should have either time or inclination to search for it? Let it suffice to say, that the riot and disorder it occasioned in the Strasburghers fantasies was so general—such an overpowering mastership had it got of all the faculties of the Strasburghers minds—so many strange things, with equal confidence on all sides, and with equal eloquence in all places, were spoken and sworn to concerning it, that turned the whole stream of all discourse and wonder towards it—every soul, good and bad—rich and poor—learned and unlearned—doctor and student—mistress and maid—gentle and simple—nun’s flesh, and woman’s flesh—in Strasburg—spent their time in hearing tidings about it—every eye in Strasburg languished to see it—every finger, every thumb in Strasburg, burned to touch it.

‘Now what might add, if any thing may be thought necessary to add to so vehement a desire—was this, that the centinel, the bandy-legged drummer, the trumpeter, the trumpeter’s wife, the burgomaster’s widow, the master of the inn, and the master of the inn’s wife, how widely soever they all differed every one from another in their testimonies and description of the stranger’s nose—they all agreed together in two points—namely, that he was gone to Franckfort, and would not return to Strasburg till that day month; and secondly, whether his nose was true or false—that the stranger himself was one of the most perfect paragons of beauty—the finest made man—the most genteel!—the most generous of his purse—the most courteous in his carriage—that had ever entered the gates of Strasburg!—that, as he rode, with his scymetar slung loosely to his wrist, through the streets—and walked with his crimson fatten breeches across the parade—’twas with so sweet an air of careless modesty, and so

manly withal—as would have put the heart in jeopardy—(had his nose not stood in his way) of every virgin who had cast her eyes upon him.

‘I call not upon that heart which is a stranger to the throbs and yearnings of curiosity, so excited to justify the Abbess of Quedlingberg, the prioress, the deaness, and sub-chantress, for sending at noon-day for the trumpeter’s wife: she went through the streets of Strasburg with her husband’s trumpet in her hand—the best apparatus the straitness of the time would allow her, for the illustration of her theory—she staid no longer than three days.

‘The centinel and the bandy-legged drummer!—nothing on this side of old Athens could equal them!—they read their lectures under the city gates to comers and goers, with all the pomp of a Chrysippus and a Crantor in their porticos.

‘The master of the inn, with his ostler on his left-hand, read his also in the same style—under the portico or gateway of his stable-yard—his wife, her’s more privately in a back-room: all flocked to their lectures; not promiscuously—but to this or that, as is ever the way, as faith and credulity marshalled them—in a word, each Strasburgher came crouding for intelligence—and every Strasburgher had the intelligence he wanted.

‘It is worth remarking, for the benefit of all demonstrators in natural philosophy, &c. that as soon as the trumpeter’s wife had finished the Abbess of Quedlingberg’s private lecture, and had begun to read in publick, which she did upon a stool in the middle of the great parade—she incommoded the other demonstrators mainly, by gaining incontinently the most fashionable part of the city of Strasburg for her auditory.—But when a demonstrator in philosophy (cries Slawkenbergius) has a trumpet for an apparatus, pray what rival in science can pretend to be heard besides him?

‘Whilst the unlearned, through these conduits of intelligence, were all busied in getting down to the bottom of the well, where TRUTH keeps her little court—were the learned in their way as busy in pumping her up through the conduits of dialectic induction—they concerned themselves not with facts—they reasoned.

‘Not

“Not one profession had thrown more light upon this subject than the faculty—had not all their disputes about it run into the affair of wens and œdematous swellings—they could not keep clear of them for their bloods and souls—the stranger’s nose had nothing to do either with wens or œdematous swellings.

“It was demonstrated, however, very satisfactorily, that such a ponderous mass of heterogeneous matter could not be congested and conglomerated to the nose, whilst the infant was *in utero*, without destroying the statical balance of the foetus, and throwing it plump upon it’s head nine months before the time.—

—“The opponents granted the theory—they denied the consequences.

“And if a suitable provision of veins, arteries, &c.” said they, “was not laid in, for the due nourishment of such a nose, in the very first stamina and rudiments of it’s formation, before it came into the world, (bating the case of wens) it could not regularly grow and be sustained afterwards.”

“This was all answered by a dissertation upon nutriment, and the effect which nutriment had in extending the vessels, and in the increase and prolongation of the muscular parts to the greatest growth and expansion imaginable.—In the triumph of which theory, they went so far as to affirm, that there was no cause in nature, why a nose might not grow to the size of the man himself.

“The respondents satisfied the world this event could never happen to them so long as a man had but one stomach and one pair of lungs.—For the stomach, said they, being the only organ destined for the reception of food, and turning it into chyle—and the lungs, the only engine of sanguification—it could possibly work off no more, than what the appetite brought in: or, admitting the possibility of a man’s overloading his stomach, nature had set bounds however to his lungs—the engine was of a determined size and strength, and could elaborate but a certain quantity in a given time—that is, it could produce just as much blood as was sufficient for one single man, and no more; so that, if there was as much nose as man—they proved a mortification must necessarily en-

sue; and forasmuch as there could not be a support for both, that the nose must either fall off from the man, or the man inevitably fall off from his nose.

“Nature accommodates herself to these emergencies,” cried the opponents—“else what do you say to the case of a whole stomach—a whole pair of lungs, and but *half* a man, when both his legs have been unfortunately shot off?”

“He dies of a plethora,” said they—or must spit blood, and in a fortnight or three weeks go off in a consumption.”

—“It happens otherwise,” replied the opponents.

“It ought not,” said they.

“The more curious and intimate inquiries after nature and her doings, though they went hand in hand a good way together, yet they all divided about the nose at last, almost as much as the faculty itself.

“They amicably laid it down, that there was a just and geometrical arrangement and proportion of the several parts of the human frame to it’s several destinations, offices, and functions, which could not be transgressed but within certain limits—that Nature, though she sported, she sported within a certain circle, and they could not agree about the diameter of it.

“The logicians stuck much closer to the point before them than any of the classes of the literari—they began and ended with the word *nose*; and had it not been for a *petitio principii*, which one of the ablest of them ran his head against in the beginning of the combat, the whole controversy had been settled at once.

“A nose,” argued the logician, “cannot bleed without blood—and not only blood—but blood circulating in it to supply the phenomenon with a succession of drops—(a stream being but a quicker succession of drops, that is included,” said he.)—“Now death,” continued the logician, “being nothing but the stagnation of the blood—”

“I deny the definition—Death is the separation of the soul from the body,” said his antagonist.—“Then we don’t agree about our weapon,” said the logician.—“Then there is an end of the dispute,” replied the antagonist.

“The

‘The civilians were still more conscious: what they offered being more in the nature of a decree—than a dispute.

—“Such a monstrous nose,” said they, “had it been a true nose, could not possibly have been suffered in civil society—and if false—to impose upon society with such false signs and tokens, was a still greater violation of its rights, and must have had still less mercy shewn it.”

‘The only objection to this was, that if it proved any thing, it proved the stranger’s nose was neither true nor false.

‘This left room for the controversy to go on. It was maintained by the advocates of the ecclesiastick court, that there was nothing to inhibit a decree, since the stranger *ex mero motu* had confessed he had been at the Promontory of Noses, and had got one of the goodliest, &c. &c.—To this it was answered, it was impossible there should be such a place as the Promontory of Noses, and the learned be ignorant where it lay. The commissary of the Bishop of Strasburg undertook the advocates—explained this matter in a treatise upon proverbial phrases, shewing them, that the Promontory of Noses was a mere allegorick expression, importing no more than that nature had given him a long nose—in proof of which, with great learning, he cited the underwritten authorities*, which had decided the point incontestibly, had it not appeared that a dispute about some franchises of dean and chapter-lands had been determined by it nineteen years before.

‘It happened—I must not say, unluckily for truth, because they were giving her a lift another way in so doing; that the two universities of Strasburg—the Lutheran, founded in the year 1538, by Jacobus Sturmius, counsellor of the senate—and the Popish, founded by Leopold, Archduke of Austria, were, during all this time, employing the whole depth of their knowledge (except just what the affair of the Abbess of Quedlingberg’s placket-holes required—) in determining the point of Martin Luther’s damnation.

‘The Popish doctors had undertaken to demonstrate *à priori*, that from the necessary influence of the planets on the twenty-second day of October 1483—when the moon¹¹ was in the twelfth house, Jupiter, Mars, and Venus in the third, the Sun, Saturn, and Mercury, all got together in the fourth—that he must in course, and unavoidably, be a damned man—and that his doctrines, by a direct corollary, must be damned doctrines too.

‘By inspection into this horoscope, where five planets were in coition all at once with Scorpio †, —[In reading this my father would always shake his head.]—in the ninth house, which the Arabians allotted to religion—it appeared that Martin Luther did not care one stiver about the matter—and that from the horoscope directed to the conjunction of Mars—they made it plain likewise he must die cursing and blaspheming—with the blast of which his soul (being steeped in guilt) sailed before the wind, in the lake of hell-fire.

‘The little objection of the Lutheran

* Nonnulli ex nostratibus eadem loquendi formulâ utuntur. Quinimo & Logistæ & Canonistæ—Vid. Parce Bar e Jas in d. L. Provincial. Constitut. de conjec. vid. vol. lib. 4. tit. 1. n. 7. quâ etiam in re conspir. Om. de Promontorio Nas. Tichmak. ff. d. tit. 3. fol. 189. passim. Vid. Glos. de contrahend. empt. &c. nec. non J. Scruder. cap. 6. refut. ff. per totum. cum his cons. Rever. J. Tubal, Sentent. & Prov. cap. 9. ff. 11, 12. obiter. V. & Librum, cui Tit. de Terris & Phras. Belg. ad finem, cum comment. N. Bardy Belg. Vid. Scrip. Argentoratens. de Antiq. Ecc. in Episc. Archiv. fol. coll. per Von Jacobum Koinshoven Folio Argent. 1583, præcip. ad finem. Quibus add. Rebuff. in L. obvenire de Signif. Nom. ff. fol. & de Jure, Gent. & Civil de protib. aliena feud. per federa, test. Joha. Luxius in prolegom. quem velim videas, de Anal. cap. 1, 2, 3. Vid. Idea.

† Hæc mira, satisque horrenda. Planetarum coitio sub Scorpio Asterismo in nonâ coeli statione, quam Arabes religioni deputabant efficit Martinum Lutherum sacrilegum hereticum, christianæ religionis hostem acerrimum atque prophanum, ex horoscopi directione ad Martis coitum, religiosissimus obiit, ejus Anima seclatissima ad inferos navigavit—ab Aleto, Tisiphone & Magera flagellis igneis cruciata pereniter.

—Lucas Gauricus in Tractatu astrologico de præteritis multorum hominum accidentibus per genituras examinatis.

doctors to this was, that it must certainly be the soul of another man; born October 22, 83, which was forced to sail down before the wind in that manner—inasmuch as it appeared from the register of Islaben, in the county of Mansfelt, that Luther was not born in the year 1483, but in 84; and not on the 22d day of October, but on the 10th of November, the eve of *Martinmas-day*, from whence he had the name of *Martin*.

[—I must break off my translation for a moment; for if I did not, I know I should no more be able to shut my eyes in bed, than the Abbess of Quedlingberg.—It is to tell the reader, that my father never read this passage of Slawkenbergius to my Uncle Toby, but with triumph—not over my Uncle Toby, for he never opposed him in it—but over the whole world.

—“Now you see, brother Toby,” he would say, looking up, “that Christian names are not such indifferent things—had Luther here been called by any other name but Martin, he would have been damned to all eternity.—Not that I look upon Martin,” he would add, “as a good name—far from it—’tis something better than a neutral, and but a little—yet little as it is, you see it was of some service to him.”

My father knew the weakness of this prop to his hypothesis as well as the best logician could shew him—yet so strange is the weakness of man at the same time, as it fell in his way, he could not for his life but make use of it; and it was certainly for this reason, that though there are many stories in *Hafen Slawkenbergius*’s decads full as entertaining as this I am translating, yet there is not one amongst them which my father read over with half the delight—it flattered two of his strangest hypotheses together—his *Names* and his *Noses*.—I will be bold to say, he might have read all the books in the Alexandrian Library, had not fate taken other care of them, and not have met with a book or passage in one, which hit two such nails as these upon the head at one stroke.]

“The two universities of Strasburg were hard tugging at this affair of Luther’s navigation. The Protestant doctors had demonstrated, that he had not sailed right before the wind, as the Popish doctors had pretended;

and as every one knew there was no sailing full in the teeth of it—they were going to settle, in case he had sailed, how many points he was off; whether Martin had doubled the cape, or had fallen upon a lee-shore; and no doubt, as it was an enquiry of much edification, at least to those who understood this sort of NAVIGATION; they had gone on with it in spite of the size of the stranger’s nose, had not the size of the stranger’s nose drawn off the attention of the world from what they were about—it was their business to follow.

“The Abbess of Quedlingberg and her four dignitaries was no stop; for the enormity of the stranger’s nose running full as much in their fancies as their care of conscience—the affair of their placket-holes kept cold—in a word, the printers were ordered to distribute their types—all controversies dropp’d.

“It was a square cap with a silver tassel upon the crown of it—to a nutshell—to have guessed on which side of the nose the two universities would split.

“It is above reason,” cried the doctors on one side.

“It is below reason,” cried the others.

“It is faith,” cried the one.

“It is a fiddle-stick,” said the other.

“It is possible,” cried the one.

“It is impossible,” said the other.

“God’s power is infinite,” cried the Nofarians; “he can do any thing.”

“He can do nothing,” replied the Antinofarians, “which implies contradictions.”

“He can make matter think,” said the Nofarians.

“As certainly as you can make a velvet cap out of a sow’s ear,” replied the Antinofarians.

“He cannot make two and two five,” replied the Popish doctors.—“It is false,” said their opponents.

“Infinite power, is infinite power,” said the doctors who maintained the reality of the nose.—“It extends only to all possible things,” replied the Lutherans.

“By God in heaven,” cried the Popish doctors, “he can make a nose, if he thinks fit, as big as the steeple of Strasburg!”

“Now the steeple of Strasburg being the

the biggest and the tallest church-
steeple to be seen in the whole world,
the Antinosarians denied that a nose
of five hundred and seventy-five geo-
metrical feet in length could be worn,
at least by a middle-sized man.—
The Popish doctors swore it could—
The Lutheran doctors said, No; it
could not.

This at once started a new dispute,
which they pursued a great way upon
the extent and limitation of the mo-
ral and natural attributes of God.—
That controversy led them naturally
into Thomas Aquinas, and Thomas
Aquinas to the devil.

The stranger's nose was no more
heard of in the dispute—it just served
as a frigate to launch them into the
gulph of school-divinity—and then
they all failed before the wind.

Heat is in proportion to the want of
true knowledge.

The controversy about the attributes,
&c. instead of cooling, on the con-
trary had inflamed the Strasburghers
imagination to a most inordinate de-
gree.—The less they understood of
the matter, the greater was their won-
der about it—they were left in all the
distresses of desire unsatisfied—saw
their doctors, the *Parchmentarians*,
the *Brassarians*, the *Turpentarians*,
on one side—the Popish doctors on the
other—like Pantagruel and his com-
panions in quest of the oracle of the
bottle, all embarked and out of sight.

—The poor Strasburghers left
upon the beach!—What was to be
done?—No delay—the uproar in-
creased—every one in disorder—the
city gates set open.

Unfortunate Strasburghers! was
there in the store-house of nature—
was there in the lumber-rooms of
learning—was there in the great ar-
senal of chance, one single engine left
undrawn forth to torture your curio-
sities, and stretch your desires, which
was not pointed by the hand of Fate
to play upon your hearts?—I dip not
my pen into my ink to excuse the sur-
render of yourselves—'tis to write
your panegyrick. Shew me a city so
macerated with expectation—who nei-
ther eat, or drank, or slept, or pray-
ed, or hearkened to the calls either of
religion or nature, for seven and twen-
ty days together, who could have held
out one day longer.

On the twenty-eighth the courteous
stranger had promised to return to
Strasburg.

Seven thousand coaches,—[Slaw-
kenbergius must certainly have made
some mistake in his numerical charac-
ters]—7000 coaches—15,000 single-
horse chairs—20,000 waggons, crowd-
ed as full as they could all hold with
senators, counsellors, syndicks—be-
guines, widows, wives, virgins, ca-
nons, concubines, all in their coaches.
The Abbess of Quedlingberg, with
the prioresses, the deanesses, and sub-
chantresses, leading the procession in
one coach, and the Dean of Stras-
burg, with the four great dignita-
ries of his chapter, on her left-hand
—the rest following higglety-pigglety
as they could; some on horseback—
some on foot—some led—some driven
—some down the Rhine—some this
way—some that—all set out at sun-
rise to meet the courteous stranger on
the road.

Haste we now towards the cata-
strophe of my tale—I say, *cata-
strophe*, (cries Slawkenbergius;) inas-
much as a tale, with parts rightly
disposed, not only rejoiceth (*gaudet*)
in the *catastrophe* and *peripeitia* of a
DRAMA, but rejoiceth moreover in
all the essential and integrant parts
of it—it has it's *protasis*, *epitasis*,
catastasis, it's *catastrophe* or *peri-
peitia*, growing one out of the other
in it, in the order Aristotle first plant-
ed them—without which a tale had
better never be told at all, (says Slaw-
kenbergius) but be kept to a man's
self.

In all my ten tales, in all my ten
decads, have I, Slawkenbergius, tied
down every tale of them as tightly to
this rule, as I have done this of the
stranger and his nose.

From his first parley with the cen-
tinel, to his leaving the city of Stras-
burg, after pulling off his crimson
satin pair of breeches, is the *protasis*
or first entrance—where the charac-
ters of the *personæ dramatis* are just
touched in, and the subject slightly
begun.

The *epitasis*, wherein the action is
more fully entered upon and height-
ened, till it arrives at it's state or
height called the *catastasis*, and which
usually takes up the second and third
act, is included within that busy pe-
riod

riod of my tale, betwixt the first night's uproar about the nose, to the conclusion of the trumpeter's wife's lectures upon it in the middle of the grand parade; and from the first embarking of the learned in the dispute—to the doctors finally sailing away, and leaving the Strasburghers upon the beach in distress, is the *catastasis* or the ripening of the incidents and passions for their bursting forth in the fifth act.

This commences with the setting out of the Strasburghers in the Franckfort road, and terminates in unwinding the labyrinth and bringing the hero out of a state of agitation (as Aristotle calls it) to a state of rest and quietness.

This (says Hafen Slawkenbergius) constitutes the catastrophe or peripetia of my tale—and that is the part of it I am going to relate.

We left the stranger behind the curtain asleep—he enters now upon the stage.

—“What dost thou prick up thy ears at—’tis nothing but a man upon a horse!”—was the last word the stranger uttered to his mule. It was not proper then to tell the reader, that the mule took his master’s word for it; and without any more *ifs* or *ands*, let the traveller and his horse pass by.

The traveller was hastening with all diligence to get to Strasburg that night.—“What a fool am I,” said the traveller to himself, when he had rode about a league farther, “to think

of getting into Strasburg this night! —Strasburg!—the great Strasburg!—Strasburg, the capital of all Alsatia! Strasburg, an imperial city! Strasburg, a sovereign state! Strasburg, garrisoned with five thousand of the best troops in all the world!

—Alas! if I was at the gates of Strasburg this moment, I could not gain admittance into it for a ducat—nay a ducat and half—’tis too much —better go back to the last inn I have passed—than lie I know not where—or give I know not what.”

The traveller, as he made these reflections in his mind, turned his horse’s head about; and three minutes after the stranger had been conducted into his chamber, he arrived at the same inn.

—“We have bacon in the house,” said the host, “and bread—and till

eleven o’clock this night had three eggs in it—but a stranger, who arrived an hour ago, has had them dressed into an omelet, and we have nothing.”

“Alas!” said the traveller, “harrassed as I am, I want nothing but a bed.”—“I have one as soft as is in Alsatia,” said the host.

—“The stranger,” continued he, “should have slept in it, for ’tis my best bed, but upon the score of his nose.”—“He has got a defluxion!” said the traveller.—“Not that I know,” cried the host.—“But ’tis a camp-bed—and Jacinta,” said he, “looking towards the maid, “imagined there was not room in it to turn his nose in.”—“Why so?” cried the traveller, starting back.—“It is so long a nose,” replied the host.

The traveller fixed his eyes upon Jacinta, then upon the ground—kneeled upon his right-knee—had just got his hand laid upon his breast—“Trifle not with my anxiety,” said he, rising up again.—“It is no trifle,” said Jacinta, “it is the most glorious nose!”—The traveller fell upon his knee again—laid his hand upon his breast—“Then,” said he, looking up to heaven, “thou hast conducted me to the end of my pilgrimage—’Tis Diego!”

The traveller was the brother of the Julia so often invoked that night by the stranger as he rode from Strasburg upon his mule; and was come, on her part, in quest of him. He had accompanied his sister from Valladolid across the Pyrenean mountains through France, and had many an entangled skein to wind off in pursuit of him through the many meanders and abrupt turnings of a lover’s thorny tracks.

—Julia had sunk under it—and had not been able to go a step farther than to Lyons; where, with the many disquietudes of a tender heart, which all talk of—but few feel—she sickened—but had just strength to write a letter to Diego; and having conjured her brother never to see her face till he had found him out and put the letter into his hands, Julia took to her bed.

Fernandez—(for that was her brother’s name)—though the camp-bed was as soft as any one in Alsace, yet

“ he could not shut his eyes in it.—As soon as it was day he rose, and hearing Diego was risen too, he entered his chamber, and discharged his sister’s commission.

“ The letter was as follows.

“ SEIG. DIEGO,

“ **W**HETHER my suspicions of “ your nose were justly excused or not—’tis not now to enquire—“ it is enough I have not had firmness to put them to farther trial.

“ How could I know so little of myself, when I sent my duenna to forbid your coming more under my lattice? or how could I know so little of you, Diego, as to imagine you would not have staid one day in Valladolid to have given ease to my doubts? Was I to be abandoned, Diego, because I was deceived? or was it kind to take me at my word, whether my suspicions were just or no, and leave me, as you did, a prey to much uncertainty and sorrow?

“ In what manner Julia has repented this—my brother, when he puts this letter into your hands, will tell you: he will tell you in how few moments she repented of the rash message she had sent you—in what frantick haste she flew to her lattice, and how many days and nights together she leaned immovably upon her elbow, looking through it towards the way which Diego was wont to come.

“ He will tell you, when she heard of your departure—how her spirits deserted her—how her heart sickened—how piteously she mourned—how low she hung her head. O Diego! how many weary steps has my brother’s pity led me by the hand languishing to trace out yours; how far has desire carried me beyond strength—and how oft have I fainted by the way, and sunk into his arms, with only power to cry out—“ O my Diego!”

“ If the gentleness of your carriage has not belyed your heart, you will fly to me almost as fast as you fled from me.—Haste as you will, you will arrive but, to see me expire—’tis a bitter draught, Diego; but, oh! ’tis embittered still more by dying *un—*.”

—“ She could proceed no farther.

“ Slawkenbergius supposes the word

intended was *unconvinced*; but her strength would not enable her to finish her letter.

“ The heart of the courteous Diego overflowed as he read the letter—he ordered his mule forthwith and Fernandez’s horse to be saddled; and as no vent in prose is equal to that of poetry in such conflicts—chance, which as often directs us to remedies as to *diseases*, having thrown a piece of charcoal into the window—Diego availed himself of it; and whilst the ostler was getting ready his mule, he eased his mind against the wall as follows.

“ O D E.

“ Harsh and untuneful are the notes of love,
“ Unless my Julia strikes the key;
“ Her hand alone can touch the part,
“ Whose dulcet movement charms the heart,
“ And governs all the man
“ with sympathetick sway.

“ ad.

“ O Julia! —”

“ The lines were very natural—for they were nothing at all to the purpose, (says Slawkenbergius) and ’tis a pity there were no more of them; but whether it was that Seignior Diego was slow in composing verses—or the ostler quick in saddling mules—is not averted: certain it was, that Diego’s mule and Fernandez’s horse were ready at the door of the inn, before Diego was ready for his second stanza; so without staying to finish his ode, they both mounted, sallied forth, passed the Rhine, traversed Alsace, shaped their course towards Lyons, and before the Strasburghers and the Abbess of Quedlingberg had set out on their cavalcade, had Fernandez, Diego, and his Julia, crossed the Pyrenean mountains, and got safe to Valladolid.

“ It is needless to inform the geographical reader, that when Diego was in Spain, it was not possible to meet the courteous stranger in the Franckfort road; it is enough to say, that of all restless desires, curiosity being the strongest—the Strasburghers felt the full force of it; and that for three days and nights they were tossed to and fro in the Franckfort road, with the tempestuous fury of this pas-

Q 2

tion,

‘ sion, before they could submit to re-
 ‘ turn home.—When, alas! an event
 ‘ was prepared for them, of all others
 ‘ the most grievous that could befall a
 ‘ free people.

‘ As this revolution of the Stras-
 ‘ burghers affairs is often spoken of, and
 ‘ little understood, I will, in ten words,
 ‘ (says Slawkenbergius) give the world
 ‘ an explanation of it, and with it put
 ‘ an end to my tale.

‘ Every body knows of the grand
 ‘ system of universal monarchy, wrote
 ‘ by order of Monsieur Colbert, and
 ‘ put in manuscript into the hands of
 ‘ Lewis the Fourteenth, in the year
 ‘ 1664.

‘ It is as well known, that one branch
 ‘ out of many of that system, was the
 ‘ getting possession of Strasburg to favour
 ‘ an entrance at all times into Suabia,
 ‘ in order to disturb the quiet of Ger-
 ‘ many—and that, in consequence of
 ‘ this plan, Strasburg unhappily fell at
 ‘ length into their hands.

‘ It is the lot of few to trace out the
 ‘ true springs of this and such like re-
 ‘ volutions.—The vulgar look too high
 ‘ for them—Statesmen look too low—
 ‘ Truth (for once) lies in the middle.

“ What a fatal thing is the popular
 “ pride of a free city!” cries one histo-
 “ rian—“ The Strasburghers deemed it
 “ a diminution of their freedom to re-
 “ ceive an imperial garrison—and so
 “ fell a prey to a French one.

“ The fate,” says another, “ of the
 “ Strasburghers, may be a warning to
 “ all free people to save their money.—
 “ They anticipated their revenues—
 “ brought themselves under taxes, ex-
 “ hausted their strength, and in the
 “ end became so weak a people—they
 “ had not strength to keep their gates
 “ shut, and so the French pushed them
 “ open.”

‘ Alas! alas! (cries Slawkenbergius)
 ‘ it was not the French—’twas CU-
 ‘ RIOUSITY pushed them open.—The
 ‘ French, indeed, who are ever upon
 ‘ the catch, when they saw the Stras-
 ‘ burghers, men, women, and children,
 ‘ all marched out to follow the stranger’s
 ‘ nose—each man followed his own,
 ‘ and marched in.

‘ Trade and manufactures have de-
 ‘ cayed and gradually grown down ever
 ‘ since—but not from any cause which
 ‘ commercial heads have assigned; for
 ‘ it is owing to this only, that Noses
 ‘ have ever so run in their heads, that

‘ the Strasburghers could not follow
 ‘ their business.

‘ Alas! alas! (cries Slawkenbergius)
 ‘ making an exclamation—it is not the
 ‘ first—and, I fear, will not be the last
 ‘ fortress, that has been either won—or
 ‘ lost—by NOSES.’

END OF SLAWKENBERGIUS’S TALE.

CHAP. I.

WITH all this learning upon
 noses running perpetually in
 my father’s fancy—with so many family
 prejudices—and ten decads of such tales
 running on for ever along with them—
 how was it possible with such exqui-
 site— ‘ Was it a true nose?’—that
 a man with such exquisite feelings as my
 father had, could bear the shock at all
 below stairs—or, indeed, above stairs,
 in any other posture, but the very posture
 I have described?

—Throw yourself down upon the
 bed, a dozen times—taking care only
 to place a looking-glass first in a chair
 on one side of it, before you do it—
 ‘ But was the stranger’s nose a true nose
 ‘ —or was it a false one?’

To tell that before-hand, Madam,
 would be to do injury to one of the
 best tales in the Christian world; and
 that is, the tenth of the tenth decad,
 which immediately follows this.

‘ This tale,’ crieth Slawkenbergius
 somewhat exultingly, ‘ has been reserved
 ‘ by me for the concluding tale of my
 ‘ whole work; knowing right well,
 ‘ that when I shall have told it, and my
 ‘ reader shall have read it through—
 ‘ it would be high time for both of us
 ‘ to shut up the book; inasmuch,’ con-
 ‘ tinues Slawkenbergius, ‘ as I know of
 ‘ no tale which could possibly ever go
 ‘ down after it.’

—’Tis a tale indeed!

This sets out with the first interview
 in the inn at Lyons, when Fernandez
 left the courteous stranger and his sister
 Julia alone in her chamber, and is over-
 written—

‘ THE INTRICACIES OF DIEGO AND
 ‘ JULIA.’

—Heavens! thou art a strange
 creature, Slawkenbergius! what a
 whimsical view of the involutions of
 the heart of woman hast thou opened!
 how this can ever be translated—and
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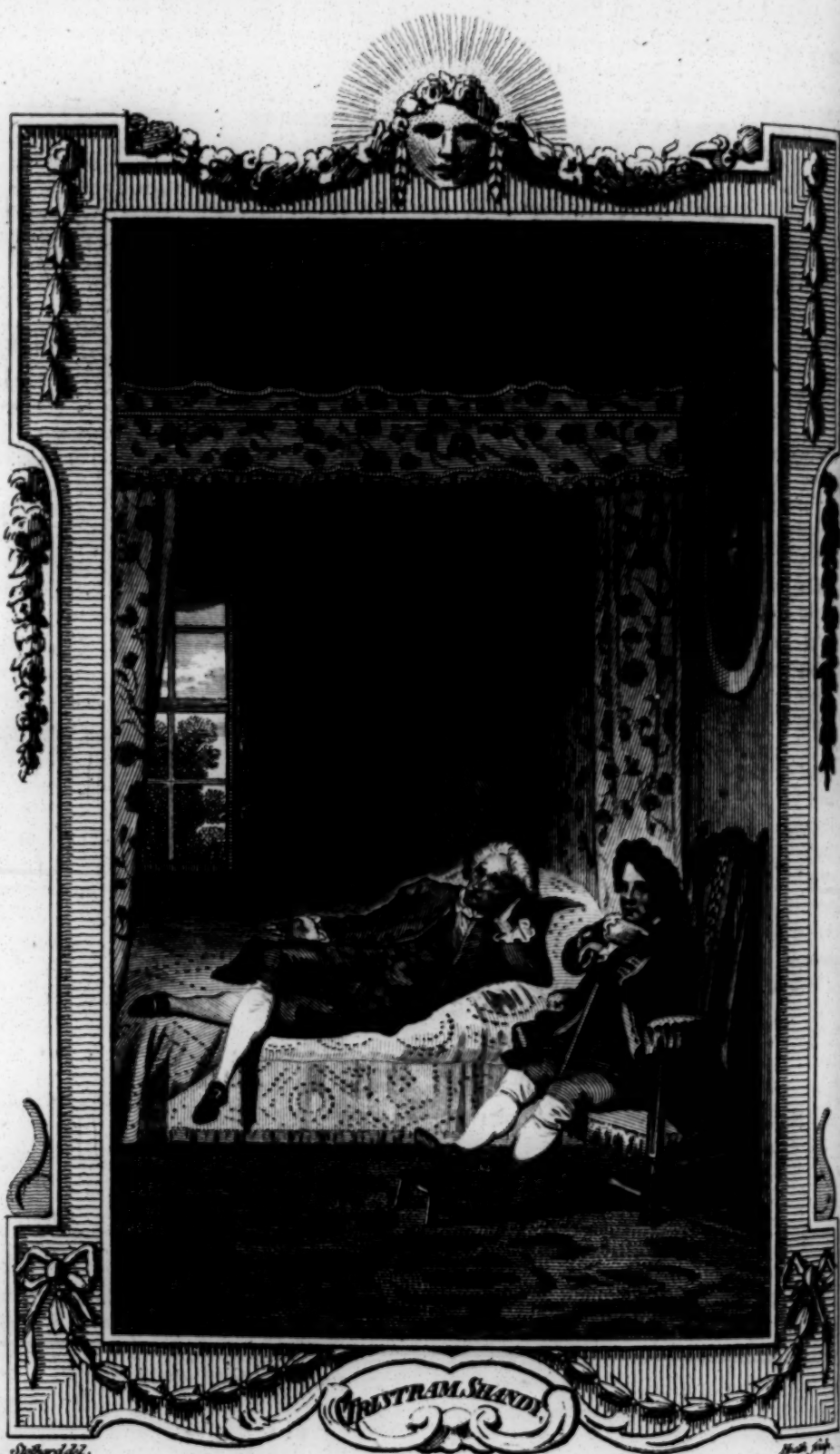


Plate II.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. April 28th 1781.

yet if this specimen of Slawkenbergius's tales, and the exquisiteness of his moral should please the world—translated shall a couple of volumes be.—Else, how this can ever be translated into good English, I have no sort of conception.

—There seems in some passages to want a sixth sense to do it rightly.—What can he mean by the lambent pupilability of slow, low, dry chat, five notes below the natural tone—which you know, Madam, is little more than a whisper? The moment I pronounced the words, I could perceive an attempt towards a vibration in the strings, about the region of the heart—the brain made no acknowledgment.—There's often no good understanding betwixt 'em.—I felt as if I understood it.—I had no ideas.—The movement could not be without cause.—I'm lost. I can make nothing of it—unless, may it please your worships, the voice, in that case being little more than a whisper, unavoidably forces the eyes to approach not only within six inches of each other—but to look into the pupils.—Is not that dangerous?—But it can't be avoided—for, to look up to the ceiling, in that case the two chins unavoidably meet—and to look down into each other's laps, the foreheads come into immediate contact, which at once puts an end to the conference—I mean, to the sentimental part of it.—What is left, Madam, is not worth stooping for.

CHAP. II.

MY father lay stretched across the bed as still as if the hand of death had pushed him down, for a full hour and a half, before he began to play upon the floor with the toe of that foot which hung over the bed-side; my Uncle Toby's heart was a pound lighter for it.—In a few moments, his left-hand, the knuckles of which had all the time reclined upon the handle of the chamber-pot, came to it's feeling—he thrust it a little more within the valance—drew up his hand, when he had done, into his bosom—gave a hem!—My good Uncle Toby, with infinite pleasure, answered it; and full gladly would have ingrafted a sentence of consolation upon the opening it afforded; but having no talents, as I said, that way, and fearing moreover that he

might set out with something which might make a bad matter worse, he contented himself with resting his chin placidly upon the cross of his crutch.

Now whether the compression shortened my Uncle Toby's face into a more pleasurable oval—or that the philanthropy of his heart, in seeing his brother beginning to emerge out of the fog of his afflictions, had braced up his muscles—so that the compression upon his chin only doubled the benignity which was there before, is not hard to decide.—My father, in turning his eyes, was struck with such a gleam of sunshine in his face, as melted down the futility of his grief in a moment.

He broke silence as follows.

CHAP. III.

DID ever man, brother Toby," cried my father, raising himself up upon his elbow, and turning himself round to the opposite side of the bed where my Uncle Toby was sitting in his old fringed chair, with his chin resting upon his crutch—"did 'ever a poor unfortunate man, brother Toby," cried my father, "receive so many lashes—" "The most I ever saw given," quoth my Uncle Toby, (ringing the bell at the bed's head for Trim) "was to a grenadier, I think, in Mackay's regiment."

—Had my Uncle Toby shot a bullet through my father's heart, he could not have fallen down with his nose upon the quilt more suddenly.

"Bless me!" said my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. IV.

WAS it in Mackay's regiment," quoth my Uncle Toby, "where the poor grenadier was so unmercifully whipp'd at Bruges about the ducats?"—"O Christ! he was innocent!" cried Trim with a very deep sigh—"and he was whipp'd, may it please your honour, almost to death's door.—They had better have shot him outright, as he begg'd, and he had gone directly to heaven, for he was as innocent as your honour."—"I thank thee, Trim," quoth my Uncle Toby, "I never think of his," continued Trim, "and my poor brother Tom's

‘Tom’s misfortunes, (for we were all three school-fellows) but I cry like a coward.’—‘Tears are no proof of cowardice, Trim—I drop them oftentimes myself,’ cried my Uncle Toby.—‘I know your honour does,’ replied Trim, ‘and so am not ashamed of it myself.—But to think, may it please your honour,’ continued Trim, a tear stealing into the corner of his eye as he spoke—‘to think of two virtuous lads, with hearts as warm in their bodies, and as honest as God could make them—the children of honest people, going forth with gallant spirits to seek their fortunes in the world—and fall into such evils!—Poor Tom! to be tortured upon a rack for nothing—but marrying a Jew’s widow who sold sausages—honest Dick Johnson’s soul to be scourged out of his body, for the ducats another man put into his knapsack!—O!—these are misfortunes!’ cried Trim, pulling out his handkerchief—‘these are misfortunes, may it please your honour, worth lying down and crying over!’

—My father could not help blushing.

—‘It would be a pity, Trim,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘thou should’st ever feel sorrow of thy own—thou feelest it so tenderly for others.’—‘Alack-o-day,’ replied the corporal, brightening up his face—‘your honour knows I have neither wife or child—I can have no sorrows in this world.’—My father could not help smiling.—‘As few as any man, Trim,’ replied my Uncle Toby; ‘nor can I see how a fellow of thy light heart can suffer, but from the distress of poverty in thy old age—when thou art passed all services, Trim—and hast out-lived thy friends—’ ‘An’ please your honour, never fear!’ replied Trim, cheerily.—‘But I would have thee never fear,’ Trim, replied my uncle; ‘and therefore,’ continued my Uncle Toby, throwing down his crutch, and getting up upon his legs as he uttered the word *therefore*—‘in recompence, Trim, of thy long fidelity to me, and that goodness of thy heart I have had such proofs of—whilst thy master is worth a shilling—thou shalt never ask else—where, Trim, for a penny.’—Trim attempted to thank my Uncle Toby—but had not power—tears trickled down his cheeks faster than he could wipe them off—He laid his hands upon his

breast—made a bow to the ground—and shut the door.

—‘I have left Trim my bowling-green,’ cried my Uncle Toby.—My father smiled.—‘I have left him more over a pension,’ continued my Uncle Toby.—My father looked grave.

CHAP. V.

‘IS this a fit time,’ said my father to himself, ‘to talk of PENSIONS and GRENADIERS?’

CHAP. VI.

WHEN my Uncle Toby first mentioned the grenadier, my father, I said, fell down with his nose flat to the quilt, and as suddenly as if my Uncle Toby had shot him; but it was not added, that every other limb and member of my father instantly relapsed with his nose into the same precise attitude in which he lay first described; so that when Corporal Trim left the room, and my father found himself disposed to rise off the bed—he had all the little preparatory movements to run over again, before he could do it.—Attitudes are nothing, Madam—’tis the transition from one attitude to another—like the preparation and resolution of the discord into harmony, which is all in all.

For which reason, my father played the same jig over again with his toe upon the floor—pushed the chamber-pot still a little farther within the valance—gave a hem—raised himself up upon his elbow—and was just beginning to address himself to my Uncle Toby—when, recollecting the unsuccessfulness of his first effort in that attitude—he got upon his legs, and in making the third turn across the room, he stopped short before my Uncle Toby; and laying the three first fingers of his right-hand in the palm of his left, and stooping a little, he addressed himself to my Uncle Toby as follows.

CHAP. VII.

WHEN I reflect, brother Toby, upon MAN; and take a view of that dark side of him which represents his life as open to so many causes

causes of trouble—when I consider, brother Toby, how oft we eat the bread of affliction, and that we are born to it, as to the portion of our inheritance—'I was born to nothing,' quoth my Uncle Toby, interrupting my father—'but my commission.'—'Zooks!' said my father, 'did not my uncle leave you a hundred and twenty pounds a year?'—'What could I have done without it?' replied my Uncle Toby.—'That's another concern,' said my father testily.—'But I say, Toby, when one runs over the catalogue of all the crosses reckonings and sorrowful items with which the heart of man is overcharged, it is wonderful by what hidden resources the mind is enabled to stand it out, and bear itself up, as it does, against the impositions laid upon our nature.'—'It is by the assistance of Almighty God,' cried my Uncle Toby, looking up, and pressing the palms of his hands close together; 'it is not from our own strength, brother Shandy—a centinel in a wooden centry-box, might as well pretend to stand it out against a detachment of fifty men—we are upheld by the grace and the assistance of the best of Beings.'

—'That is cutting the knot,' said my father, 'instead of untying it.—But give me leave to lead you, brother Toby, a little deeper into this mystery.'

'With all my heart,' replied my Uncle Toby.

My father instantly exchanged the attitude he was in, for that in which Socrates is so finely painted by Raffael in his School of Athens; which your connoisseurship knows is so exquisitely imagined, that even the particular manner of the reasoning of Socrates is expressed by it—for he holds the fore-finger of his left-hand between the fore-finger and the thumb of his right, and seems as if he was saying to the libertine he is reclaiming—'You grant me this—and this: and this, and this, I don't ask of you—they follow of themselves in course.'

So stood my father, holding fast his fore-finger betwixt his finger and his thumb, and reasoning with my Uncle Toby as he sat in his old fringed chair, valanced around with party-coloured worsted bobs.—O Garrick! what a rich

scene of this would thy exquisite powers make! and how gladly would I write such another to avail myself of thy immortality, and secure my own behind it.

C H A P. VIII.

THOUGH man is of all others 'the most curious vehicle,' said my father, 'yet at the same time 'tis of so slight a frame, and so tottering-ly put together, that the sudden jerks and hard jostlings it unavoidably meets with in this rugged journey, would overset and tear it to pieces a dozen times a day—was it not, brother Toby, that there is a secret spring within us.'—'Which spring,' said my Uncle Toby, 'I take to be religion.'—'Will that set my child's nose on?' cried my father, letting go his finger, and striking one hand against the other.—'It makes every thing straight for us,' answered my Uncle Toby.—'Figuratively speaking, dear Toby, it may, for aught I know,' said my father; 'but the spring I am speaking of, is that great and elastick power within us of counterbalancing evil, which, like a secret spring in a well-ordered machine, though it can't prevent the shock—at least it imposes upon our sense of it.'

'Now, my dear brother,' said my father, replacing his fore-finger, as he was coming closer to the point—'had my child arrived safe into the world, unmartyred in that precious part of him—fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of christian names, and of that magick bias which good or bad names irresistibly impress upon our characters and conducts—Heaven is witness! that in the warmest transports of my wishes for the prosperity of my child, I never once wished to crown his head with more glory and honour than what GEORGE or EDWARD would have spread around it.'

'But, alas!' continued my father, 'as the greatest evil has befallen him—I must counteract and undo it with the greatest good.'

'He shall be christened *Trismegistus*, brother.'

'I wish it may answer!'—replied my Uncle Toby, rising up.

C H A P.

CHAP. IX.

‘**W**HAT a chapter of chances,’ said my father, turning himself about upon the first landing, as he and my Uncle Toby were going down stairs, ‘what a long chapter of chances do the events of this world lay open to us!—Take pen and ink in hand, brother Toby, and calculate it fairly!—’ ‘I know no more of calculation than this balluster,’ said my Uncle Toby—(striking short of it with his crutch, and hitting my father a desperate blow fouse upon his shin-bone)—‘It was a hundred to one!’ cried my Uncle Toby—‘I thought,’ quoth my father, (rubbing his shin) ‘you had known nothing of calculations, brother Toby.’—‘It was a mere chance,’ said my Uncle Toby.—‘Then it adds one to the chapter,’ replied my father.

The double success of my father’s repartees tickled off the pain of his shin at once.—It was well it so fell out—(chance! again)—or the world to this day had never known the subject of my father’s calculation—to guess it, there was no chance.—What a lucky chapter of chances has this turned out! for it has saved me the trouble of writing one express; and, in truth, I have enough already upon my hands without it.—Have I not promised the world a chapter of knots? two chapters upon the right and the wrong end of a woman? a chapter upon whiskers? a chapter upon wishes?—a chapter of noses?—(No, I have done that)—a chapter of my Uncle Toby’s modesty?—to say nothing of a chapter upon chapters, which I will finish before I sleep.—By my great-grandfather’s whiskers, I shall never get half of them through this year!

—‘Take pen and ink in hand, and calculate it fairly, brother Toby,’ said my father, ‘and it will turn out a million to one, that of all the parts of the body, the edge of the forceps should have the ill luck just to fall upon and break down that one part, which should break down the fortunes of our house with it.’

‘It might have been worse,’ replied my Uncle Toby.

—‘I don’t comprehend,’ said my father.—‘Suppose the hip had presented,’ replied my Uncle Toby, ‘as Doctor Slop foreboded.’

My father reflected half a minute—

looked down—touched the middle of his forehead slightly with his finger—
—‘True,’ said he.

CHAP. X.

IS it not a shame to make two chapters of what passed in going down one pair of stairs? for we are got no farther yet than to the first landing, and there are fifteen more steps down to the bottom: and, for aught I know, as my father and my Uncle Toby are in a talking humour, there may be as many chapters as steps—let that be as it will, Sir, I can no more help it than my destiny—a sudden impulse comes across me—Drop the curtain, Shandy—I drop it—Strike a line here across the paper, Tristram—I strike it—and hey for a new chapter!

The deuce of any other rule have I to govern myself by in this affair—and if I had one—as I do all things out of all rule—I would twist it and tear it into pieces, and throw it into the fire when I had done!—Am I warm?—I am, and the cause demands it—a pretty story!—is a man to follow rules, or rules to follow him?

Now this, you must know, being my chapter upon chapters, which I promised to write before I went to sleep, I thought it meet to ease my conscience entirely before I laid down, by telling the world all I knew about the matter at once. Is not this ten times better than to set out dogmatically with a sententious parade of wisdom, and telling the world a story of a roasted horse—that chapters relieve the mind—that they assist—or impose upon the imagination—and that, in a work of this dramatick cast, they are as necessary as the shifting of scenes—with fifty other cold conceits, enough to extinguish the fire which roasted him.—O! but to understand this, which is a puff at the fire of Diana’s temple—you must read Longinus—Read away—if you are not a jot the wiser by reading him the first time over—never fear—read him again—Avicenna and Licetus read Aristotle’s metaphysics forty times through a-piece, and never understood a single word. But mark the consequence—Avicenna turned out a desperate writer at all kinds of writing—for he wrote books *de omni scribili*—and for Licetus (Fortunio) though all the world

world knows he was born a foetus*, of no more than five inches and a half in length, yet he grew to that astonishing height in literature, as to write a book with a title as long as himself—the learned know, I mean his *Gonopsychanthropologia*, upon the origin of the human soul.

So much for my chapter upon chapters, which I hold to be the best chapter in my whole work; and take my word, whoever reads it, is full as well employed as in picking straws.

CHAP. XI.

‘WE shall bring all things to rights,’ said my father, setting his foot upon the first step from the landing.—‘This Trismegistus,’ continued my father, drawing his leg back, and turning to my Uncle Toby—‘was the greatest—(Toby)—of all earthly beings—he was the greatest king—the greatest lawgiver—the greatest philosopher—and the greatest priest.’—‘And engineer!’—said my Uncle Toby.

—‘In course,’ said my father.

CHAP. XII.

—‘AND how does your mistress?’ cried my father, taking the

same step over again—from the landing, and calling to Susannah, whom he saw passing by the foot of the stairs with a huge pincushion in her hand—‘how does your mistress?’—‘As well,’ said Susannah, tripping by, but without looking up, ‘as can be expected.’—‘What a fool am I!’ said my father—drawing his leg back again—‘let things be as they will, brother Toby, ’tis ever the precise answer.—And how is the child, pray?’—No answer.—‘And where is Doctor Slop?’ added my father, raising his voice aloud, and looking over the ballusters.—Susannah was out of hearing.

‘Of all the riddles of a married life,’ said my father, crossing the landing in order to set his back against the wall, whilst he propounded it to my Uncle Toby—‘of all the puzzling riddles,’ said he, ‘in a marriage-state—of which, you may trust me, brother Toby, there are more asses loads than all Job’s stock of asses could have carried—there is not one that has more intricacies in it than this—that from the very moment the mistress of the house is brought to bed, every female in it, from my lady’s gentlewoman down to the cinder-wench, becomes an inch taller for it; and give themselves more airs upon that single inch, than all their other inches put together.’

‘I think, rather,’ replied my Uncle Toby, ‘that ’tis we who sink an inch

* *Ce Fœtus* n’étoit pas plus grand que la paume de la main; mais son pere l’ayant examiné en qualité de Médecin, & ayant trouvé que c’étoit quelque chose de plus qu’un Embryon, le fit transporter tout vivant à Rapallo, ou il le fit voir à Jérôme Bardí & à d’autres medecins du lieu. On trouva qu’il ne lui manquoit rien d’essentiel à la vie; & son pere, pour faire voir un essai de son expérience, entreprit d’achever l’ouvrage de la Nature, & de travailler à la formation de l’enfant avec le même artifice que celui dont on se sert pour faire éclore les Poulets en Egypte. Il instruisit une Nourisse de tout ce qu’elle avoit à faire, & ayant fait mettre son fil dans un four proprement accommodé, il réussit à l’élever & a lui faire prendre ses accroissemens nécessaires, par l’uniformité d’une chaleur étrangère mesurée exactement sur les degrés d’un Thermomètre, ou d’un autre instrument équivalent. (Vide Mich. Giustinian, ne gli Scritt. Liguri à Cart. 223. 488.)

On auroit toujours été très satisfait de l’industrie d’un pere si expérimenté dans l’art de la generation, quand il n’auroit pu prolonger la vie à son fils que pour quelques mois, ou pour peu d’années.

Mais quand on se représente que l’enfant à vecu pres de quatre-vingts ans, & que il a composé quatre-vingts ouvrages differents tous fruits d’une longue lecture—il faut convenir, que tout ce qui est incroyable n’est pas toujours faux, & que la *Vraisemblance* n’est pas toujours du côté de la *Vérité*.

Il n’avoit que dix-neuf ans lors qu’il composa *Gonopsychanthropologia* de Origine Animæ humanæ.

(Les Enfants celebres, revus & corrigés par M. De la Monnoye de l’Académie Française.)

lower.—If I meet but a woman with child—I do it.—'Tis a heavy tax upon that half of our fellow-creatures, 'brother Shandy,' said my Uncle Toby.—'It is a piteous burden upon 'em,' continued he, shaking his head.—'Yes, 'yes, 'tis a painful thing,' said my father, shaking his head too.—But certainly, since shaking of heads came into fashion, never did two heads shake together, in concert, from two such different springs.

'God blefs } 'em all!'—said my Un-
'Deuce take } cle Toby and my fa-
ther, each to himself.

C H A P. XIII.

HOLLA!—you, chairman!—Here's sixpence—do step into that bookseller's shop, and call me a *day-tale* critick. I am very willing to give any one of 'em a crown to help me with his tackling, to get my father and my Uncle Toby off the stairs, and to put them to bed.

—'Tis even high time; for except a short nap, which they both got whilst Trim was boring the jack-boots—and which, by the bye, did my father no sort of good, upon the score of the bad hinge—they have not else shut their eyes, since nine hours before the time that Doctor Slop was led into the back-parlour in that dirty pickle by Obadiah.

Was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this—and to take up—Truce.

I will not finish that sentence till I have made an observation upon the strange state of affairs between the reader and myself, just as things stand at present—an observation never applicable before to any one biographical writer since the creation of the world, but to myself—and I believe will never hold good to any other, until it's final destruction—and therefore, for the very novelty of it alone, it must be worth your worships attending to.

I am this month one whole year older than I was this time twelve-month; and having got, as you perceive, almost into the middle of my fourth volume—and no farther than to my first day's life—'tis demonstrative that I have three hundred and sixty-four days more life to

write just now, than when I first set out; so that instead of advancing, as a common writer, in my work, with what I have been doing at it—on the contrary, I am just thrown so many volumes back—was every day of my life to be as busy a day as this—and why not?—and the transactions and opinions of it to take up as much description—and for what reason should they be cut short?—as, at this rate, I should just live three hundred and sixty-four times faster than I should write—it must follow, an' please your worships, that the more I write, the more I shall have to write—and consequently, the more your worships read, the more your worships will have to read.

Will this be good for your worships eyes?

It will do well for mine; and, was it not that my *Opinions* will be the death of me, I perceive, I shall lead a fine life of it out of this self-same Life of mine—or, in other words, shall lead a couple of fine lives together.

As for the proposal of twelve volumes a year, or a volume a month, it no way alters my prospect—write as I will, and rush as I may into the middle of things, as Horace advises—I shall never overtake myself—whipp'd and driven to the last pinch, at the worst I shall have one day the start of my pen—and one day is enough for two volumes—and two volumes will be enough for one year.

Heaven prosper the manufactures of paper under this propitious reign, which is now opened to us—as I trust it's providence will prosper every thing else in it that is taken in hand.

As for the propagation of geese—I give myself no concern—Nature is all-bountiful—I shall never want tools to work with.

—So then, friend! you have got my father and my Uncle Toby off the stairs, and seen them to bed?—And how did you manage it?—You dropp'd a curtain at the stairs-foot—I thought you had no other way for it.—Here's a crown for your trouble.

C H A P. XIV.

—'THEN reach me my breeches off the chair,' said my father to Susannah.—'There is not a moment's

'moment's time to dress you, Sir,' cried Sufannah—'the child is as black in the face as my——' 'As your what?' said my father—for, like all orators, he was a dear searcher into comparisons.—'Bless me, Sir,' said Sufannah, 'the child's in a fit.'—'And where's Mr. Yorick?'—'Never where he should be,' said Sufannah; 'but his curate's in the dressing-room, with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name—and my mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as Captain Shandy is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him.'

—'Were one sure,' said my father to himself, scratching his eye-brow, 'that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother Toby as not—and it would be a pity, in such a case, to throw away so great a name as Trismegistus upon him—But he may recover.'—

'No, no!'—said my father to Sufannah, 'I'll get up.'—'There is no time,' cried Sufannah; 'the child's as black as my shoe.'—'*Trismegistus*,' said my father.—'But stay—thou art a leaky vessel, Sufannah,' added my father; 'canst thou carry *Trismegistus* in thy head, the length of the gallery, without scattering?'—'Can I?' cried Sufannah, shutting the door in a huff.—'If she can, I'll be shot!' said my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

Sufannah ran with all speed along the gallery.

My father made all possible speed to find his breeches.

Sufannah got the start, and kept it.—'It is *Tris*—something,' cried Sufannah.—'There is no Christian name the world,' said the curate, 'beginning with *Tris*—but *Tristram*.'—'Then 'tis *Tristram-gistus*,' quoth Sufannah.

—'There is no *gistus* to it, noo—dle!'—'tis my own name,' replied the curate, dipping his hand, as he spoke, into the basin.—'*Tristram*!' said he, &c. &c. &c. &c.—So *Tristram* was I called, and *Tristram* shall I be to the day of my death.

My father followed Sufannah with his night-gown across his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on, fastened, through haste, with but a single button, and that button, through

haste, thrust only half into the button-hole.

—'She has not forgot the name?' cried my father, half opening the door.—'No, no,' said the curate, with a tone of intelligence.—'And the child is better,' cried Sufannah.—'And how does your mistress?'—'As well,' said Sufannah, 'as can be expected.'—'Pish!' said my father, the button of his breeches slipping out of the button-hole—So that whether the interjection was levelled at Sufannah, or the button-hole—whether *pish* was an interjection of contempt or an interjection of modesty, is a doubt, and must be a doubt till I shall have time to write the three following favourite chapters, that is, my chapter of *chambermaids*, my chapter of *pishes*, and my chapter of *button-holes*.

All the light I am able to give the reader at present is this, that the moment my father cried '*Pish*!' he whisk'd himself about—and with his breeches held up by one hand, and his night-gown thrown across the arm of the other, he returned along the gallery to bed, something slower than he came.

C H A P. XV.

I Wish I could write a chapter upon sleep.

A fitter occasion could never have presented itself, than what this moment offers, when all the curtains of the family are drawn—the candles put out—and no creature's eyes are open but a single one—for the other has been shut these twenty years—of my mother's nurse.

It is a fine subject!

And yet, as fine as it is, I would undertake to write a dozen chapters upon button-holes, both quicker and with more fame, than a single chapter upon this.

Button-holes!—there is something lively in the very idea of 'em—and trust me, when I get amongst 'em.—You gentry with great beards—look as grave as you will—I'll make merry work with my button-holes—I shall have 'em all to myself—'tis a maiden subject—I shall run foul of no man's wisdom or fine sayings in it.

But for sleep—I know I shall make nothing of it before I begin—I am no

dab at your fine sayings in the first place—and in the next, I cannot for my soul set a grave face upon a bad matter, and tell the world—'tis the refuge of the unfortunate—the enfranchisement of the prisoner—the downy lap of the hopeiefs, the weary and the broken hearted—nor could I set out with a lye in my mouth, by affirming, that of all the soft and delicious functions of our nature, by which the great Author of it, in his bounty, has been pleased to recompense the sufferings wherewith his justice and his good pleasure has wearied us—that this is the chiefest—(I know pleasures worth ten of it)—or what a happiness it is to man, when the anxieties and passions of the day are over, and he lies down upon his back, that his soul shall be so seated within him, that which ever way she turns her eyes, the heavens shall look calm and sweet above her—no desire—or fear—or doubt—that troubles the air; nor any difficulty, past, present, or to come, that the imagination may not pass over without offence, in that sweet recession.

'God's blessing,' said Sancho Panca, 'be upon the man who first invented this self-same thing called sleep!—it covers a man all over like a cloak.' Now there is more to me in this, and it speaks warmer to my heart and affections, than all the dissertations squeezed out of the head of the learned together upon the subject.

—Not that I altogether disapprove of what Montaigne advances upon it—'tis admirable in it's way—(I quote by memory.)

'The world enjoys other pleasures,' says he, 'as they do that of sleep, without tasting or feeling it as it slips and passes by.—We should study and ruminate upon it, in order to render proper thanks to him who grants it to us.—For this end I cause myself to be disturbed in my sleep, that I may the better and more sensibly relish it.—And yet I see few,' says he again, 'who live with less sleep, when need requires; my body is capable of a firm, but not of a violent and sudden agitation.—I evade, of late, all violent exercises—I am never weary with walking—but from my youth, I never liked to ride upon pavements. I love to lie hard and alone, and even

'without my wife.'—This last word may stagger the faith of the world—but remember, '*La Vraisemblance* (as Baylet says in the affair of Liceti) '*n'est pas toujours du côté de la Vérité.*' And so much for sleep.

CHAP. XVI.

IF my wife will but venture him—brother Toby, Trismegistus shall be dressed and brought down to us, whilst you and I are getting our breakfasts together.

—'Go, tell Susannah, Obadiah, to step here.'

'She is run up stairs,' answered Obadiah, 'this very instant, sobbing and crying, and wringing her hands as if her heart would break.'

'We shall have a rare month of it!' said my father, turning his head from Obadiah, and looking wistfully in my Uncle Toby's face for some time—'we shall have a devilish month of it, brother Toby,' said my father, setting his arms a-kimbo, and shaking his head; 'fire, water, women, wind—brother Toby!'—'It is some misfortune,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'That it is,' cried my father—'to have so many jarring elements breaking loose, and riding triumph in every corner of a gentleman's house.—Little boots it to the peace of a family, brother Toby, that you and I possess ourselves, and sit here silent and unmoved—whilst such a storm is whistling over our heads!

—'And what's the matter, Susannah?'—'They have called the child *Tristram*—and my mistress is just got out of an hysterick fit about it.—No!'—'It is not my fault!' said Susannah—'I told him it was *Tristramgustus*.'

—'Make tea for yourself, brother Toby,' said my father, taking down his hat—but how different from the sallies and agitations of voice and members which a common reader would imagine.

—For he spake in the sweetest modulation—and took down his hat with the gentlest movement of limbs, that ever affliction harmonized and attuned together.

—'Go to the bowling green for Corporal

Corporal Trim,' said my Uncle Toby, speaking to Obadiah, as soon as my father left the room.

C H A P. XVII.

WHEN the misfortune of my nose fell so heavily upon my father's head—the reader remembers that he walked instantly up stairs, and cast himself down upon his bed; and from hence, unless he has a great insight into human nature, he will be apt to expect a rotation of the same ascending and descending movements from him, upon this misfortune of my NAME—No.

The different weight, dear Sir—nay even the different package of two vexations of the same weight—makes a very wide difference in our manners of bearing and getting through with them.—It is not half an hour ago, when (in the great hurry and precipitation of a poor devil's writing for daily bread) I threw a fair sheet, which I had just finished, and carefully wrote out, slap into the fire, instead of the foul one.

Instantly I snatched off my wig, and threw it perpendicularly, with all imaginable violence, up to the top of the room—indeed, I caught it as it fell—but there was an end of the matter; nor do I think any thing else in Nature would have given such immediate ease: she, dear goddess, by an instantaneous impulse, in all provoking cases, determines us to a folly of this or that member—or else she thrusts us into this or that place, or posture of body, we know not why—but mark, Madam, we live amongst riddles and mysteries—the most obvious things, which come in our way, have dark sides, which the quickest sight cannot penetrate into; and even the clearest and most exalted understandings amongst us find ourselves puzzled and at a loss in almost every cranny of Nature's works; so that this, like a thousand other things, falls out for us in a way, which though we cannot reason upon it—yet we find the good of it, may it please your reverences and your worships—and that's enough for us.

Now my father could not lie down with this affliction for his life—nor could he carry it up stairs like the other

—he walks composedly out with it to the fish-pond.

Had my father leaned his head upon his hand, and reasoned an hour which way to have gone—reason, with all her force, could not have directed him to any thing like it: there is something, Sir, in fish-ponds—but what it is, I leave to system-builders and fish-pond-diggers betwixt 'em to find out—but there is something, under the first disorderly transport of the humours, so unaccountably becalming in an orderly and a sober walk towards one of them, that I have often wondered that neither Pythagoras, nor Plato, nor Solon, nor Lycurgus, nor Mahomet, nor any of your noted law-givers, ever gave order about them.

C H A P. XVIII.

YOUR honour,' said Trim, shutting the parlour-door before he began to speak, 'has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident.'—'O yes, Trim!' said my Uncle Toby, 'and it gives me great concern.'—'I am heartily concerned too; but I hope your honour,' replied Trim! 'will do me the justice to believe, that it was not in the least owing to me.'—'To thee, Trim!'—cried my Uncle Toby, looking kindly in his face—'it was Susan's and the curate's folly betwixt them.'—'What business could they have together, an' please your honour, in the garden?'—'In the gallery, thou meanest!' replied my Uncle Toby.

Trim found he was upon a wrong scent, and stopped short with a low bow—'Two misfortunes,' quoth the corporal to himself, 'are twice as many, at least, as are needful to be called over at one time—the mischief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications, may be told his honour hereafter.'—Trim's casuistry and address, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all suspicion in my Uncle Toby, so he went on with what he had to say to Trim as follows.

—'For my own part, Trim, though I can see little or no difference betwixt my nephew's being called *Tristram* or *Trismegistus*—yet as the thing sits so near my brother's heart, Trim—

* Trim—I would freely have given a
 * hundred pounds rather than it should
 * have happened.—‘A hundred
 * pounds, an’ please your honour!’ re-
 * plied Trim—‘I would not give a cher-
 * ry-stone to boot.’—‘Nor would I,’
 * Trim, upon my own account,’ quoth
 * my Uncle Toby; ‘but my brother,
 * whom there is no arguing with in this
 * case—maintains, that a great deal
 * more depends, Trim, upon Christian
 * names, than what ignorant people
 * imagine—for he says there never was
 * a great or heroick action performed,
 * since the world began, by one called
 * *Tristram*—nay, he will have it, Trim,
 * that a man can neither be learned, or
 * wise, or brave——’ ‘It is all fancy,
 * an’ please your honour—I fought just
 * as well,’ replied the corporal, ‘when
 * the regiment called me *Trim*, as when
 * they called me *James Butler*.—’ And
 * for my own part,’ said my Uncle
 * Toby, ‘though I should blush to boast
 * of myself, Trim—yet had my name
 * been *Alexander*, I could have done
 * no more at Namur than my duty.’

—‘Bless your honour!’ cried Trim,
 advancing three steps as he spoke, ‘does
 a man think of his Christian name
 when he goes upon the attack?’—
 ‘Or when he stands in the trench,’
 Trim?’ cried my Uncle Toby, look-
 ing firm.—‘Or when he enters a
 breach?’ said Trim, ‘pushing in be-
 tween two chairs.—’ Or forces the
 lines?’ cried my uncle, rising up,
 and pushing his crutch like a pike.—
 ‘Or facing a platoon?’ cried Trim,
 presenting his stick like a firelock.—
 ‘Or when he marches up the glacis?’
 cried my Uncle Toby, looking warm,
 and setting his foot upon his stool.—

CHAP. XIX.

MY father was returned from his
 walk to the fish-pond—and open-
 ed the parlour-door in the very height
 of the attack, just as my Uncle Toby
 was marching up the glacis—Trim re-
 covered his arms—never was my Uncle
 Toby caught in riding at such a despe-
 rate rate in his life!—Alas! my Uncle
 Toby! had not a weightier matter call-
 ed forth all the ready eloquence of my
 father—how hadst thou then, and thy
 poor *bobby-horse* too, have been insulted.

My father hung up his hat with the

same air he took it down; and after
 giving a slight look at the disorder of
 the room, he took hold of one of the
 chairs which had formed the corporal’s
 breach, and placing it over-against my
 Uncle Toby, he sat down in it, and as
 soon as the tea-things were taken away,
 and the door shut, he broke out in a
 lamentation as follows.

MY FATHER’S LAMENTATION.

‘IT is in vain longer,’ said my fa-
 ther, addressing himself as much
 to Ernulphus’s curse, which was laid
 upon the corner of the chimney-piece—
 as to my Uncle Toby who sat under
 it—‘it is in vain longer,’ said my fa-
 ther, in the most querulous monotony
 imaginable, ‘to struggle as I have done
 against this most uncomfortable of
 human persuasions—I see it plainly,
 that either for my own sins, brother
 Toby, or the sins and follies of the
 Shandy family, Heaven has thought fit
 to draw forth the heaviest of it’s arbi-
 trary against me; and that the prosperity
 of my child is the point upon which
 the whole force of it is directed to
 play.—’ Such a thing would batter
 the whole universe about our ears,
 brother Shandy,’ said my Uncle To-
 by—‘if it was so.—’ Unhappy Tris-
 tram! child of wrath! child of de-
 crepitude, interruption, mistake, and
 discontent? What one misfortune or
 disaster in the book of embryonick
 evils, that could unmechanize thy
 frame, or entangle thy filaments,
 which has not fallen upon thy head,
 or ever thou camest into the world!—
 what evils in thy passage into it!—
 what evils since!—Produced into be-
 ing, in the decline of thy father’s
 days—when the powers of his imagi-
 nation and of his body were waxing
 feeble—when radical heat, and radical
 moisture, the elements which should
 have tempered thine, were drying
 up, and nothing left to found thy
 stamina in, but negations—’tis pit-
 ful—brother Toby, at the best—and
 called out for all the little helps that
 care and attention on both sides could
 give it. But how were we defeated!
 You know the event, brother Toby
 —’tis too melancholy a one to be re-
 peated now—when the few animal
 spirits I was worth in the world, and

with which memory, fancy, and quick parts, should have been conveyed—were all dispersed, confused, confounded, scattered, and sent to the devil.—

‘Here then was the time to have put a stop to this persecution against him—and tried an experiment at least—whether calmness and serenity of mind in your sister, with a due attention, brother Toby, to her evacuations and repletions—and the rest of her non-naturals, might not, in a course of nine months gestations, have set all things to rights.—My child was bereft of these!—What a teasing life did she lead herself, and consequently her foetus too, with that non-sensical anxiety of her’s about lying-in in town!’—‘I thought my sister submitted with the greatest patience,’ replied my Uncle Toby—‘I never heard her utter one fretful word about it.’—‘She fumed inwardly,’ cried my father; ‘and that, let me tell you, brother, was ten times worse for the child—and then, what battles did she fight with me, and what perpetual storms about the midwife!’—‘There she gave vent,’ said my Uncle Toby.—‘Vent!’ cried my father, looking up.

‘But what was all this, my dear Toby, to the injuries done us by my child’s coming head-foremost into the world, when all I wished, in this general wreck of his frame, was to have saved this little casket unbroke, un-ruffled.—

‘With all my precautions, how was my system turned topside-turvy in the womb with my child! his head exposed to the hand of violence, and a pressure of four hundred and seventy pounds avoirdupois weight acting so perpendicularly upon it’s apex—that at this hour ’tis ninety per cent. insurance, that the fine net-work of the intellectual web be not rent and torn to a thousand tatters.

—‘Still we could have done.—‘Pool, coxcomb, puppy—give him but a nose—Cripple, dwarf, driveller, goosecap—(shape him as you will)—the door of fortune stands open!—O Licetus! Licetus! had I been blest with a foetus five inches long and a half, like thee—Fate might have done her worst!

‘Still, brother Toby, there was one

‘cast-of the dye left for our child after all—O Tristram! Tristram! Tristram!’

‘We will send for Mr. Yorick,’ said my Uncle Toby.

—‘You may send for whom you will,’ replied my father.

CHAP. XX.

WHAT a rate have I gone on at, curveting and frisking it away, two up and two down for four volumes together, without looking once behind, or even on one side of me, to see whom I trod upon!—‘I’ll tread upon no one,’—quoth I to myself when I mounted—‘I’ll take a good rattling gallop; but I’ll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the road.’—So off I set—up one lane, down another—through this turnpike, over that—as if the arch-jockey of jockies had got behind me.

Now ride at this rate with what good intention and resolution you may—’tis a million to one you’ll do some one a mischief, if not yourself—‘He’s flung—he’s off—he’s lost his seat—he’s down—he’ll break his neck—see!’—if he has not galloped full among the scaffolding of the undertaking criticks!—he’ll knock his brains out against some of their posts—he’s bounced out!—look—he’s now riding like a mad-cap full tilt through a whole crowd of painters, fiddlers, poets, biographers, physicians, lawyers, logicians, players, schoolmen, churchmen, statesmen, soldiers, casuists, connoisseurs, prelates, popes, and engineers.’

—‘Don’t fear, said I; ‘I’ll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the king’s highway.’—‘But your horse throws dirt; see! you’ve splashed a bishop.’—‘I hope in God, ’twas only Ernulphus!’ said I.—‘But you have squirted full in the faces of Messrs. Le Moynes, De Romigny, and De Marcilly, doctors of the Sorbonne.’—‘That was last year,’ replied I.—‘But you have trod this moment upon a king.’—‘Kings have bad times on’t,’ said I, ‘to be trod upon by such people as me.’

—‘You have done it,’ replied my accuser.

‘I deny it,’ quoth I—and so have got off, and here am I standing with my

my bridle in one hand, and with my cap in the other, to tell my story.—‘And what is it?’—You shall hear in the next chapter.

CHAP. XXI.

AS Francis the First of France was one winterly night warming himself over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his first minister of sundry things for the good of the state.—‘It would not be amiss,’ said the king, stirring up the embers with his cane, ‘if this good understanding betwixt ourselves and Switzerland was a little strengthened.’—‘There is no end,’ Sire, replied the minister, ‘in giving money to these people—they would swallow up the treasury of France.’—‘Poo! poo!’ answered the king—‘there are more ways, Monf. le Premier, of bribing states, besides that of giving money.—I’ll pay Switzerland the honour of standing godfather for my next child.’—‘Your majesty,’ said the minister, ‘in so doing, would have all the grammarians in Europe upon your back.—Switzerland, as a republick, being a female, can in no construction be *godfather*.’—‘She may be *godmother*,’ replied Francis, hastily—‘so announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning.’

‘I am astonished,’ said Francis the First, (that day fortnight) speaking to his minister as he entered the closet, ‘that we have had no answer from Switzerland!’—‘Sire, I wait upon you this moment,’ said Monf. le Premier, ‘to lay before you my dispatches upon that business.’—‘They take it kindly?’ said the king.—‘They do, Sire,’ replied the minister, ‘and have the highest sense of the honour your majesty has done them—but the republick, as godmother, claims her right, in this case, of naming the child.’

‘In all reason,’ quoth the king—‘she will christen him Francis, or Henry, or Lewis, or some name that she knows will be agreeable to us.’—‘Your majesty is deceived,’ replied the minister—‘I have this hour received a dispatch from our resident, with the determination of the republick on that point also.’—‘And what name has the

republick fixed upon for the dauphin?’—‘Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego,’ replied the minister.—‘By St. Peter’s girdle, I will have nothing to do with the Swifs!’ cried Francis the First; pulling up his breeches, and walking hastily across the floor.

‘Your majesty,’ replied the minister, calmly, ‘cannot bring yourself off.’

‘We’ll pay them in money,’ said the king.

‘Sire, there are not sixty thousand crowns in the treasury,’ answered the minister.—‘I’ll pawn the best jewel in my crown,’ quoth Francis the First.

‘Your honour stands pawned already in this matter,’ answered Monf. le Premier.

‘Then Monf. le Premier,’ said the king, ‘by — we’ll go to war with them.’

CHAP. XXII.

ALBEIT, gentle reader, I have lusted earnestly, and endeavoured carefully (according to the measure of such slender skill as God has vouchsafed me, and as convenient leisure from other occasions of needful profit and healthful pastime have permitted) that these little books, which I here put into thy hands, might stand instead of many bigger books—yet have I carried myself towards thee in such fanciful guise of careless disport, that right sore am I ashamed now to intreat thy lenity seriously—in beseeching thee to believe it of me, that in the story of my father and his Christian names—I had no thoughts of treading upon Francis the First—nor in the affair of the nose—upon Francis the Ninth—nor in the character of my Uncle Toby—of characterizing the militiating spirits of my country—the wound upon his groin, is a wound to every comparison of that kind—nor by Trum—that I meant the Duke of Ormond—or that my book is wrote against predestination, or free-will, or taxes.—If ’tis wrote against any thing—’tis wrote, an’ please your worships, against the spleen!—in order, by a more frequent and a more convulsive elevation and depression of the diaphragm, and the succussions of the intercostal and abdominal muscles

in laughter, to drive the gall and other bitter juices from the gall-bladder, liver, and sweet-bread, of his majesty's subjects, with all the inimicitious passions which belong to them, down into their duodenums.

CHAP. XXIII.

—‘BUT can the thing be undone,’ said my father; ‘for, in my opinion,’ continued he, ‘it cannot.’—‘I am a vile canonist,’ replied Yorick—‘but of all evils, holding suspense to be the most tormenting, we shall at least know the worst of this matter.’—‘I hate these great dinners,’ said my father.—‘The size of the dinner, is not the point,’ answered Yorick—‘we want, Mr. Shandy, to dive into the bottom of

‘this doubt, whether the name can be changed or not—and as the beards of so many commissaries, officials, advocates, proctors, registers, and of the most eminent of our school-divines, and others, are all to meet in the middle of one table, and Didius has so pressingly invited you—who, in your distress, would miss such an occasion?—All that is requisite,’ continued Yorick, ‘is to apprize Didius, and let him manage a conversation after dinner so as to introduce the subject.’—‘Then my brother Toby,’ cried my father, clapping his two hands together, ‘shall go with us.’

—‘Let my old tye-wig,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘and my laced regiments, be hung to the fire all night, Trim.’

CHAP. XXV.

—NO doubt, Sir—there is a whole chapter wanting here—and a chafin of ten pages made in the book by it—but the book-binder is neither a fool, or a knave, or a puppy—nor is the book a jot more imperfect—at least, upon that score—but, on the contrary, the book is more perfect and compleat by wanting the chapter, than having it, as I shall demonstrate to your reverences in this manner.—I question, first, by the bye, whether the same experiment might not be made as successfully upon sundry other chapters—but there is no end, an' please your reverences, in trying experiments upon chapters—we have had enough of it—So there's an end of that matter.

But before I begin my demonstration, let me only tell you, that the chapter which I have torn out, and which otherwise you would all have been reading just now, instead of this—was the description of my father's, my Uncle Toby's, Trim's, and Obadiah's, setting out and journeying to the visitations at ****.

'We'll go in the coach,' said my father.—'Pr'ythee, have the arms been altered, Obadiah?'—It would have made my story much better, to have begun with telling you, that at the time my mother's arms were added to the Shandy's, when the coach was repainted, upon my father's marriage, it had so fallen out, that the coach-painter, whether by performing all his works with the left-hand, like Turpilius the Roman, or Hans Holbein of Basil—or whether 'twas more from the blunder of his head than hand—or whether, lastly, it was from the sinister turn which every thing relating to our family was apt to take—it so fell out, however, to our reproach, that instead of the *bend-dexter*, which since Harry the Eighth's reign was honestly our due—a *bend-sinister*, by some of these fatalities, had been drawn quite across the field of the Shandy arms. 'Tis scarce credible that the mind of so wise a man as my father was, could be so much incommoded with so small a matter. The word *coach*—let it be whose it would—or *coach-man*, or *coach-*

horse, or *coach-hire*, could never be named in the family, but he constantly complained of carrying this vile mark of illegitimacy upon the door of his own; he never once was able to step in to the coach, or out of it, without turning round to take a view of the arms, and making a vow, at the same time, that it was the last time he would ever set his foot in it again, till the *bend-sinister* was taken out—but, like the affair of the hinge, it was one of the many things which the destinies had set down in their books ever to be grumbled at—(and in wiser families than ours)—but never to be mended.

—'Has the *bend-sinister* been brushed out, I say?' said my father.—'There has been nothing brushed out, Sir,' answered Obadiah, 'but the lining.'—'We'll go on horseback,' said my father, turning to Yorick.—'Of all things in the world, except politics, the clergy know the least of heraldy,' said Yorick.—'No matter for that,' cried my father.—'I should be sorry to appear with a blot in my escutcheon before them.'—'Never mind the *bend-sinister*,' said my Uncle Toby, putting on his tye-wig.—'No, indeed,' said my father—'you may go with my Aunt Dinah to a visitation with a *bend-sinister*, if you think fit!—My poor Uncle Toby blushed.—My father was vexed at himself.—'No, my dear brother Toby,' said my father, changing his tone—'but the damp of the coach lining about my loins, may give me the sciatica again, as it did December, January, and February last winter—so, if you please, you shall ride my wife's pad—and as you are to preach, Yorick, you had better make the best of your way before—and leave me to take care of my brother Toby, and to follow at our own rates.'

Now the chapter I was obliged to tear out, was the description of this cavalcade,—in which Corporal Trim and Obadiah, upon two coach-horses abreast, led the way as slow as a patrolle—whilst my Uncle Toby, in his laced regimentals and tye-wig, kept his rank with my father, in deep roads and dissertations, alternately, upon the advantage of learning and arms, as each could get the start.

—But the painting of this journey,

ney, upon reviewing it, appears to be so much above the style and manner of any thing else I have been able to paint in this book, that it could not have remained in it, without depreciating every other scene; and destroying at the same time that necessary equipoise and balance (whether of good or bad) betwixt chapter and chapter, from whence the just proportions and harmony of the whole work results. For my own part, I am but just set up in the business, so know little about it—but, in my opinion, to write a book is for all the world like humming a song—be but in tune with yourself, Madam, it is no matter how high or how low you take it.—This is the reason, may it please your reverences, that some of the lowest and flattest compositions pass off very well—(as Yorick told my Uncle Toby one night)—by *siege*.—My Uncle Toby looked brisk at the sound of the word *siege*, but could make neither head or tail of it.

‘I’m to preach at court next Sunday,’ said Homenas—‘run over my notes.’—So I hummed over Doctor Homenas’s notes.—‘The modulation’s very well—’twill do, Homenas, if it holds on at this rate.’—So on I hummed—and a tolerable tune I thought it was: and to this hour, may it please your reverences, had never found out how low, how flat, how spiritless and jejune it was, but that all of a sudden, up started an air in the middle of it, so fine, so rich, so heavenly—it carried my soul up with it into the other world! now had I—(as Montaigne complained in a parallel accident)—had I found the declivity easy, or the ascent accessible—certes I had been out-witted.—‘Your notes, Homenas,’ I should have said, ‘are good notes’—but it was so perpendicular a precipice—so wholly cut off from the rest of the work, that by the first note I hummed I found myself flying into the other world, and from thence discovered the vale from whence I came, so deep, so low, and dismal, that I shall never have the heart to descend into it again.

¶ A dwarf who brings a standard along with him to measure his own size—take my word, is a dwarf in more articles than one.—And so much for tearing out of chapters.

C H A P. XXVI.

—‘SEE if he is not cutting it all into slips, and giving them about him to light their pipes!’—‘It is abominable,’ answered Didius.—‘It should not go unnoticed,’ said Doctor Kysarcus.—He was of the *Kysarcii* of the Low Countries.

‘Methinks,’ said Didius, half rising from his chair, in order to remove a bottle and a tall decanter, which stood in a direct line betwixt him and Yorick—‘you might have spared this far-castick stroke, and have hit upon a more proper place, Mr. Yorick—or at least upon a more proper occasion, to have shewn your contempt of what we have been about: if the sermon is of no better worth than to light pipes with—’twas certainly, Sir, not good enough to be preached before so learned a body; and if ’twas good enough to be preached before so learned a body—’twas certainly, Sir, too good to light their pipes with afterwards.

—‘I have got him fast hung up,’ quoth Didius to himself, ‘upon one of the two horns of my dilemma—let him get off as he can.’

‘I have undergone such unspeakable torments in bringing forth this sermon,’ quoth Yorick, ‘upon this occasion, that I declare, Didius, I would suffer martyrdom—and, if it was possible, my horse with me, a thousand times over, before I would sit down and make such another.—I was delivered of it at the wrong end of me—it came from my head, instead of my heart; and it is for the pain it gave me, both in the writing and preaching of it, that I revenge myself of it in this manner.—To preach, to shew the extent of our reading, or the subtilties of our wit—to parade it in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly accounts of a little learning, tinselled over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light, and less warmth—is a dishonest use of the poor single half-hour in a week which is put into our hands. ’Tis not preaching the gospel—but ourselves.—For my own part,’ continued Yorick, ‘I had rather direct five words point-blank to the heart—’

As Yorick pronounced the word *point-blank*, my Uncle Toby rose up to say something upon projectiles—when a single word, and no more, uttered from the opposite side of the table, drew every one's ears towards it—a word, of all others in the dictionary, the last in that place to be expected—a word I am ashamed to write—yet must be written—must be read—illegal—uncanonical—guess ten thousand guesses, multiplied into themselves—rack—torture your invention for ever, you're where you was.—In short, I'll tell it in the next chapter.

C H A P. XXVII.

'ZOUNDS!'

Phutatorius—partly to himself—and yet high enough to be heard—and what seemed odd, 'twas uttered in a construction of look, and in a tone of voice, somewhat between that of a man in amazement and of one in bodily pain.

One or two who had very nice ears, and could distinguish the expression and mixture of the two tones as plainly as a *third* or a *fifth*, or any other chord in musick—were the most puzzled and perplexed with it—the *concord* was good in itself—but then 'twas quite out of the key, and no way applicable to the subject started—so that, with all their knowledge, they could not tell what in the world to make of it.

Others, who knew nothing of musical expression, and merely lent their ears to the plain import of the word, imagined that Phutatorius, who was somewhat of a cholerick spirit, was just going to snatch the cudgels out of Didius's hands, in order to bemawl Yorick to some purpose—and that the desperate monosyllable 'Z—ds!' was the exordium to an oration—which, as they judged from the sample, presaged but a rough kind of handling of him; so that my Uncle Toby's good-nature felt a pang for what Yorick was about to undergo. But seeing Phutatorius stop short, without any attempt or desire to go on—a third party began to suppose that it was no more than an involuntary expiration, casually forming itself into the shape of a twelve-penny oath—without the sin or substance of one.

Others, and especially one or two who sat next him, looked upon it, on the contrary, as a real and substantial oath, propensely formed against Yorick, to whom he was known to bear no good liking—which said oath, as my father philosophized upon it, actually lay fretting and fuming at that very time in the upper regions of Phutatorius's purtenance; and so was naturally, and according to the due course of things, first squeezed out by the sudden influx of blood, which was driven into the right ventricle of Phutatorius's heart, by the stroke of surprize which so strange a theory of preaching had excited.

How finely we argue upon mistaken facts!

There was not a soul busied in all these various reasonings upon the monosyllable which Phutatorius uttered—who did not take this for granted, proceeding upon it as from an axiom—namely, that Phutatorius's mind was intent upon the subject of debate which was arising between Didius and Yorick; and, indeed, as he looked first towards the one and then towards the other, with the air of a man listening to what was going forwards—who would not have thought the same?—But the truth was, that Phutatorius knew not one word or one syllable of what was passing—but his whole thoughts and attention were taken up with a transaction which was going forwards at that very instant within the precincts of his own *galligaskins*, and in a part of them, where of all others he stood most interested to watch accidents: so that notwithstanding he looked with all the attention in the world, and had gradually screwed up every nerve and muscle in his face, to the utmost pitch the instrument would bear, in order, as it was thought, to give a sharp reply to Yorick, who sat over-against him—yet, I say, was Yorick never once in any one domicile of Phutatorius's brain—but the true cause of his exclamation lay at least a yard below.

This I will endeavour to explain to you with all imaginable decency.

You must be informed, then, that Gastripheres, who had taken a turn into the kitchen a little before dinner, to see how things went on—observing a wicker-basket of fine chestnuts standing upon the dresser, had ordered that a hundred

or two of them might be roasted and sent in, as soon as dinner was over—Gastripheres enforcing his orders about them, that Didius, but Phutatorius especially, were particularly fond of them.

About two minutes before the time that my Uncle Toby interrupted Yorick's harangue—Gastripheres's chestnuts were brought in—and as Phutatorius's fondness for 'em was uppermost in the waiter's head, he laid them directly before Phutatorius, wrapt up hot in a clean damask napkin.

Now whether it was physically impossible, with half a dozen hands all thrust into the napkin at a time—but that some one chestnut, of more life and rotundity than the rest, must be put in motion—it so fell out, however, that one was actually sent rolling off the table; and as Phutatorius sat straddling under—it fell perpendicularly into that particular aperture of Phutatorius's breeches, for which, to the shame and indelicacy of our language be it spoke, there is no chaste word throughout all Johnson's Dictionary—let it suffice to say—it was that particular aperture which, in all good societies, the laws of decorum do strictly require, like the temple of Janus, (in peace, at least) to be universally shut up.

The neglect of this punctilio in Phutatorius (which, by the bye, should be a warning to all mankind) had opened a door to this accident.

—Accident I call it, in compliance to a received mode of speaking—but in no opposition to the opinion either of Acrites or Mythogeras in this matter; I know they were both prepossessed and fully persuaded of it—and are so to this hour, that there was nothing of accident in the whole event—but that the chestnut's taking that particular course, and in a manner of its own accord—and then falling with all its heat directly into that one particular place, and no other—was a real judgment upon Phutatorius, for that filthy and obscene treatise *De Concubinis retinendis*, which Phutatorius had published about twenty years ago—and was that identical week going to give the world a second edition of.

It is not my business to dip my pen in this controversy—much undoubtedly may be wrote on both sides of the question—all that concerns me, as an his-

torian, is to represent the matter of fact, and render it credible to the reader, that the hiatus in Phutatorius's breeches was sufficiently wide to receive the chestnut—and that the chestnut, some how or other, did fall perpendicularly and piping hot into it, without Phutatorius's perceiving it, or any one else, at that time.

The genial warmth which the chestnut imparted, was not undetectable for the first twenty or five and twenty seconds—and did no more than gently solicit Phutatorius's attention towards the part—but the heat gradually increasing, and in a few seconds more getting beyond the point of all sober pleasure, and then advancing with all speed into the regions of pain, the soul of Phutatorius, together with all his ideas, his thoughts, his attention, his imagination, judgment, resolution, deliberation, ratiocination, memory, fancy, with ten battalions of animal spirits, all tumultuously crowded down, through different defiles and circuits, to the place in danger, leaving all his upper regions, as you may imagine, as empty as my purse.

With the best intelligence which all these messengers could bring him back, Phutatorius was not able to dive into the secret of what was going forward below, nor could he make any kind of conjecture what the devil was the matter with it: however, as he knew not what the true cause might turn out, he deemed it most prudent, in the situation he was in at present, to bear it, if possible, like a Stoick; which, with the help of some wry faces and compunctions of the mouth, he had certainly accomplished, had his imagination continued neuter—but the fallies of the imagination are ungovernable in things of this kind—a thought instantly darted into his mind, that though the anguish had the sensation of glowing heat—it might notwithstanding that, be a bite as well as a burn; and if so, that possibly a newt or an asser, or some such detestable reptile, had crept up, and was fastening his teeth—the horrid idea of which, with a fresh glow of pain arising that instant from the chestnut, seized Phutatorius with a sudden panick, and in the first terrifying disorder of the passion, he threw him, as it has done the best generals upon earth, quite off his guard.

the effect of which was this, that he leaped incontinently up—uttering, as he rose, that interjection of surprize so much defcanted upon, with the apostrophick break after it, marked thus, ‘Z—ds!’—which, though not strictly canonical, was still as little as any man could have said upon the occasion; and which, by the bye, whether canonical or not, Phutatorius could no more help, than he could the cause of it.

Though this has taken up some time in the narrative, it took up little more time in the transaction, than just to allow time for Phutatorius to draw forth the chefnut, and throw it down with violence upon the floor—and for Yorick to rise from his chair, and pick the chefnut up.

It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind—what incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things—that trifles, light as air, shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immoveably within it—that Euclid’s demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it.

Yorick, I said, picked up the chefnut which Phutatorius’s wrath had flung down—the action was trifling—I am ashamed to account for it—he did it, for no reason, but that he thought the chefnut not a jot worse for the adventure—and that he held a good chefnut worth stooping for.—But this incident, trifling as it was, wrought differently in Phutatorius’s head: he considered this act of Yorick’s, in getting off his chair and picking up the chefnut, as a plain acknowledgment in him, that the chefnut was originally his—and in course, that it must have been the owner of the chefnut, and no one else, who could have played him such a prank with it: what greatly confirmed him in this opinion was this, that the table being parallelogrammical, and very narrow, it afforded a fair opportunity for Yorick, who sat directly over-against Phutatorius, of slipping the chefnut in—and consequently that he did it. The look of something more than suspicion, which Phutatorius cast full upon Yorick as these thoughts arose, too evidently spoke his opinion—and as Phutatorius was naturally supposed to know more of the matter than any person be-

sides, his opinion at once became the general one—and, for a reason very different from any which have been yet given—in a little time it was put out of all manner of dispute.

When great or unexpected events fall out upon the stage of this sublunary world—the mind of man, which is an inquisitive kind of a substance, naturally takes a flight behind the scenes, to see what is the cause and first spring of them. The search was not long in this instance.

It was well known that Yorick had never a good opinion of the treatise which Phutatorius had wrote, *De Concubinis retinendis*, as a thing which he feared had done hurt in the world—and ’twas easily found out, that there was a mystical meaning in Yorick’s prank—and that his chucking the chefnut hot into Phutatorius’s *****, was a sarcastical fling at his book—the doctrines of which, they said, had inflamed many an honest man in the same place.

This conceit awaken’d Somnolentus—made Agelastes smile—and, if you can recollect the precise look and air of a man’s face intent in finding out a riddle—it threw Gastripheres’s into that form—and, in short, was thought by many to be a master-stroke of arch-wit.

This, as the reader has seen from one end to the other, was as groundless as the dreams of philosophy: Yorick, no doubt, as Shakespeare said of his ancestor—*was a man of jest*—but it was tempered with something which withheld him from that, and many other ungracious pranks, of which he as undeservedly bore the blame—but it was his misfortune, all his life long, to bear the imputation of saying and doing a thousand things, of which (unless my esteem blinds me) his nature was incapable. All I blame him for—or rather, all I blame and alternately like him for, was, that singularity of his temper, which would never suffer him to take pains to set a story right with the world, however in his power. In every ill usage of that sort, he acted precisely as in the affair of his lean horse—he could have explained it to his honour, but his spirit was above it; and besides, he ever looked upon the inventor, the propagator, and believer of an illiberal report, alike so injurious to him—he could

could not stoop to tell his story to them—and so trusted to time and truth to do it for him.

This heroick cast produced him inconveniences in many respects—in the present it was followed by the fixed resentment of Phutatorius; who, as Yorick had just made an end of his chestnut, rose up from his chair a second time, to let him know it—which, indeed, he did with a smile; saying only—that he would endeavour not to forget the obligation.

But you must mark and carefully separate and distinguish these two things in your mind.

—The smile was for the company.

—The threat was for Yorick.

CHAP. XXVIII.

—‘CAN you tell me,’ quoth Phutatorius, speaking to Gastripheres, who sat next to him—for one would not apply to a surgeon in so foolish an affair—‘can you tell me, Gastripheres, what is best to take out the fire?’—‘Ask Eugenius,’ said Gastripheres.—‘That greatly depends,’ said Eugenius, (pretending ignorance of the adventure) ‘upon the nature of the part.’—‘If it is a tender part, and a part which can conveniently be wrapped up—’ ‘It is both the one and the other,’ replied Phutatorius, laying his hand as he spoke, with an emphatical nod of his head, upon the part in question, and lifting up his right-leg at the same time to ease and ventilate it.—‘If that is the case,’ said Eugenius, ‘I would advise you, Phutatorius, not to tamper with it by any means; but if you will send to the next printer, and trust your cure to such a simple thing as a soft sheet of paper just come off the press—you need do nothing more than twist it round.’—‘The damp paper,’ quoth Yorick—(who sat next to his friend Eugenius)—‘though I know it has a refreshing coolness in it—yet I presume is no more than the vehicle—and that the oil and lamp-black with which the paper is so strongly impregnated, does the business.’—‘Right,’ said Eugenius; ‘and is, of any outward application I would venture to recommend, the most anodyne and safe.’

‘Was it my case,’ said Gastripheres,

‘as the main thing is the oil and lamp-black, I should spread them thick upon a rag, and clap it on directly.’—‘That would make a very devil of it,’ replied Yorick.—‘And besides,’ added Eugenius, ‘it would not answer the intention, which is the extreme neatness and elegance of the prescription, which the faculty hold to be half in half—for consider, if the type is a very small one (which it should be) the sanative particles, which come in to contact in this form, have the advantage of being spread so infinitely thin, and with such a mathematical equality, (fresh paragraphs and large capitals excepted) as no art or management of the spatula can come up to.’—‘It falls out very luckily,’ replied Phutatorius, ‘that the second edition of my treatise *De Concubini retinendis* is at this instant in the press.’—‘You may take any leaf of it,’ said Eugenius—‘no matter which.’—‘Provided,’ quoth Yorick, ‘there is no bawdry in it.’—

‘They are just now,’ replied Phutatorius, ‘printing off the ninth chapter—which is the last chapter but one in the book.’—‘Pray what is the title to that chapter?’ said Yorick, making a respectful bow to Phutatorius as he spoke.—‘I think,’ answered Phutatorius, ‘it is that, *De re concubina-ria*.’

‘For Heaven’s sake keep out of that chapter!’ quoth Yorick.

—‘By all means!’ added Eugenius.

CHAP. XXIX.

—‘NOW,’ quoth Didius, rising up, and laying his right-hand with his fingers spread upon his breast—‘had such a blunder about a christian-name happened before the reformation—’ [‘It happened the day before yesterday,’ quoth my Uncle Toby to himself.]—‘and when baptism was administered in Latin—’ [‘If it was all in English,’ said my uncle.]—‘many things might have coincided with it, and upon the authority of sundry decreed cases, to have pronounced the baptism null, with a power of giving the child a new name.—’ ‘Had a priest, for instance, which was no uncommon thing, through ignorance

ance of the Latin tongue, baptized a child Tom o'Stiles, "*In nomine Patriæ & Filia & Spiritum Sanctos*,"—the baptism was held null.—'I beg your pardon,' replied Kysarcus;—'in that case, as the mistake was only in the terminations, the baptism was valid—and to have rendered it null, the blunder of the priest should have fallen upon the first syllable of each noun—and not, as in your case, upon the last.'—

My father delighted in subtilties of this kind, and listened with infinite attention.

'Gastripheres, for example,' continued Kysarcus, 'baptizes a child of John Stradling's "*In gomine gattris*," &c. &c." instead of "*In nomine Patris*, &c."—'Is this a baptism?'—'No'—say the ablest canonists; inasmuch as the radix of each word is hereby torn up, and the sense and meaning of them removed and changed quite to another object; for *gomine* does not signify a name, nor *gattris* a father.'—'What do they signify?' said my Uncle Toby.—'Nothing at all,' quoth Yorick.—'Ergo, such a baptism is null,' said Kysarcus.—'In course!' answered Yorick; in a tone two parts jest and one part earnest.

'But in the case cited,' continued Kysarcus, 'where *patrim* is put for *patris*, *filia* for *fili*, and so on—as it is a fault only in the declension, and the roots of the words continue untouched, the inflexions of their branches, either this way or that, does not in any sort hinder the baptism, inasmuch as the same sense continues in the words as before.'—'But then,' said Didius, 'the intention of the priest's pronouncing them grammatically must have been proved to have gone along with it.'—'Right,' answered Kysarcus; 'and of this, brother Didius, we have an instance in a decree of the decretals of Pope Leo the III^d.'—'But my brother's child,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'has nothing to do with the pope—'tis the plain child of a Protestant gentleman, christen'd *Tristram* against the wills and wishes both of his father and mother, and all who are a-kin to it.'—

'If the wills and wishes,' said Kysarcus, interrupting my Uncle Toby, 'of those only who stand related to Mr. Shandy's child, were to have weight in this matter, Mrs. Shandy, of all people, has the least to do in it.'—My Uncle Toby laid down his pipe, and my father drew his chair still closer to the table, to hear the conclusion of so strange an introduction.

'It has not only been a question,' Captain Shandy, amongst the best lawyers and civilians in this land,' continued Kysarcus, '*Whether the mother be of kin to her child*?'—but, after much dispassionate enquiry and jactitation of the arguments on all sides—it has been adjudged for the negative—namely, *that the mother is not of kin to her child*†.—My father instantly clapp'd his hand upon my Uncle Toby's mouth, under colour of whispering in his ear—the truth was, he was alarmed for Lillabullero;—and having a great desire to hear more of so curious an argument—he begged my Uncle Toby, for Heaven's sake, not to disappoint him in it.—My Uncle Toby gave a nod—resumed his pipe, and contenting himself with whistling Lillabullero inwardly—Kysarcus, Didius, and Triptolemus, went on with the discourse as follows.

'This determination,' continued Kysarcus, 'how contrary soever it may seem to run to the stream of vulgar ideas, yet had reason strongly on it's side; and has been put out of all manner of dispute from the famous case, known commonly by the name of the Duke of Suffolk's case.'—'It is cited in Brook,' said Triptolemus.—'And taken notice of by Lord Coke,' added Didius.—'And you may find it in Swinburn on Testaments,' said Kysarcus.

'The case, Mr. Shandy, was this.

'In the reign of Edward the Sixth, Charles Duke of Suffolk having issue a son by one venter, and a daughter by another venter, made his last will, wherein he devised goods to his son, and died; after whose death the son died also—but without will, without wife, and without child—his mother, and his sister by the father's side (for she was born of the former ven-

* Vide Swinburn on Testaments, part vii. sect. 8.

† Vide Brook Abridg. Tit. Administr. N. 47.

ter) then living. The mother took the administration of her son's goods, according to the statute of the 21st of Harry the Eighth; whereby it is enacted, that in case any person die intestate, the administration of his goods shall be committed to the next of kin.

The administration being thus (sur-reptitiously) granted to the mother, the sister by the father's side commenced a suit before the ecclesiastical judge, alledging, 1st, That she herself was next of kin; and 2dly, That the mother was not of kin at all to the party deceased; and therefore prayed the court, that the administration granted to the mother might be revoked, and be committed unto her, as next of kin to the deceased, by force of the said statute.

Hereupon, as it was a great cause, and much depending upon it's issue—and many causes of great propriety likely to be decided in times to come, by the precedent to be then made—the most learned, as well in the laws of this realm, as in the civil law, were consulted together, whether the mother was of kin to her son, or no.—Whereunto not only the temporal lawyers—but the church-lawyers—the juris-consulti—the juris-prudentes—the civilians—the advocates—the commissaries—the judges of the consistory and prerogative courts of Canterbury and York, with the master of the faculties, were all unanimously of opinion, *that the mother was not of kin to her child*.*

And what said the Ducheſs of Suffolk to it? said my Uncle Toby.

The unexpectedness of my Uncle Toby's question, confounded Kysarcus more than the ableſt advocate.—He ſtopped a full minute, looking in my Uncle Toby's face without replying—and in that ſingle minute Triptolemus put by him, and took the lead as follows.

It is a ground and principle in the law, said Triptolemus, that things do not aſcend, but deſcend in it; and I make no doubt 'tis for this cauſe, that however true it is, that the child may be of the blood and ſeed of it's parents—that the parents, neverthe-

leſs, are not of the blood and ſeed of it; inasmuch as the parents are not begot by the child, but the child by parents.—For ſo they write, "*Liberi ſunt de ſanguine patris & matris, ſed pater & mater non ſunt de ſanguine liberorum.*"

But this, Triptolemus, cries Didius, proves too much—for, from this authority cited, it would follow, not only, what indeed is granted on all ſides, that the mother is not of kin to her child—but the father likewiſe.—It is held, ſaid Triptolemus, the better opinion; becauſe the father, the mother, and the child, though they be three perſons, yet they are but (*una caro* †) one fleſh; and conſequently no degree of kindred—or any method of acquiring one in nature.—There you puſh the argument again too far, cried Didius; for there is no prohibition in nature, though there is in the Levitical law—but that a man may beget a child upon his grandmother—in which caſe, ſuppoſing the iſſue a daughter, ſhe would ſtand in relation both of—But who ever thought, cried Kyſarcus, of lying with his grandmother?—The young gentleman, replied Yorick, whom Selden ſpeaks of—who not only thought of it, but juſtified his intention to his father, by the argument drawn from the law of retaliation.—You laid, Sir, with my mother, ſaid the lad; why may I not lay with yours?—It is the *argumentum commune*, added Yorick.—It is as good, replied Eugenius, taking down his hat, as they deſerve.

The company broke up.—

CHAP. XXX.

AND pray!—ſaid my Uncle Toby, leaning upon Yorick, as he and my father were helping him leiſurely down the ſtairs—(Don't be terrified, Madam; this ſtair-caſe converſation is not ſo long as the laſt)—and pray, Yorick, ſaid my Uncle Toby, which way is this ſaid affair of Triftram at length ſettled by theſe learned men?—Very ſatisfactorily, replied Yorick; no mortal,

* Mater non numeratur inter conſanguineos. Bald. in ult. C. de Verb. ſignific.

† Vide Brook Abrieg. tit. Adminiſtr. N. 47.

'Sir, has any concern with it—for Mrs. Shandy, the mother, is nothing at all a-kin to him—and as the mother is the surest side—Mr. Shandy, in course, is still less than nothing—in short, he is not as much a-kin to him, Sir, as I am.'

—'That may well be,' said my father, shaking his head.

—'Let the learned say what they will, there must certainly,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'have been some sort of consanguinity betwixt the Duchess of Suffolk and her son.'

'The vulgar are of the same opinion,' quoth Yorick, 'to this hour.'

CHAP. XXXI.

THOUGH my father was hugely tickled with the subtilties of these learned discourses—'twas still but like the anointing of a broken bone—The moment he got home, the weight of his afflictions returned upon him but so much the heavier; as is ever the case, when the staff we lean on slips from under us.—He became pensive—walked frequently forth to the fish pond—let down one loop of his hat—sighed often—s forbore to snap—and, as the hasty sparks of temper, which occasion snapping, so much assist perspiration and digestion, as Hippocrates tells us—he had certainly fallen ill with the extinction of them, had not his thoughts been critically drawn off, and his health rescued, by a fresh train of disquietudes, left him, with a legacy of a thousand pounds, by my Aunt Dinah.—

My father had scarce read the letter, when taking the thing by the right end, he instantly began to plague and puzzle his head how to lay it out mostly to the honour of his family.—A hundred and fifty odd projects took possession of his brains by turns—he would do this, and that, and t'other.—He would go to Rome—he would go to law—he would buy stock—he would buy John Hobson's farm—he would new fore-front his house, and add a new wing to make it even.—There was a fine water-mill on this side, and he would build a wind-mill on the other side of the river in full view to answer it.—But, above all things in the world, he would inclose the great **Ox-MOOR**, and send out my **BROTHER BOBBY** immediately upon his travels.

But as the sum was finite, and consequently could not do every thing—and, in truth, very few of these to any purpose—of all the projects which offered themselves upon this occasion, the two last seemed to make the deepest impression; and he would infallibly have determined upon both at once, but for the small inconvenience hinted at above, which absolutely put him under a necessity of deciding in favour either of the one or the other.

This was not altogether so easy to be done; for though 'tis certain my father had long before set his heart upon this necessary part of my brother's education; and, like a prudent man, had actually determined to carry it into execution, with the first money that returned from the second creation of actions in the Mississippi-scheme, in which he was an adventurer—yet the *Ox-moor*, which was a fine, large, whinny, undrained, unimproved common, belonging to the Shandy estate, had almost as old a claim upon him: he had long and affectionately set his heart upon turning it likewise to some account.

But having never hitherto been pressed with such a conjuncture of things, as made it necessary to settle either the priority or justice of their claims—like a wise man, he had refrained entering into any nice or critical examination about them: so that, upon the dismissal of every other project at this crisis—the two old projects, the *Ox-moor* and my *brother*, divided him again; and so equal a match were they for each other, as to become the occasion of no small contest in the old gentleman's mind—which of the two should be set o'going first.

—'People may laugh as they will—but the case was this.

It had ever been the custom of the family, and by length of time was almost become a matter of common right, that the eldest son of it should have free ingress, egress, and regress, into foreign parts, before marriage—not only for the sake of bettering his own private parts, by the benefit of exercise and change of so much air—but simply for the mere delectation of his fancy, by the feather put into his cap, of having been abroad—*tantum valet*, my father would say, *quantum sonat*.

Now as this was a reasonable, and in course a most Christian indulgence—to

deprive him of it without *why* or *wherefore*—and thereby make an example of him, as the first Shandy unwhirl'd about Europe in a post-chaise, and only because he was a heavy lad—would be using him ten times worse than a Turk.

On the other hand, the case of the Ox-moor was full as hard.

Exclusive of the original purchase-money, which was eight hundred pounds—it had cost the family eight hundred pounds more in a law-suit about fifteen years before—besides the Lord knows what trouble and vexation.

It had been moreover in possession of the Shandy family ever since the middle of the last century; and though it lay full in view before the house, bounded on one extremity by the water-mill, and on the other by the projected wind-mill spoken of above—and for all these reasons seemed to have the fairest title of any part of the estate to the care and protection of the family—yet, by an unaccountable fatality, common to men, as well as the ground they tread on—it had all along most shamefully been over-looked—and, to speak the truth of it, had suffered so much by it, that it would have made any man's heart have bled, (Obadiah said) who understood the value of land, to have rode over it, and only seen the condition it was in.

However, as neither the purchasing this tract of ground—nor indeed the placing of it where it lay, were either of them, properly speaking, of my father's doing—he had never thought himself any way concerned in the affair—till the fifteen years before, when the breaking out of that cursed law-suit mentioned above—(and which had arose about it's boundaries)—which being altogether my father's own act and deed, it naturally awakened every other argument in it's favour; and upon summing them all up together, he saw, not merely in interest, but in honour, he was bound to do something for it—and that now or never was the time.

I think there must certainly have been a mixture of ill-luck in it, that the reasons on both sides should happen to be so equally balanced by each other; for though my father weighed them in all humours and conditions—spent many an anxious hour in the most profound and abstracted meditation upon what was best to be done—reading books of farming one day—books of

travels another—laying aside all passion whatever—viewing the arguments on both sides in all their lights and circumstances—communing every day with my Uncle Toby—arguing with Yorick, and talking over the whole affair of the Ox-moor with Obadiah—yet nothing in all that time appeared so strongly in behalf of the one, which was not either strictly applicable to the other, or at least so far counterbalanced by some consideration of equal weight, as to keep the scales even.

For, to be sure, with proper helps, and in the hands of some people, though the Ox-moor would have undoubtedly have made a different appearance in the world from what it did, or ever could do in the condition it lay—yet every tittle of this was true, with regard to my Brother Bobby—let Obadiah say what he would.—

In point of interest—the contest, I own, at first sight, did not appear so undecisive betwixt them; for whenever my father took pen and ink in hand, and set about calculating the simple expence of paring and burning, and fencing in the Ox-moor, &c. &c.—with the certain profit it would bring him in return—the latter turned out so prodigiously in his way of working the account, that you would have sworn the Ox-moor would have carried all before it. For it was plain he should reap a hundred lasts of rape, at twenty pounds a last, the very first year—besides an excellent crop of wheat the year following—and the year after that, to speak within bounds, a hundred—but, in all likelihood, a hundred and fifty—if not two hundred quarters of pease and beans—besides potatoes without end.—But then, to think he was all this while breeding up my brother like a hog to eat them—knocked all on the head again, and generally left the old gentleman in such a state of suspense—that, as he often declared to my Uncle Toby,—he knew no more than his heels what to do.

Nobody, but he who has felt it, can conceive what a plaguing thing it is to have a man's mind torn asunder by two projects of equal strength, both obstinately pulling in a contrary direction at the same time: for, to say nothing of the havock, which by a certain consequence is unavoidably made by it all over the finer system of the nerves, which you know

know convey the animal spirits and more subtle juices from the heart to the head, and so on—it is not to be told in what a degree such a wayward kind of friction works upon the more gross and solid parts, wasting the fat and impairing the strength of a man every time as it goes backwards and forwards.

My father had certainly sunk under this evil, as certainly as he had done under that of my CHRISTIAN NAME had he not been rescued out of it, as he was out of that, by a fresh evil—the misfortune of my Brother Bobby's death.

What is the life of man! Is it not to shift from side to side?—from sorrow to sorrow?—to button up one cause of vexation—and unbutton another?

CHAP. XXXII.

FROM this moment, I am to be considered as heir-apparent to the Shandy family—and it is from this point properly, that the story of my LIFE and my OPINIONS sets out. With all my hurry and precipitation, I have but been clearing the ground to raise the building—and such a building do I foresee it will turn out, as never was planned, and as never was executed, since Adam. In less than five minutes, I shall have thrown my pen into the fire, and the little drop of thick ink which is left remaining at the bottom of my ink-horn, after it.—I have but half a score things to do in the time—I have a thing to name—a thing to lament—a thing to hope—a thing to promise—and a thing to threaten—I have a thing to suppose—a thing to declare—a thing to conceal—a thing to chuse—a thing to pray for.—This chapter, therefore, I name the chapter of THINGS—and my next chapter to it, that is, the first chapter of my next volume, if I live, shall be my chapter upon WHISKERS, in order to keep up some sort of connection in my works.

The thing I lament is—that things have crowded in so thick upon me, that I have not been able to get into that part of my work, towards which I have all the way looked forwards with so much earnest desire; and that is, the *campaigns*, but especially the *amours* of my Uncle Toby, the events of which are of so singular a nature, and so Cervan-

tick a cast, that if I can so manage it, as to convey but the same impressions to every other brain, which the occurrences themselves excite in my own—I will answer for it the book shall make it's way in the world much better than it's master has done before it.—Oh, Tristram! Tristram! can this but be once brought about—the credit, which will attend thee as an author, shall counterbalance the many evils which have befallen thee as a man—thou wilt feast upon the one—when thou hast lost all sense and remembrance of the other!

No wonder I itch so much as I do, to get at these amours—They are the choicest morsel of my whole story! and when I do get at 'em—assure yourselves, good folks—(nor do I value whose squeamish stomach takes offence at it)—I shall not be at all nice in the choice of my words!—and that's the thing I have to *declare*.—I shall never get all through in five minutes, that I *fear*—and the thing I *hope*, is that your worships and reverences are not offended—if you are, depend upon't I'll give you something, my good gentry, next year, to be offended at—that's my dear Jenny's way—but who my Jenny is—and which is the right and which is the wrong end of a woman, is the thing to be *concealed*—it shall be told you in the next chapter but one to my chapter of BUTTON-HOLES—and not one chapter before.

And now that you have just got to the end of these four volumes—the thing I have to *ask*—is, how you feel your heads—my own aches dismally!—as for your healths, I know, they are much better.—True Shandeism, think what you will against it, opens the heart and lungs; and, like all those affections which partake of it's nature, it forces the blood and other vital fluids of the body to run freely through it's channels, and makes the wheel of life run long and chearfully round.

Was I left, like Sancho Panca, to chuse my kingdom, it should not be maritime—or a kingdom of blacks, to make a penny of—no, it should be a kingdom of hearty laughing subjects: and, as the bilious and more saturnine passions, by creating disorders in the blood and humours, have as bad an influence, I see, upon the body politic as body natural—and as nothing but a habit of virtue can fully govern those passions,

passions, and subject them to reason—I should add to my prayer—that God would give my subjects grace to be as WISE as they were MERRY; and then should I be the happiest monarch, and they the happiest people, under heaven!

And so, with this moral for the pre-

sent, may it please your worships and your reverences, I take my leave of you till this time twelve-month; when (unless this vile cough kills me in the mean time) I'll have another pluck at your beards, and lay open a story to the world you little dream of.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.


A

Dedication to a Great Man.

HAVING, *à priori*, intended to dedicate *The Amours of my Uncle Toby* to Mr. *** —, I see more reasons, *à posteriori*, for doing it to Lord *****.

I should lament from my soul, if this expose me to the jealousy of their reverences; because, *à posteriori*, in court Latin, signifies the kissing hands for preferment—or any thing else—in order to get it.

My opinion of Lord ***** is neither better nor worse than it was of Mr. ***. Honours, like impressions upon coin, may give an ideal and local value to a bit of base metal; but gold and silver will pass all the world over without any other recommendation than their own weight.

The same good-will that made me think of offering up half an hour's amusement to Mr. *** when out of place—operates more forcibly at present, as half an hour's amusement will be more serviceable and refreshing after labour and sorrow, than after a philosophical repast.

Nothing is so perfectly *amusement* as a total change of ideas; no ideas are so totally different as those of ministers and innocent lovers: for which reason, when I come to talk of statesmen and patriots, and set such marks upon them as will prevent confusion and mistakes concerning them for the future—I purpose to dedicate that volume to some gentle shepherd,

Whose thoughts proud science never taught to stray,
Far as the statesman's walk or patriot-way;
Yet simple Nature to his hopes had given,
Out of a cloud-capp'd head, a humbler heaven:
Some untam'd world in depth of woods embrac'd—
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste—
And where, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dogs should bear him company.

In a word, by thus introducing an entire new set of objects to his imagination, I shall unavoidably give a diversion to his passionate and love-sick contemplations. In the mean time,

I am,

THE AUTHOR.



TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN LORD VISCOUNT SPENCER,

MY LORD,

I Humbly beg leave to offer you these two volumes ; they are the best my talents, with such bad health as I have, could produce : had Providence granted me a larger stock of either, they had been a much more proper present to your Lordship.

I beg your Lordship will forgive me, if, at the same time I dedicate this work to you, I join LADY SPENCER, in the liberty I take of inscribing the story of Le Fevre to her name ; for which I have no other motive, which my heart has informed me of, but that the story is a humane one.

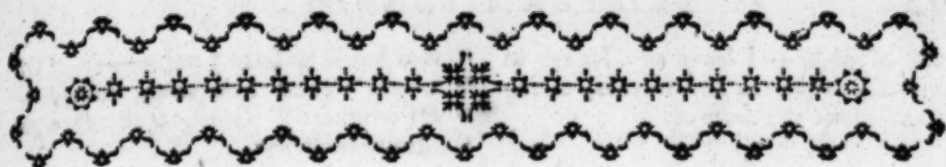
I am, my Lord,

your Lordship's

most devoted, and

most humble servant,

LAUR. STERNE,



THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE FIFTH.

CHAP. I.



IF it had not been for those two mettlesome tits, and that madcap of a postilion, who drove them from Stilton to Stamford, the thought had never entered my head. He flew like lightning—there was a slope of three miles and a half—we scarce touched the ground—the motion was most rapid—most impetuous—'twas communicated to my brain—my heart partook of it—'By the great god 'of day,' said I, looking towards the sun, and thrusting my arm out of the fore-window of the chaise, as I made my vow, 'I will lock up my study-door the moment I get home, and throw the key of it ninety feet below the surface of the earth, into the draw-well at the back of my house!'

The London waggon confirmed me in my resolution; it hung tottering upon the hill, scarce progressive, dragg'd—dragg'd up by eight heavy beasts—'by main strength!'—quoth I, nodding—'but your betters draw the same way—and something of every body's!—O rare!'

Tell me, ye learned, shall we for ever be adding so much to the bulk—so little to the stock?

Shall we for ever make new books, as apothecaries make new mixtures, by

pouring only out of one vessel into another?

Are we for ever to be twisting, and untwisting the same rope? for ever in the same track—for ever at the same pace?

Shall we be destined to the days of eternity, on holy-days, as well as working-days, to be shewing the relicks of learning, as monks do the relicks of their saints—without working one—one single miracle—with them?

Who made MAN, with powers which dart him from earth to heaven in a moment—that great, that most excellent, and most noble creature of the world—the *miracle* of nature, as Zoroaster in his book *Περὶ Οὐρανοῦ* called him—the *Shekinah* of the Divine Presence, as Chrysostom—the *image* of God, as Moses—the *ray* of divinity, as Plato—the *marvel* of *marvels*, as Aristotle—to go sneaking on at this pitiful—pimping—pettifogging rate?

I scorn to be as abusive as Horace upon the occasion—but if there is no catachresis in the wish, and no sin in it, I wish from my soul, that every imitator in Great Britain, France, and Ireland, had the farcy for his pains; and that there was a good farciful house large enough to hold—aye, and sublimate them—*shag-rag* and *bob-tail*, male and female, all together: and this leads me to the affair of *whiskers*—but, by what

U chain,

chain of ideas—I leave as a legacy in *mortmain* to prudes and tartufs, to enjoy and make the most of.

UPON WHISKERS.

I'm sorry I made it—'twas as inconsiderate a promise as ever entered a man's head—A chapter upon Whiskers! alas! the world will not bear it—'tis a delicate world—but I know not of what mettle it was made—nor had I ever seen the underwritten fragment; otherwise, as surely as noses are noses, and whiskers are whiskers still, (let the world say what it will to the contrary) so surely would I have steered clear of this dangerous chapter.

THE FRAGMENT.

 * *—'You are half asleep, my good lady,' said the old gentleman, taking hold of the old lady's hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze, as he pronounced the word, *whiskers*—'shall we change the subject?'—'By no means!' replied the old lady—'I like your account of these matters!'—so throwing a thin gauze handkerchief over her head, and leaning it back upon the chair with her face turned towards him, and advancing her two feet as she reclined herself—'I desire,' continued she, 'you will go on.'

The old gentleman went on as follows.—'Whiskers!' cried the Queen of Navarre, dropping her knotting-ball, as La Fosseuse uttered the word. 'Whiskers, Madam,' said La Fosseuse, pinning the ball to the queen's apron, and making a curtsy as she repeated it.

'La Fosseuse's voice was naturally soft and low—yet 'twas an articulate voice—and every letter of the word *whiskers* fell distinctly upon the Queen of Navarre's ear.—'Whiskers!' cried the queen, laying a greater stress upon the word, and as if she had still distrusted her ears.—'Whiskers!' replied La Fosseuse, repeating the word a third time—'there is not a cavalier, Madam, of his age in Navarre,' continued the maid of honour, pressing the page's interest upon the queen,

'that has so gallant a pair——' 'Of what?' cried Margaret, smiling—'Of whiskers;' said La Fosseuse, with infinite modesty.

'The word *whiskers* still stood its ground, and continued to be made use of in most of the best companies throughout the little kingdom of Navarre, notwithstanding the indiscreet use which La Fosseuse had made of it. The truth was, La Fosseuse had pronounced the word not only before the queen, but upon sundry other occasions at court, with an accent which always implied something of a mystery—and as the court of Margaret, as all the world knows, was at that time a mixture of gallantry and devotion—and whiskers being as applicable to the one, as the other, the word naturally stood its ground—it gained full as much as it lost; that is, the clergy were for it—the laity were against it—and for the women—they were divided.—

'The excellency of the figure and mien of the young Sieur de Croix, was at that time beginning to draw the attention of the maids of honour towards the terrace before the palace-gate, where guard was mounted. The Lady de Bauffiere fell deeply in love with him—La Battarelle did the same—it was the finest weather for it, that ever was remembered in Navarre.—La Guyol, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, fell in love with the Sieur de Croix also.—La Rebours and La Fosseuse knew better—De Croix had failed in an attempt to recommend himself to La Rebours; and La Rebours and La Fosseuse were inseparable.

'The Queen of Navarre was sitting with her ladies in the painted bow-window, facing the gate of the second court, as De Croix passed through it.—'He is handsome,' said the Lady Bauffiere.—'He has a good mien,' said La Battarelle.—'He is finely shaped,' said La Guyol.—'I never saw an officer of the horse-guards in my life,' said La Maronette, 'with two such legs——' 'Or who stood so well upon them,' said La Sabatiere.—'But he has no whiskers,' cried La Fosseuse.—'Not a pile,' said La Rebours.

'The queen went directly to her oratory, musing all the way, as she walked through the gallery, upon the subject;

‘ject; turning it this way and that way in her fancy—“Ave Maria † what can La Fosseuse mean?” said she, kneeling down upon the cushion.

‘La Guyol, La Battarelle, La Maronette, La Sabatiere, retired instantly to their chambers.—“Whiskers!” said all four of them to themselves, as they bolted their doors on the inside.

‘The Lady Carnavallette was counting her beads with both hands, unsuspecting, under her farthingal—from St. Antony, down to St. Ursula inclusive, not a saint passed through her fingers without whiskers; St. Francis, St. Dominick, St. Bennet, St. Basil, St. Bridget, had all whiskers.

‘The Lady Bauffiere had got into a wilderness of conceits, with moralizing too intricately upon La Fosseuse’s text.—She mounted her palfrey, her page followed her—the Host passed by.—The Lady Bauffiere rode on.

“One denier,” cried the Order of Mercy—“one single denier, in behalf of a thousand patient captives, whose eyes look towards Heaven and you for their redemption!”

—The Lady Bauffiere rode on.

“Pity the unhappy,” said a devout, venerable, hoary-headed man, meekly holding up a box, begirt with iron, in his withered hands—“I beg for the unfortunate—good, my lady, ’tis for a prison—for an hospital—’tis for an old man—a poor man undone by shipwreck, by suretiship, by fire—I call God and his angels to witness—’tis to clothe the naked—to feed the hungry—’tis to comfort the sick and the broken-hearted!”

—The Lady Bauffiere rode on.

‘A decayed kinsman bowed himself to the ground.

‘The Lady Bauffiere rode on.

‘He ran begging bare-headed on one side of her palfrey, conjuring her by the former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c.—“Cousin, aunt, sister, mother—for virtue’s sake, for your own, for mine, for Christ’s sake, remember me—pity me!”

—The Lady Bauffiere rode on.

‘Take hold of my whiskers,” said the Lady Bauffiere.

—The page took hold of her palfrey. She dismounted at the end of the terrace,

‘There are some trains of certain ideas which leave prints of themselves about our eyes and eyebrows; and there is a consciousness of it, somewhere about the heart, which serves but to make these etchings the stronger—we see, spell, and put them together without a dictionary.

“Ha, ha! hee, hee!” cried La Guyol and La Sabatiere, looking close at each other’s prints.—“Ho, ho!” cried La Battarelle and Maronette, doing the same.

—“Whiff!” cried one—“St, st!”—said a second.—“Hush!” quoth a third.—“Poo, poo,” replied a fourth.—“Gra-mercy!” cried the Lady Carnavallette!—“it was she who be-whiskered St. Bridget.”

‘La Fosseuse drew her bodkin from the knot of her hair, and having traced the outline of a small whisker, with the blunt end of it, upon one side of her upper lip, put it into La Rebours’s hand.—La Rebours shook her head.

‘The Lady Bauffiere coughed thrice into the inside of her muff.—La Guyol smiled. “Fy,” said the Lady Bauffiere. The Queen of Navarre touched her eye with the tip of her fore-finger—as much as to say, “I understand you all.”

‘It was plain to the whole court the word was ruined: La Fosseuse had given it a wound, and it was not the better for passing through all these defiles—It made a faint stand, however, for a few months; by the expiration of which, the Sieur De Croix, finding it high time to leave Navarre for want of whiskers—the word in course became indecent, and (after a few efforts) absolutely unfit for use.

‘The best word, in the best language of the best world, must have suffered under such combinations.—The curate d’Estella wrote a book against them, setting forth the dangers of accessory ideas, and warning the Navarrais against them.

“Does not all the world know,” said the curate d’Estella, at the conclusion of his work, “that noses ran the same fate some centuries ago in most parts of Europe, which whiskers have now done in the kingdom of Navarre.—The evil, indeed, spread no farther then—but have not beds and bolsters, and night-caps and

“chamber-pots, stood upon the brink
“of destruction ever since? Are no
“troufe, and placket-holes, and pump-
“handles—and spigots and faucets, in
“danger still, from the same associa-
“tion?—Chastity, by nature, the
“gentlest of all affections—give it but
“it’s head—’tis like a ramping and a
“roaring lion.”

‘The drift of the Curate d’Estella’s argument was not understood.—They ran the scent the wrong way.—The world bridled his ass at the tail.—And when the *extremes* of DELICACY, and the *beginnings* of CONCU-PISCENCE, hold the next provincial chapter together, they may decree that bawdy also.’

CHAPTER II.

WHEN my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my Brother Bobby's death, he was busy calculating the expence of his riding post from Calais to Paris, and so on to Lyons.

'Twas a most inauspicious journey; my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it by Obadiah's opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeast—and to ask whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning and ride in search of some.—'With all my heart, Obadiah!' said my father—(pursuing his journey)—'take the coach horse, and welcome!'—'But he wants a shoe, poor creature!' said Obadiah.—'Poor creature!' said my Uncle Toby, vibrating the note back again, like a string in unison. 'Then ride the Scotch horse,' quoth my father hastily. 'He cannot bear a saddle upon his back,' quoth Obadiah, 'for the whole world.'—'The devil's in that horse!—Then take Patriot,' cried my father; 'and shut the door.'—'Patriot is sold,' said Obadiah.—'Here's for you!' cried my father, making a pause, and looking in my Uncle Toby face, as if the thing had not been a matter of fact.—'Your worship ordered me to sell him last April,' said Obadiah.—'Then go on foot for your pains!' cried my father.—'I had much rather walk than ride,' said Obadiah, shutting the door.

‘What plagues!’ cried my father, going on with his calculation.—‘But the waters are out,’ said Obadiah—opening the door again.

Till that moment, my father, who had a map of Sanfon's, and a book of the post-roads before him, had kept his hand upon the head of his compasses, with one foot of them fixed upon Nevers, the last stage he had paid for—purposing to go on from that point with his journey and calculation, as soon as Obadiah quitted the room—but this second attack of Obadiah's, in opening the door, and laying the whole country under water, was too much—he let go his compasses—or, rather, with a mixed motion between accident and anger, he threw them upon the table; and then there was nothing for him to do, but to return back to Calais—(like many others)—as wise as he had set out.

When the letter was brought into the parlour, which contained the news of my brother's death, my father had got forwards again upon his journey to within a stride of the compasses of the very same stage of Nevers.—'By your leave, Monf. Sanfon,' cried my father, striking the point of his compasses through Nevers into the table—and nodding to my Uncle Toby, to see what was in the letter—'twice of one night is too much for an English gentleman' and his son (Monf. Sanfon) to be turned back from so lousy a town as Nevers.—'What think'st thou, Toby?' added my father in a sprightly tone.—'Unless it be a garrison town,' said my Uncle Toby; 'for then——'—'I shall be a fool,' said my father, smiling to himself, 'as long as I live.'—So giving a second nod—and keeping his compasses still upon Nevers with one hand, and holding his book of the post-roads in the other—half calculating and half listening, he leaned forwards upon the table with both elbows, as my Uncle Toby hummed over the letter.

' — — — — — he's gone!
 said my Uncle Toby.—' Where?—
 ' Who?'—cried my father.—' My
 ' nephew,' said my Uncle Toby.—
 ' What!—without leave—without mo-
 ' ney—without governor?' cried my
 father in amazement. ' No—he is dead,
 ' my dear brother!' quoth my Uncle
 Toby.

Toby.—‘Without being ill?’ cried my father again.—‘I dare say not,’ said my Uncle Toby, in a low voice, and fetching a deep sigh from the bottom of his heart; ‘he has been ill enough, poor lad! I’ll answer for him—for he is dead!’

When Agrippina was told of her son’s death, Tacitus informs us, that not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, she abruptly broke off her work.—My father stuck his compasses into Nevers but so much the faster.—What contrarities! his, indeed, was matter of calculation! Agrippina’s must have been quite a different affair; who else could pretend to reason from history?

How my father went on, in my opinion, deserves a chapter to itself.—

CHAP. III.

— And a chapter it shall have, and a devil of a one too—so look to yourselves.

’Tis either Plato, or Plutarch, or Seneca, or Xenophon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian—or some one perhaps of later date—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Petrarch, or Stella—or possibly it may be some divine or father of the church, St Austin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard—who affirm that it is an irresistible and natural passion to weep for the loss of our friends or children—and Seneca (I’m positive) tells us somewhere, that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that particular channel.—And accordingly we find, that David wept for his son Absalom—Aldrian for his Antinous—Niobe for her children—and that Apollodorus and Crito both shed tears for Socrates before his death.

My father managed his affliction otherwise; and indeed differently from most men either ancient or modern; for he neither wept it away, as the Hebrews and Romans—or slept it off, as the Laplanders—or hanged it, as the English—or drowned it, as the Germans—nor did he curse it, or damn it, or excommunicate it, or rhyme it, or lillabullero it—

—He got rid of it, however.

Will your worships give me leave to squeeze in a story between these two pages?

When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he laid it to his heart—he listened to the voice of nature, and modulated his own unto it.—‘O my Tullia! my daughter! my child!’ Still, still, still—’twas, ‘O my Tullia!’—my Tullia! Methinks I see my Tullia! I talk with my Tullia.—But as soon as he began to look into the stores of philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion—‘Nobody upon earth can conceive,’ says the great orator, ‘how happy, how joyful it made me.’

My father was as proud of his eloquence as Marcus Tullius Cicero could be for his life—and, for aught I am convinced of to the contrary, at present, with as much reason: it was indeed his strength—and his weakness too.—His strength, for he was by nature eloquent—and his weakness, for he was hourly a dupe to it—and provided an occasion in life would permit him to shew his talents, or say either a wise thing, a witty, or a shrewd one—(bating the case of a systematick misfortune)—he had all he wanted.—A blessing which tied up my father’s tongue, and a misfortune which set it loose with a good grace, were pretty equal: sometimes, indeed, the misfortune was the better of the two—for instance, where the pleasure of the harangue was as 10, and the pain of the misfortune but as 5,—my father gained half in half, and consequently was as well again off, as if it never had befallen him.

This clue will unravel what otherwise would seem very inconsistent in my father’s domestick character; and it is this, that in the provocations arising from the neglects and blunders of servants, or other mishaps unavoidable in a family, his anger, or rather the duration of it, eternally ran counter to all conjecture.

My father had a favourite little mare, which he had consigned over to a most beautiful Arabian horse, in order to have a pad out of her for his own riding: he was sanguine in all his projects; so talked about his pad every day with as absolute a security, as if it had been reared—broke—and bridled and saddled at his door ready for mounting. By some neglect or other in Obadiah, it so fell out, that my father’s

ther's expectations were answered with nothing better than a mule, and as ugly a beast of the kind as ever was produced.

My mother and my Uncle Toby expected my father would be the death of Obadiah—and that there never would be an end of the disaster.—‘See here! you rascal,’ cried my father, pointing to the mule, ‘what you have done!’—‘It was not me,’ said Obadiah.—‘How do I know that?’ replied my father.

Triumph swam in my father's eyes, at the repartee—the Attick salt brought water into them—and so Obadiah heard no more about it.

Now let us go back to my brother's death.

Philosophy has a fine saying for every thing.—For death it has an entire set; the misery was, they all at once rushed into my father's head, that 'twas difficult to string them together, so as to make any thing of a consistent show out of them.—He took them as they came.

‘It is an inevitable chance—the first statute in Magnâ Chartâ—it is an everlasting act of parliament, my dear brother.—*All must die!*

‘If my son could not have died, it had been matter of wonder—not that he is dead.

‘Monarchs and princes dance in the same ring with us.

—‘*To die*, is the great debt and tribute due unto nature: tombs and monuments, which should perpetuate our memories, pay it themselves; and the proudest pyramid of them all, which wealth and science have erected, has lost it's apex, and stands obtruncated in the traveller's horizon.’—(My father found he got great ease, and went on.)—‘Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? and when those principles and powers, which at first cemented and put them together, have performed their several evolutions, they fall back.’—‘Brother Shandy,’ said my Uncle Toby, laying down his pipe at the word evolutions—‘*Revolutions*, I meant,’ quoth my father—‘by Heaven! I meant *revolutions*, brother Toby—*evolutions* is nonsense.’—‘It is not nonsense,’ said my Uncle Toby.—‘But is it not nonsense to break the thread of such a discourse, upon such an occasion?’

cried my father—‘do not—dear Toby,’ continued he, taking him by the hand, ‘do not—do not, I beseech thee, interrupt me at this crisis.’ My Uncle Toby put his pipe into his mouth.

‘Where is Troy and Mycenæ, and Thebes and Delos, and Persæpolis, and Agrigentum?’ continued my father, taking up his book of post-roads, which he had laid down.—‘What is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh and Babylon, of Cizicum and Mitylenæ?’—‘The fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon, are now no more; the names only are left, and those (for many of them are wrong spelt) are falling themselves by piece-meals to decay, and in length of time will be forgotten, and involved with every thing in a perpetual night: the world itself, brother Toby, must—must come to an end.

“Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara,”—[‘When can this have been?’ thought my Uncle Toby]—“I began to view the country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left.—What flourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth! “Alas! alas!” said I to myself, “that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence!—Remember,” said I to myself again—“Remember thou art a man.”

Now my Uncle Toby knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius's consolatory letter to Tully.—He had as little skill, honest man, in the fragments, as he had in the whole pieces of antiquity.—And as my father, whilst he was concerned in the Turkey trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, in one of which he had staid a whole year and a half at Zant, my Uncle Toby naturally concluded, that in some one of these periods, he had taken a trip across the Archipelago into Asia; and that all this sailing affair with Ægina behind, and Megara before, and Pyræus on the right-hand, &c. &c. was nothing more than the true course of my father's voyage and reflections.—'Twas certainly in his manner, and many an undertaking critick would have built two stories higher upon worse foundations.—‘And pray, brother,’ quoth

quoth my Uncle Toby, laying the end of his pipe upon my father's hand in a kindly way of interruption—but waiting till he finished the account—'what year of our Lord was this?'—'It was no year of our Lord,' replied my father.—'That's impossible!' cried my Uncle Toby. 'Simpleton!' said my father—'it was forty years before Christ was born.'

My Uncle Toby had but two things for it; either to suppose his brother to be the wandering Jew, or that his misfortunes had disordered his brain.—'May the Lord God of heaven and earth protect him and restore him!' said my Uncle Toby, praying silently for my father, and with tears in his eyes.

—My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great spirit.

'There is not such great odds, brother Toby, betwixt good and evil, as the world imagines;—(this way of setting off, by the bye, was not likely to cure my Uncle Toby's suspicions)—labour, sorrow, grief, sickness, want, and woe, are the fauces of life.'—'Much good may do them!' said my Uncle Toby to himself.

'My son is dead! so much the better—'tis a shame in such a tempest to have but one anchor.

'But he is gone for ever from us!—Be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he was bald—he is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited—from a banquet before he had got drunken.

'The Thracians wept when a child was born—' ('And we were very near it,' quothe my Uncle Toby)—and feasted and made merry when a man went out of the world; and with reason.—Death opens the gate of fame, and shuts the gate of envy after it—it unlooses the chain of the captive, and puts the bondsman's task into another man's hands.

'Shew me the man, who knows what life is, who dreads it, and I'll shew thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty.

'Is it not better, my dear brother Toby—(for mark—our appetites are but diseases)—is it not better not to hunger at all, than to eat?—not to thirst, than to take physick to cure it?

'Is it not better to be freed from

'cares and agues, from love and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life—than, like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound to begin his journey afresh?

'There is no terror, brother Toby, in it's looks, but what it borrows from groans and convulsions—and the blowing of noses, and the wiping away of tears with the bottoms of curtains in a dying man's room.—Strip it of these, what is it—' ('It is better in battle than in bed,' said my Uncle Toby.)—'Take away it's hearfes, it's mutes, and it's mourning—it's plumes, scutcheons, and other mechanick aids—What is it?—' Better in battle!' continued my father, smiling, for he had absolutely forgot my Brother Bobby—'it is terrible no way—for consider, brother Toby—when we *are*—death is *not*—and when death *is*—we are *not*.' My Uncle Toby laid down his pipe to consider the proposition: my father's eloquence was too rapid to stay for any man—away it went—and hurried my Uncle Toby's ideas along with it.

'For this reason,' continued my father, 'it is worthy to recollect, how little alteration in great men, the approaches of death have made.—Vespasian died in a jest upon his close-stool—Galba with a sentence—Septimus Severus in a dispatch—Tiberius in dissimulation—and Cæsar Augustus in a compliment.'—'I hope 'twas a sincere one!'—quothe my Uncle Toby.

—'It was to his wife,' said my father.

CHAP. IV.

—AND lastly—for all the choice 'anecdotes which history can produce of this matter,' continued my father—'this, like the gilded dome which covers in the fabrick—crowns all.

'It is of Cornelius Gallus, the prætor—which, I dare say, brother Toby, you have read.'—'I dare say I have not,' replied my uncle.—'He died,' said my father, 'as * * * * *

—'And if it was with his wife,' said my Uncle Toby, 'there could be no hurt in it.'—'That's more than I know,' replied my father.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

MY mother was going very gingerly in the dark along the passage which led to the parlour, as my Uncle Toby pronounced the word *wife*.—'Tis a shrill, penetrating sound of itself, and Obadiah had helped it by leaving the door a little a-jar, so that my mother heard enough of it, to imagine herself the subject of the conversation; so laying the edge of her finger across her two lips—holding in her breath, and bending her head a little downwards, with a twist of her neck—(not towards the door, but from it, by which means her ear was brought to the chink)—she listened with all her powers.—The listening slave, with the goddess of silence at his back, could not have given a finer thought for an intaglio.

In this attitude I am determined to let her stand for five minutes: till I bring up the affairs of the kitchen (as Rapiñ does those of the church) to the same period.

C H A P. VI.

THOUGH, in one sense, our family was certainly a simple machine, as it consisted of a few wheels; yet there was thus much to be said for it, that these wheels were set in motion by so many different springs, and acted one upon the other from such a variety of strange principles and impulses—that though it was a simple machine, it had all the honour and advantage of a complex one—and a number of as odd movements within it, as ever were beheld in the inside of a Dutch silk-mill.

Amongst these there was one, I am going to speak of, in which, perhaps, it was not altogether so singular, as in many others; and it was this, that whatever motion, debate, harangue, dialogue, project, or dissertation, was going forwards in the parlour, there was generally another at the same time, and upon the same subject, running parallel along with it in the kitchen.

Now to bring this about, whenever an extraordinary message, or letter, was delivered in the parlour—or a discourse suspended till a servant went out—or the lines of discontent were observed to

hang upon the brows of my father or mother—or, in short, when any thing was supposed to be upon the tapis worth knowing or listening to, 'twas the rule to leave the door, not absolutely shut, but somewhat a-jar—as it stands just now—which, under covert of the bad-hinge, (and that, possibly, might be one of the many reasons why it was never mended) it was not difficult to manage; by which means, in all these cases, a passage was generally left, not indeed as wide as the Dardanelles, but wide enough, for all that, to carry on as much of this windward trade, as was sufficient to save my father the trouble of governing his house—my mother, at this moment, stands profiting by it.—Obadiah did the same thing, as soon as he had left the letter upon the table which brought the news of my brother's death; so that before my father had well got over his surprize, and entered upon his harangue—had Trim got upon his legs, to speak his sentiments upon the subject.

A curious observer of nature, had he been worth the inventory of all Job's stock—though, by the bye, your curious observers are seldom worth a groat—would have given the half of it, to have heard Corporal Trim and my father, two orators so contrasted by nature and education, haranguing over the same bier.

My father a man of deep reading—prompt memory—with Cato and Seneca, and Epictetus, at his fingers ends.

The corporal—with nothing to remember—of no deeper reading than his muster-roll—or greater names at his finger's end, than the contents of it.

The one proceeding from period to period, by metaphor and allusion, and striking the fancy as he went along, (as men of wit and fancy do) with the entertainment and pleasantry of his pictures and images.

The other, without wit or antithesis, point, or turn, this way or that; but leaving the images on one side, and the pictures on the other, going straight forwards, as nature could lead him, to the heart.—O Trim! would to Heaven thou hadst a better historian!—would thy historian hadst a better pair of breeches!—O ye criticks! will nothing melt you?

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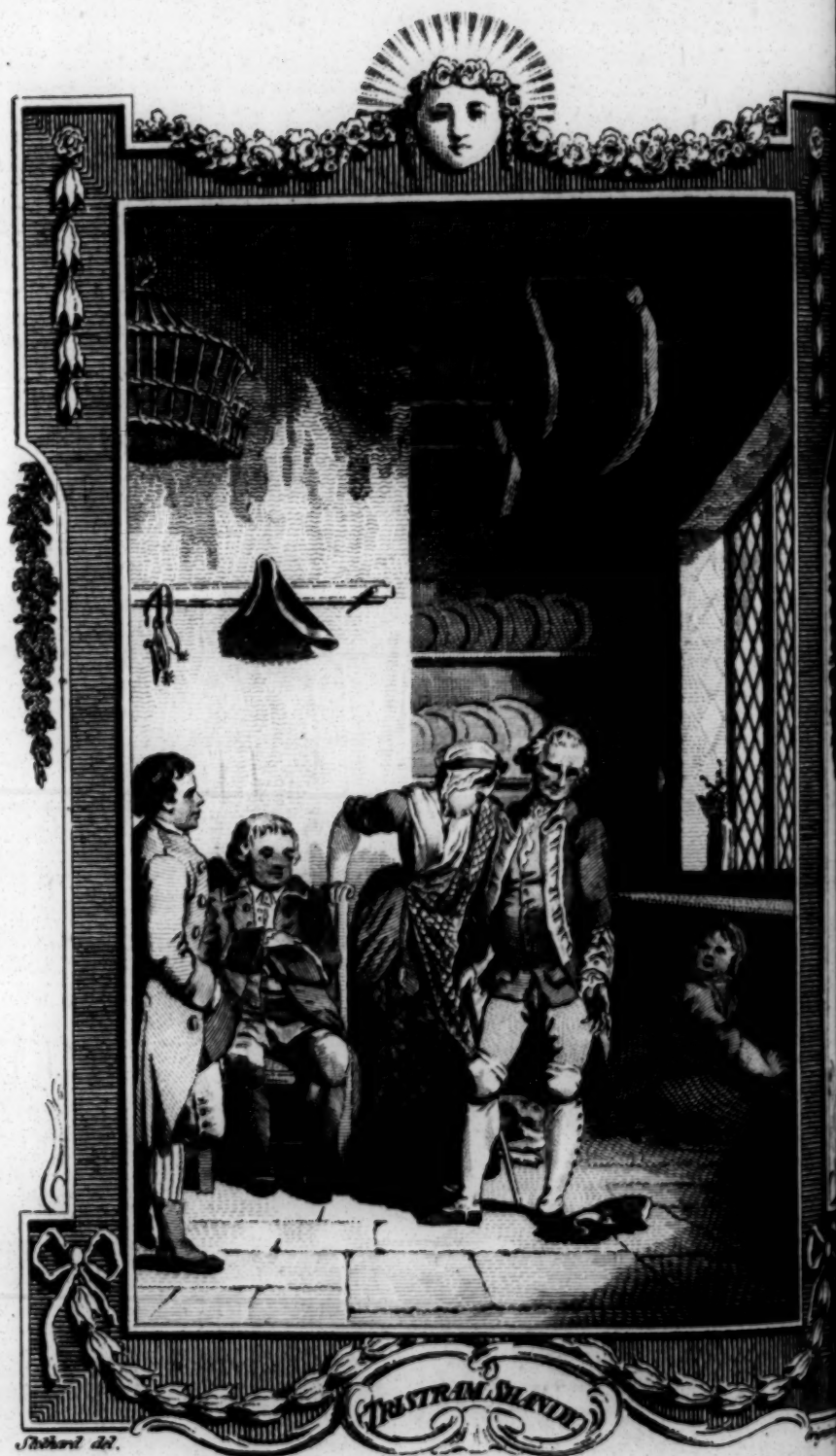


Plate IV.

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C H A P. VII.

—‘**M**Y young master in London is dead!’ said Obadiah.

—A green fatten night-gown of my mother’s, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which Obadiah’s exclamation brought into Susannah’s head. —Well might Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words. —‘Then,’ quoth Susannah, ‘we must all go into mourning.’ —But note a second time; the word *mourning*, notwithstanding Susannah made use of it herself—failed also of doing it’s office; it excited not one single idea, tinged either with grey or black—all was green. —The green fatten night-gown hung there still.

—‘O ’twill be the death of my poor mistress!’ cried Susannah. —My mother’s whole wardrobe followed. —What a procession! her red damask—her orange-tawny—her white and yellow luteirings—her brown taffata—her bone-lace caps—her bed-gowns, and comfortable under-petticoats—not a rag was left behind. —‘No—she will never look up again!’ said Susannah.

We had a fat foolish scullion—my father, I think, kept her for her simplicity—she had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy. —‘He is dead!’ said Obadiah—‘he is certainly dead!’ —‘So am not I,’ said the foolish scullion.

—‘Here is sad news, Trim!’ cried Susannah, wiping her eyes as Trim stepped into the kitchen; ‘Master Bobby is dead and buried!’ —the funeral was an interpolation of Susannah’s—‘we shall have all to go into mourning!’ said Susannah.

‘I hope not!’ said Trim. —‘You hope not!’ cried Susannah earnestly. —The mourning ran not in Trim’s head, whatever it did in Susannah’s. —‘I hope,’ said Trim, explaining himself—‘I hope in God the news is not true!’ —‘I heard the letter read with my own ears,’ answered Obadiah; and ‘we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox-moor.’ —‘Oh, he’s dead!’ said Susannah. —‘As sure,’ said the scullion, ‘as I am alive.’

‘I lament for him from my heart and my soul,’ said Trim, fetching a sigh. —‘Poor creature!—poor boy!—poor gentleman!’

—‘He was alive last Whitsuntide,’ said the coachman. —‘Whitsuntide!’—Alas!’ cried Trim, extending his right-arm, and falling instantly into the same attitude in which he read the sermon—‘what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan,’ (for that was the coachman’s name) ‘or Shrovetide, or any tide or time past to this? Are we not here now,’ continued the corporal, (striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability)—‘and are we not’—(dropping his hat upon the ground)—‘gone! in a moment!’ —(It was infinitely striking! Susannah burst into a flood of tears.) —‘We are not stocks and stones!’—Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted—the foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it. —The whole kitchen crowded about the corporal.

Now, as I perceive plainly, that the preservation of our constitution in church and state—and possibly the preservation of the whole world—or, what is the same thing—the distribution and balance of it’s property and power—may in time to come depend greatly upon the right understanding of this stroke of the corporal’s eloquence—I do demand your attention—your worships and reverences, for any ten pages together, take them where you will in any other part of the work, shall sleep for it at your ease.

I said, *we were not stocks and stones*—’tis very well—I should have added, nor are we angels—I wish we were—but men clothed with bodies, and governed by our imaginations—and what a junketting piece of work of it there is, betwixt these and our seven senses, especially some of them, for my own part, I own it, I am ashamed to confess. Let it suffice to affirm, that of all the senses, the eye (for I absolutely deny the touch, though most of your Barbati, I know, are for it) has the quickest commerce with the soul—gives a smarter stroke, and leaves something more inexpressible upon the fancy, than words can either convey—or sometimes get rid of.

—I’ve gone a little about—no matter, ’tis for health—let us only carry it back in our mind to the mortality of Trim’s hat. —‘Are we not here now’ —and gone in a moment?’ —There

was nothing in the sentence—'twas one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not trusted more to his hat than his head—he had made nothing at all of it.

—‘Are we not here now?’—continued the corporal; ‘and are we not,’—(dropping his hat plumb upon the ground—and pausing before he pronounced the word)—‘gone! in a moment!’—The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.—Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and fore-runner, like it—his hand seemed to vanish from under it—it fell dead—the corporal’s eye fixed upon it, as upon a corpse—and Susannah burst into a flood of tears.

Now—ten thousand, and ten thousand times ten thousand, (for matter and motion are infinite) are the ways by which a hat may be dropped upon the ground, without any effect.—Had he flung it, or thrown it, or cast it, or skimmed it, or squirted it, or let it slip or fall in any possible direction under heaven—or in the best direction that could be given to it—had he dropped it like a goose—like a puppy—like an ass—or in doing it, or even after he had done, had he looked like a fool—like a ninny—like a nincompoop—it had fail’d, and the effect upon the heart had been lost.

Ye who govern this mighty world, and it’s mighty concerns, with the engines of eloquence—who heat it, and cool it, and melt it, and molify it—and then harden it again to *your purpose*—

Ye who wind and turn the passions with this great windlass; and, having done it, lead the owners of them, whither ye think meet—

Ye, lastly! who drive—and why not, ye also who are driven, like turkeys to market, with a stick and a red clout;—meditate—meditate, I beseech you, upon Trim’s hat!

CHAP. VIII.

STAY—I have a small account to settle with the reader, before Trim can go on with his harangue.—It shall be done in two minutes.

Amongst many other book-debts, all of which I shall discharge in due time—I own myself a debtor to the world for two items—a chapter upon *chamber-maids* and *button-holes*, which in the former part of my work, I promised and fully intended to pay off this year: but some of your worships and reverences telling me, that the two subjects, especially so connected together, might endanger the morals of the world—I pray the chapter upon chamber-maids and button-holes may be forgiven me—and that they will accept of the last chapter in lieu of it; which is nothing, an’t please your reverences, but a chapter of *chamber-maids*, *green-gowns*, and *old-bats*.

—Trim took his off the ground—put it upon his head—and then went on with his oration upon death, in manner and form following.

CHAP. IX.

—‘**T**O us, Jonathan, who know not what want or care is—who live here in the service of two of the best of masters—(bating, in my own case, his majesty King William the Third, whom I had the honour to serve both in Ireland and Flanders)—I own it, that from Whitsuntide to within three weeks of Christmas—’tis not long—’tis like nothing—but to those, Jonathan, who know what death is, and what havock and destruction he can make, before a man can well wheel about—’tis like a whole age.—O Jonathan! ’twould make a good-natured man’s heart bleed, to consider,’ continued the corporal, (standing perpendicularly) ‘how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time!’—‘And trust me, Sufy,’ added the corporal, turning to Susannah, whose eyes were swimming in water—‘before that time comes round again—many a bright eye will be dim!’—Susannah placed it to the right side of the page—she wept—but she curtsied too.—‘Are we not,’ continued Trim, looking still at Susannah—‘are we not like a flower of the field!’—a tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation—else no tongue could have described Susannah’s affliction—’is not

‘all flesh grasps?—’Tis clay—’tis dirt.’—They all looked directly at the scullion,——the scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle—it was not fair.

—‘What is the finest face that ever man looked at!’—‘I could hear Trim talk so for ever,’ cried Sufannah.——‘What is it?’ (Sufannah laid her hand upon Trim’s shoulder) —‘but corruption?’—Sufannah took it off.

—Now I love you for this—and ’tis this delicious mixture within you which makes you dear creatures what you are—and he who hates you for it—all I can say of the matter is—that he has either a pumpkin for his head—or a pipkin for his heart—and whenever he is dissected, ’twill be found so.

CHAP. X.

WHETHER Sufannah, by taking her hand too suddenly from off the corporal’s shoulder—(by the whisking about of her passions)—broke a little the chain of his reflections—

Or whether the corporal began to be suspicious, he had got into the doctor’s quarters, and was talking more like the chaplain than himself—

Or whether - - - - - or whether—(for in all such cases a man of invention and parts may with pleasure fill a couple of pages with suppositions)—which of all these was the cause, let the curious physiologist, or the curious any body, determine—’tis certain, at least, the corporal went on thus with his harangue.

‘For my own part, I declare it, that out of doors, I value not death at all!’ —not this . . .!’ added the corporal, snapping his fingers—but with an air which no one but the corporal could have given to the sentiment—‘In battle, I value Death not this . . .!’ and let him not take me cowardly, like poor Joe Gibbons, in scouring his gun. —‘What is he? A pull of a trigger—a push of a bayonet an inch this way or that makes the difference.—Look along the line—to the right—see! Jack’s down! Well, ’tis worth a regiment of horse to him.—No—it is Dick. Then Jack’s no worse. —Never mind which—we pass on;

—in hot pursuit the wound itself which brings him is not felt—the best way is to stand up to him—the man who flies, is in ten times more danger, than the man who marches up into his jaws.’—‘I’ve look’d him,’ added the corporal, ‘an hundred times in the face, and know what he is.—He’s nothing, Obadiah, at all in the field!’ —‘But he’s very frightful in a house,’ quoth Obadiah.—‘I never mind it myself,’ said Jonathan, ‘upon a coach-box.’—‘It must, in my opinion, be most natural in bed,’ replied Sufannah.——‘And could I escape him by creeping into the worst calf’s skin that ever was made into a knapsack, I would do it there,’ said Trim—‘but that is nature.’

—‘Nature is nature,’ said Jonathan.—‘And that is the reason,’ cried Sufannah, ‘I so much pity my mistress.—She will never get the better of it?’—‘Now, I pity the captain the most of any one in the family,’ answered Trim.—‘Madam will get ease of heart in weeping—the squire in talking about it—but my poor master will keep it all in silence to himself.—I shall hear him sigh in his bed for a whole month together, as he did for Lieutenant Le Fevre. “An’ please your honour, do not sigh so piteously,” I would say to him as I laid beside him.—“I cannot help it, Trim!” my master would say—“it is so melancholy an accident—I cannot get it off my heart.”—“Your honour fears not death yourself?” “I hope, Trim, I fear nothing,” he would say, “but the doing a wrong thing.—Well!” he would add, “whatever betides, I will take care of Le Fevre’s boy!”—And with that, like a quieting draught, his honour would fall asleep.’

‘I like to hear Trim’s stories about the captain,’ said Sufannah.—‘He is a kindly hearted gentleman,’ said Obadiah, as ever-lived!’—‘Aye—and as brave a one too,’ said the corporal, ‘as ever slept before a platoon. —There never was a better officer in the king’s army—or a better man in God’s world; for he would march up to the mouth of a cannon, though he saw the lighted match at the very touch-hole—and yet, for all that, he has a heart as soft as a child for other

‘ people.—He would not hurt a chicken.’—‘ I would sooner,’ quoth Jonathan, ‘ Drive such a gentleman for seven pounds a-year—than some for eight.’—‘ Thank thee, Jonathan! for thy twenty shillings—as much, Jonathan,’ said the corporal, shaking him by the hand, ‘ as if thou hadst put the money into my own pocket.—I would serve him to the day of my death out of love. He is a friend and a brother to me—and could I be sure my poor brother Tom was dead,’—continued the corporal, taking out his handkerchief, ‘—was I worth ten thousand pounds, I would leave every shilling of it to the captain!’—Trim could not refrain from tears at this testamentary proof he gave of his affection to his master.—The whole kitchen was affected.—‘ Do tell us this story of the poor lieutenant,’ said Sufannah.—‘ With all my heart,’ answered the corporal.

Sufannah, the cook, Jonathan, Obadiah, and Corporal Trim, formed a circle about the fire; and, as soon as the scullion had shut the kitchen-door, the corporal begun.

CHAP. XI.

I Am a Turk, if I had not as much forgot my mother, as if Nature had plaistered me up, and set me down naked upon the banks of the River Nile, without one.—Your most obedient servant, Madam. I’ve cost you a great deal of trouble—I wish it may answer—but you have left a crack in my back—and here’s a great piece fallen off here before—and what must I do with this foot? I shall never reach England with it.

For my own part, I never wonder at any thing—and so often has my judgment deceived me in my life, that I always suspect it, right or wrong—at least I am seldom hot upon cold subjects. For all this, I reverence truth as much as any body; and when it has slipped us, if a man will but take me by the hand, and go quietly and search for it, as for a thing we have both lost, and

can neither of us do well without—I’ll go to the world’s end with him—but I hate disputes—and therefore (bating religious points, or such as touch society) I would almost subscribe to any thing which does not choak me in the first passage, rather than be drawn into one—but I cannot bear suffocation—and bad smells worst of all—for which reasons, I resolved from the beginning, that if ever the army of martyrs was to be augmented—or a new one raised—I would have no hand in it, one way or t’other.

CHAP. XII.

—BUT, to return to my mother. My Uncle Toby’s opinion, Madam, ‘ that there could be no harm in Cornelius Gallus, the Roman prætor’s lying with his wife;’—or rather the last word of that opinion, (for it was all my mother heard of it) caught hold of her by the weak part of the whole sex—you shall not mistake me—I mean, her curiosity—she instantly concluded herself the subject of the conversation, and with that prepossession upon her fancy, you will readily conceive every word my father said was accommodated either to herself or her family concerns.

—Pray, Madam, in what street does the lady live, who would not have done the same?

From the strange mode of Cornelius’s death, my father had made a transition to that of Socrates, and was giving my Uncle Toby an abstract of his pleading before his judges—’twas irresistible—not the oration of Socrates—but my father’s temptation to it.—He had wrote the Life of Socrates*, himself, the year before he left off trade; which, I fear, was the means of hastening him out of it; so that no one was able to set out with so full a sail, and in so swelling a tide of heroick loftiness upon the occasion, as my father was. Not a period in Socrates’s oration, which closed with a shorter word than *transmigration*, or *annihilation*—or a worse thought in the middle of it than *to be—or not to be—*

* This book my father would never consent to publish; ’tis in manuscript, with some other tracts of his, in the family, all or most of which will be printed in due time.

the entering upon a new and untried state of things—or, upon a long, a profound and peaceful sleep, without dreams, without disturbance—that *we and our children were born to die—but neither of us born to be slaves.*—No—there I mistake; that was part of Eleazer's oration, as recorded by Josephus (de Bell. Judaic.)—Eleazer owns he had it from the philosophers of India; in all likelihood Alexander the Great, in his irruption into India, after he had overrun Persia, amongst the many things he stole—stole that sentiment also; by which means it was carried, if not all the way by himself, (for we all know he died at Babylon) at least by some of his maroders, into Greece—from Greece it got to Rome—from Rome to France—and from France to England.—So things come round!—

By land-carriage, I can conceive no other way.

By water, the sentiment might easily have come down the Ganges into the *lucus Gangeticus*, or Bay of Bengal, and so into the Indian Sea; and, following the course of trade, (the way from India by the Cape of Good-Hope being then unknown) might be carried with other drugs and spices up the Red Sea to Joddah, the port of Mekka, or else to Tor or Sues, towns at the bottom of the gulph; and from thence by karrawans to Coptos, but three days journey distant, so down the Nile directly to Alexandria, where the SENTIMENT would be landed at the very foot of the great stair-case of the Alexandrian library—and from that store-house it would be fetched.—Bless me! what a trade was driven by the learned in those days!

CHAP. XIII.

—NOW my father had a way a little like that of Job's (in case there ever was such a man—if not, there's an end of the matter.)

Though, by the bye, because your learned men find some difficulty in fixing the precise æra in which so great a man lived—whether, for instance, before or after the patriarchs, &c.—to vote, therefore, that he never lived *at all* is a little cruel—'tis not doing as they would be done by—happen that as it may—my father, I say, had a way,

when things went extremely wrong with him, especially upon the first fall of his impatience—of wondering why he was begot—wishing himself dead—sometimes worse—and when the provocation ran high, and grief touched his lips with more than ordinary powers—Sir, you scarce could have distinguished him from Socrates himself.—Every word would breathe the sentiments of a soul disdaining life, and careless about all it's issues; for which reason, though my mother was a woman of no deep reading, yet the abstract of Socrates's oration, which my father was giving my Uncle Toby, was not altogether new to her.—She listened to it with composed intelligence, and would have done so to the end of the chapter, had not my father plunged (which he had no occasion to have done) into that part of the pleading where the great philosopher reckons up his connections, his alliances, and children; but renounces a security to be so won by working upon the passions of his judges.—'I have friends—I have relations—I have three desolate children!'—says Socrates.

—'Then,' cried my mother, opening the door,—'you have one more, Mr. Shandy, than I know of.'

'By Heaven, I have one less!'—said my father, getting up and walking out of the room.

CHAP. XIV.

—'THEY are Socrates's children!' said my Uncle Toby. 'He has been dead a hundred years ago,' replied my mother.

My Uncle Toby was no chronologer—so not caring to advance a step but upon safe ground, he laid down his pipe deliberately upon the table, and rising up, and taking my mother most kindly by the hand, without saying another word, either good or bad, to her, he led her out after my father, that he might finish the eclairsissement himself.

CHAP. XV.

HAD this volume been a farce—which, unless every one's Life and Opinions are to be looked upon as a farce as well as mine, I see no reason to suppose—the last chapter, Sir, had finished

finished the first act of it, and then this chapter must have set off thus.

‘Ptr...r...ing—twing—twang—
 ‘prut—trut—’tis a curfed bad fiddle.
 ‘—Do you know whether my fiddle’s
 ‘in tune or no?—trut.. prut..—They
 ‘should be *fifths*—’Tis wickedly strung
 ‘—tr... a. e. i. o. u. —twang. The
 ‘bridge is a mile too high, and the
 ‘found-post absolutely down—else—
 ‘trut..prut—hark! ’tis not so bad a
 ‘tone.—Diddle, diddle; diddle, diddle;
 ‘diddle, diddle; dum. There is no-
 ‘thing in playing before good judges—
 ‘but there’s a man there—no—not
 ‘him with the bundle under his arm—
 ‘the grave man in black—S’death!
 ‘not the gentleman with the sword on!
 ‘—Sir, I had rather play a *capri-*
 ‘*chio* to Calliope herself, than draw
 ‘my bow across my fiddle before that
 ‘very man; and yet, I’ll stake my
 ‘Cremona to a Jew’s trump, which is
 ‘the greatest musical odds that ever
 ‘were laid, that I will this moment stop
 ‘three hundred and fifty leagues out of
 ‘tune upon my fiddle, without punish-
 ‘ing one single nerve that belongs to him
 ‘—Twaddle diddle, tweddle diddle—
 ‘twiddle diddle—twoddle diddle—
 ‘twuddle diddle—prut-trut—krish—
 ‘krafsh—krush—I’ve undone you,
 ‘Sir—but you see he is no worse—
 ‘and was Apollo to take his fiddle
 ‘after me, he can make him no better.
 ‘Diddle diddle, diddle diddle, did-
 ‘dle diddle—hum—dum—drum.

—Your worships and your reve-
 rences love musick—and God has made
 you all with good ears—and some of
 you play delightfully yourselves—trut-
 prut—prut-trut.

O! there is—whom I could sit and
 hear whole days—whose talents, lie in
 making what he fiddles to be felt—who
 inspires me with his joys and hopes,
 and puts the most hidden springs of my
 heart into motion.—If you would bor-
 row five guineas of me, Sir, which is
 generally ten guineas more than I have
 to spare—or you, Messrs. Apothecary
 and Taylor, want your bills paying—
 that’s your time.

C H A P. XVI.

THE first thing which entered my
 father’s head, after affairs were
 little settled in the family, and Susan-

nah had got possession of my mother’s
 green sattin night-gown—was to sit
 down coolly, after the example of
 Xenophon, and write a *TRISTRAM-
 SHANDY*, or system of education for me; col-
 lecting, first, for that purpose, his own
 scattered thoughts, counsels, and no-
 tions; and binding them together, so
 as to form an *INSTITUTE* for the go-
 vernment of my childhood and adole-
 scence. I was my father’s last stake—
 he had lost my Brother Bobby entirely;
 he had lost, by his own computation,
 full three-fourths of me—that is, he had
 been unfortunate in his three first great
 casts for me—my geniture, nose, and
 name—there was but this one left: and
 accordingly my father gave himself up
 to it with as much devotion as ever my
 Uncle Toby had done to his doctrine of
 projectils. The difference between them
 was, that my Uncle Toby drew his
 whole knowledge of projectils from
 Nicholas Tartaglia—my father spun
 his, every thread of it, out of his own
 brain—or so reeled and cross-twisted
 what all other spinners and spinsters had
 spun before him, that ’twas pretty near
 the same torture to him.

In about three years, or something
 more, my father had got advanced al-
 most into the middle of his work. Like
 all other writers, he met with disap-
 pointments.—He imagined he should
 be able to bring whatever he had to say,
 into so small compass, that when it was
 finished and bound, it might be rolled
 up in my mother’s hussive.—Matter
 grows under our hands.—Let no man
 say—‘Come, I’ll write a *duodecimo*.’

My father gave himself up to it, how-
 ever, with the most painful diligence,
 proceeding step by step in every line,
 with the same kind of caution and cir-
 cumspecion (though I cannot say upon
 quite so religious a principle) as was
 used by John de la Casa, the Lord Arch-
 bishop of Benevento, in compassing his
 Galateo; in which his grace of Bene-
 vento spent near forty years of his life;
 and when the thing came out, it was
 not of above half the size or the thick-
 ness of a Rider’s Almanack.—How
 the holy man managed the affair, un-
 less he spent the greatest part of his time
 in combing his whiskers, or playing at
primero with his chaplain—would please
 any mortal not let into the true secret—
 and therefore ’tis worth explaining to
 the world, was it only for the encour-
 agement

agement of those few in it, who write not so much to be fed—as to be famous.

I own, had John de la Casa, the Archbishop of Benevento, for whose memory (notwithstanding his Galateo) I retain the highest veneration—had he been, Sir, a slender clerk—of dull wit—slow parts—costive head, and so forth—he and his Galateo might have jogged on together to the age of Methuselah for me—the phenomenon had not been worth a parenthesis.

But the reverse of this was the truth: John de la Casa was a genius of fine parts and fertile fancy; and yet, with all these great advantages of nature, which should have pricked him forwards with his Galateo, he lay under an impuissance at the same time of advancing above a line and a half in the compass of a whole summer's day: this disability in his grace arose from an opinion he was afflicted with, which opinion was this—viz. that whenever a Christian was writing a book (not for his private amusement, but) where his intent and purpose was, *bonâ fide*, to print and publish it to the world, his first thoughts were always the temptations of the evil one. This was the state of ordinary writers: but when a personage of venerable character and high station, either in church or state, once turned author—he maintained, that from the very moment he took pen in hand—all the devils in hell broke out of their holes to cajole him.—'Twas *term-time* with them—every thought, first and last, was captious—how specious and good soever—'twas all one—in whatever form or colour it presented itself to the imagination—'twas still a stroke of one or other of 'em levelled at him, and was to be fenced off.—So that the life of a writer, whatever he might fancy to the contrary, was not so much a state of *composition*, as a state of *warfare*; and his probation in it, precisely that of any other man militant upon earth—both depending alike, not half so much upon the degrees of his *WIT*—as his *RESISTANCE*.

My father was hugely pleased with this theory of John de la Casa, Archbishop of Benevento; and (had it not cramped him a little in his creed) I believe would have given ten of the best acres in the Shandy estate, to have been the broacher of it.—How far my father actually believed in the devil, will be

seen, when I come to speak of my father's religious notions, in the progress of this work: 'tis enough to say here, as he could not have the honour of it, in the literal sense of the doctrine—he took up with the allegory of it—and would often say, especially when his pen was a little retrograde, there was as much good meaning, truth, and knowledge, couched under the veil of John de la Casa's parabolical representation—as was to be found in any one poetick fiction, or mystick record of antiquity.—'Prejudice of education,' he would say, '*is the devil*—and the multitudes of them which we suck in with our mother's milk—*are the devil and all*.—We are haunted with them, brother Toby, in all our lucubrations and researches; and was a man fool enough to submit tamely to what they obtruded upon him—what would his book be?—'Nothing,' he would add, throwing his pen away with a vengeance—'nothing but a farrago of the clack of nurses, and of the nonsense of the old women (of both sexes) throughout the kingdom.'

This is the best account I am determined to give of the slow progress my father made in his *Tristra-pædia*; at which (as I said) he was three years and something more, indefatigably at work, and at last, had scarce compleated, by his own reckoning, one half of his undertaking: the misfortune was, that I was all that time totally neglected and abandoned to my mother; and, what was almost as bad, by the very delay, the first part of the work, upon which my father had spent most of his pains, was rendered entirely useless—every day a page or two became of no consequence.

—Certainly it was ordained as a scourge upon the pride of human wisdom, that the wisest of us all should thus outwit ourselves, and eternally forego our purposes in the intemperate act of pursuing them.

In short, my father was so long in all his acts of resistance—or in other words—he advanced so very slow with his work, and I began to live and get forwards at such a rate, that if an event had not happened—which, when we get to it, if it can be told with decency, shall not be concealed a moment from the reader—I verily believe, I had put by my father, and left him drawing a fun-

fun-dial, for no better purpose than to be buried under ground.

C H A P. XVII.

—'T WAS nothing—I did not lose two drops of blood by it—'twas not worth calling in a surgeon, had he lived next door to us—thousands suffer by choice, what I did by accident.—Doctor Slop made ten times more of it than there was occasion: some men rise, by the art of hanging great weights upon small wires—and I am this day (August the 10th, 1761) paying part of the price of this man's reputation.—O 'twould provoke a stone, to see how things are carried on in this world!—The chamber-maid had left no ***** under the bed.—'Cannot you contrive, master,' quoth Sufannah, lifting up the sash with one hand, as she spoke, and helping me up into the window-seat with the other—'cannot you manage, my dear, 'for a single time, to *****?'

I was five years old.—Sufannah did not consider that nothing was well hung in our family—so slap came the sash down like lightning upon us—'Nothing 'is left!'—cried Sufannah—'nothing 'is left—for me, but to run my country.'—

My Uncle Toby's house was a much kinder sanctuary; and so Sufannah fled to it.

C H A P. XVIII.

W H E N Sufannah told the corporal the misadventure of the sash, with all the circumstances which attended the murder of me—(as she called it)—the blood forsook his cheeks—all accessories in murder being principals—Trim's conscience told him he was as much to blame as Sufannah—and if the doctrine had been true, my Uncle Toby had as much of the bloodshed to answer for to Heaven, as either of 'em—so that neither reason or instinct, separate or together, could possibly have guided Sufannah's steps to so proper an asylum. It is in vain to leave this to the reader's imagination—to form any kind of hypothesis that will render these propositions feasible, he must cud-

gel his brains fore—and to do it without—he must have such brains as no reader ever had before him.—Why should I put them either to trial or to torture?—'Tis my own affair: I'll explain it myself.

C H A P. XIX.

'IT is a pity, Trim,' said my Uncle Toby, resting with his hand upon the corporal's shoulder, as they both stood surveying their works—'that we have not a couple of field-pieces to mount in the gorge of that new redoubt—'twould secure the lines all along there, and make the attack on that side quite compleat—get me a couple cast, Trim.'

'Your honour shall have them,' replied Trim, 'before to-morrow morning.'

It was the joy of Trim's heart—nor was his fertile head ever at a loss for expedients in doing it, to supply my Uncle Toby in his campaigns, with whatever his fancy called for; had it been his last crown, he would have sat down and hammered it into a paderero to have prevented a single wish in his master. The corporal had already—what with cutting off the ends of my Uncle Toby's spouts—hacking and chiselling up the sides of his leaden gutters—melting down his pewter shaving-bason—and going at last, like Lewis the Fourteenth, on to the top of the church, for spare ends, &c.—he had that very campaign brought no less than eight new battering cannons, besides three demi-culverins, into the field; my Uncle Toby's demand for two more pieces for the redoubt, had set the corporal at work again; and no better resource offering, he had taken the two leaden weights from the nursery-window: and as the sash-pullies, when the lead was gone, were of no kind of use, he had taken them away also, to make a couple of wheels for one of their carriages.

He had dismantled every sash-window in my Uncle Toby's house long before, in the very same way—though not always in the same order: for sometimes the pullies had been wanted, and not the lead—so then he began with the pullies—and the pullies being picked out, then the lead became useless—and so the lead went to pot too.

—A great

—A great MORAL might be picked handsomely out of this; but I have not time—'tis enough to say, wherever the demolition began, 'twas equally fatal to the sash-window.

CHAP. XX.

THE corporal had not taken his measures so badly in this stroke of artilleryship, but that he might have kept the matter entirely to himself, and left Susannah to have sustained the whole weight of the attack, as she could—true courage is not content with coming off so.—The corporal, whether as general or comptroller of the train—'twas no matter—had done that, without which, as he imagined, the misfortune could never have happened, *at least in Susannah's hands*.—How would your honours have behaved?—He determined, at once, not to take shelter behind Susannah—but to give it; and with this resolution upon his mind, he marched upright into the parlour, to lay the whole manœuvre before my Uncle Toby.

My Uncle Toby had just then been giving Yorick an account of the battle of Steenkirk, and of the strange conduct of Count Solmes in ordering the foot to halt, and the horse to march where it could not act; which was directly contrary to the king's commands, and proved the loss of the day.

There are incidents in some families so pat to the purpose of what is going to follow—they are scarce exceeded by the invention of a dramatick writer—I mean, of ancient days.—

Trim, by the help of his fore-finger laid flat upon the table, and the edge of his hand striking across it at right-angles, made a shift to tell his story so that priests and virgins might have listened to it.—And the story being told—the dialogue went on as follows.

CHAP. XXI.

—'I would be picketted to death,' cried the corporal, as he concluded Susannah's story, 'before I would suffer the woman to come to any harm—'twas my fault, an please your honour—not her's.'

'Corporal Trim,' replied my Uncle

Toby, putting on his hat which lay upon the table—'if any thing can be said to be a fault, when the service absolutely requires it should be done—'tis I certainly who deserve the blame—you obeyed your orders.'

'Had Count Solmes, Trim, done the same at the battle of Steenkirk,' said Yorick, drolling a little upon the corporal, who had been run over by a dragoon in the retreat—'he had saved thee——' 'Saved!' cried Trim, interrupting Yorick, and finishing the sentence for him after his own fashion—'he had saved five battalions, an' please your reverence, every soul of them! —There was Cutts's,' continued the corporal, clapping the fore-finger of his right-hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand—'there was Cutts's—Mackay's—Angus's—Graham's—and Levens's, all cut to pieces—and so had the English life-guards too, had it not been for some regiments upon the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoons discharged a musket—they'll go to Heaven for it!'—added Trim.—'Trim is right,' said my Uncle Toby, nodding to Yorick; 'he's perfectly right.'—'What signifies his marching the horse,' continued the corporal, 'where the ground was so strait, and the French had such a nation of hedges, and copses, and ditches, and felled trees laid this way and that to cover them—(as they always have.)—Count Solmes should have sent us—we would have fired muzzle to muzzle with them for their lives. There was nothing to be done for the horse.—He had his foot shot off, however, for his pains,' continued the corporal, 'the very next campaign, at Landen.'—'Poor Trim got his wound there,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'It was owing, an' please your honour, entirely to Count Solmes. Had we drubbed them soundly at Steenkirk, they would not have fought us at Landen.'—'Possibly not Trim,' said my Uncle Toby: 'though, if they have the advantage of a wood, or you give them a moment's time to intrench themselves, they are a nation which will pop and pop for ever at you. There is no way but to march coolly up to them, re-

‘ceive their fire, and fall in upon them, ‘pell-mell—’ ‘Ding-dong,’ added Trim.—‘Horse and foot,’ said my Uncle Toby.—‘Helter-skelter,’ said Trim.—‘Right and left!’ cried my Uncle Toby.—‘Blood an’ ounds!’ shouted the corporal.—The battle raged—Yorick drew his chair a little to one side for safety; and, after a moment’s pause, my Uncle Toby sinking his voice a note—resumed the discourse as follows.

C H A P. XXII.

‘**K**ING William,’ said my Uncle Toby, addressing himself to Yorick, ‘was so terribly provoked at Count Solmes for disobeying his orders, that he would not suffer him to come into his presence for many months after.’—‘I fear,’ answered Yorick, ‘the squire will be as much provoked at the corporal, as the king at the count.—But ’twould be singularly hard in this case,’ continued he, ‘if Corporal Trim, who has behaved so diametrically opposite to Count Solmes, should have the fate to be rewarded with the same disgrace—too oft, in this world, do things take that train.’—‘I would spring a mine,’ cried my Uncle Toby, rising up—‘and blow up my fortifications, and my house with them, and we would perish under their ruins, ere I would stand by and see it!’—Trim directed a slight—but a grateful bow towards his master—and so the chapter ends.

C H A P. XXIII.

—‘Then Yorick,’ replied my Uncle Toby, ‘you and I will lead the way abreast—and do you, corporal, follow a few paces behind us.’—‘And Sufannah, an’ please your honour,’ said Trim, ‘shall be put in the rear.’—‘Twas an excellent disposition—and in this order, without either drums beating, or colours flying, they marched slowly from my Uncle Toby’s house to Shandy Hall.

—‘I wish,’ said Trim, as they entered the door—‘instead of the fast-weight, I had cut off the church-

spout, as I once thought to have done.’—‘You have cut off spouts enough!’ replied Yorick.

C H A P. XXIV.

AS many pictures as have been given of my father, how like him soever in different airs and attitudes,—not one, or all of them, can ever help the reader to any kind of preconception of how my father would think, speak, or act, upon any untried occasion or occurrence of life.—There was that infinitude of oddities in him, and of chances along with it, by which handle he would take a thing—it baffled, Sir, all calculations.—The truth was, his road lay so very far on one side, from that wherein most men travelled—that every object before him presented a face and section of itself to his eye, altogether different from the plan and elevation of it seen by the rest of mankind.—In other words, ’twas a different object—and in course was differently considered.

This is the true reason, that my dear Jenny and I, as well as all the world besides us, have such eternal squabbles about nothing.—She looks at her outside—I, at her in.—How is it possible we should agree about her value?

C H A P. XXV.

TIS a point settled—and I mention it for the comfort of Confucius*, who is apt to get entangled in telling a plain story—that provided he keeps along the line of his story—he may go backwards and forwards as he will—’tis still held to be no digression.

This being premised, I take the benefit of the *act of going backwards myself*.

C H A P. XXVI.

FIFTY thousand pannier loads of devils—(not of the Archbishop of Benevento’s—I mean, of Rabelais’s devils)—with their tails chopped off by their rumps, could not have made so diabolical a scream of it as I did—when the accident befel me: it summoned up

* Mr. Shandy is supposed to mean ***** Esq. member for *****—and not the Chinese legislator.

my mother instantly into the nursery—so that Sufannah had but just time to make her escape down the back-stairs, as my mother came up the fore.

Now, though I was old enough to have told the story myself—and young enough, I hope, to have done it without malignity; yet Sufannah, in passing by the kitchen, for fear of accidents, had left it in short-hand with the cook—the cook had told it with a commentary to Jonathan, and Jonathan to Obadiah; so that by the time my father had rung the bell half a dozen times, to know what was the matter above—was Obadiah enabled to give him a particular account of it, just as it had happened—‘I thought as much!’ said my father, tucking up his night-gown—and so walked up stairs.

One would imagine from this—(though, for my own part, I somewhat question it)—that my father, before that time, had actually wrote that remarkable chapter in the *Tristra-padia*, which to me is the most original and entertaining one in the whole book—and that is, the chapter upon *sash-windows*, with a bitter *Philippick* at the end of it, upon the forgetfulness of chamber-maids.—I have but two reasons for thinking otherwise.

First, Had the matter been taken into consideration, before the event happened, my father certainly would have nailed up the *sash-window* for good and all—which, considering with what difficulty he composed books—he might have done with ten times less trouble than he could have wrote the chapter: this argument, I foresee, holds good against his writing the chapter, even after the event; but ’tis obviated under the second reason, which I have the honour to offer to the world in support of my opinion, that my father did not write the chapter upon *sash-windows* and chamber-pots at the time supposed—and it is this—

—That, in order to render the *Tristra-padia* compleat—I wrote the chapter myself.

C H A P. XXVII.

MY father put on his spectacles—looked—took them off—put them into the case—all in less than a statutable minute; and, without opening his lips,

turned about, and walked precipitately down stairs. My mother imagined he had stepped down for lint and basilicon; but seeing him return with a couple of folios under his arm, and Obadiah following him with a large reading-desk, she took it for granted ’twas an herbal, and so drew him a chair to the bed-side, that he might consult upon the case at his ease.

—‘If it be but right done,’ said my father, turning to the section—*De sede vel subiecto circumcisionis*—for he had brought up *Spencer de Legibus Hebræorum Ritualibus*—and *Maimonides*, in order to confront and examine us all together.

—‘If it be but right done—’ quoth he.—‘Only tell us,’ cried my mother, interrupting him, ‘what herbs?’—‘For that,’ replied my father, ‘you must send for Doctor Slop.’

My mother went down, and my father went on, reading the section as follows.

‘ * * * * *
‘ * * * * *
‘ * * * * * — ‘Very well!’ said my father—‘ * * * * *
‘ * * * * *
‘ * * * * * — nay, if it has that convenience—’ and so, without stopping a moment to settle it first in his mind, whether the Jews had it from the Egyptians, or the Egyptians from the Jews—he rose up, and rubbing his forehead two or three times across with the palm of his hand, in the manner we rub out the footsteps of care, when the evil has trod lighter upon us than we foreboded—he shut the book, and walked down stairs.—‘Nay,’ said he, mentioning the name of a different great nation upon every step, as he set his foot upon it—‘if the Egyptians—the Syrians—the Phœnicians—the Arabians—the Cadocians—if the Colchi and Troglodytes did it—if Solon and Pythagoras submitted—what is *Tristram*?—Who am I, that I should fret or fume one moment about the matter?’

C H A P. XXVIII.

‘DEAR Yorick,’ said my father, smiling, (for Yorick had broke his rank with my Uncle Toby in coming through the narrow entry, and so had slept first into the parlour)—‘this *Tris-*
Y 2 tram

'tram of ours, I find, comes very hardly by all his religious rites.—Never was the son of Jew, Christian, Turk, or Infidel, initiated into them in so oblique and slovenly a manner.'—But he is no worse, I trust, said Yorick.

—'There has been certainly,' continued my father, 'the deuce and all to do in some part or other of the ecliptick, when this offspring of mine was formed!'—'That you are a better judge of than I,' replied Yorick. —'Astrologers,' quoth my father, 'know better than us both—the trine and sextil aspects have jumped awry—or the opposite of their ascendants have not hit it as they should—or the lords of the genitures (as they call them) have been at *bo-peep*—or, something has been wrong above or below with us.'

'It is possible,' answered Yorick.—'But is the child,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'the worse?'—'The Troglodytes say not,' replied my father.—'And your theologists, Yorick, tell us——' 'Theologically?' said Yorick; 'or speaking after the manner of apothecaries *?—statesmen †?—or washer-women ‡?'

—'I am not sure,' replied my father—'but they tell us, brother Toby, he's the better for it.'—'Provided,' said Yorick, 'you travel him into Egypt.'—'Of that,' answered my father, 'he will have the advantage when he sees the *Pyramids*.'

'Now every word of this,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'is Arabick to me.'—'I wish,' said Yorick, 'it was so—to half the world!'

—'Ilus §,' continued my father, 'circumcised his whole army one morning.'—'Not without a court-martial?' cried my Uncle Toby.—'Though the learned,' continued he, taking no notice of my Uncle Toby's remark, but turning to Yorick—'are greatly divided still who Ilus was; some say Saturn—some the Supreme Being—others, no more than a brigadier-general under *Pharaoh-neco*.'—'Let him be who he will,' said my

Uncle Toby, 'I know not by what article of war he could justify it.'

'The controvertists,' answered my father, 'assign two and twenty different reasons for it—others, indeed, who have drawn their pens on the opposite side of the question, have shewn the world the futility of the greatest part of them.—But then again, our best polemick divines——' 'I wish there was not a polemick divine,' said Yorick, 'in the kingdom—one ounce of practical divinity is worth a painted ship-load of all their reverences have imported these fifty years!—' Pray, Mr. Yorick,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'do tell me what a polemick divine is?'—'The best description, Captain Shandy, I have ever read, is a couple of them,' replied Yorick, 'in the account of the battle fought single hands betwixt *Gymnast* and *Captain Tripet*; which I have in my pocket.'

—'I beg I may hear it!' quoth my Uncle Toby, earnestly.—'You shall,' said Yorick.—'And as the corporal is waiting for me at the door—and I know the description of a battle will do the poor fellow more good than his supper—I beg, brother, you'll give him leave to come in.'—'With all my soul!' said my father.—Trim came in, erect and happy as an emperor; and, having shut the door, Yorick took a book from his right-hand coat-pocket, and read, or pretended to read, as follows.

CHAP. XXIX.

—'which words being heard by all the soldiers which were there, divers of them being inwardly terrified, did shrink back and make room for the assailant: all this did *Gymnast* very well remark and consider; and therefore, making as if he would have alighted from off his horse, as he was poising himself on the mounting-side, he most nimbly (with his short sword by his thigh) shifting his feet in the stirrup and performing the stirrup-leather feat, whereby, after the inclin-

* Χαλκήν ἦσαν, καὶ δυσίαν ἀπαλλαγὴν, ἣν ἄνθρωποι καλεῖσιν.

† Τὰ τεμνόμενα τῶν ἐθνῶν πολυγονατάτα, καὶ πολυανθρωπιάτα εἶναι.

‡ Καθαρειότητος εἶνεκεν.

§ Ὁ Ἰλος, τὰ εἰδοῖα περιτέμνεται. ταῦτ' αἰετῶται καὶ τὸς αὐτῶν συμμάχους καταναλίσκει.

PHILO.

BOCHART.

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ing

C H A P. XXX.

ing of his body downwards, he forth-
with launched himself aloft into the air,
and placed both his feet together up-
on the saddle, standing upright, with
his back turned towards his horse's
head.—“Now,” said he, “my case
goes forward.” Then, suddenly, in
the same posture wherein he was, he
fetched a gambol upon one foot, and
turning to the left-hand, failed not to
carry his body perfectly round, just
into his former position, without miss-
ing one jot.—“Ha!” said Tripet,
“I will not do that at this time—and
not without cause.”—“Well,” said
Gymnast, “I have failed—I will un-
do this leap:”—then with a marvel-
lous strength and agility, turning to-
wards the right-hand, he fetched an-
other frisking gambol as before;
which done, he set his right-hand
thumb upon the bow of the saddle,
raised himself up, and sprung into the
air, poising and upholding his whole
weight upon the muscle and nerve of
the said thumb, and so turned and
whirled himself about three times:
at the fourth, reversing his body and
overturning it upside down, and fore-
side back, without touching any thing,
he brought himself betwixt the horse's
two ears, and then giving himself a
jirking swing, he seated himself upon
the crupper—

(“This can't be fighting,” said my
Uncle Toby.—The corporal shook his
head at it.—“Have patience,” said Yo-
rick.)

Then (Tripet) passed his right-leg
over his saddle, and placed himself *en*
croup—“But,” said he, “'twere bet-
ter for me to get into the saddle.”
Then putting the thumbs of both
hands upon the crupper before him,
and thereupon leaning himself, as up-
on the only supporters of his body, he
incontinently turned heels over head
in the air, and straight found himself
betwixt the bow of the saddle in a
tolerable seat; then springing into the
air, with a summerfet, he turned him
about like a windmill, and made
above a hundred frisks, turns, and
demi-pommadas.—“Good God!”
cried Trim, losing all patience—“one
home thrust of a bayonet is worth
it all.”—“I think so too,” replied
Yorick.

—“I am of a contrary opinion,”
quoth my father,

—“No—I think I have advanced
nothing,” replied my father, making
answer to a question which Yorick had
taken the liberty to put to him—“I have
advanced nothing in the *Tristra-pæ-*
dia, but what is as clear as any one
proposition in Euclid.—Reach me,
Trim, that book from off the scru-
toire—It has oft times been in my
mind,” continued my father, “to have
read it over both to you, Yorick, and
to my brother Toby—and I think it
a little unfriendly in myself, in not
having done it long ago—shall we
have a short chapter or two now—and
a chapter or two hereafter, as occa-
sions serve; and so on, till we get
through the whole?”—My Uncle To-
by and Yorick made the obeisance which
was proper; and the corporal, though
he was not included in the compliment,
laid his hand upon his breast, and made
his bow at the same time.—The com-
pany smiled. “Trim,” quoth my fa-
ther, “has paid the full price for stay-
ing out the *entertainment*.”—“He
did not seem to relish the play,” re-
plied Yorick.—“It was a Tom-fool
battle, an' please your reverence, of a
Captain Tripet's and that other offi-
cer making so many summerfets as
they advanced—the French come
on capering now and then in that
way—but not quite so much.”

My Uncle Toby never felt the con-
sciousness of his existence with more
complacency than what the corporal's,
and his own reflections, made him do
at that moment—He lighted his pipe—
Yorick drew his chair closer to the ta-
ble—Trim snuffed the candle—My fa-
ther stirred up the fire—took up the
book—coughed twice, and began.

C H A P. XXXI.

THE first thirty pages,” said my
father, turning over the leaves—
“are a little dry; and as they are not
closely connected with the subject—
for the present we'll pass them by—
'tis a prefatory introduction,” con-
tinued my father, “or an introductory
preface, (for I am not determined
which name to give it) upon political
or civil government; the foundation
of

‘ of which being laid in the first conjunction betwixt male and female, for procreation of the species—I was insensibly led into it.’—‘It was natural,’ said Yorick.

‘ The original of society,’ continued my father, ‘ I’m satisfied is, what *Po-litian* tells us, *i. e.* merely conjugal; and nothing more than the getting together of one man and one woman—to which, (according to Hesiod) the philosopher adds a servant—but supposing in the first beginning there were no men-servants born—he lays the foundation of it, in a man—a woman—and a bull.’—‘ I believe, ’tis an ox,’ quoth Yorick, quoting the passage—(ὄνον μὲν παλαιὰ, γυναῖκα τε, βὺν τ’ ἀστῆρα;)—a bull must have given more trouble than his head was worth.’—‘ But there is a better reason still,’ said my father (dipping his pen into his ink;) ‘ for, the ox being the most patient of animals, and the most useful withal in tilling the ground for their nourishment—was the properest instrument, and emblem too, for the new-joined couple, that the creation could have associated with them.’—‘ And there is a stronger reason,’ added my Uncle Toby, ‘ than them all, for the ox.’—(My father had not power to take his pen out of his ink-horn, till he had heard my Uncle Toby’s reason.) ‘ For when the ground was tilled,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘ and made worth inclosing, then they began to secure it by walls and ditches, which was the origin of fortification.’—‘ True, true, dear Toby,’ cried my father, striking out the bull, and putting the ox in his place.

My father gave Trim a nod, to snuff the candle, and resumed his discourse.

—‘ I enter upon this speculation,’ said my father carelessly, and half shutting the book, as he went on—‘ merely to shew the foundation of the natural relation between a father and his child; the right and jurisdiction over whom he acquires these several ways—

‘ 1st, By marriage.

‘ 2d, By adoption.

‘ 3d, By legitimation.

‘ And 4th, By procreation—all which I consider in their order.’

‘ I lay a slight stress upon one of them,’ replied Yorick.—‘ The act, especially where it ends there, in my opinion, lays as little obligation upon

‘ the child, as it conveys power to the father.’—‘ You are wrong,’ said my father argutely, ‘ and for this plain reason * * * * *

* * * * *.—‘ I own,’ added my father, ‘ that the offspring, upon this account, is not so under the power and jurisdiction of the mother.’—‘ But the reason,’ replied Yorick, ‘ equally holds good for her.’—‘ She is under authority herself,’ said my father.—‘ And besides,’ continued my father, nodding his head and laying his finger upon the side of his nose, as he assigned his reason—‘ *she is not the principal agent, Yorick.*’—‘ In what?’ quoth my Uncle Toby, stopping his pipe.—‘ Though by all means,’ added my father, (not attending to my Uncle Toby) ‘ *the son ought to pay her respect*—as you may read, Yorick, at large, in the first book of the Institutes of Justinian, at the eleventh title and the tenth section.’—‘ I can read it as well,’ replied Yorick, ‘ in the Catechism.’

CHAP. XXXII.

‘ **T** RIM can repeat every word of it by heart,’ quoth my Uncle Toby.—‘ Pugh!’ said my father, not caring to be interrupted with Trim’s saying his catechism.—‘ He can, upon my honour!’ replied my Uncle Toby.—‘ Ask him, Mr. Yorick, any question you please.’—

—‘ The fifth commandment, Trim?’ said Yorick, speaking mildly, and with a gentle nod, as to a modest catechumen.—The corporal stood silent.—‘ You don’t ask him right,’ said my Uncle Toby, raising his voice, and giving it rapidly like the word of command—‘ The fifth!’—cried my Uncle Toby.—‘ I must begin with the first, an’ please your honour,’ said the corporal.

—Yorick could not forbear smiling.—‘ Your reverence does not consider,’ said the corporal, shouldering his stick like a musket, and marching into the middle of the room, to illustrate his position—‘ that ’tis exactly the same thing, as doing one’s exercise in the field.’—

‘ Join your right hand to your first lock!’ cried the corporal, giving the word of command, and performing the motion.—

'*Poise your firelock!*' cried the corporal, doing the duty still of both adjutant and private man.—

'*Rest your firelock!*—one motion, an' please your reverence, you see, leads into another.—If his honour will begin but with the *first*—'

'The *FIRST!*'—cried my Uncle Toby, setting his hand upon his side—

.....

'The *SECOND!*' cried my Uncle Toby, waving his tobacco-pipe, as he would have done his sword at the head of a regiment.—The corporal went through his *manual* with exactness; and having *honoured his father and mother*, made a low bow, and fell back to the side of the room.

'Every thing in this world,' said my father, 'is big with jest—and has wit in it, and instruction too—if we can but find it out.

'—Here is the *scaffold-work* of *INSTRUCTION*, it's true point of folly, without the *BUILDING* behind it.—

'—Here is the glass for pedagogues, preceptors, tutors, governors, gerund-grinders and bear-leaders, to view themselves in, in their true dimensions.—

'Oh! there is a husk and shell, Yorick, which grows up with learning, which their unskilfulness knows not how to sling away!

'—SCIENCES MAY BE LEARNED BY ROTE, BUT WISDOM NOT!'

Yorick thought my father inspired.—

'I will enter into obligations this moment,' said my father, 'to lay out all my Aunt Dinah's legacy in charitable uses—' (of which, by the bye, my father had no high opinion)—'if the corporal has any one determinate idea annexed to any one word he has repeated!—Pr'ythee, Trim,' quoth my father, turning round to him—'What dost thou mean, by *honouring thy father and mother?*'

'Allowing them, an' please your honour, three-halfpence a day out of my pay, when they grow old.—' And didst thou do that, Trim?' said Yorick.—'He did, indeed!' replied my Uncle Toby.—'Then, Trim,' said Yorick, springing out of his chair, and taking the corporal by the hand, 'thou art the best commentator upon that part of the Decalogue; and I honour

'thee more for it, Corporal Trim, than if thou hadst had a hand in the *Talmud* itself.'

C H A P. XXXIII.

'O Blessed health!' cried my father, making an exclamation, as he turned over the leaves to the next chapter, 'thou art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul—and openest all it's powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He that has thee, has little more to wish for—and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants every thing with thee!

'I have concentrated all that can be said upon this important head,' said my father, 'into a very little room; therefore we'll read the chapter quite through.'

My father read as follows.

'The whole secret of health depending upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture—' 'You have proved that matter of fact, I suppose, above,' said Yorick.—'Sufficiently,' replied my father.

In saying this, my father shut the book—not as if he resolved to read no more of it, for he kept his fore-finger in the chapter—nor pettishly, for he shut the book slowly; his thumb resting, when he had done it, upon the upper-side of the cover, as his three fingers supported the lower side of it, without the least compressive violence.

'I have demonstrated the truth of that point,' quoth my father, nodding to Yorick, 'most sufficiently in the preceding chapter.'

Now could the man in the moon be told, that a man in the earth had wrote a chapter, sufficiently demonstrating—that the secret of all health depended upon the due contention for mastery betwixt the *radical heat* and the *radical moisture*—and that he had managed the point so well, that there was not one single word, wet or dry, upon radical heat or radical moisture, throughout the whole chapter—or a single syllable in it, *pro* or *con*, directly or indirectly, upon the contention betwixt these two powers in any part of the animal economy—

'O thou Eternal Maker of all beings!'—he would cry, striking his breast

breast with his right-hand, (in case he had one) 'thou, whose power and goodness can enlarge the faculties of thy creatures to this infinite degree of excellence and perfection—what have we Moonites done?'

C H A P. XXXIV.

WITH two strokes, the one at Hippocrates, the other at Lord Verulam, did my father atchieve it.

The stroke at the prince of physicians, with which he began, was no more than a short insult upon his sorrowful complaint of the *Ars longa*—and *Vita brevis*. 'Life short,' cried my father—'and the art of healing tedious!—And who are we to thank for both the one and the other, but the ignorance of quacks themselves—and the stage-loads of chymical nostrums, and peripatetick lumber—with which, in all ages, they have first flattered the world, and at last deceived it!

—'O, my Lord Verulam!' cried my father, turning from Hippocrates, and making his second stroke at him, as the principal of nostrum mongers, and the fittest to be made an example of to the rest—'What shall I say to thee, my great Lord Verulam? what shall I say to thy internal spirit—thy opium—thy salt-petre—thy greasy unctious—thy daily purges—thy nightly glisters, and succedaneums?'

—My father was never at a loss what to say to any man upon any subject; and had the least occasion for the exordium of any man breathing: how he dealt with his lordship's opinion—you shall see—but when—I know not—we must first see what his lordship's opinion was.

C H A P. XXXV.

THE two great causes, which 'conspire with each other to shorten life,' says Lord Verulam, 'are first—

'The internal spirit—which, like a gentle flame, wastes the body down to death—And secondly, the external air, that parches the body up to ashes: which two enemies attacking us on both sides of our bodies together, at length destroy our organs, and ren-

der them unfit to carry on the functions of life.'

This being the state of the case; the road to Longevity was plain; nothing more being required, says his lordship, but to repair the waste committed by the internal spirit, by making the substance of it more thick and dense, by a regular course of opiates on one side, and by refrigerating the heat of it on the other, by three grains and a half of salt-petre every morning before you get up.

Still this frame of ours was left exposed to the inimical assaults of the air without; but this was fenced off again by a course of greasy unctious, which so fully saturated the pores of the skin, that no spicula could enter—nor could any one get out. This put a stop to all perspiration, sensible and insensible, which being the cause of so many scurvy distempers—a course of glisters was requisite to carry off redundant humours—and render the system compleat.

What my father had to say to my Lord of Verulam's opiates, his salt-petre, and greasy unctious and glisters, you shall read—but not to-day—or to-morrow: time presses upon me—my reader is impatient—I must get forwards. You shall read the chapter at your leisure, (if you chuse it) as soon as ever the *Tristra-padia* is published.

Sufficeth it at present to say, my father levelled the hypothesis with the ground, and in doing that, the learned know, he built up and established his own.

C H A P. XXXVI.

THE whole secret of health,' said my father, beginning the sentence again, 'depending evidently upon the due contention betwixt the radical heat and radical moisture within us—the least imaginable skill had been sufficient to have maintained it, had not the schoolmen confounded the task, merely (as Van Helmont, the famous chymist, has proved) by all along mistaking the radical moisture for the tallow and fat of animal bodies.

'Now the radical moisture is not the tallow or fat of animals, but an oily and balsamous substance: for the fat

and tallow, as also the phlegm or watry parts are cold; whereas the oily and balsamous parts are of a lively heat and spirit, which accounts for the observations of Aristotle, "*Quod omne animal post coitum est triste.*"

Now it is certain, that the radical heat lives in the radical moisture, but whether *vice versa*, is a doubt: however, when the one decays, the other decays also; and then is produced, either an unnatural heat, which causes an unnatural dryness—or an unnatural moisture, which causes dropsies. So that if a child, as he grows up, can but be taught to avoid running into fire or water, as either of 'em threaten his destruction—'twill be all that is needful to be done upon that head.

C H A P. XXXVII.

THE description of the siege of Jericho itself, could not have engaged the attention of my Uncle Toby more powerfully than the last chapter—his eyes were fixed upon my father throughout it—he never mentioned radical heat and radical moisture, but my Uncle Toby took his pipe out of his mouth, and shook his head; and as soon as the chapter was finished, he beckoned to the corporal to come close to his chair, to ask him the following question—*aside*.—“*****”

“*****?”

“It was at the siege of Limerick, an’ please your honour,” replied the corporal, making a bow.

“The poor fellow and I,” quoth my Uncle Toby, addressing himself to my father, “were scarce able to crawl out of our tents, at the time the siege of Limerick was raised, upon the very account you mention.”—“Now what can have got into that precious noddle of thine, my dear brother Toby!” cried my father, mentally.—“By Heaven!” continued he, communing still with himself, “it would puzzle an Oedipus to bring it in point!”

“I believe, an’ please your honour,” quoth the corporal, “that if it had not been for the quantity of brandy we set fire to every night, and the claret and cinnamon with which I plied your honour off——” “And the Geneva, Trim,” added my Uncle Toby, “which did us more good than all.”—

“I verily believe,” continued the corporal, “we had both, an’ please your honour, left our lives in the trenches, and been buried in them too.”—“The noblest grave, corporal,” cried my Uncle Toby, his eyes sparkling as he spoke, “that a soldier could wish to lie down in.”—“But a pitiful death for him! an’ please your honour,” replied the corporal.

All this was as much Arabick to my father, as the rites of the Colchi and Troglodites had been before to my Uncle Toby; my father could not determine whether he was to frown or smile.

My Uncle Toby, turning to Yorick, resumed the case at Limerick more intelligibly than he had begun it—and so settled the point for my father at once.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

IT was undoubtedly, said my Uncle Toby, “a great happiness for myself and the corporal, that we had all along a burning fever, attended with a most raging thirst, during the whole five and twenty days the flux was upon us in the camp; otherwise what my brother calls the radical moisture, must, as I conceive it, inevitably have got the better.”—My father drew in his lungs top-full of air, and looking up, blew it forth again, as slowly as he possibly could.

—“It was Heaven’s mercy to us,” continued my Uncle Toby, “which put it into the corporal’s head to maintain that due contention betwixt the radical heat and the radical moisture, by reinforcing the fever, as he did all along, with hot wine and spices; whereby the corporal kept up (as it were) a continual firing, so that the radical heat stood it’s ground from the beginning to the end, and was a fair match for the moisture, terrible as it was.”—Upon my honour,” added my Uncle Toby, “you might have heard the contention within our bodies, brother Shandy, twenty toises.”—“If there was no firing,” said Yorick.

“Well!” said my father, with a full aspiration, and pausing a while after the word—“was I a judge, and the laws of the country which made me one permitted it, I would condemn some of the worst malefactors, provided they had had their clergy——”

‘——’ Yorick foreseeing the sentence was likely to end with no sort of mercy, laid his hand upon my father’s breast, and begged he would respite it for a few minutes, till he asked the corporal a question.—‘Pr’ythee, Trim,’ said Yorick, without staying for my father’s leave, ‘tell us honestly—what is thy opinion concerning this self-same radical heat and radical moisture?’

‘With humble submission to his honour’s better judgment——’ quoth the corporal, making a bow to my Uncle Toby.—‘Speak thy opinion freely, corporal!’ said my Uncle Toby.—‘The poor fellow is my servant—not my slave;’ added my Uncle Toby, turning to my father.

The corporal put his hat under his left-arm, and with his stick hanging upon the wrist of it, by a black thong split into a tassel about the knot, he marched up to the ground where he had performed his catechism; then touching his under jaw with the thumb and fingers of his right hand before he opened his mouth—he delivered his notion thus.

C H A P. XXXIX.

JUST as the corporal was humming, to begin—in waddled Doctor Slop.—‘Tis not two-pence matter—the corporal shall go on in the next chapter, let who will come in.

‘Well, my good doctor!’ cried my father sportively; for the transitions of his passions were unaccountably sudden—‘and what has this whelp of mine to say to the matter?’

Had my father been asking after the amputation of the tail of a puppy-dog—he could not have done it in a more careless air: the system which Doctor Slop had laid down, to treat the accident by, no way allowed of such a mode of enquiry. He sat down.

‘Pray, Sir,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, in a manner which could not go unanswered—‘in what condition is the boy?’—‘It will end in a *phimosis*,’ replied Doctor Slop.

‘I am no wiser than I was!’ quoth my Uncle Toby—returning his pipe into his mouth.—‘Then let the corporal go on,’ said my father, ‘with his medical lecture.—The corporal made

a bow to his old friend, Doctor Slop, and then delivered his opinion concerning radical heat, and radical moisture, in the following words.

C H A P. XL.

THE city of Limerick, the siege of which was begun under his majesty King William himself, the year after I went into the army—lies, an’ please your honours, in the middle of a devilish wet, swampy country.—‘It is quite surrounded,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘with the Shannon, and is, by it’s situation, one of the strongest fortified places in Ireland.’—

‘I think this is a new fashion,’ quoth Doctor Slop, ‘of beginning a medical lecture.’—‘It is all true,’ answered Trim.—‘Then I wish the faculty would follow the cut of it!’ said Yorick.—‘It is all cut through, an’ please your reverence,’ said the corporal, ‘with drains and bogs; and besides, there was such a quantity of rain fell during the siege, the whole country was like a puddle—twas that, and nothing else, which brought on the flux, and which had like to have killed both his honour and myself.—Now there was no such thing, after the first ten days,’ continued the corporal, ‘for a soldier to lie dry in his tent, without cutting a ditch round it, to draw off the water—nor was that enough, for those who could afford it, as his honour could, without setting fire every night to a pewter dish full of brandy, which took off the damp of the air, and made the inside of the tent as warm as a stove.’—

‘And what conclusion dost thou draw, Corporal Trim,’ cried my father, ‘from all these premises?’

‘I infer, an’ please your worship,’ replied Trim, ‘that the radical moisture is nothing in the world but ditch water—and that the radical heat, of those who can go to the expence of it, is burnt brandy—the radical heat and moisture of a private man, an’ please your honours, is nothing but ditch water—and a dram of geneva—and give us but enough of it, with a pipe of tobacco, to give us spirits, and drive away the vapours—we know not what it is to fear death.’

‘I am at a loss, Captain Shandy,’ quoth

quoth Doctor Slop, 'to determine in which branch of learning your servant shines most, whether in physiology or divinity.'—Slop had not forgot Trim's comment upon the sermon.—

'It is but an hour ago,' replied Yorick, 'since the corporal was examined in the latter, and pass'd muster with great honour.'—

'The radical heat and moisture,' quoth Doctor Slop, turning to my father, 'you must know, is the basis and foundation of our being—as the root of a tree is the source and principle of its vegetation.—It is inherent in the seeds of all animals, and may be preserved sundry ways, but principally, in my opinion, by *consubstantials*, *impriments*, and *occludents*.—Now this poor fellow,' continued Doctor Slop, pointing to the corporal, 'has had the misfortune to have heard some superficial empirick discourse upon this nice point.—'That he has,' said my father.—'Very likely,' said my Uncle.—'I'm sure of it,' quoth Yorick.

CHAP. XLI.

DOCTOR Slop being called out to look at a cataplasm he had ordered, it gave my father an opportunity of going on with another chapter in the *Triutra-pædia*.—Come! cheer up, my lads! I'll shew you land—for, when we have tugged through that chapter, the book shall not be opened again this twelvemonth.—'Huzza!'

CHAP. XLII.

—'FIVE years with a bib under his chin;

'Four years in travelling from Christcross-row to Malachi;

'A year and a half in learning to write his own name;

'Seven long years and more *τυπώ*ing it, at Greek and Latin;

'Four years at his *probations* and his *negations*—the fine statue still lying in the middle of the marble block—and nothing done but his tools sharpened to hew it out!—'Tis a piteous delay!—Was not the great Julius Scaliger within an ace of never getting his tools sharpened at all?—Forty-four years old was he before

'he could manage his Greek—and Peter Damianus, Lord Bishop of Ostia, as all the world knows, could not so much as read, when he was of man's estate.—And Baldus himself, as eminent as he turned out after, entered upon the law so late in life, that every body imagined he intended to be an advocate in the other world: no wonder, when Eudamidas, the son of Archidamas, heard Xenocrates at seventy-five disputing about wisdom, that he asked gravely, *if the old man be yet disputing and enquiring concerning wisdom—what time will he have to make use of it?*'

Yorick listened to my father with great attention; there was a seasoning of wisdom unaccountably mixed up with his strangest whims, and he had sometimes such illuminations in the darkest of his eclipses, as almost atoned for them—be wary, Sir, when you imitate him.

'I am convinced, Yorick,' continued my father, half reading and half discoursing, 'that there is a north-west passage to the intellectual world; and that the soul of man has shorter ways of going to work, in furnishing itself with knowledge and instruction, than we generally take with it.—But, alack! all fields have not a river or a spring running besides them—every child, Yorick! has not a parent to point it out.

—'The whole entirely depends,' added my father, in a low voice, 'upon the *auxiliary verbs*, Mr. Yorick.'

Had Yorick trod upon Virgil's snake, he could not have looked more surprized.—'I am surprized too,' cried my father, observing it!—and I reckon it as one of the greatest calamities which ever befel the republick of letters—that those who have been entrusted with the education of our children, and whose business it was to open their minds, and stock them early with ideas, in order to set the imagination loose upon them, have made so little use of the auxiliary verbs in doing it, as they have done.—So that, except Raymond Lullius, and the elder Pelegrini, the last of which arrived to such perfection in the use of them, with his topicks, that in a few lessons, he could teach a young gentleman to discourse with plausibility upon any subject, *pro* and *con*, and

‘to say and write all that could be spoken or written concerning it, without blotting a word, to the admiration of all who beheld him.’—‘I should be glad,’ said Yorick, interrupting my father, ‘to be made to comprehend this matter.’—‘You shall,’ said my father.

‘The highest stretch of improvement a single word is capable of, is a high metaphor—for which, in my opinion, the idea is generally the worse, and not the better—but, be that as it may—when the mind has done that with it—there is an end—the mind and the idea are at rest—until a second idea enters—and so on.

‘Now the use of the *auxiliaries* is, at once to set the soul a-going by herself upon the materials as they are brought her: and by the versatility of this great engine, round which they are twitted, to open new tracks of enquiry, and make every idea engender millions.’

‘You excite my curiosity greatly,’ said Yorick.

‘For my own part,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘I have given it up.’—‘The Danes, an’ please your honour,’ quoth the corporal, ‘who were on the left at the siege of Linnenrick, were all auxiliaries.’—‘And very good ones!’ said my Uncle Toby.—‘But the auxiliaries, Trim, my brother is talking about—I conceive to be different things.’—

—‘You do?’ said my father, rising up.

CHAP. XLIII.

MY father took a single turn across the room, then sat down and finished the chapter.

‘The verbs auxiliary we are concerned in here,’ continued my father, ‘are—*am; was; have; had; do; did; make; made; suffer; shall; should; will; would; can, could; owe; ought; used; or is went.*—And these varied with tenses—*present, past, future*, and conjugated with the verb *see*—or with these questions added to them—*Is it? Was it? Will it be?*

Would it be? May it be? Might it be? And these again put negatively—*Is it not? Was it not? Ought it not?*—Or affirmatively—*It is, it was; it ought to be.*—Or chronologically—*Has it been always? Late-ly? How long ago?*—Or hypothetically—*If it was? If it was not?*—What would follow?—If the French should beat the English? If the sun go out of the zodiac?

‘Now, by the right use and application of these,’ continued my father, ‘in which a child’s memory should be exercised, there is no one idea can enter his brain, how barren soever, but a magazine of conceptions and conclusions may be drawn forth from it.—Didst thou ever see a white bear?’ cried my father, turning his head round to Trim, who stood at the back of his chair.—‘No, an’ please your honour,’ replied the corporal.—‘But thou couldst discourse about one,’ Trim, said my father, ‘in case of need?’—‘How is it possible, brother,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘if the corporal never saw one?’—‘It is the fact,’ I want,’ replied my father—‘and the possibility of it is as follows.’

‘A WHITE BEAR!—Very well.—Have I ever seen one? Might I ever have seen one? Am I ever to see one? Ought I ever to have seen one? Or can I ever see one?’

‘Would I had seen a white bear? (for how can I imagine it?)’

‘If I should see a white bear, what should I say? If I should never see a white bear, what then?’

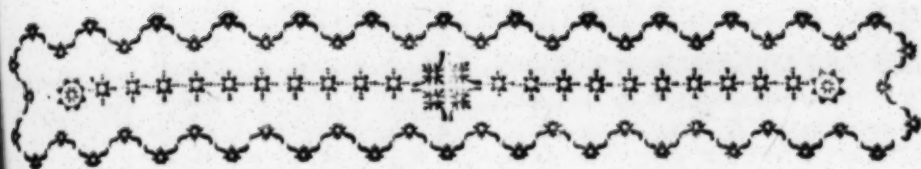
‘If I never have, can, must, or shall see a white bear alive; have I ever seen the skin of one? Did I never see one painted?—described? Have I never dreamed of one?’

‘Did my father, mother, uncle, aunt, brothers or sisters, ever see a white bear? What would they give? how would they behave? How would the white bear have behaved? Is he wild? tame? terrible? rough? smooth?’

—‘Is the white bear worth seeing?’—

—‘Is there no sin in it?’—

‘Is it better than a BLACK ONE?’



THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

CHAP. I.



WELL not stop two moments, my dear Sir—only, as we have got through these five volumes, (do, Sir, sit down upon a set—they are better than nothing) let us just look back upon the country we have passed through.—

—What a wilderness has it been! and what a mercy that we have not both of us been lost or devoured by wild beasts in it?

Did you think the world itself, Sir, had contained such a number of jack-alls?—How they viewed and reviewed us as we passed over the rivulet at the bottom of that little valley!—and when we climbed over that hill, and were just getting out of sight—good God! what a braying did they all set up together!

—Pythee, shepherd, who keeps all those jack-alls? * * *

—Heaven be their comforter!—What! are they never curried?—Are they never taken in in winter?—Bray—bray—bray. Bray on—the world is deeply your debtor—louder still—that's nothing—in good sooth, you are ill-used.—Was I a jack-alls, I solemnly declare, I would bray in G-fol-re-ut from morning, even unto night.

CHAP. II.

WHEN my father had danced his white bear backwards and forwards through half a dozen pages,

he closed the book for good an' all—and in a kind of triumph re-delivered it into Trim's hand, with a nod to lay it upon the scrutoire where he found it.—

'Tristram,' said he, 'shall be made to conjugate every word in the dictionary, backwards and forwards the same way—every word, Yorick, by this means, you see, is converted into a thesis or an hypothesis—every thesis and hypothesis have an offspring of propositions—and each proposition has it's own consequences and conclusions; every one of which leads the mind on again into fresh tracks of enquiries and doubtings.—The force of this engine,' added my father, 'is incredible, in opening a child's head.'

—'It is enough, brother Shandy,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'to burst it into a thousand splinters.'

'I presume,' said Yorick, smiling—'it must be owing to this—(for let logicians say what they will, it is not to be accounted for sufficiently from the bare use of the ten predicaments)—that the famous Vincent Quirino, amongst the many other astonishing feats of his childhood, of which the Cardinal Bembo has given the world so exact a story—should be able to paste up in the publick schools at Rome, so early as in the eighth year of his age, no less than four thousand five hundred and sixty different theses, upon the most abstruse points of the most abstruse theology—and to defend and maintain them in such sort, as to cramp and dumb-found his opponents.—'What is that?' cried my father,

father, 'to what is told us of Alphonfus
' Tostatus—who, almost in his nurse's
' arms, learned all the sciences and li-
' beral arts, without being taught any
' one of them!—What shall we say of
' the great Piereskus?'—'That's the
' very man,' cried my Uncle Toby,
' I once told you of, brother Shandy,
' who walked a matter of five hundred
' miles, reckoning from Paris to Schev-
' ling, and from Schevling back again,
' merely to see Stevinus's flying chariot.
—'He was a very great man!' added
my Uncle Toby; (meaning Stevinus)
'He was so, brother Toby,' said my
father, (meaning Piereskus)—'and had
' multiplied his ideas so fast, and in-
' creased his knowledge to such a pro-
' digious stock, that, if we may give
' credit to an anecdote concerning him,
' which we cannot withhold here, with-
' out shaking the authority of all anec-
' dotes whatever—at seven years of age,
' his father committed entirely to his
' care the education of his younger bro-
' ther, a boy of five years old—with the
' sole management of all his concerns.'
—'Was the father as wise as the
' son?' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'I
' should think not,' said Yorick.—
'But what are these,' continued my
father—(breaking out in a kind of en-
thusiasm)—'what are these, to those
' prodigies of childhood in Grotius,
' Scioppius, Heinsius, Politian, Pascal,
' Joseph Scaliger, Ferdinand de Cor-
' douë, and others—some of which left
' off their *substantial forms* at nine years
' old, or sooner, and went on reasoning
' without them—others went through
' their classicks at seven—wrote trage-
' dies at eight—Ferdinand de Cor-
' douë was so wise at nine, 'twas
' thought the devil was in him—and at
' Venice gave such proofs of his know-
' ledge and goodness, that the monks
' imagined he was Antichrist, or no-
' thing.—Others were masters of four-
' teen languages at ten—finished the
' course of their rhetorick, poetry, lo-
' gick, and ethicks, at eleven—put
' forth their commentaries upon Servius

' and Martianus Capella at twelve—
' and at thirteen received their degrees
' in philosophy, laws, and divinity.—
' But you forget the great Lipsum,
quoth Yorick, 'who composed a work
' the day he was born *.'—'They
' should have wiped it up,' said my
Uncle Toby, 'and said no more about
' it.'

C H A P. III.

WHEN the cataplasm was ready,
a scruple of *decorum* had un-
seasonably rose up in Sufannah's con-
science, about holding the candle, whilst
Slop tied it on; Slop had not treated
Sufannah's distemper with anodynes—
and so a quarrel had ensued betwixt
them.

—'Oh! oh!'—said Slop, casting
a glance of undue freedom in Sufannah's
face, as she declined the office—'then,
' I think, I know you, Madam!'—
'You know me, Sir!' cried Sufannah
fastidiously, and with a toss of her head,
levelled evidently not at his profession,
but at the doctor himself—'you know
' me!' cried Sufannah again.—Doctor
Slop clapped his finger and his thumb
instantly upon his nostrils.—Sufannah's
spleen was ready to burst at it: 'It is
' false!' said Sufannah.—'Come, come,
' Mrs. Modesty,' said Slop, not a little
elated with the success of his last thrust;
'if you won't hold the candle, and
' look—you may hold it and shut your
' eyes.'—'That's one of your Positiv-
' shifts,' cried Sufannah.—'It is bet-
' ter,' said Slop, with a nod, 'than
' no shift at all, young woman.'—'I
' defy you, Sir!' cried Sufannah, pull-
ing her shift-sleeve below her elbow.

It was almost impossible for two per-
sons to assist each other in a surgical
case with a more splenetick cordiality.

Slop snatched up the cataplasm—Sufannah snatched up the candle.—
'little this way,' said Slop. Sufannah
looking one way, and rowing another
instantly set fire to Slop's wig, whilst

* 'Nous aurions quelque intérêt,' says Baillet, 'de montrer qu'il n'a rien de ridicule
' s'il étoit véritable, au moins dans le sens énigmatique que Niclus Erythraeus a tâché
' lui donner. Cet auteur dit, que pour comprendre comme Lipse a pu composer un ou-
' rage le premier jour de sa vie, il faut s'imaginer, que ce premier jour n'est pas celui
' sa naissance charnelle, mais celui au quel il a commencé d'user de la raison; il veut que
' c'ait été à l'âge de neuf ans; et il nous veut persuader que ce fut en cet âge, que Lipse
' un poëme.—Le tour est ingénieux,' &c. &c.

being somewhat bushy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.—‘You impudent whore!’ cried Slop—(for what is passion, but a wild beast)—‘you impudent whore!’—cried Slop, getting upright, with the cataplasm in his hand—‘I never was the destruction of any body’s nose!’ said Sufannah; ‘which is more than you can say!’—‘Is it?’ cried Slop, throwing the cataplasm in her face.—‘Yes it is!’ cried Sufannah—returning the compliment with what was left in the pan.—

CHAP. IV.

DOCTOR Slop and Sufannah filed cross-bills against each other in the parlour; which done, as the cataplasm had failed, they retired into the kitchen to prepare a fomentation for me;—and whilst that was doing, my father determined the point as you will read.

CHAP. V.

‘YOU see ’tis high time,’ said my father, addressing himself equally to my Uncle Toby and Yorick, ‘to take this young creature out of these women’s hands, and put him into those of a private governor. Marcus Antoninus provided fourteen governors all at once to superintend his son Commodus’s education—and in six weeks he cashiered five of them—I know very well,’ continued my father, ‘that Commodus’s mother was in love with a gladiator at the time of her conception, which accounts for a great many of Commodus’s cruelties when he became emperor—but still I am of opinion, that those five whom Antoninus dismissed, did Commodus’s temper, in that short time, more hurt than the other nine were able to rectify all their lives long.’

‘Now, as I consider the person who is to be about my son, as the mirror in which he is to view himself from morning to night, and by which he is to adjust his looks, his carriage, and perhaps the inmost sentiments of his heart—I would have one, Yorick, if possible, polished at all points, fit

for my child to look into.’—‘This is very good sense!’ quoth my Uncle Toby to himself.

—‘There is,’ continued my father, ‘a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and speaking, which argues a man *well within*: and I am not at all surprized that Gregory of Nazianzum, upon observing the hasty and untoward gestures of Julian, should foretel he would one day become an apostate—or that St. Ambrose should turn his amanuensis out of doors, because of an indecent motion of his head, which went backwards and forwards like a flail—or that Democritus should conceive Protagoras to be a scholar, from seeing him bind up a faggot, and thrusting, as he did it, the small twigs inwards.—There are a thousand unnoticed openings,’ continued my father, ‘which let a penetrating eye at once into a man’s soul—and I maintain it,’ added he, ‘that a man of sense does not lay down his hat in coming into a room, or take it up in going out of it, but something escapes which discovers him.’

‘It is for these reasons,’ continued my father, ‘that the governor I make choice of shall neither lisp*, or squint, or wink, or talk loud, or look fierce, or foolish—or bite his lips, or grind his teeth—or speak through his nose, or pick it, or blow it with his fingers.—

‘He shall neither walk fast, or slow, —or fold his arms, for that is laziness—or hang them down, for that is folly—or hide them in his pocket, for that is nonsense.—

‘He shall neither strike, or pinch, or tickle—or bite, or cut his nails—or hawk, or spit, or snift—or drum with his feet or fingers in company—nor —(according to Erasmus)—shall he speak to any one in making water—nor shall he point to carrion or excrement.’—‘Now this is all nonsense again!’ quoth my Uncle Toby to himself.—

‘I will have him,’ continued my father, ‘cheerful, faceté, jovial—at the same time, prudent, attentive to business, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in resolving doubts and spe-

* Vid. Pellegrina.

* culative

‘culative questions—he shall be wise, and
 ‘judicious, and learned——’ ‘And
 ‘why not humble, and moderate, and
 ‘gentle-tempered, and good?’ said Yo-
 rick.—‘And why not,’ cried my Un-
 cle Toby, ‘free, and generous, and
 ‘bountiful, and brave?’—‘He shall,
 ‘my dear Toby,’ replied my father,
 getting up and shaking him by his hand.
 —‘Then, brother Shandy,’ answered
 my Uncle Toby, raising himself off the
 chair, and laying down his pipe to take
 hold of my father’s other hand—‘I
 ‘humbly beg I may recommend poor
 Le Fevre’s son to you!’—A tear of
 joy of the first water sparkled in my
 Uncle Toby’s eye—and another, the
 fellow to it, in the corporal’s, as the
 proposition was made.—‘You will see
 why, when you read Le Fevre’s story.
 —Fool that I was! nor can I recol-
 lect, (nor perhaps you) without turn-
 ing back to the place, what it was that
 hindered me from letting the corporal
 tell it in his own words!—but the
 occasion is lost—I must now tell it in
 my own.

CH A P. VI.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

IT was some time in the summer of
 that year in which Dendermond was
 taken by the allies—which was about
 seven years before my father came into
 the country—and about as many after
 the time that my Uncle Toby and
 Trim had privately decamped from my
 father’s house in town, in order to lay
 some of the finest sieges to some of the
 finest fortified cities in Europe—when
 my Uncle Toby was one evening get-
 ting his supper, with Trim sitting be-
 hind him at a small side-board—I
 say, sitting—for, in consideration of the
 corporal’s lame knee—which some-
 times gave him exquisite pain—when
 my Uncle Toby dined or supped alone,
 he would never suffer the corporal to
 stand; and the poor fellow’s veneration
 for his master was such, that with a
 proper artillery, my Uncle Toby could
 have taken Dendermond itself, with less
 trouble than he was able to gain this
 point over him—for many a time, when
 my Uncle Toby supposed the corporal’s
 leg was at rest, he would look back,
 and detect him standing behind him

with the most dutiful respect: this bred
 more little squabbles betwixt them, than
 all other causes, for five and twenty
 years together.—But this is neither
 here nor there—why do I mention it?
 —Ask my pen—it governs me—I
 govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his
 supper, when the landlord of a little inn
 in the village came into the parlour with
 an empty phial in his hand to beg a
 glass or two of sack. ‘It is for a poor
 ‘gentleman—I think, of the army,’
 said the landlord, ‘who has been taken
 ‘ill at my house four days ago, and
 ‘has never held up his head since, or
 ‘had a desire to taste any thing, till
 ‘just now, that he has a fancy for a
 ‘glass of sack and a thin toast.—“I
 “think,” says he, taking his hand
 ‘from his forehead, “it would com-
 “fort me!”—

—‘If I could neither beg, buy,
 ‘row, or buy such a thing,’ added the
 landlord—‘I would almost steal it for
 ‘the poor gentleman, he is so ill—
 ‘I hope in God he will still mend!’
 continued he; ‘we are all of us con-
 ‘cerned for him.’

‘Thou art a good-natured soul, I
 ‘will answer for thee,’ cried my Uncle
 Toby; ‘and thou shalt drink the poor
 ‘gentleman’s health in a glass of sack
 ‘thyself—and take a couple of bottles
 ‘with my service, and tell him he is
 ‘heartily welcome to them, and to a
 ‘dozen more if they will do him good.

‘Though I am persuaded,’ said my
 Uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the
 door, ‘he is a very compassionate fel-
 ‘low, Trim—yet I cannot help enter-
 ‘taining a high opinion of his guest
 ‘too; there must be something more
 ‘than common in him, that in so short
 ‘a time should win so much upon the
 ‘affections of his host.’—‘And of his
 ‘whole family,’ added the corporal;
 ‘for they are all concerned for him.’—
 ‘Step after him,’ said my Uncle To-
 by—‘do, Trim—and ask if he knows
 ‘his name.’

—‘I have quite forgot it, truly!’
 said the landlord, coming back into the
 parlour with the corporal; ‘but I can ask
 ‘his son again.’—‘Has he a son with
 ‘him then?’ said my Uncle Toby.—
 ‘A boy,’ replied the landlord, ‘of
 ‘about eleven or twelve years of age—
 ‘but the poor creature has tasted almost
 ‘as little as his father; he does nothing
 ‘but

but mourn and lament for him night and day—he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.’

My Uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—‘Stay in the room a little!’ said my Uncle Toby.

‘Trim!’ said my Uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs.—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow—my Uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more. ‘Corporal!’ said my Uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—My Uncle proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

‘Trim!’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.’—‘Your honour’s roquelaure,’ replied the corporal, ‘has not once been had on, since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas—and, besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, ’twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour’s torment in your groin.’—‘I fear so,’ replied my Uncle Toby; ‘but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair,’ added my Uncle Toby; ‘or that I had known more of it!—How shall we manage it?’—‘Leave it, an’t please your honour, to me,’ quoth the corporal.—‘I’ll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.’—‘Thou shalt go, Trim,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘and here’s a shilling for thee to drink with thy servant.’—‘I shall get it all out of him,’ said the corporal, shutting the door.

My Uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile

a straight line, as a crooked one—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

CHAP. VII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

IT was not till my Uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

‘I despaired at first,’ said the corporal, ‘of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.’—‘Is he in the army, then?’ said my Uncle Toby. ‘He is,’ said the corporal.—‘And in what regiment?’ said my Uncle Toby.—‘I’ll tell your honour,’ replied the corporal, ‘every thing straight forwards, as I learnt it.’—‘Then, Trim, I’ll fill another pipe,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again.’ The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—‘Your honour is good!’—and having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered—and begun the story to my Uncle Toby over again in pretty near the same words.

‘I despaired at first,’ said the corporal, ‘of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—’ ‘That’s a right distinction, Trim,’ said my Uncle Toby.—‘I was answered, an’t please your honour, that he had no servant with him—that he had come to the inn with hired horses; which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—’ ‘If I get better, my dear,’ said he, ‘as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man—’ ‘we can hire horses from hence.’—‘But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence,’

A a

‘said

' said the landlady to me—"for I
" heard the death-watch all night long
" —and when he dies, the youth, his
" son, will certainly die with him; for
" he is broken-hearted already."

' I was hearing this account,' continued the corporal, ' when the youth
" came into the kitchen, to order the
" thin toast the landlord spoke of—
" But I will do it for my father myself," said the youth.—" Pray let
" me save you the trouble, young gentleman!" said I, taking up a fork
" for the purpose, and offering him my
" chair to sit down upon by the fire
" whilst I did it.—" I believe, Sir,"
" said he, very modestly, " I can please
" him best myself."—" I am sure,"
" said I, " his honour will not like the
" toast the worse for being toasted by
" an old soldier." The youth took
" hold of my hand, and instantly burst
" into tears.—" Poor youth!" said
" my Uncle Toby—" he has been bred up
" from an infant in the army, and the
" name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in
" his ears like the name of a friend—I
" wish I had him here!'

—" I never, in the longest march," said the corporal, ' had so great a mind
" to my dinner, as I had to cry with
" him for company.—What could be
" the matter with me, an' please your
" honour?"—" Nothing in the world,"
" Trim," said my Uncle Toby, blowing
" his nose, " but that thou art a good-
" natured fellow.'

' When I gave him the toast,' continued the corporal, ' I thought it was
" proper to tell him I was Captain
" Shandy's servant, and that your honour
" (though a stranger) was extremely
" concerned for his father—and
" that if there was any thing in your
" house or cellar——' (—" And thou
" mightest have added, my purse too,"
" said my Uncle Toby.)—" he was
" heartily welcome to it.—He made
" a very low bow—which was meant
" to your honour—but no answer,
" —for his heart was full—so he
" went up stairs with the toast—" I
" warrant you, my dear," said I, as I
" opened the kitchen-door, " your father
" will be well again."—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe
" by the kitchen-fire—but said not a
" word, good or bad, to comfort the
" youth—I thought it wrong,' added

the corporal.—' I think so too,' said my Uncle Toby.

' When the lieutenant had taken his
" glass of sack and toast, he felt himself
" a little revived, and sent down
" into the kitchen, to let me know,
" that in about ten minutes he should
" be glad if I would step up stairs.—
" I believe," said the landlord, " he
" is going to say his prayers—for there
" was a book laid upon the chair by
" his bed-side; and, as I shut the door,
" I saw his son take up a cushion."

" I thought," said the curate, " that
" you gentlemen of the army, Mr.
" Trim, never said your prayers at
" all."—" I heard the poor gentleman
" say his prayers last night," said the
" landlady, " very devoutly, and with
" my own ears, or I could not have
" believed it."—" Are you sure of
" it?" replied the curate. " A soldier,
" an' please your reverence," said I,
" prays as often (of his own accord)
" as a parson; and when he is fighting
" for his king, and for his own life,
" and for his honour too, he has the
" most reason to pray to God of any
" one in the whole world!"—" It was
" well said of thee, Trim," said my
" Uncle Toby.—" But when a soldier,"
" said I, " an' please your reverence,
" has been standing for twelve hours
" together in the trenches, up to his
" knees in cold water; or engaged,"
" said I, " for months together in long
" and dangerous marches—harassed,
" perhaps, in his rear to-day—harassing
" others to-morrow—detached
" here—countermanded there—resting
" this night out upon his arms—
" beat up in his shirt the next—
" benumbed in his joints—perhaps
" without straw in his tent to kneel
" on—must say his prayers *how* and
" *when* he can.—I believe," said I—
" for I was piqued," quoth the corporal,
" for the reputation of the army—" I
" believe, an't please your reverence,"
" said I, " that when a soldier gets time
" to pray—he prays as heartily as a parson—
" though not with all his fuss and
" hypocrisy."—" Thou should'st not
" have said that, Trim," said my Uncle
" Toby—" for God only knows who is
" a hypocrite, and who is not.—At the
" great and general review of us all,
" corporal, at the day of judgment—
" (and not till then—it will be seen
" who

‘who has done their duties in this world—and who has not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.’—‘I hope we shall,’ said Trim. ‘It is in the Scripture,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘and I will shew it thee to-morrow.—In the mean time, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red-coat or a black one.’—‘I hope not,’ said the corporal.—‘But go on, Trim,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘with thy story.’

‘When I went up,’ continued the corporal, ‘into the lieutenant’s room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes—he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beside it.—The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion—upon which, I suppose, he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed; and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—“Let it remain there, my dear,” said the lieutenant.’

‘He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bed-side.’—‘If you are Captain Shandy’s servant,’ said he, “you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy’s thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me.—If he was of Levens’s—” said the lieutenant.—‘I told him your honour was.—“Then,” said he, “I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him—but ’tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.—You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus’s—but he knows me not!”—said he, a second time, musing—“possibly he may my story,”—added he.—“Pray tell the captain, I was the ensign at Bre-da, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.”—

“I remember the story, an’t please your honour,” said I, “very well.”—“Do you so?” said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief—“then well may I!”—In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice.—“Here, Billy,” said he—the boy flew across the room to the bed-side—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too—then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.’

‘I wish,’ said my Uncle Toby, with a deep sigh—‘I wish, Trim, I was asleep.’

‘Your honour,’ replied the corporal, ‘is too much concerned—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?’—‘Do, Trim,’ said my Uncle Toby.

‘I remember,’ said my Uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the sign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted—and particularly well that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment—but finish the story thou art upon.—“It is finished already,” said the corporal; “for I could stay no longer—so wished his honour a good night.—Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But, alas!” said the corporal, “the lieutenant’s last day’s march is over!”—“Then what is to become of his poor boy!” cried my Uncle Toby.

C H A P. VIII.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONTINUED.

IT was to my Uncle Toby’s eternal honour—though I tell it only for the sake of those, who, when cooped in betwixt the natural and positive law, know not for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves—that notwithstanding my Uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs

on so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that, nevertheless, he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp, and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn—and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade—he left Dendermond to itself—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompence thee for this!

‘Thou hast left this matter short,’ said my Uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed—‘and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.’—‘Your honour knows,’ said the corporal, ‘I had no orders.’—‘True,’ quoth my Uncle Toby—‘thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier—but certainly very wrong as a man.’

‘In the second place—for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse,’ continued my Uncle Toby—‘when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too—a sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim—and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him.—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman’s, and his boy’s, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.’

—‘In a fortnight or three weeks,’ added my Uncle Toby, smiling—‘he might march.’—‘He will never march,’ an’ please your honour, in this world,’ said the corporal.—‘He will march,’ said my Uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.—

‘An’ please your honour,’ said the corporal, ‘he will never march, but to his grave.’—‘He shall march,’ cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—‘he shall march to his regiment.’—‘He cannot stand it,’ said the corporal.—‘He shall be supported,’ said my Uncle Toby.—‘He’ll drop at last,’ said the corporal, ‘and what will become of his boy?’—‘He shall not drop,’ said my Uncle Toby, firmly.—‘A well-o’day—do what we can for him,’ said Trim, maintaining his point—‘the poor soul will die!’—‘He shall not die, by G—!’ cried my Uncle Toby.

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to heaven’s chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in—and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever!

CHAP. IX.

—MY Uncle Toby went to his bureau—put his purse into his breeches-pocket—and, having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

CHAP. X.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE CONCLUDED.

THE sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre’s and his afflicted son’s; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle—when my Uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant’s room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did;—how he had rested in the night—what was his complaint—where was his pain—and what he could do to help him?—And, without giving him time to answer any one of the enquiries, went on,

on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

—'You shall go home directly, Le Fevre,' said my Uncle Toby, 'to my house—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter—and we'll have an apothecary—and the corporal shall be your nurse—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.'

There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature; to this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, super-added, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him: so that before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart—rallied back—the film forsook his eyes for a moment—he looked up wishfully in my Uncle Toby's face—then cast a look upon his boy—and that ligament, fine as it was—was never broken.

Nature instantly ebb'd again—the film returned to it's place—the pulse fluttered—stopp'd—went on—throbb'd—stopp'd again—mov'd—stopp'd.—Shall I go on?—No.

CHAP. XI.

I Am so impatient to return to my own story, that what remains of young Le Fevre's, that is, from this turn of his fortune, to the time my Uncle Toby recommended him for my preceptor, shall be told in a very few words, in the next chapter.—All that is necessary to be added to this chapter is as follows.

That my Uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

That the governor of Dendermond paid his obsequies all military honours—and that Yorick, not to be behind-hand—paid him all ecclesiastick—for he buried him in his chancel.—And it ap-

pears, likewise, he preached a funeral sermon over him—I say it *appears*—for it was Yorick's custom, (which I suppose a general one with those of his profession) on the first leaf of every sermon which he composed, to chronical down the time, the place, and the occasion of it's being preached: to this, he was ever wont to add some short comment or stricture upon the sermon itself; seldom indeed, much to it's credit—For instance, *This sermon upon the Jewish dispensation—I don't like it at all—though I own there is a world of WATER-LANDISH knowledge in it—but 'tis all tritcal, and most tritically put together.—This is but a flimsy kind of composition—what was in my head when I made it?*

—N. B. *The excellency of this text is, that it will suit any sermon—and of this sermon—that it will suit any text.*

—*For this sermon I shall be hanged;—for I have stolen the greatest part of it—Doctor Paidagunes found me out.*
Set a thief to catch a thief.—

On the back of half a dozen I find written, *So, so*, and no more—and, upon a couple, *Moderato*; by which, as far as one may gather from Altieri's Italian dictionary—but mostly from the authority of a piece of green whicpcord which seemed to have been the unravelling of Yorick's whip-lash, with which he has left us the two sermons marked *Moderato*, and the half dozen of *So, so*, tied fast together in one bundle by themselves—one may safely suppose he meant pretty near the same thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this conjecture, which is this—that the *moderato's* are five times better than the *so, so's*—shew ten times more knowledge of the human heart—have seventy times more wit and spirit in them—(and, to rise properly in my climax)—discover a thousand times more genius—and, to crown all, are infinitely more entertaining than those tied up with them—for which reason, whenever Yorick's dramatick sermons are offered to the world, though I shall admit but one out of the whole number of the *so, so's*, I shall, nevertheless, adventure to print the two *moderato's* without any sort of scruple.

What Yorick could mean by the words *lentamente—tenuè—grave*—and sometimes *adagio*—as applied to theological

gical compositions, and with which he has characterized some of these sermons, I dare not venture to guess—I am more puzzled still upon finding *A l'octava alta!* upon one—*Con strepito* upon the back of another—*Scicilliana* upon a third—*Alla capella* upon a fourth—*Con l'arco* upon this—*Senza l'arco* upon that.—All I know is, that they are musical terms, and have a meaning—and as he was a musical man, I will make no doubt, but that by some quaint application of such metaphor to the compositions in hand, they impressed very distinct ideas of their several characters upon his fancy—whatever they may do upon that of others.

Amongst these, there is that particular sermon which has unaccountably led me into this digression—the funeral sermon upon poor Le Fevre, wrote out very fairly, as if from a hasty copy.—I take notice of it the more, because it seems to have been his favourite composition. It is upon mortality; and is tied lengthways and cross-ways with a yarn thrum, and then rolled up and twisted round with a half sheet of dirty blue paper, which seems to have been once the cast-cover of a general-review, which to this day smells horribly of horse-drugs.—Whether these marks of humiliation were designed, I something doubt—because, at the end of the sermon, (and not at the beginning of it) very different from his way of treating the rest, he had wrote—

‘BRAVO!’

—Though not very offensively—for it is at two inches, at least, and a half's distance from, and below the concluding line of the sermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in that right-hand corner of it, which, you know, is generally covered with your thumb; and, to do it justice, it is wrote besides with a crow's quill so faintly in a small Italian hand, as scarce to solicit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not—so that from the manner of it, it stands half excused; and being wrote moreover with very pale ink, diluted almost to nothing—'tis more like a *ritratto* of the shadow of vanity, than of VANITY herself—of the two—resembling rather a faint thought of transient applause, secretly stirring up in the heart of the composer—than a gross mark of it, coarsely obtruded upon the world.

With all these extenuations, I am aware, that in publishing this, I do no service to Yorick's character as a modest man—but all men have their failings! and what lessens this still farther, and almost wipes it away, is this; that the word was struck through some time afterwards (as appears from a different tint of the ink) with a line quite across in this manner, **BRAVO**—as if he had retracted, or was ashamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

These short characters of his sermons were always written, excepting in this one instance, upon the first leaf of his sermon, which served as a cover to it; and usually upon the inside of it, which was turned towards the text;—but at the end of his discourse, where, perhaps, he had five or six pages, and sometimes, perhaps, a whole score to turn himself in, he took a larger circuit, and, indeed, a much more mettlesome one—as if he had snatched the occasion of unlacing himself with a few more frolicksome strokes at vice, than the straitness of the pulpit allowed.—These, though, hussar-like, they skirmish lightly and out of all order, are still auxiliaries on the side of virtue—tell me then, Mynheer Vander Blonderdondergewdenstronke, why they should not be printed together?

CHAP. XII.

WHEN my Uncle Toby had turned every thing into money, and settled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and Le Fevre, and betwixt Le Fevre and all mankind—there remained nothing more in my Uncle Toby's hands, than an old regimental coat and a sword; so that my Uncle Toby found little or no opposition from the world in taking administration. The coat my Uncle Toby gave the corporal—‘Wear it, Trim,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘as long as it will hold together, for the sake of the poor lieutenant.—’ ‘And this,’ said my Uncle Toby, taking up the sword in his hand, and drawing it out of the scabbard as he spoke—‘and this—Le Fevre, I'll save for thee—’tis all the fortune,’ continued my Uncle Toby, hanging it up on a crook, and pointing to it—‘tis all the fortune, my dear Le Fevre, which God has left thee; but if he

has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world — and thou doest it like a man of honour — 'tis enough for us.'

As soon as my Uncle Toby had laid a foundation, and taught him to inscribe a regular polygon in a circle, he sent him to a publick school — where, excepting Whitsuntide and Christmas, at which times the corporal was punctually dispatched for him — he remained to the spring of the year seventeen; when the stories of the emperor's sending his army into Hungary against the Turks, kindling a spark of fire in his bosom, he left his Greek and Latin without leave, and throwing himself upon his knees before my Uncle Toby, begged his father's sword, and my Uncle Toby's leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under Eugene. — Twice did my Uncle Toby forget his wound, and cry out, 'Le Fevre! I will go with thee, and thou shalt fight beside me!' and twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in sorrow and disconsolation. —

My Uncle Toby took down the sword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever since the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal to brighten up — and having detained Le Fevre a single fortnight to equip him, and contract for his passage to Leghorn, he put the sword into his hand — 'If thou art brave, Le Fevre,' said my Uncle Toby, 'this will not fail thee — but fortune,' said he, (musing a little) 'fortune may: — and if she does,' added my Uncle Toby, embracing him; 'come back again to me, Le Fevre, and we will shape thee another course.'

The greatest injury could not have oppressed the heart of Le Fevre more than my Uncle Toby's paternal kindness — he parted from my Uncle Toby, as the best of sons from the best of fathers — both dropped tears — and as my Uncle Toby gave him his last kiss, he slipped sixty guineas, tied up in an old purse of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand — and bid God bless him.

CHAP. XIII.

Le Fevre got up to the imperial army just time enough to try what his sword was made of, at the

defeat of the Turks before Belgrade; but a series of unmerited mischances had pursued him from that moment, and trod close upon his heels for four years together after: he had withstood these buffetings to the last, till sickness overtook him at Marseilles, from whence he wrote my Uncle Toby word, he had lost his time, his services, his health — and, in short, every thing but his sword — and was waiting for the first ship to return back to him.

As this letter came to hand about six weeks before Susannah's accident, Le Fevre was hourly expected; and was uppermost in my Uncle Toby's mind all the time my father was giving him and Yorick a description of what kind of person he would chuse for a preceptor to me: but as my Uncle Toby thought my father at first somewhat fanciful in the accomplishments he required, he forbore mentioning Le Fevre's name — till the character, by Yorick's interposition, ending unexpectedly, in one, who should be gentle-tempered, and generous, and good, it impressed the image of Le Fevre and his interest upon my Uncle Toby so forcibly, he rose instantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands — 'I beg, brother Shandy,' said my Uncle Toby, 'I may recommend poor Le Fevre's son to you!' — 'I beseech you do!' added Yorick. — 'He has a good heart,' said my Uncle Toby. — 'And a brave one too, an' please your honour!' said the corporal.

— 'The best hearts, Trim, are ever the bravest,' replied my Uncle Toby. — 'And the greatest cowards, an' please your honour, in our regiment, were the greatest rascals in it. — There was a Serjeant Kumber, and Ensign —' — 'We'll talk of them,' said my father, 'another time.'

CHAP. XIV.

WHAT a jovial and merry world would this be, may it please your worships, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, discontent, melancholy, large jointures, impositions, and lyes!

Doctor Slop — like a son of a w —, as my father called him for it — to exalt himself — debased me to death — and made

made ten thousand times more of Susan-
nah's accident, than there was any
grounds for; so that in a week's time,
or less, it was in every body's mouth,
that poor Master Shandy * * * * *
* * * * * *entirely*.—And FAME,
who loves to double every thing—in
three days more had sworn positively she
saw it—and all the world, as usual,
gave credit to her evidence—*that the
nursery window had not only* * * * * *
* * * * * ;—*but that* * * * * *
* * * * * 's *also*.

Could the world have been sued like a
BODY CORPORATE—my father had
brought an action upon the case, and
trounced it sufficiently; but to fall foul
of individuals about it—as every soul
who had mentioned the affair, did it with
the greatest pity imaginable—'twas like
flying in the very face of his best friends—
And yet, to acquiesce under the report,
in silence—was to acknowledge it openly—
at least, in the opinion of one half
of the world—and to make a bustle,
again, in contradicting it—was to con-
firm it as strongly in the opinion of the
other half.

—'Was ever poor devil of a coun-
' try gentleman so hampered!' said my
father.

'I would shew him publickly,' said
my Uncle Toby, 'at the market-crofs.'

—'Twill have no effect,' said my
father.

CHAP. XV.

—'I'll put him, however, into
' breeches,' said my father—'let the
' world say what it will.'

CHAP. XVI.

THERE are a thousand resolutions,
Sir, both in church and state—as
well as in matters, Madam, of a more
private concern—which, though they
have carried all the appearance in the
world of being taken, and entered upon
in a hasty, hare-brained, and unadvised
manner, were, notwithstanding this, (and
could you or I have got into the cabinet,
or stood behind the curtain, we should
have found it was so) been weighed,
poised, and perpended—argued upon—
canvassed through—entered into, and

examined on all sides—with so much
coolness, that the GODDESS of COOL-
NESS herself (I do not take upon me
to prove her existence) could neither
have wished it, or done it better.

Of the number of these was my fa-
ther's resolution of putting me into
breeches; which though determined at
once—in a kind of huff, and a defiance
of all mankind—had, nevertheless, been
pro'd and *con'd*, and judiciously talked
over betwixt him and my mother, about
a month before, in two several *beds of
justice*, which my father had held for
that purpose. I shall explain the na-
ture of these beds of justice in my next
chapter; and in the chapter following
that, you shall step with me, Madam,
behind the curtain, only to hear in what
kind of manner my father and my mo-
ther debated between themselves this
affair of the breeches—from which you
may form an idea how they debated all
lesser matters.

CHAP. XVII.

THE ancient Goths of Germany,
who (the learned Cluverius is po-
sitive) were first seated in the country
between the Vistula and the Oder, and
who afterwards incorporated the Her-
culi, the Bugians, and some other Van-
dallick clans to 'em—had all of them a
wise custom of debating every thing of
importance to their state, twice; that is—
once drunk, and once sober—Drunk
—that their counsels might not want
vigour—and sober—that they might
not want discretion.

Now my father being entirely a water-
drinker—was a long time gravelled al-
most to death, in turning this as much
to his advantage, as he did every other
thing, which the ancients did or said;
and it was not till the seventh year of
his marriage, after a thousand fruitless
experiments and devices, that he hit
upon an expedient which answered the
purpose—and that was, when any diffi-
cult and momentous point was to be
settled in the family, which required
great sobriety, and great spirit too, in
it's determination—he fixed and set a-
part the first Sunday night in the month,
and the Saturday night which immedi-
ately preceded it, to argue it over in bed
with my mother. By which contrivance,
if you consider, Sir, with yourself, . . .

—These my father, humorously enough, called his *beds of justice*—for, from the two different counsels taken in these two different humours, a middle one was generally found out, which touched the point of wisdom as well as if he had got drunk and sober a hundred times.

It must not be made a secret to the world, that this answers full as well in literary discussions, as either in military or conjugal; but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the Goths and Vandals did it—or if he can, may it be always for his body's health; and to do it as my father did it—am I sure it would always be for his soul's.

My way is this—

In all nice and ticklish discussions—(of which, Heaven knows, there are but too many in my book) where I find I cannot take a step without the danger of having either their worships or their reverences upon my back—I write one half *full*—and t'other *fasting*—or write it all full—and correct it fasting—or write it fasting—and correct it full—for they all come to the same thing.—So that, with a less variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the Gothick—I feel myself upon a par with him in his first bed of justice—and no way inferior to him in his second.—These different and almost irreconcilable effects, flow uniformly from the wise and wonderful mechanism of nature—of which—be her's the honour—all that we can do, is to turn and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactory of the arts and sciences.—

Now, when I write full—I write as if I was never to write fasting again as long as I live—that is, I write free from the cares, as well as the terrors of the world.—I count not the number of my scars—nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and bye-corners to antedate my stabs.—In a word, my pen takes it's course; and I write on as much from the fulness of my heart, as my stomach.—

But when, an' please your honours, I indite fasting, 'tis a different history;—I pay the world all possible attention and respect—and have as great a share (whilst it lasts) of that undertrapping virtue of discretion, as the best of you.—So that, betwixt both, I write a care-

less kind of a civil, nonsensical, good-humoured Shandean book, which will do all your hearts good—

—And all your heads too—provided you understand it.

C H A P. XVIII.

'WE should begin,' said my father, turning himself half round in bed, and shifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate; 'we should begin to think, Mrs. Shandy, of putting this boy into breeches.'

'We should so,' said my mother.—

—'We defer it, my dear,' quoth my father, 'shamefully.'

'I think we do, Mr. Shandy,' said my mother.

—'Not but the child looks extremely well,' said my father, 'in his vests and tunicks.'

'He does look very well in them,' replied my mother.

—'And, for that reason, it would be almost a sin,' added my father, 'to take him out of 'em.'

'It would so,' said my mother.

—'But, indeed, he is growing a very tall lad,' rejoined my father.

'He is very tall for his age, indeed,' said my mother.

—'I can not'—(making two syllables of it)—'imagine,' quoth my father, 'who the deuce he takes after!'

'I cannot conceive, for my life,' said my mother.

—'Humph!'—said my father.

(The dialogue ceased for a moment.)

—'I am very short myself,' continued my father, gravely.

'You are very short, Mr. Shandy,' said my mother.

—'Humph!' quoth my father to himself, a second time: in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little farther from my mother's—and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

—'When he gets these breeches made,' cried my father in a higher tone, 'he'll look like a beast in 'em.'

'He will be very awkward in them at first,' replied my mother.

—'And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worst on't,' added my father.

'It will be very lucky,' answered my mother.

—'I suppose,' replied my father—

B b

making

making some pause first—'he'll be exactly like other people's children.'

'Exactly,' said my mother.

—'Though I should be sorry for that,' added my father—and so the debate stopped again.

—'They should be of leather,' said my father, turning him about again.

'They will last him,' said my mother, 'the longest.'

—'But he can have no linings to them,' replied my father.

'He cannot,' said my mother.

—'It were better to have them of fustian,' quoth my father.

'Nothing can be better,' quoth my mother.—

—'Except dimity,' replied my father.

'It is best of all,' replied my mother.

—'One must not give him his death, however!' interrupted my father.

'By no means!' said my mother—and so the dialogue stood still again.

—'I am resolved, however,' quoth my father, breaking silence the fourth time, 'he shall have no pockets in them.'

—'There is no occasion for any,' said my mother.

—'I mean, in his coat and waist-coat,' cried my father.

—'I mean so too,' replied my mother.

—'Though, if he gets a gig or a top—Poor souls! it is a crown and a sceptre to them—they should have where to secure it.'

'Order it as you please, Mr. Shandy,' replied my mother.

—'But don't you think it right?' added my father, pressing the point home to her.

'Perfectly,' said my mother, 'if it pleases you, Mr. Shandy.'

—'There's for you!' cried my father, losing temper—"Pleases me!"

'—You never will distinguish, Mrs. Shandy, nor shall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleasure and a point of convenience.'—This was on the Sunday night—and farther this chapter sayeth not.

C H A P. XIX.

AFTER my father had debated the affair of the breeches with my mother—he consulted Albertus Rubenius upon it; and Albertus Rubenius

used my father ten times worse in the consultation (if possible) than even my father had used my mother; for as Rubenius had wrote a quarto express, *De re Vestiaria Veterum*—it was Rubenius's business to have given my father some lights.—On the contrary, my father might as well have thought of extracting the seven cardinal virtues out of a long beard, as of extracting a single word out of Rubenius upon the subject.

Upon every other article of ancient dress, Rubenius was very communicative to my father—gave him a full and satisfactory account of

The toga, or loose gown.

The chlamys.

The ephod.

The tunica, or jacket.

The synthesis.

The pænula.

The lacema, with it's cucullus.

The paludamentum.

The prætexta.

The sagum, or soldier's jerkin.

The trabæ: of which, according to Suetonius, there were three kinds.

—'But what are all these to the breeches?' said my father.

Rubenius threw him down upon the counter all kinds of shoes which had been in fashion with the Romans.—

There was, The open shoe.

The close shoe.

The slip shoe.

The wooden shoe.

The sock.

The buskin.

And, The military shoe with hob-nails in it, which Juvenal takes notice of.

There were, The clogs.

The patins.

The pantoufles.

The brogues.

The sandals, with latchets to them.

There was, The felt shoe.

The linen shoe.

The laced shoe.

The braided shoe.

The calceus incisus.

And, The calceus rostratus.

Rubenius shewed my father how well they all fitted—in what manner they laced on—with what points, straps, thongs, latchets, ribbands, jags, and ends.—

—'But I want to be informed about the breeches,' said my father.

Albertus

Albertus Rubenius informed my father, that the Romans manufactured stuffs of various fabricks—some plain—some striped—others diapered throughout the whole contexture of the wool, with silk and gold—that linen did not begin to be in common use till towards the declension of the empire, when the Egyptians coming to settle amongst them brought it into vogue.

—That persons of quality and fortune distinguished themselves by the fineness and whiteness of their cloaths; which colour (next to purple, which was appropriated to the great offices) they most affected, and wore on their birth-days and publick rejoicings.—That it appeared from the best historians of those times, that they frequently sent their cloaths to the fuller, to be cleaned and whitened—but that the inferior people, to avoid that expence, generally wore brown cloaths, and of a something coarser texture—till towards the beginning of Augustus's reign, when the slave dressed like his master; and almost every distinction of habiliment was lost, but the *latus clavus*.

'And what was the *latus clavus*?' said my father.

Rubenius told him, that the point was still litigating amongst the learned—that Egnatius, Sigonius, Bossius Tincinensis, Baysius, Budæus, Salmasius, Lipsius, Lazius, Isaac Casaubon, and Joseph Scaliger, all differed from each other—and he from them: that some took it to be the button—some the coat itself—others only the colour of it—that the great Baysius, in his *Wardrobe of the Ancients*, chap. xii.—honestly said, he knew not what it was—whether a tibia—a stud—a button—a loop—a buckle—or clasps and keepers.

—My father lost the horse, but not the saddle.—'They are hooks and eyes,' said my father—and with hooks and eyes he ordered my breeches to be made.

CHAP. XX.

WE are now going to enter upon a new scene of events.

—Leave we then the breeches in the taylor's hands, with my father standing over him with his cane, reading him, as he sat at work, a lecture upon the *latus clavus*, and pointing to

the precise part of the waistband, where he was determined to have it sewed on.

Leave we my mother—(truest of all the *poco-curante's* of her sex!)—careless about it, as about every thing else in the world which concerned her—that is, indifferent whether it was done this way or that—provided it was but done at all.

Leave we Slop, likewise, to the full profits of all my dishonours.

Leave we poor Le Fevre to recover, and get home from Marseilles as he can.—And last of all—because the hardest of all—

Let us leave, if possible, *myself*—but 'tis impossible—I must go along with you to the end of the work.

CHAP. XXI.

IF the reader has not a clear conception of the rood and a half of ground which lay at the bottom of my Uncle Toby's kitchen-garden, and which was the scene of so many of his delicious hours—the fault is not in me, but in his imagination—for I am sure I gave him so minute a description, I was almost ashamed of it.

When FATE was looking forwards one afternoon, into the great transactions of future times—and recollected for what purposes this little plot, by a decree fast bound down in iron, had been destined—she gave a nod to NATURE—'twas enough—Nature threw half a spade full of her kindest compost upon it, with just so much clay in it, as to retain the forms of angles and indentings—and so little of it too, as not to cling to the spade, and render works of so much glory nasty in foul weather.

My Uncle Toby came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almost every fortified town in Italy and Flanders; so let the Duke of Marlborough, or the allies, have set down before what town they pleased, my Uncle Toby was prepared for them.

His way, which was the simplest one in the world, was this; as soon as ever a town was invested—(but sooner when the design was known)—to take the plan of it, (let it be what town it would) and enlarge it upon a scale to the exact size of his bowling-green; upon the surface of which, by means of a large roll

of packthread, and a number of small piquets driven into the ground, at the several angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with it's works, to determine the depths and slopes of the ditches—the talus of the glacis, and the precise height of the several banquets, parapets, &c.—he set the corporal to work—and sweetly went it on—the nature of the soil—the nature of the work itself—and, above all, the good-nature of my Uncle Toby, sitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the corporal upon past-done deeds—left LABOUR little else but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finished in this manner, and put into a proper posture of defence—it was invested—and my Uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their first parallel.—I beg I may not be interrupted in my story, by being told, *that the first parallel should be at least three hundred toises distant from the main body of the place—and that I have not left a single inch for it*—for my Uncle Toby took the liberty of in-croaching upon his kitchen-garden, for the sake of enlarging his works on the bowling-green, and for that reason generally ran his first and second parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his cauliflowers; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be considered at large in the history of my Uncle Toby's and the corporal's campaign, of which this I'm now writing is but a sketch, and will be finished, if I conjecture right, in three pages (but there is no guessing.)—The campaigns themselves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in so flimsy a performance as this, to rhapsodize them, as I once intended, into the body of the work—surely they had better be printed apart!—we'll consider the affair—so take the following sketch of them in the mean time.

C H A P. XXII.

WHEN the town, with it's works was finished, my Uncle Toby and the corporal began to run their first parallel—not at random, or any how—but from the same points and distances

the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks, by the accounts my Uncle Toby received from the daily papers—they went on, during the whole siege, step by step with the allies.

When the Duke of Marlborough made a lodgment—my Uncle Toby made a lodgment too.—And when the face of a bastion was battered down, or a defence ruined—the corporal took his mattock and did as much—and so on—gaining ground, and making themselves masters of the works one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To one who took pleasure in the happy state of others—there could not have been a greater sight in the world, than, on a post morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the Duke of Marlborough, in the main body of the place—to have stood behind the horn-beam hedge, and observed the spirit with which my Uncle Toby, with Trim behind him, sallied forth—the one with the Gazette in his hand—the other with a spade on his shoulder to execute the contents.—What an honest triumph in my Uncle Toby's looks as he marched up to the ramparts! What intense pleasure swimming in his eye as he stood over the corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, lest peradventure he should make the breach an inch too wide, or leave it an inch too narrow.—But when the *chamade* was beat, and the corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand to fix them upon the ramparts—Heaven! earth! sea!—but what avails apostrophes?—with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded so intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happiness, for many years, without one interruption to it—except now and then when the wind continued to blow due west for a week or ten days together, which detained the Flanders mail, and kept them so long in torture—but still 'twas the torture of the happy.—In this track, I say, did my Uncle Toby and Trim move for many years; every year of which, and sometimes every month, from the invention of either the one or the other of them, adding some new conceit or quirk of improvement to their

their operations, which always opened fresh springs of delight in carrying them on.

The first year's campaign was carried on from beginning to end, in the plain and simple method I've related.

In the second year, in which my Uncle Toby took Liege and Ruremond, he thought he might afford the expence of four handsome draw-bridges, two of which I have given an exact description of, in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the same year he added a couple of gates with port-culises—these last were converted afterwards in orgues, as the better thing; and during the winter of the same year, my Uncle Toby, instead of a new suit of cloaths, which he always had at Christmas, treated himself with a handsome sentry-box, to stand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis, there was left a little kind of an esplanade for him and the corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

—The sentry-box was in case of rain.

All these were painted white three times over the ensuing spring, which enabled my Uncle Toby to take the field with great splendour.

My father would often say to Yorick, that if any mortal in the whole universe had done such a thing, except his brother Toby, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the most refined satires upon the parade and prancing manner in which Lewis XIV. from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field.—'But 'tis not my brother Toby's nature, kind soul!' my father would add, 'to insult any one.'

—But let us go on.

CHAP. XXIII.

I must observe, that although in the first year's campaign, the word *town* is often mentioned—yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the summer following the spring in which the bridges and sentry-box were painted, which was the third year of my Uncle Toby's campaigns—when, upon his taking Amberg, Bonn, and Rhinberg, and Huy and Limbourg, one after another,

a thought came into the corporal's head, that to talk of taking so many towns *without one TOWN to show for it*—was a very nonsensical way of going to work, and so proposed to my Uncle Toby, that they should have a little model of a town built for them—to be run up together of slit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon, to serve for all.

My Uncle Toby felt the good of the project instantly, and instantly agreed to it, but with the addition of two singular improvements, of which he was almost as proud, as if he had been the original inventor of the project itself.

The one was, to have the town built exactly in the style of those, of which it was most likely to be the representative—with grated windows, and the gable ends of the houses facing the streets, &c. &c.—as those in Ghent and Bruges, and the rest of the towns in Brabant and Flanders.

The other was, not to have the houses run up together, as the corporal proposed, but to have every house independant, to hook on, or off, so as to form into the plan of whatever town they pleased. This was put directly into hand, and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my Uncle Toby and the corporal, as the carpenter did the work.

—It answered prodigiously the next summer—the town was a perfect Proteus—it was Landen, and Treerebach, and Santvliet, and Drusen, and Hagenau—and then it was Ostend, and Menin, and Aeth, and Dendermond.—

—Surely never did any TOWN act so many parts, since Sodom and Gomorrah, as my Uncle Toby's did.

In the fourth year, my Uncle Toby thinking a town looked foolishly without a church, added a very fine one with a steeple.—Trim was for having bells in it—my Uncle Toby said, the metal had better be cast into cannon.

This led the way, the next campaign, for half a dozen brass field-pieces—to be planted three and three on each side of my Uncle Toby's sentry-box; and in a short time, these led the way for a train of somewhat larger—and so on—(as must always be the case in hobby-horrical affairs)—from pieces of half an inch bore, till it came at last to my father's jack boots.

The next year, which was that in which

which Lille was besieged, and at the close of which both Ghent and Bruges fell into our hands—my Uncle Toby was sadly put to it for *proper* ammunition:—I say, *proper* ammunition—because his great artillery would not bear powder; and 'twas well for the Shandy family they would not—for so full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the siege, of the incessant firings kept up by the besiegers—and so heated was my Uncle Toby's imagination with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly shot away all his estate.

Something therefore was wanting, as a succedaneum, especially in one or two of the more violent paroxysms of the siege, to keep up *something* like a continual firing in the imagination—and this something, the corporal, whose principal strength lay in invention, supplied by an entire new system of battering of his own—without which this had been objected to by military criticks, to the end of the world, as one of the great *desiderata* of my Uncle Toby's apparatus.

This will not be explained the worse, for setting off, as I generally do, at a little distance from the subject.

C H A P. XXIV.

WITH two or three other trinkets, small in themselves, but of great regard, which poor Tom, the corporal's unfortunate brother, had sent him over, with the account of his marriage with the Jew's widow, there was—

A Montero cap, and two Turkish tobacco-pipes.

The Montero cap I shall describe by and bye.—The Turkish tobacco-pipes had nothing particular in them; they were fitted up and ornamented as usual, with flexible tubes of Morocco leather and gold wire; and mounted, at their ends, the one of them with ivory—the other with black ebony tipped with silver.

My father, who saw all things in lights different from the rest of the world, would say to the corporal, that he ought to look upon these two presents more as tokens of his brother's nicety, than his affection.—‘Tom did not care,’ Trim, he would say, ‘to put on the cap, or to smoke in the tobacco-pipe

‘of a Jew.’—‘God bless your honour,’ the corporal would say, (giving a strong reason to the contrary)—‘how can that be?’—

The Montero cap was scarlet, of a superfine Spanish cloth, died in grain, and mounted all round with fur, except about four inches in the front, which was faced with a light blue, slightly embroidered—and seemed to have been the property of a Portuguese quartermaster—not of foot, but of horse, as the word denotes.

The corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for it's own sake as the sake of the giver—so seldom or never put it on but upon GALA-days: and yet never was a Montero cap put to so many uses; for in all controverted points, whether military or culinary, provided the corporal was sure he was in the right—it was either his *oath*—his *wager*—or his *gift*.

—‘Twas his gift in the present case. ‘I’ll be bound,’ said the corporal, speaking to himself, ‘to give away my Montero cap to the first beggar who comes to the door, if I do not manage this matter to his honour’s satisfaction.’

The completion was no farther off than the very next morning; which was that of the storm of the counterescarp betwixt the Lower Deule, to the right, and the gate St. Andrew—and, on the left, between St. Magdalen’s and the river.

As this was the most memorable attack in the whole war—the most gallant and obstinate on both sides—and, I must add, the most bloody too, for it cost the allies themselves that morning above eleven hundred men—my Uncle Toby prepared himself for it with a more than ordinary solemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my Uncle Toby went to bed, he ordered his Ramillie wig, which had lain inside-out for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk, which stood by his bed-side, to be taken out and laid upon the lid of it, ready for the morning; and the very first thing he did in his shirt, when he had stepped out of bed, my Uncle Toby, after he had turned the rough side outwards—put it on—This done, he proceeded next to his breeches, and having buttoned the waistband, he forthwith buckled on his sword-belt, and had got his sword half way in—when he considered he should want shaving.

shaving, and that it would be very inconvenient doing it with his sword on—so took it off.—In assaying to put his regimental coat and waistcoat, my Uncle Toby found the same objection in his wig—so that went off too—so that, what with one thing, and what with another, as always falls out when a man is in the most haste—'twas ten o'clock, which was half an hour later than his usual time, before my Uncle Toby sallied out.

C H A P. XXV.

MY Uncle Toby had scarce turned the corner of his yew-hedge, which separated his kitchen-garden from his bowling-green, when he perceived the corporal had begun the attack without him.—

Let me give you a picture of the corporal's apparatus; and of the corporal himself in the height of this attack, just as it struck my Uncle Toby, as he turned towards the sentry-box, where the corporal was at work—for in nature there is not such another—nor can any combination of all that is grotesque and whimsical in her works, produce it's equal.

The corporal—

—Tread lightly on his ashes, ye men of genius—for he was your kinsman—

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodness—for he was your brother.—O corporal! had I thee but now—now that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection—how would I cherish thee! thou shouldst wear thy Montero cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week—and when it was worn out, I would purchase thee a couple like it—But, alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this, in spite of their reverences—the occasion is lost—for thou art gone—thy genius fled up to the stars from whence it came—and that warm heart of thine, with all it's generous and open vessels, compressed into a *clod of the valley*!

—But what—what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military ensigns of thy master—the first—the foremost of created beings—where I shall see thee, faithful servant! laying his sword and scabbard with a trembling hand across his coffin, and

then returning pale as ashes to the door, to take his mourning horse by the bridle, to follow his hearse, as he directed thee—where—all my father's systems shall be baffled by his sorrows; and, in spite of his philosophy, I shall behold him, as he inspects the lacquered plate, twice taking his spectacles from off his nose, to wipe away the dew which nature has shed upon them.—When I see him cast in the rosemary with an air of disconsolation, which cries through my ears—'O Toby! in what corner of the world shall I seek thy fellow?'

—Gracious powers! which erst have opened the lips of the dumb in his distress, and made the tongue of the stammerer speak plain—when I shall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a stunted hand!

C H A P. XXVI.

THE corporal, who the night before had resolved in his mind to supply the grand *desideratum*, of keeping up something like an incessant firing upon the enemy during the heat of the attack—had no farther idea in his fancy at that time, than a contrivance of smoking tobacco against the town, out of one of my Uncle Toby's six field-pieces, which were planted on each side of his sentry-box; the means of affecting which occurring to his fancy at the same time, though he had pledged his cap, he thought it in no danger from the miscarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way, and that, a little in his mind, he soon began to find out, that by means of his two Turkish tobacco-pipes, with the supplement of three smaller tubes of wash-leather at each of their lower-ends, to be tagged by the same number of tin pipes fitted to the touch-holes, and sealed with clay next the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed silk at their several insertions into the Morocco tube—he should be able to fire the six field-pieces all together, and with the same ease as to fire one.—

—Let no man say from what taggs and jaggs hints may not be cut out for the advancement of human knowledge. Let no man who has read my father's first and second *beds of justice*, ever rise up and say again, from collision of
what

what kinds of bodies, light may or may not be struck out, to carry the arts and sciences up to perfection.—Heaven! thou knowest how I love them—thou knowest the secrets of my heart, and that I would this moment give my shirt—— ‘Thou art a fool, Shandy,’ says Eugenius; ‘for thou hast but a dozen in the world—and ’twill break thy set.’

No matter for that, Eugenius; I would give the shirt off my back to be burnt into tinder, were it only to satisfy one feverish enquirer, how many sparks at one good stroke, a good flint and steel could strike into the tail of it—Think ye not, that in striking these *in*—he might, peradventure, strike something *out*? as sure as a gun.—

—But this project, by the bye.

The corporal sat up the best part of the night in bringing *his* to perfection; and having made a sufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco—he went with contentment to bed.

C H A P. XXVII.

THE corporal had slipped out about ten minutes before my Uncle Toby, in order to fix his apparatus, and just give the enemy a shot or two before my Uncle Toby came.

He had drawn the six field-pieces for this end, all close up together in front of my Uncle Toby’s sentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c.—and the sake possibly of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear, and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the sentry-box, for fear of being flanked, had the corporal wisely taken his post.—He held the ivory pipe, appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right-hand—and the ebony pipe tipped with silver, which appertained to the battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other—and with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the corporal, with his Montero cap upon his head, furiously playing off his two cross-batteries at the same time against the counter-

guard, which faced the counter-^{scarp}, where the attack was to be made that morning. His first intention, as I said, was no more than giving the enemy a single puff or two—but the pleasure of the *puffs*, as well as the *puffing*, had insensibly got hold of the corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into the very height of the attack, by the time my Uncle Toby joined him.

’Twas well for my father, that my Uncle Toby had not his will to make that day!

C H A P. XXVIII.

MY Uncle Toby took the ivory pipe out of the corporal’s hand—looked at it for half a minute, and returned it.

In less than two minutes my Uncle Toby took the pipe from the corporal again, and raised it half way to his mouth—then hastily gave it back a second time.

The corporal redoubled the attack—my Uncle Toby smiled—then looked grave—then smiled for a moment—then looked serious for a long time;—‘Give me hold of the ivory pipe, Trim,’ said my Uncle Toby.—My Uncle Toby put it to his lips—drew it back directly—gave a peep over the horn-beam hedge—never did my Uncle Toby’s mouth water so much for a pipe in his life.—My Uncle Toby retired into the sentry-box with the pipe in his hand.

—Dear Uncle Toby, don’t go into the sentry-box with the pipe—there’s no trusting a man’s self with such a thing in such a corner.

C H A P. XXIX.

I Beg the reader will assist me here, to wheel off my Uncle Toby’s ordnance behind the scenes—to remove his sentry-box, and clear the theatre, *if possible*, of horn-works and half-moons, and get the rest of his military apparatus out of the way—that done, my dear friend Garrick, we’ll snuff the candles bright—sweep the stage with a new broom—draw up the curtain—and exhibit my Uncle Toby dressed in a new character, throughout which the world can have no idea how he will act; and yet, if pity be akin to love—and brav-
very

very no alien to it—you have seen enough of my Uncle Toby in these, to trace these family likenesses, betwixt the two passions, (in case there is one) to your heart's content.

Vain science! thou assistest us in no case of this kind—and thou puzzlest us in every one.

There was, Madam, in my Uncle Toby, a singleness of heart which misled him so far out of the little serpentine tracks in which things of this nature usually go on; you can—you can have no conception of it: with this there was a plainness and simplicity of thinking, with such an unmisstrusting ignorance of the plies and foldings of the heart of women—and so naked and defenceless did he stand before you, (when a siege was out of his head) that you might have stood behind any one of your serpentine walks, and shot my Uncle Toby ten times in a day through his liver—if nine times in a day, Madam, had not served your purpose.

With all this, Madam—and what confounded every thing as much on the other hand, my Uncle Toby had that unparalleled modesty of nature I once told you of—and which, by the bye, stood eternal sentry upon his feelings, that you might as soon—— But where am I going? these reflections crowd in upon me ten pages at least too soon, and take up that time, which I ought to bestow upon facts.

CHAP. XXX.

OF the few legitimate sons of Adam, whose breasts never felt what the sting of love was—(maintaining, first, all misogynists to be bastards)—the greatest heroes of ancient and modern story have carried off, amongst them, nine parts in ten of the honour; and I wish for their sakes I had the key of my study out of my draw-well, only for five minutes, to tell you their names—recollect them I cannot—so be content to accept of these, for the present, in their stead.—

There was the great King Aldrovan-dus, and Bosphorus, and Capadocius, and Dardanus, and Pontus, and Asius;—to say nothing of the iron-hearted Charles the XIIth, whom the Countess of K***** herself could make nothing of.—There was Babylonicus, and Me-

diterraneus, and Polixenes, and Persicus, and Pruficus; not one of whom, (except Capadocius and Pontus, who were both a little suspected) ever once bowed down his breast to the goddesses.—The truth is, they had all of them something else to do—and so had my Uncle Toby, till Fate—till Fate, I say, envying his name the glory of being handed down to posterity with Aldro-vandus's and the rest—the basely patched up the peace at Utrecht.

—Believe me, Sir, 'twas the worst deed she did that year.

CHAP. XXXI.

AMONGST the many ill consequences of the treaty of Utrecht, it was within a point of giving my Uncle Toby a surfeit of sieges; and though he recovered his appetite afterwards, yet Calais itself left not a deeper scar in Mary's heart, than Utrecht upon my Uncle Toby's. To the end of his life he never could hear Utrecht mentioned upon any account whatever—or so much as read an article of news extracted out of the Utrecht Gazette, without fetching a sigh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great MOTIVE-MONGER, and consequently a very dangerous person for a man to sit by, either laughing or crying—for he generally knew your motive for doing both, much better than you knew it yourself—would always console my Uncle Toby upon these occasions, in a way which shewed plainly, he imagined my Uncle Toby grieved for nothing in the whole affair, so much as the loss of his hobby-horse.—‘Never mind, brother Toby,’ he would say, ‘by God’s blessing we shall have another war break out again some of these days! and when it does—the belligerent powers, if they would hang themselves, cannot keep us out of play.—I defy ’em, my dear Toby,’ he would add, ‘to take countries without taking towns—or towns without sieges!’

My Uncle Toby never took this back-stroke of my father’s at his hobby-horse kindly.—He thought the stroke ungenerous; and the more so—because, in striking the horse, he hit the rider too, and in the most dishonourable part a blow could fall; so that, upon these occasions,

C c

casions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himself than common.

I told the reader, this time two years, that my Uncle Toby was not eloquent; and in the very same page gave an instance to the contrary.—I repeat the observation, and a fact which contradicts it again.—He was not eloquent—it was not easy to my Uncle Toby to make long harangues—and he hated florid ones; but there were occasions where the stream overflowed the man, and ran so counter to it's usual course, that in some parts my Uncle Toby, for a time, was at least equal to Ter tullus—but, in others, in my own opinion, infinitely above him.

My father was so highly pleased with one of these apologetical orations of my Uncle Toby's, which he had delivered one evening before him and Yorick, that he wrote it down before he went to bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongst my father's papers, with here and there an insertion of his own, betwixt two crooks, thus [], and is indorsed,

*' My brother TOBY's justification of his
' own principles and conduct in wish-
' ing to continue the war.'*

I may safely say, I have read over this apologetical oration of my Uncle Toby's a hundred times, and think it so fine a model of defence—and shews so sweet a temperament of gallantry and good principles in him, that I give it the world, word for word (interlineations and all) as I find it,

C H A P. XXXII.

MY UNCLE TOBY'S APOLOGETI- CAL ORATION.

I Am not insensible, brother Shandy, ' that when a man, whose profes-
' sion is arms, wishes, as I have done,
' for war—it has an ill aspect to the
' world—and that how just and right
' soever his motives and intentions may
' be—he stands in an uneasy posture in
' vindicating himself from private views
' in doing it.

' For this cause, if a soldier is a pru-
' dent man—which he may be, without

' being a jot the less brave—he will be
' sure not to utter his wish in the hear-
' ing of an enemy; for say what he
' will, an enemy will not believe him.—
' He will be cautious of doing it even
' to a friend—lest he may suffer in his
' esteem—but if his heart is overcharged,
' and a secret sigh for arms must have
' it's vent, he will reserve it for the
' ear of a brother, who knows his cha-
' racter to the bottom, and what his
' true notions, dispositions, and prin-
' ciples of honour are: what, I *hope*, I
' have been in all these, brother Shan-
' dy, would be unbecoming in me to
' say—much worse, I know, have I
' been, than I ought—and something
' worse, perhaps, than I think—but
' such as I am—you, my dear brother
' Shandy, who have sucked the same
' breasts with me—and with whom I
' have been brought up from my cradle,
' —and from whose knowledge, from
' the first hours of our boyish pastimes,
' down to this, I have concealed no one
' action of my life, and scarce a thought
' in it—such as I am, brother, you must
' by this time know me, with all my
' vices, and with all my weaknesses too,
' whether of my age, my temper, my
' passions, or my understanding.

' Tell, me then, my dear brother
' Shandy, upon which of them it is,
' that when I condemned the peace of
' Utrecht, and grieved the war was not
' carried on with vigour a little longer,
' you should think your brother did it
' upon unworthy views; or that in
' wishing for war, he should be bad
' enough to wish more of his fellow-
' creatures slain—more slaves made,
' and more families driven from their
' peaceful habitations, merely for his
' own pleasure—tell me, brother
' Shandy, upon what one deed of mine
' do you ground it?' [*' The devil a
' deed do I know of, dear Toby, but one
' for a hundred pounds, which I lent
' thee to carry on these cursed sieges.'*]

' If, when I was a school-boy, I
' could not hear a drum beat, but my
' heart beat with it—was it my fault?
' —Did I plant the propensity there?
' —Did I sound the alarm within, or
' Nature?

' When Guy, Earl of Warwick, and
' Parisinus and Parisinens, and Valen-
' tine and Orson, and the Seven Cham-
' pions of England, were handed around
' the school—were they not all pur-
' chased

‘ chased with my own pocket-money ?
 ‘ —Was that selfish, brother Shandy ?
 ‘ —When we read over the siege of
 ‘ Troy, which lasted ten years and
 ‘ eighth months—though, with such a
 ‘ train of artillery as we had at Namur,
 ‘ the town might have been carried in a
 ‘ week—was I not as much concerned
 ‘ for the destruction of the Greeks and
 ‘ Trojans as any boy of the whole
 ‘ school ? Had I not three strokes of a
 ‘ ferula given me, two on my right-
 ‘ hand, and one on my left, for calling
 ‘ Helena a bitch for it ?—Did any one
 ‘ of you shed more tears for Hector ?
 ‘ And when King Priam came to the
 ‘ camp to beg his body, and returned
 ‘ weeping back to Troy without it—
 ‘ you know, brother, I could not eat
 ‘ my dinner.

—‘ Did that bespeak me cruel ?—
 ‘ Or, because, brother Shandy, my
 ‘ blood flew out into the camp, and
 ‘ my heart panted for war—was it a
 ‘ proof it could not ache for the dis-
 ‘ tresses of war too ?

‘ O brother ! ’tis one thing for a sol-
 ‘ dier to gather laurels—and ’tis another
 ‘ to scatter cypress—’ [‘ *Who told thee,
 ‘ my dear Toby, that cypress was used by
 ‘ the ancients on mournful occasions ?*’]

—‘ It is one thing, brother Shan-
 ‘ dy, for a soldier to hazard his own
 ‘ life—to leap first down into the trench,
 ‘ where he is sure to be cut in pieces
 ‘ —’tis one thing from publick spirit
 ‘ and a thirst of glory, to enter the
 ‘ breach the first man—to stand in the
 ‘ foremost rank, and march bravely in
 ‘ with drums and trumpets, and co-
 ‘ lours flying about his ears.—’tis
 ‘ one thing, I say, brother Shandy, to
 ‘ do this—and ’tis another thing to re-
 ‘ flect on the miseries of war—to view
 ‘ the desolations of whole countries,
 ‘ and consider the intolerable fatigues
 ‘ and hardships which the soldier him-
 ‘ self, the instrument who works them,
 ‘ is forced (for sixpence a day, if he
 ‘ can get it) to undergo.

‘ Need I be told, dear Yorick, as I
 ‘ was by you, in Le Fevre’s funeral
 ‘ sermon, that so soft and gentle a crea-
 ‘ ture, born to love, to mercy, and kind-
 ‘ ness, as man is, was not shaped for
 ‘ this ?—But why did you not add,
 ‘ Yorick—if not by NATURE—that he
 ‘ is so by NECESSITY ?—For what is
 ‘ war ? what is it, Yorick, when fought
 ‘ as ours has been, upon principles of

‘ liberty, and upon principles of honour ?
 ‘ —what is it, but the getting together
 ‘ of quiet and harmless people, with
 ‘ their swords in their hands, to keep
 ‘ the ambitious and the turbulent with-
 ‘ in bounds ? And Heaven is my wit-
 ‘ ness, brother Shandy, that the plea-
 ‘ sure I have taken in these things—
 ‘ and that infinite delight, in particular,
 ‘ which has attended my sieges in my
 ‘ bowling-green, has arose within me,
 ‘ and I hope in the corporal too, from
 ‘ the consciousness we both had, that
 ‘ in carrying them on, we were answer-
 ‘ ing the great ends of our creation.’

C H A P. XXXIII.

I Told the Christian reader—I say,
Christian—hoping he is one—and,
 if he is not, I am sorry for it—and only
 beg he will consider the matter with
 himself, and not lay the blame entirely
 upon this book—

I told him, Sir—for, in good truth,
 when a man is telling a story in the strange
 way I do mine, he is obliged continually
 to be going backwards and forwards to
 keep all tight together in the reader’s
 fancy—which, for my own part, if I
 did not take heed to do more than at
 first, there is so much unfixed and equi-
 vocal matter starting up, with so many
 breaks and gaps in it—and so little ser-
 vice do the stars afford—which, never-
 theless, I hang up in some of the darkest
 passages, knowing that the world is apt
 to lose it’s way, with all the light the
 sun itself at noon-day can give it—and
 now, you see, I am lost myself !

—But ’tis my father’s fault ; and
 whenever my brains come to be dis-
 sected, you will perceive, without spec-
 tacles, that he has left a large uneven
 thread, as you sometimes see in an un-
 saleable piece of cambric, running
 along the whole length of the web, and
 so untowardly, you cannot so much
 as cut out a **, (here I hang up a
 couple of lights again)—or a fillet, or
 a thumb-stall, but it is seen or felt.—

‘ *Quanto id diligentias in liberis pro-
 ‘ creandis cavendum,*’ sayeth Cardan.
 All which being considered, and that
 you see it is morally impracticable for
 me to wind this round to where I set
 out—

I begin the chapter over again.

C H A P. XXXIV.

I Told the Christian reader in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my Uncle Toby's apologetical oration—though in a *different* trope from what I shall make use of now—that the peace of Utrecht was within an ace of creating the same shyness betwixt my Uncle Toby and his hobby-horse, as it did betwixt the queen and the rest of the confederating powers.

There is an indignant way in which a man sometimes dismounts his horse, which as good as says to him, 'I'll go a-foot, Sir, all the days of my life, before I would ride a single mile upon your back again.' Now my Uncle Toby could not be said to dismount his horse in this manner: for, in strictness of language, he could not be said to dismount his horse at all—his horse rather flung him—and somewhat *viciously*, which made my Uncle Toby take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be settled by state jockies as they like.—It created, I say, a sort of shyness betwixt my Uncle Toby and his hobby-horse.—He had no occasion for him from the month of March to November, which was the summer after the articles were signed, except it was now and then to take a short ride out, just to see that the fortifications and harbour of Dunkirk were demolished, according to stipulation.

The French were so backward all that summer in settling about that affair, and Monsieur Tugghe, the deputy from the magistrates at Dunkirk, presented so many affecting petitions to the queen, beseeching her majesty to cause only her thunderbolts to fall upon the martial works, which might have incurred her displeasure—but to spare—to spare the mole, for the mole's sake; which, in it's naked situation, could be no more than an object of pity—and the queen, (who was but a woman) being of a pitiful disposition—and her ministers also, they not wishing in their hearts to have the town dismantled, for these private reasons, * * * * *

* * * * *; so that the whole went heavily on with my Uncle Toby; inasmuch that it was not within three full months, after he and the

corporal had constructed the town, and put it in a condition to be destroyed, that the several commandants, commissaries, deputies, negociators, and intendants, would permit him to set about it.—Fatal interval of inactivity!

The corporal was for beginning the demolition, by making a breach in the ramparts or main fortifications of the town.—'No—that will never do, corporal!' said my Uncle Toby; 'for, in going that way to work with the town, the English garrison will not be safe in it an hour; because, if the French are treacherous——' 'They are as treacherous as devils, an' please your honour!' said the corporal.—'It gives me concern always when I hear it, Trim,' said my Uncle Toby: 'for they don't want personal bravery; and if a breach is made in the ramparts, they may enter it, and make themselves masters of the place when they please.'—'Let them enter it,' said the corporal, lifting up his pioneer's spade in both his hands, as if he was going to lay about him with it—'let them enter, an' please your honour, if they dare.'—'In cases like this, corporal,' said my Uncle Toby, slipping his right-hand down to the middle of his cane, and holding it afterwards truncheon-wise, with his fore-finger extended—'tis no part of the consideration of a commandant, what the enemy dare—or what they dare not do; he must act with prudence. We will begin with the outworks both towards the sea and the land, and particularly with Fort Louis, the most distant of them all, and demolish it first—and the rest, one by one, both on our right and left, as we retreat towards the town—then we'll demolish the mole—next fill up the harbour—then retire into the citadel, and blow it up into the air; and having done that, corporal, we'll embark for England.'—'We are there,' quoth the corporal, recollecting himself.—'Very true!' said my Uncle Toby—looking at the church.

C H A P. XXXV.

A Delusive, delicious consultation or two of this kind, betwixt my Uncle Toby and Trim, upon the demolition of Dunkirk, for a moment rallied





allied back the ideas of those pleasures, which were slipping from under him—still—still all went on heavily—the magick left the mind the weaker.—STILLNESS, with SILENCE at her back, entered the solitary parlour, and drew their gauzy mantle over my Uncle Toby's head!—and LISTLESSNESS, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, sat quietly down beside him in his arm-chair.—No longer Amberg, and Rhinberg, and Limbourg, and Huy, and Bonn, in one year—and the prospect of Landen, and Trerebach, and Drusen, and Dendermond, the next—hurried on the blood—no longer did faps, and mines, and blinds, and gabions, and palisadoes, keep out this fair enemy of man's repose—no more could my Uncle Toby, after passing the French lines, as he eat his egg at supper, from thence break into the heart of France—cross over the Oyes, and with all Picardie open behind him, march up to the gates of Paris, and fall asleep with nothing but ideas of glory;—no more was he to dream, he had fixed the royal standard upon the tower of the Bastile, and awake with it streaming in his head!

—Softer visions—gentler vibrations, stole sweetly in upon his slumbers—the trumpet of war fell out of his hands—he took up the lute, sweet instrument! of all others the most delicate, the most difficult!—how wilt thou touch it, my dear Uncle Toby?

CHAP. XXXVI.

NOW, because I have once or twice said, in my inconsiderate way of talking—that I was confident the following memoirs of my uncle Toby's courtship of Widow Wadman, whenever I got time to write them, would turn out one of the most compleat systems, both of the elementary and practical part of love and love-making, that ever was addressed to the world—are you to imagine from thence, that I shall set out with a description of *what love is?* whether part God and part Devil, as Plotinus will have it—

—Or, by a more critical equation, and supposing the whole of love to be as to—determine, with Ficinus, '*How many parts of it—the one—and how many the other;*'—or whether it is

all of it one great devil, from head to tail, as Plato has taken upon him to pronounce; concerning which conceit of his, I shall not offer my opinion—but my opinion of Plato is this; that he appears, from this instance, to have been a man of much the same temper and way of reasoning with Doctor Baynard, who being a great enemy to blisters, as imagining that half a dozen of 'em on at once, would draw a man as surely to his grave, as a hearse and fix—rashly concluded, that the devil himself was nothing in the world, but one great bouncing *cantharidis*.—

I have nothing to say to people who allow themselves this monstrous liberty in arguing, but what Nazianzen cried out (*that is, polemically*) to Philagrius—

"Εὖγε!" *O rare! 'tis fine reasoning,*
'Sir, indeed! "*ὅτι φιλοσοφίᾳ ἐν Πάθῳ*"—
'and most nobly do you aim at truth,
'when you philosophize about it in your
'moods and passions.'

Nor is it to be imagined, for the same reason, I should stop to enquire, whether love is a disease—or embroil myself with Rhafis and Dioscorides, whether the seat of it is in the brain or liver—because this would lead me on to an examination of the two very opposite manners in which patients have been treated—the one of Aëtius, who always begun with a cooling glyster of hemp-seed and bruised cucumbers—and followed on with thin potations of water-lilies and purslane—to which he added a pinch of snuff, of the herb hanea—and, where Aëtius durst venture it, his topaz ring.

—The other, that of Gordonius, who (in his cap. xv. *De Amore*) directs they should be thrashed, '*ad putorem usque;*'—till they stink again.

These are disquisitions which my father, who had laid in a great stock of knowledge of this kind, will be very busy with, in the progress of my Uncle Toby's affairs: I must anticipate thus much—that from his theories of love, (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my Uncle Toby's mind, almost as much as his amours themselves) he took a single step into practice—and by means of a camphorated cere-cloth, which he found means to impose upon the taylor for buckram, whilst he was making my Uncle Toby a new pair of breeches, he produced Gordonius's effect

fect upon my Uncle Toby without the disgrace.

What changes this produced, will be read in it's proper place: all that is needful to be added to the anecdote, is this—that whatever effect it had upon my Uncle Toby—it had a vile effect upon the house; and if my Uncle Toby had not smoked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too.

CHAP. XXXVII.

—**T**WILL come out of itself by and bye.—All I contend for is, that I am not *obliged* to set out with a definition of what love is; and so long as I can go on with my story intelligibly, with the help of the word itself, without any other idea to it, than what I have in common with the rest of the world, why should I differ from it a moment before the time?—When I can get on no farther—and find myself entangled on all sides of this mystick labyrinth, my opinion will then come in, in course—and lead me out.

At present, I hope I shall be sufficiently understood, in telling the reader, my Uncle Toby *fell in love*.

—Not that the phrase is at all to my liking: for, to say a man is *fallen* in love—or that he is *deeply* in love—or *up to the ears* in love—and sometimes even *over head and ears in it*—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing *below* a man—this is recurring again to Plato's opinion, which, with all his divinityship—I hold to be damnable and heretical—and so much for that.

Let love, therefore, be what it will—my Uncle Toby fell into it.

—And possibly, gentle reader, with such a temptation—so wouldst thou; for never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupiscence covet, any thing in this world, more concupiscible than Widow Wadman.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

TO conceive this right—call for pen and ink—here's paper ready to your hand.—Sit down, Sir; paint her to your own mind—as like your mistress as you can—as unlike your wife as your conscience will let you—'tis all one to me—please but your own fancy in it.

—‘Was ever any thing in nature
‘so sweet!—so exquisite!’

—Then, dear Sir, how could my
Uncle Toby resist it?

Thrice happy book; thou wilt have
one page, at least, within thy covers,
which MALICE will not blacken, and
which IGNORANCE cannot misrepresent.

CHAP. XXXIX.

AS Susannah was informed, by an
express from Mrs. Bridget, of
my Uncle Toby’s falling in love with
her mistress, fifteen days before it hap-
pened—the contents of which express
Susannah communicated to my mother
the next day—it has just given me an
opportunity of entering upon my Uncle
Toby’s amours a fortnight before their
existence.

‘I have an article of news to tell
‘you, Mr. Shandy,’ quoth my mother,
‘which will surprize you greatly.’

Now my father was then holding one
of his second beds of justice, and was
musing within himself about the hard-
ships of matrimony, as my mother broke
silence.

—‘My brother Toby,’ quoth she,
‘is going to be married to Mrs. Wad-
man.’

‘Then he will never,’ quoth my father,
‘be able to lie *diagonally* in his
‘bed again as long as he lives.’

It was a consuming vexation to my
father, that my mother never asked the
meaning of a thing she did not under-
stand.

—‘That she is not a woman of
‘science,’ my father would say, ‘is
‘her misfortune—but she might ask a
‘question!’

My mother never did. In short, she
went out of the world, at last, without
knowing whether it turned *round*, or
stood *still*.—My father had officiously
told her above a thousand times which
way it was—but she always forgot.

For these reasons, a discourse seldom
went on much farther betwixt them
than a proposition—a reply—and a re-
joinder; at the end of which it generally
took breath for a few minutes, (as in
the affair of the breeches) and then went
on again.

‘If he marries, ’twill be the worse
‘for us!’ quoth my mother.

‘Not a cherry-stone,’ said my father;
‘he may as well batter away his
‘means upon that, as any thing else.’

—‘To be sure,’ said my mother—so here ended the proposition—the
reply—and the rejoinder—I told
you of.

‘It will be some amusement to him,
‘too,’ said my father.

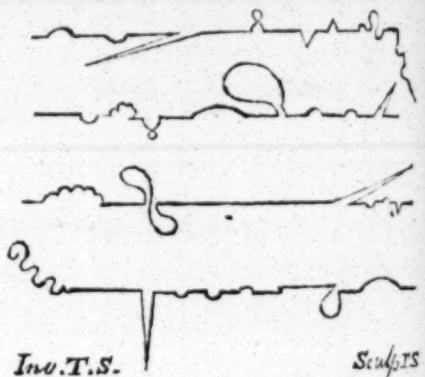
‘A very great one,’ answered my
mother, ‘if he should have children.’

—‘Lord have mercy upon me!’ said
my father to himself—* * * * *

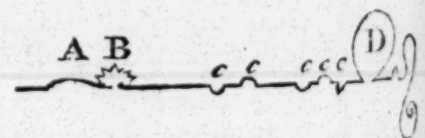
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CHAP. XL.

I Am now beginning to get fairly into
my work; and, by the help of a
vegetable diet, with a few of the cold
seeds, I make no doubt but I shall be
able to go on with my Uncle Toby’s
story, and my own, in a tolerable
straight line. Now,



These were the four lines I moved
in through my first, second, third, and
fourth volumes.—In the fifth volume I
have been very good—the precise line I
have described in it being thus:



By which it appears, that except at the
curve, marked A, where I took a trip
to Navarre—and the indented curve B,
which is the short airing when I was
there with the Lady Bauffiere and her
page—I have not taken the least frisk
of

of a digression, till John de la Casse's devils led me the round you see marked D—for, as for ccccc, they are nothing but parentheses, and the common *ins* and *outs* incident to the lives of the greatest ministers of state; and when compared with what men have done—or with my own transgressions at the letters ABD—they vanish into nothing.

In this last volume, I have done better still—for, from the end of Le Fevre's episode, to the beginning of my Uncle Toby's campaigns—I have scarce stepped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impossible—by the good leave of his grace of Benevento's devils—but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going on even thus:

which is a line drawn as straight as I could draw it, by a writing-master's

ruler, (borrowed for that purpose) turning neither to the right-hand or to the left.

This *right line*—‘the path way for Christians to walk in!’—say divines.

—‘The emblem of moral rectitude!’ says Cicero.

—‘The *best line*!’ say cabbage-planters—‘is the shortest line,’ (says Archimedes) ‘which can be drawn from one given point to another.’

I wish your ladyships would lay this matter to heart in your next birth-day suits!

—What a journey!

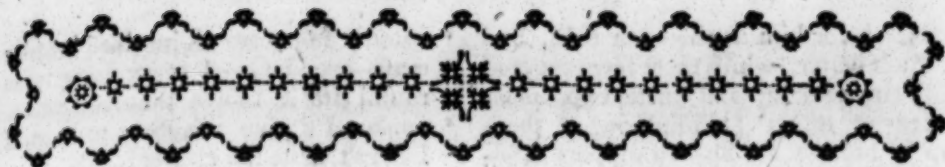
Pray, can you tell me—that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon straight lines—by what mistake—who told them so—or how it has come to pass—that your men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line with the line of GRAVITATION.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE SEVENTH.

CHAP. I.



O!—I think I said I would write two volumes every year, provided the vile cough which then tormented me, and which to this hour I dread worse than the devil, would but give me leave—and in another place (but where I can't recollect now) speaking of my book as a *machine*, and laying my pen and ruler down cross-wise upon the table, in order to gain the greater credit to it—I swore it should be kept a going at that rate these forty years, if it pleased but the Fountain of Life to bless me so long with health and good spirits.

Now, as for my spirits, little have I to lay to their charge—nay, so very little, (unless the mounting me upon a long stick, playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accusations) that, on the contrary, I have much—much to thank 'em for: chearily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burdens of it (except it's cares) upon my back: in no one moment of my existence, that I remember, have ye once deserted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way, either with sable, or with a sickly green; in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and when DEATH himself knocked at my door—ye bade him come again; and in so gay a tone of careless

indifference did ye do it, that he doubted of his commission.—

—‘There must certainly be some ‘mistake in this matter,’ quoth he.

Now there is nothing in this world I abominate worse, than to be interrupted in a story—and as I was that moment telling Eugenius a most tawdry one in my way, of a nun who fancied herself a shell-fish, and of a monk damned for eating a mussel; and was shewing him the grounds and justice of the procedure—

—‘Did ever so grave a personage ‘get into so vile a scrape?’ quoth Death.—‘Thou hast had a narrow ‘escape, Tristram,’ said Eugenius, taking hold of my hand as I finished my story.

‘But there is no *living*, Eugenius,’ replied I, ‘at this rate; for as this *son* ‘of a *whore* has found out my lodgings—’

—‘You call him rightly,’ said Eugenius—‘for, by Sin, we are told, ‘he entered the world—’ ‘I care ‘not which way he entered,’ quoth I, ‘provided he be not in such a hurry to ‘take me out with him—for I have ‘forty volumes to write, and forty ‘thousand things to say and do, which ‘nobody in the world will say and do ‘for me, except thyself; and as thou ‘seest he has got me by the throat,’ (for Eugenius could scarce hear me speak across the table) ‘and that I am no

‘match for him in the open field, had I not better, whilst these few scattered spirits remain, and these two spider legs of mine,’ (holding one of them up to him) ‘are able to support me—had I not better, Eugenius, fly for my life?’—‘It is my advice, my dear Tristram,’ said Eugenius.—‘Then, by Heaven! I will lead him a dance—he little thinks of—for I will gallop,’ quoth I, ‘without looking once behind me, to the banks of the Garonne; and if I hear him clattering at my heels—I’ll scamper away to Mount Vesuvius—from thence to Joppa, and from Joppa to the world’s end; where, if he follows me, I pray God he may break his neck.—

—‘He runs more risk there,’ said Eugenius, ‘than thou.’

Eugenius’s wit and affection brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been some months banished—’twas a vile moment to bid adieu in; he led me to my chaise—‘Allons!’ said I; the post-boy gave a crack with his whip—off I went like a cannon, and in half a dozen bounds got into Dover.

CHAP. II.

‘**N**OW, hang it,’ quoth I, as I looked towards the French coast—‘a man should know something of his own country, too, before he goes abroad—and I never gave a peep into Rochester church, or took notice of the dock of Chatham, or visited St. Thomas at Canterbury; though they all three laid in my way.

—‘But mine, indeed, is a particular case.’

So without arguing the matter farther with Thomas o’ Becket, or any one else—I skipped into the boat; and in five minutes we got under sail, and scudded away like the wind.

‘Pray, captain,’ quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, ‘is a man never overtaken by *Death* on this passage?’

‘Why, there is not time for a man to be sick in it,’ replied he.—‘What a cursed liar!—for I am sick as a horse,’ quoth I, ‘already!—What a brain!—upside down!—hey-day! the cells are broke loose one into another, and the blood and the lymph, and the nervous juices, with the fixed and

volatile salts, are all jumbled into one mass—good G—! every thing turns round in it like a thousand whirlpools—I’d give a shilling to know if I shan’t write the clearer for it.

‘Sick! sick! sick! sick!—

—‘When shall we get to land, captain?—They have hearts like stones—O, I am deadly sick!—

‘Reach me that thing, boy—’tis the most discomfiting sickness—I with I was at the bottom—Madam! how is it with you?’—‘Undone! undone! un—O! undone, Sir!’—

‘What, the first time?’—‘No, ’tis the second, third, sixth, tenth time, Sir!’—‘Hey day! what a trampling overhead!—Hollo! cabin-boy! what’s the matter?’—

‘The wind’s chopped about!’—‘S’death!—then I shall meet him full in the face!’

‘What luck!’—‘It is chopped about again, master.’—‘O the devil chop it!’

‘Captain,’ quoth she, ‘for Heaven’s sake, let us get ashore.’

CHAP. III.

IT is a great inconvenience to a man in haste, that there are three distinct roads between Calais and Paris, in behalf of which there is so much to be said by the several deputies from the towns which lie along them, that half a day is easily lost in settling which you’ll take.

First, the road by Lille and Arras—which is the most about—but most interesting and instructing.

The second, that by Amiens—which you may go, if you would see Chantilly.

And that by Beauvais—which you may go if you will.

For this reason, a great many chuse to go by Beauvais.

CHAP. IV.

‘**N**OW, before I quit Calais,’ a travel-writer would say, ‘it would not be amiss to give some account of it.’—Now I think it very much amiss—that a man cannot go quietly through a town, and let it alone, when it does not meddle with him, but that

that he must be turning about and drawing his pen at every kennel he crosses over, merely, o' my conscience, for the sake of drawing it; because, if we may judge from what has been wrote of these things, by all who have wrote and galloped—or who have galloped and wrote, which is a different way still—or who, for more expedition than the rest, have wrote gallopping, which is the way I do at present—from the great Addison, who did it with his satchel of school-books hanging at his a—, and calling his beast's crupper at every stroke—there is not a gallopper of us all, who might not have gone on ambling quietly in his own ground (in case he had any) and have wrote all he had to write, dry-shod, as well as not.

For my own part, as Heaven is my Judge, and to which I shall ever make my last appeal—I know no more of Calais, (except the little my barber told me of it as he was whetting his razor) than I do this moment of Grand Cairo; for it was dusky in the evening when I landed, and dark as pitch in the morning when I set out; and yet—by merely knowing what is what, and by drawing this from that in one part of the town, and by spelling and putting this and that together in another—I would lay any travelling odds, that I this moment write a chapter upon Calais as long as my arm; and with so distinct and satisfactory a detail of every item, which is worth a stranger's curiosity in the town—that you would take me for the town-clerk of Calais itself—and where, Sir, would be the wonder? was not Democritus, who laughed ten times more than I, town-clerk of Abdera?—and was not—(I forget his name) who had more discretion than us both, town-clerk of Ephesus?—It should be penned, moreover, Sir, with so much knowledge and good sense, and truth, and precision—

—Nay—if you don't believe me, you may read the chapter for your pains.

CHAP. V.

CALAIS—*Calatium, Calufium, Calafium.*

This town, if we may trust it's archives, the authority of which I see no reason to call in question in this place—was once no more than a small village

belonging to one of the first Counts de Guines; and as it boasts at present of no less than fourteen thousand inhabitants, exclusive of four hundred and twenty distinct families in the *basse ville* or suburbs—it must have grown up by little and little, I suppose, to it's present size.

Though there are four convents, there is but one parochial church in the whole town; I had not an opportunity of taking it's exact dimensions, but it is pretty easy to make a tolerable conjecture of 'em—for as there are fourteen thousand inhabitants in the town, if the church holds them all, it must be considerably large—and if it will not—'tis a very great pity they have not another—it is built in form of a cross, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary; the steeple, which has a spire to it, is placed in the middle of the church, and stands upon four pillars, elegant and light enough, but sufficiently strong at the same time—it is decorated with eleven altars, most of which are rather fine than beautiful. The great altar is a master-piece in it's kind—'tis of white marble; and, as I was told, near sixty feet high—had it been much higher, it had been as high as mount Calvary itself—therefore, I suppose it must be high enough in all conscience.

There was nothing struck me more than the Great Square—though I cannot say 'tis either well paved or well built—but 'tis in the heart of the town, and most of the streets, especially those in that quarter, all terminate in it: could there have been a fountain in all Calais, which it seems there cannot, as such an object would have been a great ornament, it is not to be doubted, but that the inhabitants would have had it in the very centre of this square—because 'tis forty feet longer from east to west, than from north to south; so that the French in general have more reason on their side in calling them *places* than *squares*, which, strictly speaking, to be sure they are not.

The town-house seems to be but a sorry building, and not to be kept in the best repair; otherwise it had been a second great ornament to this place; it answers, however, it's destination, and serves very well for the reception of the magistrates, who assemble in it from time to time; so that 'tis presumable, justice is regularly distributed.

I had

I had heard much of it, but there is nothing at all curious in the *Courgain*; 'tis a distinct quarter of the town, inhabited solely by sailors and fishermen; it consists of a number of small streets, neatly built, and mostly of brick; 'tis extremely populous, but as that may be accounted for from the principles of their diet—there is nothing curious in that neither.—A traveller may see it to satisfy himself—he must not omit however taking notice of *La Tour de Guet*, upon any account: 'tis so called from it's particular destination, because in war it serves to discover and give notice of the enemies which approach the place, either by sea or land—but 'tis monstrous high, and catches the eye so continually, you cannot avoid taking notice of it, if you would.

It was a singular disappointment to me, that I could not have permission to take an exact survey of the fortifications, which are the strongest in the world, and which, from first to last, that is, from the time they were fet about by Philip of France Count of Boulogne, to the present war, wherein many reparations were made, have cost—(as I learned afterwards from an engineer in Galcony)—above a hundred millions of livres. It is very remarkable that at the *Tête de Gravelenes*, and where the town is naturally the weakest, they have expended the most money; so that the outworks stretch a great way into the campaign, and consequently occupy a large tract of ground.—However, after all that is said and done, it must be acknowledged that Calais was never upon any account so considerable from itself, as from it's situation, and that easy entrance which it gave our ancestors upon all occasions into France: it was not without it's inconveniences also; being no less troublesome to the English in those times, than Dunkirk has been to us in ours: so that it was deservedly looked upon as the key to both kingdoms, which no doubt is the reason that there have arisen so many contentions who should keep it: of these the siege of Calais, or rather the blockade (for it was shut up both by land and sea) was the most memorable, as it withstood the efforts of Edward the Third a whole year, and was not terminated at last but by famine and extreme misery; the gallantry of *Eustace de St. Pierre*, who first offered himself a victim for his

fellow-citizens, has ranked his name with heroes. As it will not take up above fifty pages, it would be injustice to the reader, not to give him a minute account of that romantick transaction, as well as of the siege itself, in Rapin's own words.

CHAP. VI.

—BUT courage! gentle reader! —I scorn it—'tis enough to have thee in my power—but to make use of the advantage which the fortune of the pen has now gained over thee, would be too much—No! by that all-powerful fire which warms the visionary brain, and lights the spirits through unworldly tracts! ere I would force a helpless creature upon this hard service, and make thee pay, poor soul! for fifty pages which I have no right to sell thee—naked as I am, I would browse upon the mountains, and smile that the north-wind brought me neither my tent or my supper.

—'So put on, my brave boy! and 'make the best of thy way to Boulogne.'

CHAP. VII.

—BOULOGNE!—hah!—so we are all got together—debtors and sinners, before Heaven; a jolly set of us—but I can't stay and quaff it off with you—I'm pursued myself like a hundred devils, and shall be overtaken before I can well change horses.—'For Heaven's sake make haste!'—It is 'for high-treason,' quoth a very little man, whispering as low as he could to a very tall man that stood next him.—'Or else for murder,' quoth the tall man.—'Well thrown, *Size-Ace*!' quoth I.—'No,' quoth a third; 'the gentleman has been committing—'

'Ah! *ma chere fille*!' said I, as she tripp'd by from her matins—'you 'look as rosy as the morning!'—(for the sun was rising, and it made the compliment the more gracious.)—'No, 'it can't be that,' quoth a fourth—(She made a curtsey to me—I kissed my hand.)—'It is debt,' continued he.—'It is certainly for debt,' quoth a fifth.—'I would not pay that gentleman's 'debts,' quoth *Ace*, 'for a thousand pounds.'—'Nor would I,' quoth *Size*,

Size, 'for six times the sum.'—'Well thrown, *Size-Ace*, again!' quoth I. But I have no debt but the debt of NATURE, and I want but patience of her, and I will pay her every farthing I owe her.'—'How can you be so hard-hearted, MADAM, to arrest a poor traveller going along without molestation to any one, upon his lawful occasions?—Do stop that death-looking, long-striding scoundrel of a scare finner, who is posting after me—he never would have followed me but for you—if it be but for a stage, or two, just to give me start of him—I beseech you, Madam.—Do, dear lady!'—'Now, in troth, 'tis a great pity,' quoth mine Irish host, 'that all this good courtship should be lost; for the young gentlewoman has been after going out of hearing of it all along.'—'Simpleton!' quoth I. 'So you have nothing *else* in Boulogne worth seeing?' 'By Jafus! there is the finest SEMINARY for the HUMANITIES——'—'There cannot be a finer,' quoth I.

C H A P. VIII.

WHEN the precipitancy of a man's wishes hurries on his ideas ninety times faster than the vehicle he rides in—woe be to truth! and woe be to the vehicle and it's tackling (let them be made of what stuff you will) upon which he breathes forth the disappointment of his soul!

As I never give general characters either of men or things in choler, 'the most haste, the worst speed,' was all the reflection I made upon the affair, the first time it happen'd—the second, third, fourth, and fifth time, I confined it respectively to those times; and accordingly blamed only the second, third, fourth, and fifth post-boy for it, without carrying my reflections farther—but the event continuing to befall me from the fifth, to the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth time, and without one exception, I then could not avoid making a national reflection of it, which I do in these words:

That something is always wrong in French post-chaise upon first setting out.

Or the proposition may stand thus:

A French postilion has always to a-

light before he has got three hundred yards out of town.

'What's wrong now?'—'Diable!—a rope's broke!—a knot has split?—a staple's drawn—a bolt's to whittle!—a tag, a rag, a jag, a strap, a buckle, or a buckle's tongue, want altering.'—

Now true as all this is, I never think myself impowered to excommunicate, thereupon, either the post-chaise or it's driver—nor do I take it into my head to swear by the living G—, I would rather go a foot ten thousand times—or that I will be damn'd if ever I get into another—but I take the matter coolly before me, and consider, that some tag, or rag, or jag, or bolt, or buckle, or buckle's tongue, will ever be a wanting, or want altering, travel where I will—so I never chafe, but take the good and the bad as they fall in my road, and get on.—'Do so, my lad!' said I—he had lost five minutes already, in alighting in order to get a luncheon of black bread which he had crammed into the chaise-pocket, and was remounting and going leisurely on, to relish it the better.—'Get on, my lad!' said I, briskly,—but in the most persuasive tone imaginable, for I jingled a four and twenty sous piece against the glass, taking care to hold the flat side towards him, as he looked back—the dog grinned intelligence from his right ear to his left, and behind his sooty muzzle discover'd such a pearly row of teeth, that *Sovereignty* would have pawned her jewels for them——

'Just Heaven! { what masticators! }
{ what bread! }

and so, as he finished the last mouthful of it, we entered the town of Montreuil.

C H A P. IX.

THERE is not a town in all France, which in my opinion looks better in the map than Montreuil; I own, it does not look so well in the book of post-roads; but when you come to see it—to be sure it looks most pitifully.

There is one thing however in it at present very handsome; and that is, the inn-keeper's daughter; she has been eighteen months at Amiens, and six at Paris, in going through her classes; so knits, and sews, and dances, and does the little coquetries very well!—

—A

—A flut! in running them over within these five minutes that I have stood looking at her, she has let fall at least a dozen loops in a white thread stocking—Yes, yes—I see, you cunning gipsy!—’tis long, and taper—you need not pin it to your knee—and that ’tis your own—and fits you exactly.—

—That nature should have told this creature a word about a *statue’s thumb!*—

—But as this sample is worth all their thumbs—besides I have her thumbs and fingers in at the bargain if they can be any guide to me—and as Janatone withal (for that is her name) stands so well for a drawing—may I never draw more—or rather, may I draw like a draught-horse, by main strength—all the days of my life—if I do not draw her in all her proportions, and with as determined a pencil, as if I had her in the wettest drapery.—

—But your worships chuse rather that I give you the length, breadth, and perpendicular height of the great parish church, or a drawing of the facade of the abbey of Saint Austreberte, which has been transported from Artois hither—everything is just, I suppose, as the masons and carpenters left them—and if the belief in Christ continues so long, will be so these fifty years to come—so your worships and reverences may all measure them at your leisure—but he who measures thee, Janatone, must do it now—thou carriest the principles of change within thy frame: and considering the chances of a transitory life, I would not answer for thee a moment; ere twice twelve months are passed and gone, thou mayest grow out like a pumpkin, and lose thy shapes—or, thou mayest go off like a flower, and lose thy beauty—nay, thou mayest go off like a hussy—and lose thyself.—I would not answer for my Aunt Dinah, was she alive—faith, scarce for her picture—were it but painted by Reynolds!

—But if I go on with my drawing, after naming that son of Apollo, I’ll be shot!

So you must e’en be content with the original; which, if the evening is fine, in passing through Montreuil, you will see at your chaise-door, as you change horses; but unless you have as bad a reason for haste as I have—you had

better stop—she has a little of the *de vote*; but that, Sir, is a terce to a nine in your favour.

—L— help me! I could not count a single point: so had been piqued, and repiqued, and capotted to the devil.

CHAP. X.

ALL which being considered, and that death moreover might be much nearer me than I imagined—‘I wish I was at Abbeville,’ quoth I, ‘were it only to see how they card and spin.’ So off we set.

‘* de Montreuil à Nampont—poste et
‘ demi de Nampont à Bernay - - - poste
‘ de Bernay à Nouvion - - - poste
‘ de Nouvion à Abbeville poste.’

—but the carders and spinners were all gone to bed.

CHAP. XI.

WHAT a vast advantage is travelling! only it heats one; but there is a remedy for that, which you may pick out of the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

WAS I in a condition to stipulate with death—as I am this moment with my apothecary, how and where I will take his glister—I should certainly declare against submitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never seriously think upon the mode and manner of this great catastrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the catastrophe itself, but I constantly draw the curtain across it with this wish, that the Disposer of all things may so order it, that it happen not to me in my own house—but rather in some decent inn—at home, I know it—the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brows and smoothing my pillow, which the quivering hand of pale affliction shall pay me, will so crucify my soul, that I shall die of a distemper which my physician is not aware of: but, in an inn, the few cold offices I

wanted, would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed, but punctual attention—but mark! This inn should not be the inn at Abbeville—if there was not another in the universe, I would strike that inn out of the capitulation: so,—

‘Let the horses be in the chaise exactly by four in the morning—Yes, by four, Sir!—or, by Genevieve! I’ll raise a clatter in the house shall wake the dead.’

C H A P. XIII.

‘MAKE them like-unto a wheel,’ is a bitter sarcasm, as all the learned know, against the *grand tour*, and that restless spirit for making it, which David prophetically foresaw would haunt the children of men in the latter days; and therefore, as thinketh the great Bishop Hall, ‘tis one of the severest imprecations which David ever uttered against the enemies of the Lord—and, as if he had said, ‘I wish them no worse luck than always to be rolling about.—So much motion,’ continues he, (for he was very corpulent)—‘is so much unquietness; and so much of rest, by the same analogy, is so much of heaven.’

Now, I (being very thin) think differently: and that so much of motion is so much of life, and so much of joy;—and that, to stand still, or get on but slowly, is death and the devil.—

‘Hollo! ho!—the whole world’s asleep! bring out the horses—grease the wheels—tie on the mail—and drive a nail into that moulding—I’ll not lose a moment.’—

Now the wheel we are talking of, and *where-into* (but not *where-onto*, for that would make an Ixion’s wheel of it) he curseth his enemies, according to the bishop’s habit of body, should certainly be a post-chaise wheel, whether they were set up in Palestine at that time or not—and my wheel, for the contrary reasons, must as certainly be a cart-wheel, groaning round its revolution once in an age; and of which sort, were I to turn commentator, I should make no scruple to affirm, they had great store in that hilly country.

I love the Pythagoreans (much more than ever I dare tell my dear Jenny) for their ‘*χαρισμὸν ἀπὸ τοῦ Σάματος*’ *us, to*

‘*Καλῶς φιλοσοφῆν*’—[their] ‘*getting out of the body, in order to think well.*’

No man thinks right whilst he is in it; blinded, as he must be, with his congenial humours, and drawn differently aside, as the bishop and myself have been, with too lax or too tense a fibre—REASON is, half of it, SENSE; and the measure of heaven itself is but the measure of our present appetites and concoctions.—

—‘But which of the two, in the present case, do you think to be most-ly in the wrong?’

‘You, certainly,’ quoth she, ‘to disturb a whole family so early.’

C H A P. XIV.

—But she did not know I was under a vow not to shave my beard till I got to Paris—yet I hate to make mysteries of nothing—’tis the cold cautiousness of one of those little souls, from which Lessius (lib. xiii. *De moribus divinis*, cap. xxiv.) hath made his estimate, wherein he setteth forth, that one Dutch mile, cubically multiplied, will allow room enough, and to spare, for eight hundred thousand millions, which he supposes to be as great a number of souls (counting from the fall of Adam) as can possibly be damned to the end of the world.

From what he has made this second estimate—unless from the parental goodness of God—I don’t know.—I am much more at a loss what could be in Franciscus Ribbera’s head, who pretends that no less a space than one of two hundred Italian miles, multiplied into itself, will be sufficient to hold the like number—he certainly must have gone upon some of the old Roman souls, of which he had read, without reflecting how much, by a gradual and most tabid decline, in a course of eighteen hundred years, they must unavoidably have shrunk, so as to have come, when he wrote, almost to nothing.

In Lessius’s time, who seems the cooler man, they were as little as can be imagined.—

—We find them less now—

And next winter we shall find them less again; so that, if we go on from little to less, and from less to nothing, I hesitate not one moment to affirm, that in half a-century, at this rate, we

E e shall

shall have no souls at all; which being the period beyond which I doubt likewise of the existence of the Christian Faith, 'twill be one advantage that both of them will be exactly worn out together.—

Blessed Jupiter! and blessed every other heathen god and goddess! for now ye will all come into play again, and with Priapus at your tails—what jovial times!—But where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I rushing? I—I who must be cut short in the midst of my days, and taste no more of 'em than what I borrow from my imagination—Peace to thee, generous fool! and let me go on.

CHAP. XV.

—‘SO hating,’ I say, ‘to make my mysteries of *nothing*,’—I entrusted it with the post-boy, as soon as ever I got off the stones; he gave a crack with his whip to balance the compliment; and with the thill-horse trotting, and a sort of an up and a down of the other, we danced it along to Ailly au Clochers, famed in days of yore for the finest chimes in the world; but we danced through it without musick—the chimes being greatly out of order—(as, in truth, they were through all France.)

And so making all possible speed, from—

Ailly au Clochers, I got to Hixcourt; from Hixcourt, I got to Pequignay; and from Pequignay, I got to *Amiens*—

concerning which town I have nothing to inform you, but what I have informed you once before—and that was—that Janatone went there to school.

CHAP. XVI.

IN the whole catalogue of those whiffling vexations which come puffing across a man’s canvas, there is not one of a more teasing and tormenting nature, than this particular one which I am going to describe—and for which, (unless you travel with an advance-courier, which numbers do in order to prevent it)—there is no help: and it is this.

That be you in never so kindly a propensity to sleep—though you are passing

perhaps through the finest country—upon the best roads—and in the easiest carriage for doing it in the world—nay, was you sure you could sleep fifty miles straight forwards, without once opening your eyes—nay, what is more, was you as demonstratively satisfied as you can be of any truth in Euclid, that you should upon all accounts be full as well asleep as awake—nay, perhaps better—yet the incessant returns of paying for the horses at every stage—with the necessity thereupon of putting your hand into your pocket, and counting out from thence three livres fifteen sous (sous by sous) puts an end to so much of the project, that you cannot execute above six miles of it—(or supposing it is a post and a half, that is but nine)—were it to save your soul from destruction.

—‘I’ll be even with ‘em,’ quoth I, ‘for I’ll put the precise sum into a piece of paper, and hold it ready in my hand all the way.—Now I shall have ‘nothing to do,’ said I (composing myself to rest) ‘but to drop this gently into the post boy’s hat, and not say a word.’—Then there wants two sous more to drink—or there is a twelve sous piece of Louis XIV. which will not pass—or a livre and some odd liards to be brought over from the last stage, which Monsieur had forgot—which altercations (as a man cannot dispute very well asleep) rouse him. Still is sweet sleep retrievable—and still might the flesh weigh down the spirit, and recover itself of these blows—but then, ‘By Heaven! you have paid but for a single post—whereas ‘tis a post and a half!’ and this obliges you to pull out your book of post roads, the print of which is so very small, it forces you to open your eyes, whether you will or no: then Monsieur Le Cure offers you a pinch of snuff—or a poor soldier shews you his leg—or a shaveling his box—or the *prieufesse* of the cistern will water your wheels—they do not want it—but she swears by her *prieufhood* (throwing it back) that they do—then you have all these points to argue, or consider over in your mind; in doing of which, the rational powers get so thoroughly awakened—you may get ‘em to sleep again as you can.

It was entirely owing to one of these misfortunes, or I had passed clean by the stables of Chantilly.—

—But the postilion first affirming, and then persisting in it to my face, that there

there was no mark upon the two sous piece, I opened my eyes to be convinced—and seeing the mark upon it, as plain as my nose—I leaped out of the chaise in a passion, and so saw every thing at Chantilly in spite.—I tried it but for three posts and a half, but believe 'tis the best principle in the world to travel speedily upon; for as few objects look very inviting in that mood—you have little or nothing to stop you; by which means it was that I passed through St. Dennis, without turning my head so much as on one side towards the Abby.—

—Richness of their treasury! stuff and nonsense!—Bating their jewels, which are all false, I would not give three sous for any one thing in it, but *Jaidas's lantern*—nor for that either—only, as it grows dark, it might be of use.

C H A P. XVII.

C ‘CRACK, crack—crack, crack—crack, crack—so this is Paris!’ quoth I, (continuing in the same mood);—‘and this is Paris!—humph!—Paris!’ cried I, repeating the name a third time—

‘The first, the finest, the most brilliant—

—‘The streets, however, are nasty; But it looks, I suppose, better than it smells—crack, crack—crack, crack!’

—‘What a fuss thou makest—as if it concerned the good people to be informed, that a man with a pale face, and clad in black, had the honour to be driven into Paris at nine o’clock at night, by a postillion in a tawny-yellow jerkin turned up with red calamanco—crack, crack—crack, crack—crack, crack! I wish thy whip—

—‘But ’tis the spirit of thy nation; so crack—crack on!’

‘Ha!—and no one gives the wall!—but in the SCHOOL of URBANITY itself, if the walls are besh—t—how can you do otherwise?’

‘And pr’ythee when do they light the lamps? What! never in the summer months?—Ho!—’tis the time of fallads.—O rare! fallad and soup—soup and fallad—fallad and soup, encore.’—

—‘Tis *too much* for sinners.

Now I cannot bear the barbarity of it: how can that unconscionable coachman talk so much bawdy to that lean horse? ‘Don’t you see, friend, the streets are so villainously narrow, that there is not room in all Paris to turn a wheel barrow? In the grandest city of the whole world, it would not have been amiss, if they had been left a thought wider; nay, were it only so much in every single street, as that a man might know (was it only for satisfaction) of which side of it he was walking.

‘One—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—Ten cooks shops! and twice the number of barbers! and all within three minutes driving! one would think that all the cooks in the world, on some great merry meeting with the barbers, by joint consent had said—“Come, let us all go live at Paris: the French love good eating—they are all *gourmands*—we shall rank high; if their god is their belly—their cooks must be gentlemen.”—“And, forasmuch as the *periwig* maketh the man, and the *periwig*-maker maketh the *periwig*—ergo,” would the barbers say, “we shall rank higher still—we shall be above you all—we shall be *Capitoul** at least—pardi! we shall all wear swords.”

—And so, one would swear, (that is, by candle-light—but there is no depending upon it) they continue to do to this day.

C H A P. XVIII.

THE French are certainly misunderstood—but whether the fault is theirs, in not sufficiently explaining themselves, or speaking with that exact limitation and precision which one would expect on a point of such importance, and which, moreover, is so likely to be contested by us—or whether the fault may not be altogether on our side, in not understanding their language always so critically as to know *what they would be at*—I shall not decide; but ’tis evident to me, when they affirm that *they who have seen Paris, have seen every thing*, they must mean

* Chief Magistrate in Toulouse, &c. &c. &c.

to speak of those who have seen it by day-light.

As for candle-light—I give it up—I have said before, there was no depending upon it—and I repeat it again; but not because the lights and shades are too sharp—or the tints confounded—or that there is neither beauty or keeping, &c. . . . for that's not truth—but it is an uncertain light in this respect—that in all the five hundred grand hotels, which they number up to you in Paris—and the five hundred good things, at a modest computation (for 'tis only allowing one good thing to a hotel) which by candle-light are best to be *seen, felt, heard, and understood*—(which, by the bye, is a quotation from Lilly)—the devil a one of us out of fifty can get our heads fairly thrust in amongst them.

This is no part of the French computation; 'tis simply this—

That, by the last survey, taken in the year one thousand seven hundred sixteen, since which time there have been considerable augmentations, Paris doth contain nine hundred streets; (viz.)

In the quarter called the City—there are fifty-three streets.

In St. James of the Shambles, fifty-five streets.

In St. Oportune, thirty-four streets.

In the quarter of the Louvre, twenty-five streets.

In the Palace-Royal, or St. Honorius, forty-nine streets.

In Mont. Martyr, forty-one streets.

In St. Eustace, twenty-nine streets.

In the Halles, twenty-seven streets.

In St. Dennis, fifty-five streets.

In St. Martin, fifty-four streets.

In St. Paul, or the Mortellerie, twenty-seven streets.

The Greve, thirty-eight streets.

In St. Avoy, or the Verrerie, nineteen streets.

In the Marias, or the Temple, fifty-two streets.

In St. Antony's, sixty-eight streets.

In the Place Maubert, eighty-one streets.

In St. Bennet, sixty streets.

In St. Andrew's de Arc's, fifty-one streets.

In the quarter of the Luxembourg, sixty-two streets.

And in that of St. Germain, fifty-

five streets—into any of which you may walk; and that when you have seen them, with all that belongs to them, fairly by day-light—their gates, their bridges, their squares, their statues—and have crusaded it moreover through all their parish churches, by no means omitting St. Roche and Solpice—and to crown all, have taken a walk to the four palaces, which you may see either with or without the statues and pictures, just as you chuse—

—Then you will have seen—

—but, 'tis what no one needeth to tell you, for you will read it yourself upon the portico of the Louvre, in these words—

EARTH NO SUCH FOLKS!—NO FOLKS
E'ER SUCH A TOWN
AS PARIS IS!—SING, DERRY, DERRY,
DOWN *.

The French have a *gay* way of treating every thing that is Great; and that is all can be said upon it.

CHAP. XIX.

IN mentioning the word *gay* (as in the close of the last chapter) it puts one (*i. e.* an author) in mind of the word *spleen*—especially if he has any thing to say upon it: not that, by any analysis—or that, from any table of interest or genealogy, there appears much more ground of alliance betwixt them, than betwixt light and darkness, or any two of the most unfriendly opposites in nature—only 'tis an undercraft of authors to keep up a good understanding amongst words, as politicians do amongst men—not knowing how near they may be under a necessity of placing them to each other—which point being now gain'd, and that I may place mine exactly to my mind, I write it down here—

SPLEEN.

This, upon leaving Chantilly, I declared to be the best principle in the world to travel speedily upon; but I gave it only as matter of opinion—I still

* Non orbis gentem, non urbem gens habet ullam
—ulla parem.

continue in the same sentiments—only I had not then experience enough of it's working to add this, that though you do get on at a tearing rate, yet you get on but uneasily to yourself at the same time; for which reason I here quit it entirely, and for ever, and 'tis heartily at any one's service—it has spoiled me the digestion of a good supper, and brought on a bilious diarrhoea, which has brought me back again to my first principle on which I set out—and with which I shall now scamper it away to the banks of the Garonne.—

—No!—I cannot stop a moment to give you the character of the people—their genius—their manners—their customs—their laws—their religion—their governments—their manufactures—their commerce—their finances—with all the resources and hidden springs which sustain them: qualified as I may be, by spending three days and two nights amongst them, and during all that time making these things the entire subject of my enquiries and reflections.—

Still—still I must away—the roads are paved—the posts are short—the days are long—'tis no more than noon—I shall be at Fontainebleau before the king.—

—'Was he going there?'—'Not that I know.'—

CHAP. XX.

NOW I hate to hear a person, especially if he be a traveller, complain that we do not get on so fast in France as we do in England; whereas we get on much faster, *consideratis, considerandis*; thereby always meaning, that if you weigh their vehicles with the mountains of baggage which you lay both before and behind upon them—and then consider their puny horses, with the very little they give them—'tis a wonder they get on at all: their suffering is most unchristian, and 'tis evident thereupon to me, that a French post-horse would not know what in the world to do, was it not for the two words ***** and ***** in which there is as much sustenance, as if you gave him a peck of corn: now, as these words cost nothing, I long from my soul to tell the reader what they are; but here is the question—they must be told him plainly, and with the most distinct

articulation, or it will answer no end—and yet to do it in that plain way—though their reverences may laugh at it in the bed-chamber—full well I wot, they will abuse it in the parlour: for which cause, I have been volving and revolving in my fancy some time, but to no purpose, by what clean device or facete contrivance I might so modulate them, that whilst I satisfy *that ear* which the reader chuses to *lend me*—I might not dissatisfy the other which he keeps to himself.

—My ink burns my finger to try—and when I have—'twill have a worse consequence—it will burn (I fear) my paper.

—No—I dare not—

But if you wish to know how the Abbess of Andouilletts, and a novice of her convent got over the difficulty (only first wishing myself all imaginable success)—I'll tell you without the least scruple.

CHAP. XXI.

THE Abbess of Andouilletts, which if you look into the large set of provincial maps now publishing at Paris, you will find situated amongst the hills which divide Burgundy from Savoy, being in danger of an *anchylosis* or stiff joint (the *sinovia* of her knee becoming hard by long matins) and having tried every remedy—first, prayers and thanksgiving; then invocations to all the saints in heaven promiscuously—then particularly to every saint who had ever had a stiff leg before her—then touching it with all the reliques of the convent, principally with the thigh-bone of the man of Lystra, who had been impotent from his youth—then wrapping it up in her veil when she went to bed—then cross-wife her rosary—then bringing in to her aid the secular arm, and anointing it with oils and hot fat of animals—then treating it with emolient and resolving fomentations—then with poultices of marsh-mallows, mallows, bonus Henricus, white lilies, and fenugreek—then taking the woods, I mean the smoke of 'em, holding her scapulary across her lap—then decoctions of wild chicory, water-cresses, chervil, sweet cicely and cochlearia—and nothing all this while answering—was prevailed on at last to try the hot baths of Bourbon—so having first obtained

tained leave of the visitor general to take care of her existence—the ordered all to be got ready for her journey: a novice of the convent of about seventeen, who had been troubled with a whitio in her middle finger, by sticking it constantly into the abbess's cast poultices, &c.—had gain'd such an interest, that overlooking a sciatical old nun, who might have been set up for ever by the hot baths of Bourbon, Margarita, the little novice, was elected as the companion of the journey.

An old calesh, belonging to the abbess, lined with green frize, was ordered to be drawn out into the sun—the gardener of the convent being chosen muleteer, led out the two old-mules to clip the hair from the rump ends of their tails, whilst a couple of lay-sisters were busied, the one in darning the lining, and the other in sewing on the shreds of yellow binding, which the teeth of time had unravelled—the under-gardener dress'd the muleteer's hat in hot wine-lees—and a tailor sat musically at it, in a shed over against the convent, in afforting four dozen of bells for the harness, whistling to each bell as he tied it on with a thong.—

—The carpenter and the smith of Andouilletts held a council of wheels; and by seven, the morning after, all looked spruce, and was ready at the gate of the convent for the hot baths of Bourbon—two rows of the unfortunate stood ready there an hour before.

The Abbess of Andouilletts, supported by Margarita the novice, advanced slowly to the calesh, both clad in white, with their black rosaries hanging at their breasts.—

There was a simple solemnity in the contrast: they entered the calesh; the nuns in the same uniform—sweet emblem of innocence!—each occupied a window. And as the abbess and Margarita look'd up—each (the sciatical poor nun excepted)—each stream'd out the end of her veil in the air—then kiss'd the lily hand which let it go: the good abbess and Margarita laid their hands saint-wise up on their breasts—look'd up to heaven—then to them—and look'd, 'God bless you, dear sisters.'

I declare I am interested in this story, and wish I had been there.

The gardener, who I shall now call the muleteer, was a little, hearty, broad-

set, good-natured, chattering, toping kind of a fellow, who troubled his head very little with the *how's* and *when's* of life: so had mortgaged a month of his conventical wages in a borrachio or leathern cask of wine, which he had disposed behind the calesh, with a large russet-coloured riding coat over it, to guard it from the sun; and as the weather was hot—and he, not a niggard of his labours, walking ten times more than he rode—he found more occasions, than those of nature, to fall back to the rear of his carriage; till by frequent coming and going, it had so happen'd, that all his wine had leaked out at the *legal* vent of the borrachio, before one half of the journey was finish'd.

Man is a creature born to habitudes. The day had been sultry—the evening was delicious—the wine was generous;—the Burgundian hill on which it grew was steep—a little tempting bush over the door of a cool cottage at the foot of it, hung vibrating in full harmony with the passions—a gentle air rustled distinctly through the leaves—'Come—come—thirsty muleteer—come in.'

—The muleteer was a son of Adam; I need not say one word more. He gave the mules, each of 'em, a sound lash, and looking in the abbess's and Margarita's faces (as he did it)—as much as to say, 'Here I am!'—he gave a second good crack—as much as to say to his mules, 'Get on!'—so sinking behind, he entered the little inn at the foot of the hill.

The muleteer, as I told you, was a little, joyous, chirping fellow, who thought not of to-morrow, nor of what had gone before, or what was to follow it, provided he got but his scandering of Burgundy, and a little chit-chat along with it: so entering into a long conversation—as how he was chief gardener to the convent of Andouilletts, &c. &c. and out of friendship for the abbess and Mademoiselle Margarita, who was only in her noviciate, he had come along with them from the confines of Savoy, &c.—&c.—and as how she had got a white-swellings by her devotions—and what a nation of herbs he had procured to mollify her humours, &c. &c.—and that if the waters of Bourbon did not mend that leg—she might as well be lame of both—&c. &c. &c.—he so contrived his story, as absolutely to forget the heroine of it—and with her, the little novice;

novice—and what was a more ticklish point to be forgot than both—the two mules: who, being creatures that take advantage of the world, inasmuch as their parents took it of them—and they not being in a condition to return the obligation downwards—(as men, and women, and beasts are)—they do it sideways, and long ways, and back-ways—and up hill, and down hill, and which way they can.—Philosophers, with all their ethicks, have never considered this rightly—how should the poor muleteer, then, in his cups, consider it at all? He did not in the least—'tis time we do; let us leave him then in the vortex of his element, the happiest and most thoughtless of mortal men—and for a moment let us look after the mules, the abbess, and Margarita.

By virtue of the muleteer's two last strokes, the mules had gone quietly on, following their own consciences up the hill, till they had conquered about one half of it; when the elder of them, a shrewd, crafty old devil, at the turn of an angle, giving a side-glance, and no muleteer behind them—

'By my fig!' said she, swearing, 'I'll go no farther!'—'And if I do,' replied the other, 'they shall make a drum of my hide!'—

And so with one consent they stopp'd thus—

C H A P. XXII.

—'Get on with you!' said the abbess.

—'Wh---ysh—ysh!'—cried Margarita.

'Sh---a—shu-u—shu---u—' 'sh---aw!'—hawed the abbess.

—'Whu—v—w—whew—w—w!'—whuved Margarita, puffing up her sweet lips betwixt a hoot and a whistle.

'Thump—thump—thump!'—obscured the Abbess of Andouillet, with the end of her gold-headed cane against the bottom of the calesh.

—The old mule let a f—.

C H A P. XXIII.

'WE are ruined and undone, my child!' said the abbess to Margarita—'we shall be here all night

'—we shall be plundered—we shall be ravished.'—

—'We shall be ravished,' said Margarita, 'as sure as a gun!'

'Sancta Maria!' cried the abbess, (forgetting the O!) 'why was I governed by this wicked stiff joint? why did I leave the convent of Andouillet; and why didst thou not suffer thy servant to go unpolluted to her tomb?'—

'O my finger! my finger!' cried the novice, catching fire at the word *servant*—'why was I not content to put it here, or there, any where, rather than be in this strait?'—

—'Strait!' said the abbess.

'Strait!' said the novice: for terror had struck their understandings—the one knew not what she said—the other what she answered.

'O my virginity! virginity!' cried the abbess.

—'Inity!—inity!' said the novice, sobbing.

C H A P. XXIV.

'MY dear mother,' quoth the novice, coming a little to herself—'there are two certain words, which I have been told will force any horse, or ass, or mule, to go up a hill whether he will or no: be he never so obstinate or ill-will'd, the moment he hears them uttered, he obeys.'—'They are words magick!' cried the abbess, in the utmost horror.—'No,' replied Margarita calmly—'but they are words sinful—' 'What are they?' quoth the abbess, interrupting her. 'They are sinful in the first degree,' answered Margarita—'they are mortal—and if we are ravished and die unabsolved of them, we shall both—' 'But you may pronounce them to me, quoth the Abbess of Andouillet.—'They cannot, my dear mother,' said the novice, 'be pronounced at all; they will make all the blood in one's body fly up into one's face.'—'But you may whisper them in my ear,' quoth the abbess.

Heaven I hadst thou no guardian angel to delegate to the inn at the bottom of the hill? was there no generous and friendly spirit unemployed—no agent in nature, by some menitory shivering, creeping

creeping along the artery which led to his heart, to rouse the mulâtee from his banquet?—no sweet minstrelsy to bring back the fair idea of the abbess and Margarita, with their black rosaries!

Rouse! rouse!—but 'tis too late—the horrid words are pronounced this moment.

—And how to tell them—Ye, who can speak of every thing existing with unpolluted lips—instruct me—guide me.

C H A P. XXV.

'ALL sins whatever,' quoth the abbess, turning casuist in the distress they were under, 'are held by the confessor of our convent to be either mortal or venial: there is no farther division. Now a venial sin being the slightest and least of all sins—being halved—by taking, either only the half of it, and leaving the rest—or, by taking it all, and amicably halving it betwixt yourself and another person—in course, becomes diluted into no sin at all.

'Now I see no sin in saying, *bou, bou, bou, bou*, a hundred times together; nor is there any turpitude in pronouncing the syllable *ger, ger, ger*, *ger, ger*, were it from our matins to our vespers: therefore, my dear daughter,' continued the Abbess of Andouilletts—'I will say *bou*, and thou shalt say *ger*; and then, alternately, as there is no more sin in *fou* than in *bou*—thou shalt say *fou*—and I will come in (like *fa, fol, la, re, mi, ut*, at our complines) with *ter*.' And accordingly the abbess, giving the pitch note, set off thus.

Abbess, } 'Bou - - bou - - bou - -'
Margarita, } —'ger, - - ger, - - ger!'

Margarita, } 'Fou - - fou - - fou - -'
Abbess, } —'ter, - - ter, - - ter!'

The two mules acknowledged the notes by a mutual lash of their tails; but it went no farther.—'It will answer 'by an' by,' said the novice.

Abb. } 'Bou-bou-bou-bou-bou-bou-'
Marg. } —'ger, ger, ger, ger, ger, ger!'

'Quicker still!' cried Margarita.

'Fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou, fou!'

'Quicker still!' cried Margarita.

'Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou, bou!'

'Quicker still!'—'God preserve me!' said the abbess.—'They do not understand us,' cried Margarita.—'But the devil does,' said the Abbess of Andouilletts.

C H A P. XXVI.

WHAT a tract of country have I run!—how many degrees nearer to the warm sun am I advanced, and how many fair and goodly cities have I seen during the time you have been reading, and reflecting, Madam, upon this story! There's FONTAINEBLEAU, and SENS, and JOIGNY, and AUXERRE, and DIJON the capital of Burgundy, and CHALLON, and MACON the capital of the Maconese, and a score more upon the road to LYONS—and now I have run them over—I might as well talk to you of so many market-towns in the moon, as tell you one word about them: it will be this chapter at the least, if not both this and the next, entirely lost, do what I will.

—'Why, 'tis a strange story, Tristram.'

—Alas! Madam, had it been upon some melancholy lecture of the cross—the peace of meekness—or the contentment of resignation—I had not been incommoded: or had I thought of writing it upon the purer abstractions of the soul, and that food of wisdom and holiness, and contemplation, upon which the spirit of man (when separated from the body) is to subsist for ever—you would have come with a better appetite from it.

—I wish I never had wrote it: but as I never blot any thing out—let us use some honest means to get it out of our heads directly.

—Pray reach me my fool's cap—I fear you sit upon it, Madam—'tis under the cushion—I'll put it on.

'Bless me! you have had it upon your head this half-hour.'—Then there let it stay, with a

Fa-ra diddle di
and a fa-ri-diddle d;
and a high-dum—dye-dum
fiddle - - - dumb - c

And now, Madam, we may venture, I hope, a little, to go on.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXVII.

—All you need say of FONTAINEBLEAU (in case you are ask'd) is, that it stands about forty miles (south *something*) from Paris, in the middle of a large forest—that there is something great in it—that the king goes there once every two or three years with his whole court, for the pleasure of the chase—and that during that carnival of sporting, any English gentleman of fashion, (you need not forget yourself) may be accommodated with a nag or two, to partake of the sport, taking care only not to out-gallop the king.

Though there are two reasons why you need not talk loud of this to every one.

First, because it will make the said nags the harder to be got; and—

Secondly, 'tis not a word of it true.—*Allons!*

As for SENS—you may dispatch it in a word—*It is an archiepiscopal 'see.'*

—For JOIGNY—the less, I think, one says of it, the better.

But for AUXERRE—I could go on for ever: for in my *grand tour* through Europe, in which, after all, my father (not caring to trust me with any one) attended me himself, with my Uncle Toby and Trim, and Obadiah, and indeed most of the family, except my mother, who being taken up with the project of knitting my father a pair of large worsted breeches—(the thing is common sense)—and she not caring to be put out of her way, she staid at home at SHANDY HALL, to keep things tight during the expedition; in which, I say, my father stopping us two days at Auxerre, and his researches being ever of such a nature, that they would have found fruit even in a desert—he has left me enough to say upon Auxerre: in short, wherever my father went—but 'twas more remarkably so, in this journey through France and Italy, than in any other stages of his life—his road seemed to lie so much on one side of that, wherein all other travellers had gone before him—he saw kings and courts, and silks of all colours, in such strange lights—and his remarks and reasonings upon the characters, the manners and customs, of the countries

we passed over, were so opposite to those of all other mortal men, particularly those of my Uncle Toby and Trim—to say nothing of myself—and to crown all—the occurrences and scrapes which we were perpetually meeting and getting into, in consequence of his systems and opiniatory—they were of so odd, so mixed and tragi-comical a contexture—that the whole put together, it appears of so different a shade and tint from any tour of Europe, which was ever executed—that I will venture to pronounce—the fault must be mine, and mine only—if it be not read by all travellers and travel-readers, till travelling is no more—or, which comes to the same point—till the world, finally, takes it into it's head to stand still.

—But this rich bale is not to be opened now; except a small thread or two of it, merely to unravel the mystery of my father's stay at AUXERRE.

—As I have mentioned it—'tis too slight to be kept suspended; and when 'tis wove in, there's an end of it.

'We'll go, brother Toby,' said my father, 'whilst dinner is coddling—to the abbey of St. Germain, if it be only to see these bodies, of which Monsieur Sequier has given such a recommendation.'—'I'll go see any body,' quoth my Uncle Toby; for he was all compliance through every step of the journey.—'Defend me!' said my father, 'they are all mummies.'—'Then one need not shave,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'Shave! no,' cried my father, 'it will be more like relations to go with our beards on.'—So out we sallied, the corporal lending his master his arm, and bringing up the rear, to the abbey of St. Germain.

'Every thing is very fine, and very rich, and very superb, and very magnificent!' said my father, addressing himself to the sacristan, who was a young brother of the order of Benedictines, 'but our curiosity has led us to see the bodies, of which Monsieur Sequier has given the world so exact a description.'—The sacristan made a bow, and lighting a torch first, which he had always in the vestry ready for the purpose, he led us into the tomb of St. Heribald.—'This,' said the sacristan, laying his hand upon the tomb, 'was a renowned prince of the house of
F f 'Bava-

‘ Bavaria, who under the successive reigns of Charlemagne, Louis le Debonair, and Charles the Bald, bore a great sway in the government, and had a principal hand in bringing every thing into order and discipline.’

‘ Then he has been as great,’ said my Uncle ‘ in the field as in the cabinet — I dare say he has been a gallant soldier.’ — ‘ He was a monk,’ said the sacristan.

My Uncle Toby and Trim sought comfort in each other’s faces—but found it not; my father clapped both his hands upon his cod-piece, which was a way he had when any thing hugely tickled him; for though he hated a monk, and the very smell of a monk, worse than all the devils in hell—yet the shot hitting my Uncle Toby and Trim so much harder than him, ’twas a relative triumph; and put him into the gayest humour in the world.

— ‘ And pray what do you call this gentleman?’ quoth my father, rather sportingly. ‘ This tomb,’ said the young Benedictine, looking downwards, ‘ contains the bones of Saint MAXIMA, who came from Ravenna on purpose to touch the body—’

— ‘ Of Saint MAXIMUS,’ said my father, popping in with his saint before him— ‘ they were two of the greatest saints in the whole martyrology,’ added my father. — ‘ Excuse me,’ said the sacristan— ‘ it was to touch the bones of St. Germain, the builder of the abbey.’ — ‘ And what did she get by it?’ said my Uncle Toby. — ‘ What does any woman get by it?’ said my father. — ‘ MARTYRDOM,’ replied the young Benedictine, making a bow down to the ground, and uttering the word with so humble, but decisive a cadence, it disarmed my father for a moment. ‘ It is supposed,’ continued the Benedictine, ‘ that St. Maxima has lain in this tomb four hundred years, and two hundred before her canonization.’ — ‘ It is but a slow rise, brother Toby,’ quoth my father, ‘ in this self same army of martyrs.’ — ‘ A desperate slow one, an’ please your honour,’ said Trim, ‘ unless one could purchase—’ ‘ I should rather sell out entirely,’ quoth my Uncle Toby. — ‘ I am pretty much of your opinion, brother Toby,’ said my father.

— ‘ Poor St. Maxima!’ said my

Uncle Toby, low to himself, as we turned from her tomb. — ‘ She was one of the fairest and most beautiful ladies either of Italy or France,’ continued the sacristan. — ‘ But who the deuce has got lain down here, besides her?’ quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb as we walked on. — ‘ It is St. Optat, Sir,’ answered the sacristan. — ‘ And properly is St. Optat placed!’ said my father: ‘ and what is St. Optat’s story?’ continued he. ‘ St. Optat,’ replied the sacristan, ‘ was a bishop—’

— ‘ I thought so, by Heaven!’ cried my father, interrupting him. — ‘ St. Optat!—how should St. Optat fail?’ so snatching out his pocket-book, and the young Benedictine holding him the torch as he wrote, he set it down as a new prop to his system of Christian names: and I will be bold to say, so disinterested was he in the search of truth, that had he found a treasure in St. Optat’s tomb, it would not have made him half so rich—’twas as successful a short visit as ever was paid to the dead; and so highly was his fancy pleased with all that had passed in it—that he determined at once to stay another day in Auxerre.

— ‘ I’ll see the rest of these good gentry to-morrow,’ said my father, as we crossed over the square. — ‘ And while you are paying that visit, brother Shandy,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘ the corporal and I will mount the ramparts.’

CHAP. XXVIII.

— **N**OW this is the most puzzled skein of all—for in this last chapter, as far at least as it has helped me through Auxerre, I have been getting forwards in two different journeys together, and with the same dash of the pen—for I have got entirely out of Auxerre in this journey which I am writing now, and I am got half-way out of Auxerre in that which I shall write hereafter. There is but a certain degree of perfection in every thing; and by pushing at something beyond that, I have brought myself into such a situation, as no traveller ever stood before me; for I am this moment walking across the market place of Auxerre with my father and my Uncle Toby,

Toby, in our way back to dinner—and I am this moment also entering Lyons with my post-chaise broke into a thousand pieces—and I am moreover this moment in a handsome pavilion built by Pringello*, upon the banks of the Garonne, which Mons. Sligniac has lent me, and where I now sit rhapsodizing all these affairs.

—Let me collect myself, and pursue my journey.

C H A P. XXIX.

‘I Am glad of it,’ said I, settling the account with myself as I walked into Lyons—my chaise being all laid higgledy-piggledy with my baggage in a cart, which was moving slowly before me—‘I am heartily glad,’ said I, ‘that it is all broke to pieces; for now I can go directly by water to Avignon, which will carry me on a hundred and twenty miles of my journey, and not cost me seven livres—and from thence,’ continued I, bringing forwards the account, ‘I can hire a couple of mules—or asses, if I like, (for nobody knows me) and cross the plains of Languedoc, for almost nothing—I shall gain four hundred livres by the misfortune, clear into my purse; and pleasure!—worth—worth double the money by it.—With what velocity,’ continued I, clapping my two hands together, ‘shall I fly down the rapid Rhone, with the VIVARES on my right-hand, and DAUPHINY on my left, scarce seeing the ancient cities of VIENNE, *Valence*, and Vivieres! What a flame will it rekindle in the lamp, to snatch a blushing grape from the Hermitage and Côté Roti, as I shoot by the foot of them? and what a fresh spring in the blood! to behold upon the banks, advancing and retreating, the castles of romance, whence courteous knights have whilome rescued the distress’d—and see vertiginous, the rocks, the mountains, the cataracts, and all the hurry which Nature is in, with all her great works about her.’—

As I went on thus, methought my chaise, the wreck of which looked state-

ly enough at the first, insensibly grew less and less in it’s size; the freshness of the painting was no more—the gilding lost it’s lustre—and the whole affair appeared so poor in my eyes—so sorry!—so contemptible! and, in a word, so much worse than the Abbess of Andouillet’s itself—that I was just opening my mouth to give it to the devil—when a pert vamping chaise undertaker, stepping nimbly across the street, demanded if Monsieur would have his chaise refitted—‘No, no,’ said I, shaking my head side-ways.—‘Would Monsieur chuse to sell it?’ rejoined the undertaker.—‘With all my soul,’ said I; ‘the iron work is worth forty livres—’ and the glasses worth forty more—and ‘the leather you may take to live on.’

—‘What a mine of wealth,’ quoth I, as he counted me the money, ‘has this post-chaise brought me in?’—And this is my usual method of book-keeping, at least with the disasters of life—making a penny of every one of ‘em, as they happen to me—

—‘Do, my dear Jenny, tell the world for me, how I have behaved under one of the most oppressive of it’s kind which could befall me as a man, proud as he ought to be, of his manhood.’—

‘It is enough,’ saidst thou, coming close up to me, as I stood with my garters in my hand, reflecting upon what had *not* passed—‘It is enough, Tristram, and I am satisfied,’ saidst thou, whispering these words in my ear, “****”;—****

“** ****”—any other man would have sunk down to the centre.’

—‘Every thing is good for something,’ quoth I.

—I’ll go into Wales for six weeks, and drink goat’s whey—and I’ll gain seven years longer life for the accident. For which reason I think myself inexcusable for blaming fortune so often as I have done, for pelting me all my life long, like an ungracious duchess, as I called her, with so many small evils: surely, if I have any cause to be angry with her, ’tis that she has not sent me great ones—a score of good, curled, bouncing losses, would have been as good as a pension to me.

* The same Don Pringello, the celebrated Spanish architect, of whom my Cousin Antony has made such honourable mention in a Scholium to the tale inscribed to his name. Vide p. 129. small edit.

One of a hundred a year, or so, is all I wish—I would not be at the plague of paying land-tax for a larger.

C H A P. XXX.

TO those who call vexations, VEXATIONS, as knowing what they are, there could not be a greater, than to be the best part of a day in Lyons, the most opulent and flourishing city in France, enriched with the most fragments of antiquity—and not be able to see it. To be withheld upon any account, must be a vexation; but to be withheld by a vexation—must certainly be what philosophy justly calls

VEXATION

UPON

VEXATION.

I had got my too dishes of milk-coffee (which, by the bye, is excellently good for a consumption, but you must boil the milk and coffee together—otherwise 'tis only coffee and milk)—and as it was no more than eight in the morning, and the boat did not go off till noon, I had time to see enough of Lyons to tire the patience of all the friends I had in the world with it. ‘I will take a walk to the cathedral,’ said I, looking at my list, ‘and see the wonderful mechanism of this great clock of Lippius of Basil, in the first place.’—

Now, of all things in the world, I understand the least of mechanism—I have neither genius, or taste, or fancy—and have a brain so entirely unapt for every thing of that kind, that I solemnly declare I was never yet able to comprehend the principles of motion of a squirrel-cage, or a common knife-grinder's wheel—though I have many an hour of my life looked up with great devotion at the one—and stood by with as much patience as any Christian eye could do at the other.—

‘I'll go see the surprizing movements of this great clock,’ said I, ‘the very first thing I do: and then I will pay a visit to the great library of the Jesuits, and procure, if possible, a sight of the thirty volumes of the general history of China, wrote (not in the Tartarian, but) in the Chinese

language, and in the Chinese character too.’

Now I almost know as little of the Chinese language, as I do of the mechanism of Lippius's clock-work; so, why these should have jostled themselves into the two first articles of my list—I leave to the curious as a problem of Nature. I own it looks like one of her ladyship's obliquities; and they who court her, are interested in finding out her humour as much as I.

‘When these curiosities are seen,’ quoth I, half addressing myself to my *valet de place*, who stood behind me, it will be no hurt if we go to the church of St. Ireneus, and see the pillar to which Christ was tied—and after that, the house where Pontius Pilate lived.’—‘It was at the next town,’ said the *valet de place*—at Vienne.—‘I am glad of it,’ said I, rising briskly from my chair, and walking across the room with strides twice as long as my usual pace—for so much the sooner shall I be at the tomb of the two lovers.’

What was the cause of this movement, and why I took such long strides in uttering this—I might leave to the curious too; but as no principle of clock-work is concerned in it—'twill be as well for the reader if I explain myself.

C H A P. XXXI.

O! There is a sweet æra in the life of man, when—(the brain being tender and fibrillous, and more like pap than any thing else)—a story read of two fond lovers, separated from each other by cruel parents, and by still more cruel destiny—

Amandus—He

Amanda—She—

each ignorant of the other's course,

He—east

She—west

Amandus taken captive by the Turks, and carried to the Emperor of Morocco's court, where the Princess of Morocco falling in love with him, keeps him twenty years in prison, for the love of his Amanda—

She—(Amanda) all the time wandering bare foot, and with dishevelled hair, o'er rocks and mountains enquiring for Amandus—Amandus! Amandus!—making

—making every hill and valley to echo back his name—

‘Amandus! Amandus!’

at every town and city sitting down forlorn at the gate—‘Has Amandus!—has my Amandus entered?’—till, going round, and round, and round the world—chance unexpected bringing them at the same moment of the night, though by different ways, to the gate of Lyons, their native city, and each in well known accents calling out aloud,

‘Is Amandus } still alive?’
‘Is my Amanda }

they fly into each other’s arms, and both drop down dead for joy.

There is a soft æra in every gentle mortal’s life, where such a story affords more *pabulum* to the brain, than all the *fruits*, and *crusts*, and *rusts* of Antiquity, which travellers can cook up for it.

‘Twas all that stuck on the right side of the cullender in my own, of what Spon and others, in their accounts of Lyons, had *strained* into it; and finding, moreover, in some itinerary, but in what God knows—that sacred to the fidelity of Amandus and Amanda, a tomb was built without the gates, where to this hour lovers called upon them to attest their truths—I never could get into a scrape of that kind in my life, but this *tomb of the lovers* would, some how or other, come in at the close—nay such a kind of empire had it established over me, that I could seldom think or speak of Lyons, and sometimes not so much as see even a *Lyons waistcoat*, but this remnant of antiquity would present itself to my fancy; and I have often said in my wild way of running on—though I fear with some irreverence—‘I thought this shrine (neglected as it was) as valuable as that of Mecca, and so little short, except in wealth, of the Santa Casa itself, that some time or other, I would go a pilgrimage (though I had no other business at Lyons) on purpose to pay it a visit.’

In my list, therefore, of *videnda* at Lyons—this, though *last*—was not, you see, *least*; so taking a dozen or two of longer strides than usual across my room, just while it passed my brain, I walked down calmly into the *Basse Cour*, in order to fall forth; and having called for my bill—as it was uncertain whether I should return to my inn, I had paid it—had moreover given the maid ten sous, and was just receiving

the dernier compliments of Monsieur Le Blanc, for a pleasant voyage down the Rhône—when I was stopped at the gate.—

C H A P. XXXII.

—‘T’WAS by a poor ass who had just turned in with a couple of large panniers upon his back, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves; and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet on the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder-feet towards the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

Now, it is an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike—there is a patient endurance of sufferings, wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me, and to that degree, that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will—whether in town or country—in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage—I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I)—I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance—and where those carry me not deep enough—in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man—upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me, with whom I can do this: for parrots, jack-daws, &c.—I never exchange a word with them—nor with the apes, &c. for pretty near the same reason; they act by rote, as the others speak by it, and equally make me silent: nay my dog and my cat, though I value them both—(and for my dog) he would speak if he could)—yet some how or other, they neither of them possess the talents for conversation—I can make nothing of a discourse with them, beyond the *proposition*, the *reply*, and *rejoinder*, which terminated my father’s and my mother’s conversations, in his beds of justice—and those utter’d—there’s an end of the dialogue—

—But with an ass, I can commune for ever.

‘Come,

‘Come, Honesty!’ said I, seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate—‘art thou for coming in, or going out?’

The ass twisted his head round to look up the street.—

‘Well,’ replied I—‘we’ll wait a minute for thy driver.’

—He turned his head thoughtful about, and looked wistfully the opposite way.—

‘I understand thee perfectly,’ answered I—‘if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death—Well! a minute is but a minute, and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill-spent.’

He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and in the little peevish contentions of nature betwixt hunger and unfavourableness, had dropt it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and pick’d it up again—‘God help thee, Jack!’ said I, ‘thou hast a bitter breakfast on’t—and many a bitter days labour—and many a bitter blow, I fear, for it’s wages—it is all—’ all bitterness to thee, whatever life is to others—And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as foot—(for he had cast aside the stem)—‘and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world, that will give thee a macaroon.’—In saying this, I pull’d out a paper of ‘em, which I had just purchased, and gave him one—and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me, that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon—than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I press’d him to come in—the poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backwards, and as I pull’d at his halter, it broke short in my hand—he look’d up pensive in my face—‘Don’t thrash me with it—but if you will, you may.’—‘If I do,’ said I, ‘I’ll be d—d.’

The word was but one half of it pronounced, like the abbess of Andoüillet’s—(so there was no sin in it)—when a person coming in, let fall a thundering bastinado upon the poor devil’s crupper, which put an end to the ceremony.

‘*Out upon it!*’ cried I—but the interjection was equi-

vocal—and, I think, wrong-placed too, for the end of an osier which had started out from the contexture of the ass’s pannier, and caught hold of my breeches pocket as he rushed by me, and rent it in the most disastrous direction you can imagine—so that the

‘*Out upon it!*’ in my opinion, should have come in here—but this I leave to be settled by

THE
REVIEWERS
OF
MY BREECHES,

which I have brought over along with me for that purpose.

CHAP. XXXIII.

WHEN all was set to rights, I came down stairs again into the *Basse Cour* with my valet de place, in order to sally out towards the tomb of the two lovers, &c.—and was a second time stopped at the gate—not by the ass—but by the person who struck him; and who, by that time, had taken possession (as is not uncommon after a defeat) of the very spot of ground where the ass stood.

It was a commissary sent to me from the post-office, with a rescript in his hand for the payment of some six livres odd sous.

‘Upon what account?’ said I.—‘It is upon the part of the king,’ replied the commissary, heaving up both his shoulders.—

—‘My good friend,’ quoth I, ‘as sure as I am I—and you are you—’

—‘And who are you?’ said he.—‘Don’t puzzle me!’ said I.

CHAP. XXXIV.

—‘But it is an indubitable verity,’ continued I, addressing myself to the commissary, changing only the form of my asseveration—‘that I owe the king of France nothing but my good-will; for he is a very honest man, and I wish him all health and pastime in the world.’—

‘*Pardonnez moi!*’—replied the commissary; ‘you are indebted to him six livres, four sous, for the next post from hence to St. Fon’s, in your rout to Avignon—’

‘Avignon—which being a post-royal, you pay double for the horses and postilion—otherwise ’twould have amounted to no more than three livres two sous.—

—‘But I don’t go by land,’ said I.

—‘You may, if you please,’ replied the commissary.—

‘Your most obedient servant!’—said I, making him a low bow.—

The commissary, with all the sincerity of grave good-breeding—made me one, as low again.—I never was more disconcerted with a bow in my life.

—‘The devil take the serious character of these people!’ quoth I—(aside)—‘they understand no more of IRONY than this—’

The comparison was standing close by with his panniers—but something scaled up my lips—I could not pronounce the name.

‘Sir,’ said I, collecting myself—‘it is not my intention to take post.’

—‘But you may;’—said he, persisting in his first reply—‘you may take post if you chuse.’

—‘And I may take salt to my pickled herring,’ said I, ‘if I chuse.’

—‘But I do not chuse.’

—‘But you must pay for it, whether you do or no.’—‘Aye! for the salt!’ said I, ‘(I know)—’

—‘And for the post too,’ added he.—‘Defend me!’ cried I.

‘I travel by water—I am going down the Rhône this very afternoon—my baggage is in the boat—and I have actually paid nine livres for my passage.’

‘*C’est tout égal*—’tis all one!’ said he.

‘*Bon Dieu!* what, pay for the way I go! and for the way I do not go!’

—‘*C’est tout égal!*’ replied the commissary—

—‘The devil it is!’ said I.—‘But I will go to ten thousand bastiles first!’

‘O England! England! thou land of liberty, and climate of good sense; thou tenderest of mothers—and gentlest of nurses,’ cried I, kneeling upon one knee, as I was beginning my apostrophe—

When the director of Madam Le Blanc’s conscience coming in at that instant, and seeing a person in black, with a face as pale as ashes, at his devotions—looking still paler by the contrast and distresses of his drapery—asked, if I stood in want of the aids of the church,

‘I go by WATER,’—said I—‘and here’s another will be for making me pay for going by OIL.’

C H A P. XXXV.

AS I perceived the commissary of the post-office would have six livres four sous, I had nothing else for it, but to say some smart thing upon the occasion, worth the money—

—And so I set off thus:

—‘And pray, Mr. Commissary, by what law of courtesy is a defenceless stranger to be used just the reverse from what you use a Frenchman in this matter?’

‘By no means,’ said he.

‘Excuse me!’ said I—‘for you have begun, Sir, with first tearing off my breeches—and now you want my pocket—’

‘Whereas—had you first taken my pocket, as you do with your own people—and then left me bare a—d after—I had been a beast to have complained.’

‘As it is—’

‘It is contrary to the *law of nature*.’

‘It is contrary to *reason*.’

‘It is contrary to the GOSPEL.’

‘But not to this!’ said he, putting a printed paper into my hand.

‘PAR LE ROY.’

—‘It is a pithy prolegomenon,’ quoth I—and so read on—

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—‘By all which it appears,’ quoth I, having read it over a little too rapidly, ‘that if a man sets out in a post-chaise from Paris—he must go on travelling in one all the days of his life, —or pay for it.’—‘Excuse me,’ said the commissary, ‘the spirit of the ordinance is this—that if you set out with an intention of running post from Paris to Avignon, &c. you shall not change that intention or mode of travelling without first satisfying the fermiers for two posts farther than the place you repent at—and ’tis founded,’ continued he, ‘upon this—that the REVENUES are not to fall short through your *fickleness*’—

—‘O by heavens!’ cried I—‘if fickleness is taxable in France—we have

'have nothing to do but to make the
'best peace with you we can.'—

AND SO THE PEACE WAS MADE.

—And if it is a bad one—as Tristram Shandy laid the corner-stone of it—nobody but Tristram Shandy ought to be hanged.

CHAP. XXXVI.

THOUGH I was sensible I had said as many clever things to the commissary as came to six livres four sous, yet I was determined to note down the imposition amongst my remarks before I retired from the place; so putting my hand into my coat-pocket for my remarks—(which, by the bye, may be a caution to travellers to take a little more care of *their* remarks for the future) 'my remarks were *stolen*.'—Never did sorry traveller make such a pother and racket about his remarks as I did about mine, upon the occasion.

'Heaven! earth! sea! fire!' cried I, calling in every thing to my aid but what I should—'My remarks are stolen!—what shall I do?—Mr. Commissary! pray did I drop any remarks 'as I stood besides you?'—

'You dropped a good many very singular ones,' replied he.—'Pugh!' said I, 'those were but a few, not 'worth above six livres two sous—but 'these are a large parcel.'—He shook his head.—'Monsieur Le Blanc! Madame Le Blanc! did you see any papers of mine?—you maid of the house! run up stairs—François! run up after her—

'I must have my remarks—they 'were the best remarks,' cried I, 'that 'ever were made—the wisest—the wit- 'tiest—What shall I do!—which way 'shall I turn myself!'

Sancho Panca, when he lost his ass's FURNITURE, did not exclaim more bitterly.

CHAP. XXXVII.

WHEN the first transport was over, and the registers of the brain were beginning to get a little out of the confusion into which this jumble of cross accidents had cast them—it then presently occurred to me, that I had left my remarks in the pocket of

the chaise—and that in selling my chaise, I had sold my remarks along with it to the chaise-vamper.

I leave this void space that the reader may swear into it any oath that he is most accustomed to.—'For my own part, if ever I swore 'a *whole* oath into a vacancy in my 'life, I think it was into that—* * * * *,' said I—'and so my 'marks through France, which were 'as full of wit as an egg is full of meat, 'and as well worth four hundred guineas, as the said egg is worth a penny—have I been selling here to a 'chaise-vamper—for four louis d'ors—and giving him a post-chaise (by Heaven!) worth six into the bargain; 'had it been to Doddsley, or Becket, or 'any creditable bookseller, who was 'either leaving off business, and wanted a post-chaise—or who was beginning it—and wanted my remarks, and 'two or three guineas along with them, 'I could have borne it—but to a chaise-vamper!—shew me to him this moment, François,' said I.—The *valet de place* put on his hat, and led the way—and I pulled off mine, as I passed the commissary, and followed him.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

WHEN we arrived at the chaise-vamper's house, both the house and the shop were shup up: it was the eighth of September, the nativity of the blessed Virgin Mary, mother of God—

—Tantarra-ra-tan-tivi—the whole world was going out a May-poling—frisking here—capering there—nobody cared a button for me or my remarks; so I sat me down upon a bench by the door, philosophating upon my condition. By a better fate than usually attends me, I had not waited half an hour, when the mistress came in, to take the papillotes from off her hair, before she went to the May-poles—

The French women, by the bye, love May-poles, *a la folie*—that is, as much as their matins—give 'em but a May-pole, whether in May, June, July, or September—they never count the times—down it goes—'tis meat, drink, washing, and lodging to 'em—and had we but the policy, an' please your worships (as wood is a little scarce in France) to send them but plenty of May-poles—
The

The women would set them up; and when they had done, they would dance round them (and the men for company) till they were all blind.

The wife of the chaise-vamper stepped in, I told you, to take the papillotes from off her hair—the toilet stands still for no man—so she jerked off her cap, to begin with them as she opened the door; in doing which, one of them fell upon the ground—I instantly saw it was my own writing.—

‘O seigneur!’ cried I—‘you have got all my remarks upon your head, Madam!’—‘*J’en suis bien mortifié!*’ said she.—‘It is well,’ thinks I, ‘they have stuck there—for could they have gone deeper, they would have made such confusion in a French woman’s nod-dle—she had better have gone with it unfizzled to the day of eternity.’

‘*Tenez!*’ said she—so, without any idea of the nature of my suffering, she took them from her curls, and put them gravely, one by one, into my hat—one was twisted this way—another twisted that—‘Aye! by my faith; and when they are published,’ quoth I—‘they will be worse twisted still.’

CHAP. XXXIX.

‘AND now for Lippius’s clock!’ said I, with the air of a man who had got through all his difficulties. ‘Nothing can prevent us seeing that and the Chinese history, &c.’—‘Except the time,’ said François—‘for ’tis almost eleven.’—‘Then we must speed the faster,’ said I, striding it away to the cathedral.

I cannot say, in my heart, that it gave me any concern in being told by one of the minor canons, as I was entering the west-door—that Lippius’s great clock was all out of joints, and had not gone for some years—‘It will give me the more time,’ thought I, ‘to peruse the Chinese history; and besides, I shall be able to give the world a better account of the clock in it’s decay, than I could have done in it’s flourishing condition.’

—And so away I posted to the college of the Jesuits.

Now it is with the project of getting a peep at the History of China in Chinese characters—as with many others

I could mention, which strike the fancy only at a distance; for, as I came nearer and nearer to the point—my blood cooled—the freak gradually went off, till at length I would not have given a cherry-stone to have it gratified.—The truth was, my time was short, and my heart was at the tomb of the lovers. ‘I wish to God,’ said I, as I got the rapper in my hand, ‘that the key of the library may be but lost!’ It fell out as well—

For all the JESUITS had got the collick—and to that degree, as never was known in the memory of the oldest practitioner.

CHAP. XL.

AS I knew the geography of the tomb of the lovers as well as if I had lived twenty years in Lyons—namely, that it was upon the turning of my right-hand, just without the gate, leading to the Fauxbourg de Vaife—I dispatched François to the boat, that I might pay the homage I so long owed it, without a witness of my weakness. I walked with all imaginable joy towards the place—when I saw the gate which intercepted the tomb, my heart glowed within me.

—‘Tender and faithful spirits!’ cried I, addressing myself to Amandus and Amanda; ‘long—long have I tarried to drop this tear upon your tomb—I come—I come!’—

When I came—there was no tomb to drop it upon.

What would I have given for my Uncle Toby to have whistled Lillabulero!

CHAP. XLI.

NO matter how, or in what mood—but I flew from the tomb of the lovers—or, rather, I did not fly from it—(for there was no such thing existing) and just got time enough to the boat to save my passage—and ere I had sailed a hundred yards, the Rhône and the Saôn met together, and carried me down merrily betwixt them.

But I have described this voyage down the Rhône, before I made it—

—So now I am at Avignon; and,

as there is nothing to see but the old house, in which the Duke of Ormond resided, and nothing to stop me but a short remark upon the place, in three minutes you will see me crossing the bridge upon a mule, with François upon a horse with my portmanteau behind him, and the owner of both, striding the way before us with a long gun upon his shoulder, and a sword under his arm, lest peradventure we should run away with his cattle. Had you seen my breeches in entering Avignon—though you'd have seen them better, I think, as I mounted—you would not have thought the precaution amiss, or found in your heart to have taken it in dudgeon: for my own part, I took it most kindly; and determined to make him a present of them, when we got to the end of our journey, for the trouble they had put him to, of arming himself at all points against them.

Before I go farther, let me get rid of my remark upon Avignon, which is this: that I think it wrong, merely because a man's hat has been blown off his head by chance the first night he comes to Avignon—that he should therefore say, 'Avignon is more subject to high winds than any town in all France:' for which reason, I laid no stress upon the accident till I had enquired of the master of the inn about it; who telling me seriously it was so—and hearing, moreover, the windiness of Avignon spoke of in the country about as a proverb—I set it down, merely to ask the learned what can be the cause—the consequence I saw—for they are all dukes, marquises, and counts there—the deuce a baron in all Avignon—so that there is scarce any talking to them, on a windy day.

'Pr'ythee, friend,' said I, 'take hold of my mule for a moment!' for I wanted to pull off one of my jack-boots, which hurt my heel—the man was standing quite idle at the door of the inn, and, as I had taken it into my head he was some way concerned about the house or stable, I put the bridle into his hand—so begun with my boot—when I had finished the affair, I turned about to take the mule from the man, and thank him—

—But *Monsieur le Marquis* had walked in.

C H A P. XLII.

I Had now the whole south of France, from the banks of the Rhône to those of the Garonne, to traverse upon my mule at my own leisure — *at my own leisure* — for I had left Death, the Lord knows, and he only, how far behind me. — 'I have followed many a man through France,' quoth he, 'but never at this mettlesome rate.' Still he followed, and still I fled him—but I fled him chearfully; still he pursued—but like one who pursued his prey without hope—as he lagged, every step he lost softened his looks—why should I fly him at this rate?

So, notwithstanding all the commissary of the post-office had said, I changed the *mode* of my travelling once more; and after so precipitate and rattling a course as I had run, I flattered my fancy with thinking of my mule, and that I should traverse the rich plains of Languedoc upon his back, as slowly as foot could fall.

There is nothing more pleasing to a traveller—or more terrible to travel-writers—than a large rich plain; especially, if it is without great rivers or bridges; and presents nothing to the eye, but one unvaried picture of plenty: for after they have once told you that 'tis delicious! or delightful! (as the case happens)—that the soil was grateful, and that Nature pours out all her abundance, &c. . . . they have then a large plain upon their hands, which they know not what to do with—and which is of little or no use to them but to carry them to some town; and that town, perhaps, of little more, but a new place to start from to the next plain—and so on.

This is most terrible work! judge if I don't manage my plains better.

C H A P. XLIII.

I Had not gone above two leagues and a half, before the man with his gun began to look at his priming.

I had three several times loitered *terribly* behind: half a mile at least every time: once, in deep conference with a drum-maker, who was making drums for

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for the fairs of *Baucaira* and *Tarascone*—I did not understand the principles—

The second time, I cannot so properly say, I stopped—for meeting a couple of Franciscans straitened more for time than myself, and not being able to get to the bottom of what I was about—I had turn'd back with them.

The third was an affair of trade with a gossip, for a hand-basket of Provence figs for four sous; this would have been transacted at once, but for a case of conscience at the close of it; for when the figs were paid for, it turned out, that there were two dozen of eggs cover'd over with vine-leaves at the bottom of the basket—as I had no intention of buying eggs, I made no sort of claim of them—as for the space they had occupied, what signified it?—I had figs enough for my money.

—But it was my intention to have the basket—it was the gossip's intention to keep it, without which she could do nothing with her eggs—and, unless I had the basket, I could do as little with my figs, which were too ripe already, and most of 'em burst at the side: this brought on a short contention, which terminated in sundry proposals, what we should both do.

—How we disposed of our eggs and figs, I defy you, or the devil himself, had he not been there (which I am persuaded he was) to form the least probable conjecture: you will read the whole of it—not this year, for I am hastening to the story of my Uncle Toby's amours—but you will read it in the collection of those which have arose out of the journey across this plain—and which, therefore, I call my—

PLAIN STORIES.

How far my pen has been fatigued, like those of other travellers, in this journey of it, over so barren a track—the world must judge—but the traces of it, which are now all set o' vibrating together this moment, tell me 'tis the most fruitful and busy period of my life; for, as I had made no convention with my man with the gun as to time—by stopping and talking to every soul I met who was not in a full trot—joining all parties before me—waiting for every soul behind—hailing all those who were coming through cross-roads—arresting

all kinds of beggars, pilgrims, fiddlers, friars—not passing by a woman in a mulberry-tree without commending her legs, and tempting her into conversation with a pinch of snuff.—In short, by seizing every handle, of what size or shape soever, which chance held out to me in this journey—I turned my *plain* into a *city*—I was always in company, and with great variety too: and as my mule loved society as much as myself, and had some proposals always on his part to offer to every beast he met—I am confident we could have passed through Pall Mall or St. James's Street for a month together, with fewer adventures—and seen less of human nature.

O! there is that sprightly frankness which at once unpins every plait of a Languedocian's dress—that whatever is beneath it, it looks so like the simplicity which poets sing of in better days—I will delude my fancy, and believe it is so.

'Twas in the road betwixt Nîmes and Lunel, where there is the best Muscatto wine in all France; and which, by the bye, belongs to the honest canons of MONTPELLIER—and foul befall the man who has drank it at their table, who grudges them a drop of it.

—The sun was set—they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh—and the swains were preparing for a carousal.—My mule made a dead point.—'It is the fife and tabourin,' said I.—'I'm frightened to death!' quoth he.—'They are running at the ring of pleasure,' said I, giving him a prick.—'By St. Boogar, and all the saints at the back-side of the door of purgatory,' said he, (making the same resolution with the Abbess of Andoüillet's) 'I'll not go a step farther.'—'It is very well, Sir,' said I.—'I never will argue a point with one of your family as long as I live!' So leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch, and t'other into that—'I'll take a dance,' said I; 'so stay you here.'

A sun-burnt daughter of labour arose up from the grouse to meet me as I advanced towards them; her hair, which was a dark chestnut, approaching rather to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.

'We want a cavalier,' said she, holding
G g 2 ing

ing out both her hands, as if to offer them.—‘And a cavalier you shall have,’ said I, taking hold of both of them.

‘Hadst thou, Nannette, been array’d like a duchess!’—

—‘But that cursed slit in thy petticoat!’

Nannette cared not for it.

‘We could not have done without you!’ said she, letting go one hand, and with self-taught politeness leading me up with the other.

A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tabourin of his own accord, ran sweetly over the prelude, as he sat upon the bank. ‘Tie me up this tress instantly!’ said Nannette, putting a piece of string into my hand. It taught me to forget I was a stranger—the whole knot fell down—we had been seven years acquainted.

The youth struck the note upon the tabourin—his pipe followed, and off we bounded—‘The deuce take that slit!’

The sister of the youth, who had stolen her voice from heaven, sung alternately with her brother—’twas a Gascoigne roundelay.

‘VIVA LA JOIA!’

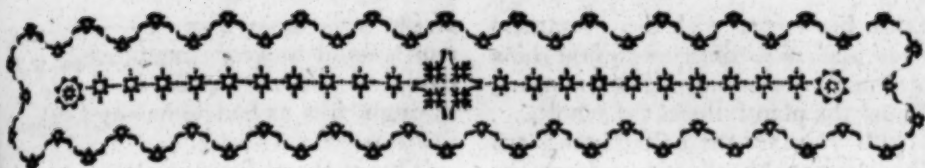
‘FIDON LA TRISTESSA!’

The nymphs join’d in unison, and their swains an octave below them.

I would have given a crown to have it sewed up—Nannette would not have given a sou—‘*Viva la joia!*’ was in her lips.—‘*Viva la joia!*’ was in her eyes. A transient spark of amity shot across the space betwixt us—She look’d amiable!—Why could I not live and end my days thus? ‘Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows,’ cried I, ‘why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here—and dance, and sing, and say his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid?’ Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and dance up insidiously.—‘Then it is time to dance off,’ quoth I: so changing only partners and tunes, I danced it away from Lunel to Montpellier—from thence to Pefcnas, Beziers—I danced it along through Narbonne, Carcasson, and Castle Naudairy, till at last I danced myself into Perdrillo’s pavilion; where pulling out a paper of black lines, that I might go on straight forwards, without digression or parenthesis, in my Uncle Toby’s amours—

I begun thus—

END OF THE SEVENTH VOLUME.



THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE EIGHTH.

CHAP. I.



UT softly—for in these sportive plains, and under this genial fun, where at this instant all flesh is running out piping, fiddling, and dancing to the vintage, and every step that's taken, the judgment is surprized by the imagination, I defy—notwithstanding all that has been said upon *straight lines**, in sundry pages of my book—I defy the best cabbage-planter that ever existed, whether he plants backwards or forwards, it makes little difference in the account—(except that he will have more to answer for in the one case than in the other)—I defy him to go on coolly, critically, and canonically, planting his cabbages one by one, in straight lines, and stoical distances, especially if flits in petticoats are unsew'd up—without ever and anon straddling out, or sidling into some bastardly digression.

—In *Freeze-land*, *Fog-land*, and some other lands I wot of—it may be done.—

But in this clear climate of fantasy and perspiration, where every idea, sensible and insensible, gets vent—in this land, my dear Eugenius—in this fertile land of chivalry and romance, where I now sit, unskrewing my ink-horn to writ my Uncle Toby's amours,

and with all the meanders of JULIA's track in quest of her DIEGO, in full view of my study-window—if thou comest not and takest me by the hand—

What a work is it likely to turn out!
—Let us begin it.

CHAP. II.

IT is with LOVE as with CUCKOLDOM—

—But now I am talking of beginning a book, and have long had a thing upon my mind to be imparted to the reader, which if not imparted now, can never be imparted to him as long as I live—(whereas the COMPARISON may be imparted to him any hour in the day)—I'll just mention it, and begin in good earnest.

The thing is this.

That of all the several ways of beginning a book, which are now in practice throughout the known world, I am confident my own way of doing it is the best—I'm sure it is the most religious—for I begin with writing the first sentence—and trusting to Almighty God for the second.

'Twould cure an author for ever of the fust and folly of opening his street-door, and calling in his neighbours and friends, and kinsfolk, with the devil

* Vide vol. vi. p. 217.

and all his imps, with their hammers and engines, &c. only to observe how one sentence of mine follows another, and how the plan follows the whole.

I wish you saw me half starting out of my chair, with what confidence, as I grasp the elbow of it, I look up—catching the idea, even sometimes before it half-way reaches me—

I believe in my conscience I intercept many a thought which Heaven intended for another man!

Pope and his portrait * are fools to me—no martyr is ever so full of faith or fire—I wish I could say, of good works too—but I have no

Zeal or anger—or
Anger or zeal—

And till gods and men agree together to call it by the same name—the arrantest TARTUFFE in science—in politicks—or in religion—shall never kindle a spark within me, or have a worse word, or a more unkind greeting, than what he will read in the next chapter.

CHAP. III.

—*Bon jour!*—good morrow!—so you have got your cloke on betimes!—but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the matter rightly—'tis better to be well mounted, than go o'foot—and obstructions in the glands are dangerous—And how goes it with thy concubine—thy wife—and thy little ones o'both sides?—and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady—your sister, aunt, uncle and cousins—I hope they have got better of their colds, coughs, claps, tooth-aches, fevers, frangaries, sciaticas, swellings, and sore-eyes.—What a devil of an apothecary! to take so much blood—give such a vile purge—puke—poultice—plaister—night-draught—glitter—blister?—And why so many grains of calomel? Santa Maria! and such a dose of opium! periclitating, pardi! the whole family of ye, from head to tail.—By my Great Aunt Dinah's old black velvet mask! I think there was no occasion for it.

Now this being a little bald about the chin, by frequently putting off and on, before she was got with child by the coachman—not one of our family would wear it after. To cover the MASK

afresh, was more than the mask was worth—and to wear a mask which was bald, or which could be half seen through, was as bad as having no mask at all—

This is the reason, may it please your reverences, that in all our numerous family, for these four generations, we count no more than one archbishop, a Welch judge, some three or four aldermen, and a single mountebank—

In the sixteenth century we boast of no less than a dozen alchemists.

CHAP. IV.

'IT is with Love as with Cuckoldom;—the suffering party is at least the *third*, but generally the last in the house who knows any thing about the matter: this comes, as all the world knows, from having half a dozen words for one thing; and so long, as what in this vessel of the human frame, is *love*—may be *hatred*, in that—*Sentiment* half a yard higher—and *nonsense*—no, Madam—not there—I mean, at the part I am now pointing to with my forefinger—how can we help ourselves?

Of all mortal, and immortal men too, if you please, whoever soliloquized upon this mystick subject, my Uncle Toby was the worst fitted, to have pushed his researches through such a contention of feelings; and he had infallibly let them all run on, as we do worse matters, to see what they would turn out—had not Bridget's pre-notification of them to Susannah, and Susannah's repeated manifestation's thereupon to all the world, made it necessary for my Uncle Toby to look into the affair.

CHAP. V.

WHY weavers, gardeners, and gladiators—or a man with a pined leg (proceeding from some ailment in the *foot*)—should ever have had some tender nymph breaking her heart in secret for them, are points well and duly settled and accounted for by ancient and modern physiologists.

A water-drinker, provided he is a profess'd one, and does it without fraud or covin, is precisely in the same predic-

* Vide Pope's Portrait.

ement: not that, at first sight, there is any consequence, or shew of logick in it, 'That a rill of cold water, dribbling through my inward parts should light up a torch in my Jenny's—'

—The proposition does not strike one; on the contrary, it seems to run opposite to the natural workings of causes and effects—

But it shews the weakness and imbecility of human reason.

—'And in perfect good health with it?'

—The most perfect—Madam, that friendship herself could wish me.

—'And drink nothing!—nothing but water?'

—Impetuous fluid! the moment thou pretest against the flood-gates of the brain—see how they give way!

In swims CURIOSITY, beckoning to her damsels to follow—they dive into the centre of the current—

FANCY sits musing upon the bank; and, with her eyes following the stream, turns straws and bulrushes into masts and bowsprits.—And DESIRE, with vest held up to the knee in one hand, snatches at them, as they swim by her, with the other.

O ye water drinkers! is it then by this delusive fountain, that ye have so often governed and turned this world about like a mill-wheel—grinding the faces of the impotent—be-powdering their ribs—be-peppering their noses, and changing sometimes even the very frame and face of nature.

—'If I was you,' quoth Yorick, 'I would drink more water, Eugenius.'

—'And, if I was you, Yorick,' replied Eugenius, 'so would I.'

Which shews they had both read Longinus.

For my own part, I am resolved never to read any book but my own, as long as I live.

CHAP. VI.

I Wish my Uncle Toby had been a water-drinker: for then the thing had been accounted for, that the first moment Widow Wadman saw him, she felt something stirring within her in his favour—Something!—something.

—Something, perhaps, more than friendship—less than love—something—no matter what—no matter where—I

would not give a single hair off my mule's tail, and be obliged to pluck it off myself, (indeed, the villain has not many to spare, and is not a little vicious into the bargain) to be let by your worships into the secret.

But the truth is, my Uncle Toby was not a water-drinker; he drank it neither pure nor mixed, or any how, or any where, except fortuitously upon some advanced posts, where better liquor was not to be had—or during the time he was under cure; when the surgeon telling him it would extend the fibres, and bring them sooner into contact—my Uncle Toby drank it for quietness sake.

Now, as all the world knows that no effect in nature can be produced without a cause, and it is as well known, that my Uncle Toby was neither a weaver—a gardener, or a gladiator—unless as a captain you will needs have him one—but then he was only a captain of foot—and besides the whole is an equivocation—there is nothing left for us to suppose, but that my Uncle Toby's leg—but that will avail us little in the present hypothesis, unless it had proceeded from some ailment *in the foot*—whereas his leg was not emaciated from any disorder in his foot—for my Uncle Toby's leg was not emaciated at all. It was a little stiff and awkward, from a total disuse of it, for the three years he lay confined at my father's house in town; but it was plump and muscular, and in all other respects as good and promising a leg as the other.

I declare, I do not recollect any one Opinion or passage of my Life, where my understanding was more at a loss to make ends meet, and torture the chapter I had been writing, to the service of the chapter following it, than in the present case: one would think I took a pleasure in running into difficulties of this kind, merely to make fresh experiments in getting out of 'em—Inconsiderate soul that thou art! What! are not the unavoidable distresses with which, as an author and a man, thou art hemmed in on every side of thee—are they, Tristram, not sufficient, but thou must entangle thyself still more?

Is it not enough that thou art in debt, and that thou hast ten cart-loads of thy fifth and sixth volumes still—still unsold, and art almost at thy wit's ends, how to get them off thy hands?

To this hour art thou not tormented with

with the vile asthma thou gattest in skating against the wind in Flanders? and is it but two months ago, that in a fit of laughter, on seeing a cardinal make water like a quirister (with both hands) thou breakedst a vessel in thy lungs, whereby, in two hours, thou lost as many quarts of blood; and hadst thou lost as much more, did not the faculty tell thee—it would have amounted to a gallon?—

CHAP. VII.

—But, for Heaven's sake, let us not talk of quarts or gallons—let us take the story straight before us; it is so nice and intricate a one, it will scarce bear the transposition of a single tittle; and, some how or other, you have got me thrust almost into the middle of it—

I beg we may take more care.

CHAP. VIII.

MY Uncle Toby and the corporal had posted down with so much heat and precipitation, to take possession of the spot of ground we have so often spoke of, in order to open their campaign as early as the rest of the allies; that they had forgot one of the most necessary articles of the whole affair; it was neither a pioneer's spade, a pick-ax, or a shovel—

—It was a bed to lie on: so that as Shandy-Hall was at that time unfurnished: and the little inn where poor Le Fevre died, not yet built; my Uncle Toby was constrained to accept of a bed at Mrs. Wadman's for a night or two, till Corporal Trim (who, to the character of an excellent valet, groom, cook, sempster, surgeon, and engineer, super-added that of an excellent upholsterer too) with the help of a carpenter and a couple of taylor's, constructed one in my Uncle Toby's house.

A daughter of Eve—for such was Widow Wadman, and 'tis all the character I intend to give of her—

—*That she was a perfect woman*—had better be fifty leagues off—or in her warm bed—or playing with a case-knife—or any thing you please—than make a man the object of her attention,

when the house and all the furniture is her own.

There is nothing in it out of doors and in broad day-light, where a woman has a power, physically speaking, of viewing a man in more lights than one—but here, for her soul, she can see him in no light without mixing something of her own goods and chattels along with him—till by reiterated acts of such combinations, he gets foisted into her inventory—

—And then good night.

But this is not matter of SYSTEM—for I have delivered that above; nor is it matter of BREVIARY—for I make no man's creed but my own; nor matter of FACT—at least, that I know of: but 'tis matter copulative, and introductory to what follows.

CHAP. IX.

I Do not speak it with regard to the coarseness or cleanness of them—or the strength of their gussets—but pray do not night-shifts differ from day-shifts as much in this particular, as in any thing else in the world—that they so far exceed the others in length, that when you are laid down in them, they fall almost as much below the feet, as the day-shifts fall short of them?

Widow Wadman's night-shifts (as was the mode, I suppose, in King William's and Queen Anne's reigns) were cut, however, after this fashion; and if the fashion is changed—(for in Italy they are come to nothing)—so much the worse for the publick—they were two Flemish ells and a half in length; so that, allowing a moderate woman two ells, she had half an ell to spare, to do what she would with.

Now, from one little indulgence gain'd after another, in the many bleak and Decemberly nights of a seven years widowhood, things had insensibly come to this pass, and for the two last years had got established into one of the ordinances of the bed-chamber—that as soon as Mrs. Wadman was put to bed, and had got her legs stretched down to the bottom of it, of which she always gave Bridget notice—Bridget, with all imitable decorum, having first opened the bed-cloaths at the feet, took hold of the half ell of cloth we are speaking of,

of, and having gently, and with both her hands, drawn it downwards to it's farthest extension, and then contracted it again side-long by four or five even plaits, she took a large corking-pin out of her sleeve, and with the point directed towards her, pinn'd the plaits all fast together a little above the hem; which done, she tucked all in tight at the feet, and wished her mistress a good night.

This was constant, and without any other variation than this; that on shivering and tempestuous nights, when Bridget untuck'd the feet of the bed, &c. to do this—she consulted no thermometer but that of her own passions, and so performed it standing—kneeling—or squatting—according to the different degrees of faith, hope, and charity, she was in, and bore towards her mistress that night. In every other respect, the etiquette was sacred, and might have vied with the most mechanical one of the most inflexible bed-chamber in Christendom.

The first night, as soon as the corporal had conducted my Uncle Toby up stairs, which was about ten—Mrs. Wadman threw herself into her arm-chair, and crossing her left-knee with her right, which formed a resting-place for her elbow, she reclined her cheek upon the palm of her hand, and leaning forwards, ruminated till midnight upon both sides of the question.

The second night she went to her bureau, and having ordered Bridget to bring her up a couple of fresh candles, and leave them upon the table, she took out her marriage-settlement, and read it over with great devotion: and the third night (which was the last of my Uncle Toby's stay) when Bridget had pull'd down the night-shift, and was essaying to stick in the corking-pin—

—With a kick of both heels at once, but at the same time the most natural kick that could be kicked in her situation—for supposing ***** to be the sun in it's meridian, it was a north-east kick—she kicked the pin out of her fingers—the *etiquette* which hung upon it—down—down it fell to the ground, and was shivered into a thousand atoms!

From all which, it was plain that Widow Wadman was in love with my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. X.

MY Uncle Toby's head at that time was full of other matter; so that it was not till the demolition of Dunkirk, when all the other civilities of Europe were settled, that he found leisure to return this.

This made an armistice (that is, speaking with regard to my Uncle Toby—but with respect to Mrs. Wadman, a vacancy) of almost eleven years. But in all cases of this nature, as it is the second blow, happen at what distance of time it will, which makes the fray—I chuse, for that reason, to call these the amours of my Uncle Toby with Mrs. Wadman, rather than the amours of Mrs. Wadman with my Uncle Toby.

This is not a distinction without a difference.

It is not like the affair of *an old bat cock'd*—and a *cock'd old bat*, about which your reverences have so often been at odds with one another—but there is a difference here in the nature of things—

And let me tell you, gentry, a wide one too.

CHAP. XI.

NOW, as Widow Wadman did love my Uncle Toby—and my Uncle Toby did not love Widow Wadman, there was nothing for Widow Wadman to do, but to go on and love my Uncle Toby—or let it alone.

Widow Wadman would do neither the one nor the other—

—Gracious Heaven!—but I forget I am a little of her temper myself; for, whenever it so falls out, which it sometimes does about the equinoxes, that an earthly goddess is so much this, and that, and t'other, that I cannot eat my breakfast for her—and that she careth not three halfpence whether I eat my breakfast or no—

—Curse on her!—and so I send her to Tartary, and from Tartary to Terra del Fuego, and so on to the devil: in short there is not an infernal nitch where I do not take her divinityship and stick it.

But as the heart is tender, and the passions in these tides ebb and flow ten

H h

times

times in a minute, I instantly bring her back again; and as I do all things in extremes, I place her in the very centre of the milky-way—

Brightest of stars! thou wilt shed thy influence upon some one—

—The deuce take her and her influence too—for at that word I lose all patience—much good may it do him!—

‘By all that is hirsute and gashly!’—I cry, taking off my furr’d cap, and twisting it round my finger, ‘I would not give sixpence for a dozen such!’

—‘But ’tis an excellent cap, too,’ (putting it upon my head, and pressing it close to my ears)—‘and warm—and soft; especially if you stroke it the right away—but, alas! that will never be my luck!’—(so here my philosophy is shipwreck’d again.)

—‘No; I shall never have a finger in the pye!’—(so here I break my metaphor)—

‘Crust and crumb,

‘Inside and out,

‘Top and bottom—I detest it, I hate it, I repudiate it—I’m sick at the sight of it—

‘It is all pepper,

‘garlick,

‘itaragen,

‘falt, and

‘devil’s dung—By the great arch-cook of cooks, who does nothing, I think, from morning to night, but sit down by the fire-side and invent inflammatory dishes for us, I would not touch it for the world!’

—‘O Tristram! Tristram!’ cried Jenny.

‘O Jenny! Jenny!’ replied I—and so went on with the twelfth chapter.

CHAP. XII.

—‘Not touch it for the world!’ did I say—

Lord! how I have heated my imagination with this metaphor!

CHAP. XIII.

WHICH shews, let your reverences and worships say what you will of it—(for, as for *thinking*—all who *do* think—think pretty much alike, both upon it and other matters)—

LOVE is certainly—at least, alphabetically speaking—one of the most

A gitating,

B ewitching,

C onfounded,

D evilish affairs of life—the most

E xtravagant,

F utilitous,

G alligaskinish,

H andy-dandyish,

I racundulous (there is no K to it) and

L yrical, of all human passions—at the same time, the most

M isgiving,

N innyhammering,

O bstipating,

P ragmatical,

S tridulous,

R idiculous—though, by the bye, the R should have gone first—But, in short,

’tis of such a nature, as my father once told my Uncle Toby upon the close of a long dissertation upon the subject—

‘You can scarce,’ said he, ‘combine two ideas together upon it, brother

‘Toby, without an hypallage.’—

‘What’s that?’ cried my Uncle Toby.

‘The cart before the horse,’ replied my father.

—‘And what has he to do there?’ cried my Uncle Toby.

‘Nothing,’ quoth my father, ‘but to get in—or let it alone.’

Now, Widow Wadman, as I told you before, would do neither the one or the other.

She stood, however, ready harnessed and caparisoned at all points to watch accidents.

CHAP. XIV.

THE Fates—who certainly all fore-knew of these amours of Widow Wadman and my Uncle Toby—had, from the first creation of matter and motion, (and with more courtesy than they usually do things of this kind) established such a chain of causes and effects, hanging so fast to one another, that it was scarce possible for my Uncle Toby to have dwelt in any other house in the world, or to have occupied any other garden in Christendom, but the very house and garden which join’d and laid parallel to Mrs. Wadman’s: this, with the advantage of a thickset arbour in Mrs. Wadman’s garden, but planted in the hedge-row of my Uncle Toby’s,

put all the occasions into her hands which Love-militancy wanted; she could observe my Uncle Toby's motions, and was mistress likewise of his councils of war; and, as his unsuspecting heart had given leave to the corporal, through the mediation of Bridget, to make her a wicker gate of communication to enlarge her walks, it enabled her to carry on her approaches to the very door of the sentry-box; and, sometimes, out of gratitude, to make the attack, and endeavour to blow my Uncle Toby up in the very sentry-box itself.

CHAP. XV.

IT is a great pity—but 'tis certain, from every day's observation of man, that he may be set on fire like a candle, at either end—provided there is a sufficient wick standing out—if there is not, there's an end of the affair—and if there is, by lighting it at the bottom, as the flame in that case has the misfortune generally to put out itself—there's an end of the affair again.

For my part, could I always have the ordering of it which way I would be burnt myself—for I cannot bear the thoughts of being burnt like a beast—I would oblige a housewife constantly to light me at the top, for then I should burn down decently to the socket; that is, from my head to my heart, from my heart to my liver, from my liver to my bowels, and so on by the meseraick veins and arteries, through all the turns and lateral insertions of the intestines and their tunics, to the blind gut—

—'I beseech you, Doctor Slop,' quoth my Uncle Toby, interrupting him as he mentioned the *blind gut*, in a discourse with my father the night my mother was brought to-bed of me—'I beseech you,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'to tell me which is the blind gut; for, 'old as I am, I vow I do not know to this day where it lies.'

'The *blind gut*,' answered Doctor Slop, 'lies betwixt the *illion* and *colon*—'

—'In a man!' said my father.

'It is precisely the same,' cried Doctor Slop, 'in a woman.'

'That's more than I know!' quoth my father.

CHAP. XVI.

—And so, to make sure of both

systems, Mrs. Wadman predetermined to light my Uncle Toby neither at this end nor that; but, like a prodigal's candle, to light him, if possible, at both ends at once.

Now, through all the lumber-rooms of military furniture, including both of horse and foot, from the great arsenal of Venice to the Tower of London, (exclusive) if Mrs. Wadman had been rummaging for seven years together, and with Bridget to help her, she could not have found any one *blind* or *mantle* so fit for her purpose, as that which the expediency of my Uncle Toby's affairs had fix'd up ready to her hands.

I believe I have not told you—but I don't know—possibly I have—be it as it will, 'tis one of the number of those many things, which a man had better do over again, than dispute about it—that whatever town or fortress the corporal was at work upon, during the course of their campaigns, my Uncle Toby always took care, on the inside of his sentry-box, which was towards his left-hand, to have a plan of the place, fasten'd up with two or three pins at the top, but loose at the bottom, for the conveniency of holding it up to the eye, &c. . . . as occasions required; so that when an attack was resolved upon, Mrs. Wadman had nothing more to do, when she had got advanced to the door of the sentry-box, but to extend her right-hand; and edging-in her left-foot at the same movement, to take hold of the map or plan, or upright, or whatever it was, and without-stretched neck meeting it half way—to advance it towards her; on which my Uncle Toby's passions were sure to catch fire—for he would instantly take hold of the other corner of the map in his left-hand, and with the end of his pipe, in the other, begin an explanation.

When the attack was advanced to this point—the world will naturally enter into the reasons of Mrs. Wadman's next stroke of generalship—which was to take my Uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe out of his hand as soon as she possibly could; which, under one pretence or other, but generally that of pointing more distinctly at some redoubt or breast-work in the map, she would effect before my Uncle Toby (poor soul!) had well marched above half a dozen toisea with it.

—It obliged my Uncle Toby to make use of his fore-finger.

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The difference it made in the attack was this—that in going upon it, as in the first case, with the end of her fore-finger against the end of my Uncle Toby's tobacco-pipe, she might have travelled with it, along the lines, from Dan to Beersheba, had my Uncle Toby's lines reached so far, without any effect: for as there was no arterial or vital heat in the end of the tobacco-pipe, it could excite no sentiment—it could neither give fire by pulsation—or receive it by sympathy—it was nothing but smoke.

Whereas, in following my Uncle Toby's fore-finger with her's, close through all the little turns and indentings of his works—pressing sometimes against the side of it—then treading upon it's nail—then tripping it up—then touching it here—then there, and so on—it set something, at least, in motion.

This, though slight skirmishing, and at a distance from the main body, yet drew on the rest; for here, the map usually falling with the back of it close to the side of the sentry-box, my Uncle Toby, in the simplicity of his soul, would lay his hand flat upon it, in order to go on with his explanation; and Mrs. Wadman, by a manœuvre as quick as thought, would as certainly place her's close beside it: this at once opened a communication, large enough for any sentiment to pass or repass, which a person skill'd in the elementary and practical part of love-making has occasion for—

By bringing up her fore-finger parallel (as before) to my Uncle Toby's—it unavoidably brought the thumb into action—and the fore-finger and thumb being once engaged, as naturally brought in the whole hand. Thine, dear Uncle Toby! was never now in it's right place—Mrs. Wadman had it ever to take up—or, with the gentlest pushings, protrusions, and equivocal compressions, that a hand to be removed is capable of receiving—to get it pressed a hair-breadth of one side out of her way.

Whilst this was doing, how could she forget to make him sensible, that it was her leg (and no one's else) at the bottom of the sentry-box, which slightly press'd against the calf of his—So that my Uncle Toby being thus attacked and fore push'd on both his wings—was it a wonder, if now and then, it put his centre into disorder?

—'The deuce take it!' said my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVII.

THESE attacks of Mrs. Wadman, you will readily conceive to be of different kinds; varying from each other, like the attacks which history is full of, and from the same reasons. A general looker-on, would scarce allow them to be attacks at all—or if he did, would confound them all together.—But I write not to them: it will be time enough to be a little more exact in my descriptions of them, as I come up to them, which will not be for some chapters; having nothing more to add in this, but that in a bundle of original papers and drawings, which my father took care to roll up by themselves, there is a plan of Bouchain in perfect preservation (and shall be kept so, whilst I have power to preserve any thing) upon the lower corner of which, on the right-hand side, there is still remaining the marks of a snuffy finger and thumb, which there is all the reason in the world to imagine were Mrs. Wadman's; for the opposite side of the margin, which I suppose to have been my Uncle Toby's, is absolutely clean: this seems an authenticated record of one of these attacks; for there are vestigia of the two punctures partly grown up, but still visible on the opposite corner of the map, which are unquestionably the very holes, through which it has been pricked up in the sentry-box.

By all that is priestly! I value this precious relique, with it's *stigmata* and *pricks*, more than all the reliques of the Romish church—always excepting, when I am writing upon these matters, the pricks which entered the flesh of St. Radagunda in the desert, which in your road from FESSE to CLUNY, the nuns of that name will shew you for love.

CHAP. XVIII.

I Think, an' please your honour, 'I quoth Trim, 'the fortifications 'are quite destroyed—and the balon is 'upon a level with the mole.'—'I think 'so too,' replied my Uncle Toby, with a sigh half suppress'd; 'but step into

the parlour, Trim, for the stipulation—
—it lies upon the table.

‘It has lain there six weeks,’ replied the corporal, ‘till this very morning that the old woman kindled the fire with it.’

—‘Then,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘there is no farther occasion for our services.’—‘The more, an’ please your honour, the pity!’ said the corporal—in uttering which, he cast his spade into the wheel-barrow, which was beside him, with an air the most expressive of disconsolation that can be imagined, and was heavily turning about to look for his pick-ax, his pioneer’s shovel, his picquets and other little military stores, in order to carry them off the field—when a ‘Heigh ho!’ from the sentry-box—which being made of thin slit deal, reverberated the sound more sorrowfully to his ear, forbade him.

—‘No;’ said the corporal to himself—‘I’ll do it before his honour rises to-morrow morning:’ so taking his spade out of the wheel-barrow again, with a little earth in it, as if to level something at the foot of the glacis—but with a real intent to approach nearer to his master, in order to divert him—he loosen’d a sod or two—pared their edges with his spade, and having given them a gentle blow or two with the back of it, he sat himself down close by my Uncle Toby’s feet, and began as follows.

CHAP. XIX.

‘It was a thousand pities—though, I believe, an’ please your honour, I am going to say but a foolish kind of a thing for a soldier—’

‘A soldier,’ cried my Uncle Toby, interrupting the corporal, ‘is no more exempt from saying a foolish thing, Trim, than a man of letters.’—‘But not so often, an’ please your honour!’ replied the corporal. —My Uncle Toby gave a nod.

‘It was a thousand pities, then,’ said the corporal, casting his eye upon Dunkirk, and the mole—as Servius Sulpicius, in returning out of Asia (when he sailed from Ægina towards Megara) did upon Corinth and Pyreus—

—‘It was a thousand pities, an’ please your honour, to destroy these works—and a thousand pities to have let them stood!’

—‘Thou art right, Trim, in both cases!’ said my Uncle Toby.—‘This,’ continued the corporal, ‘is the reason, that from the beginning of their demolition to the end—I have never once whistled, or sung, or laugh’d, or cry’d, or talk’d of past or done deeds, or told your honour one story, good or bad.’

—‘Thou hast many excellencies,’ Trim,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘and I hold it not the least of them, as thou happenest to be a story-teller, that of the number thou hast told me—either to amuse me in my painful hours, or to divert me in my grave ones—thou hast seldom told me a bad one.’

—‘Because, an’ please your honour, except one of a *King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles*—they are all true; for they are about myself.’

‘I do not like the subject the worse,’ Trim,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘on that score: But pr’ythee what is this story? Thou hast excited my curiosity.’

‘I’ll tell it your honour,’ quoth the corporal, ‘directly.’—‘Provided,’ said my Uncle Toby, looking earnestly toward Dunkirk and the mole again; ‘provided it is not a merry one; to such, Trim, a man should ever bring one half of the entertainment along with him: and the disposition I am in at present would wrong both thee, Trim, and thy story.’—‘It is not a merry one, by any means,’ replied the corporal.—‘Nor would I have it altogether a grave one,’ added my Uncle Toby.—‘It is neither the one nor the other,’ replied the corporal; ‘but will suit your honour exactly.’—‘Then I’ll thank thee for it with all my heart,’ cried my Uncle Toby; ‘so pr’ythee begin it, Trim!’

The corporal made his reverence; and though it is not so easy a matter as the world imagines, to pull off a lank Montero-cap with grace, or a whit less difficult, in my conceptions, when a man is sitting squat upon the ground, to make a bow so teeming with respect as the corporal was wont; yet, by suffering the palm of his right-hand, which was towards his master, to slip backward upon the grass, a little beyond his body, in order to allow it the greater sweep—and by an unforced compression, at the same time, of his cap with the thumb and the two fore-fingers of his left, by which

which the diameter of the cap became reduced, so that it might be said, rather to be insensibly squeezed—than pulled off with a flatus—the corporal acquitted himself of both, in a better manner than the posture of his affairs promised; and having hemmed twice, to find in what key his story would best go, and best suit his master's humour—he exchanged a single look of kindness with him, and set off thus.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES.

THERE was a certain king of 'Bo—he—'

As the corporal was entering the confines of Bohemia, my Uncle Toby obliged him to halt for a single moment; he had set out bare-headed, having since he pull'd off his Montero-cap, in the latter end of the last chapter, left it lying beside him on the ground.

—The eye of goodness espieth all things—so that before the corporal had well got through the first five words of his story, had my Uncle Toby twice touch'd his Montero-cap with the end of his cane interrogatively—as much as to say, 'Why don't you put it on, Trim?' Trim took it up with the most respectful slowness, and casting a glance of humiliation as he did it, upon the embroidery of the fore-part, which being dismally tarnish'd and fray'd moreover in some of the principal leaves and boldest parts of the pattern, he laid it down again betwixt his two feet, in order to moralize upon the subject.

—'Tis every word of it but too true,' cried my Uncle Toby, 'that thou art about to observe—'

'Nothing in this world, Trim, is made to last for ever.'

—But when tokens, Dear Tom, of thy love and remembrance, wear out,' said Trim, 'what shall we say?'

'There is no occasion, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'to say any thing else; and was a man to puzzle his brains till doomsday, I believe, Trim, it would be impossible.' The corporal perceiving that my Uncle Toby was in the right, and that it would be in vain for the wit of man to think of extracting a purer moral from his cap, without farther attempting it, he put it on; and

passing his hand across his forehead to rub out a pensive wrinkle, which the text and the doctrine between them had engender'd, he return'd, with the same look and tone of voice, to his story of the King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THERE was a certain King of 'Bohemia, but in whose reign, except his own, I am not able to inform your honour—'

'I do not desire it of thee, Trim, by any means,' cried my Uncle Toby.

—'It was a little before the time, an' please your honour, when giants were beginning to leave off breeding—but in what year of our Lord that was—'

—'I would not give a halfpenny to know,' said my Uncle Toby.

—'Only, an' please your honour, it makes a story look the better in the face.'—'Tis thy own, Trim; so ornament it after thy own fashion; and take any date,' continued my Uncle Toby, looking pleasantly upon him—'take any date in the whole world thou chusest, and put it to—thou art hear- tily welcome!'

The corporal bowed: for of every century, and of every year of that century, from the first creation of the world down to Noah's flood; and from Noah's flood to the birth of Abraham; through all the pilgrimages of the patriarchs, to the departure of the Israelites out of Egypt—and throughout all the Dynasties, Olympiads, Urbeconditas, and other memorable epochas of the different nations of the world, down to the coming of Christ, and from thence to the very moment in which the corporal was telling his story—had my Uncle Toby subjected this vast empire of time and all its abysses at his feet; but as MODESTY scarce touches with a finger what LIBERALITY offers her with both hands open—the corporal contented himself with the very worst year of the whole bunch—which, to prevent your honours of the Majority and Minority from tearing the very flesh off your bones in contestation, 'Whether that year is not always the last cast-year of the last cast-almanack;—'

I tell

I tell you plainly, it was—but from a different reason than you wot of.

—It was the year next him—which being the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and twelve, when the Duke of Ormond was playing the devil in Flanders—the corporal took it, and set out with it afresh on his expedition to Bohemia.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

IN the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and twelve, there was, an' please your honour—
—To tell thee truly, Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'any other date would have pleased me much better; not only on account of the sad stain upon our history that year, in marching off our troops, and refusing to cover the siege of Quesnoi, though Fagel was carrying on the works with such incredible vigour—but likewise, on the score, Trim, of thy own story; because if there are—and which, from what thou hast dropt, I partly suspect to be the fact—if there are giants in it—'

'There is but one, an' please your honour!'

—'Tis as bad as twenty,' replied my Uncle Toby—'thou should'st have carried him back some seven or eight hundred years out of harm's way, both of criticks and other people; and therefore I would advise thee, if ever thou tellest it again—'

—'If I live, an' please your honour, but once to get through it, I never will tell it again,' quoth Trim, 'either to man, woman, or child.'—'Poo—poo!' said my Uncle Toby; but with accents of such sweet encouragement did he utter it, that the corporal went on with his story with more alacrity than ever.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THERE was, an' please your honour,' said the corporal—raising his voice, and rubbing the palms

of his two hands cheerily together as he began—'a certain King of Bohemia—'

—'Leave out the date entirely, 'Trim,' quoth my Uncle Toby—leaning forwards and laying his hand gently upon the corporal's shoulder to temper the interruption—'leave it out entirely, 'Trim: a story passes very well without these niceties, unless one is pretty sure of 'em.'—'Sure of 'em!' said the corporal, shaking his head.

'Right,' answered my Uncle Toby, 'it is not easy, Trim, for one bred up as thou and I have been, to arms, who seldom looks farther forward than to the end of his musket, or backwards beyond his knapsack, to know much about this matter.'—'God bless your honour!' said the corporal—won by the manner of my Uncle Toby's reasoning, as much as by the reasoning itself—'he has something else to do! if not on action, or a march, or upon duty in his garrison—he has his firelock, an' please your honour to furbish—his accoutrements to take care of—his regimentals to mend—himself to shave and keep clean, so as to appear all ways like what he is upon the parade—what business,' added the corporal triumphantly, 'has a soldier, an' please your honour, to know any thing at all about geography?'

—'Thou should'st have said *chronology*, Trim,' said my Uncle Toby; 'for, as for geography, 'tis of absolute use to him. He must be acquainted intimately with every country and its boundaries where his profession carries him; he should know every town and city, and village and hamlet, with the canals, the roads, and hollow-ways, which lead up to them—there is not a river or rivulet he passes, Trim, but he should be able at first sight to tell thee what is its name—in what mountains it takes its rise—what is its course—how far it is navigable—where fordable—where not—he should know the fertility of every valley, as well as the kind who ploughs it; and be able to describe, or, if it is required, to give thee an exact map, of all the plains and defiles, the forts, the acclivities, the woods and morasses, through and by which his army is to march—he should know their produce, their plants, their minerals, their waters, their

‘ their animals, their seasons, their climates, their heats and cold, their inhabitants, their customs, their language, their policy, and even their religion.

‘ Is it else to be conceived, corporal,’ continued my Uncle Toby—rising up in his sentry-box, as he began to warm in this part of his discourse—‘ how Marlborough could have marched his army from the banks of the Maes to Belburg; from Belburg to Kerpenord—(here the corporal could sit no longer)—‘ from Kerpenord, Trim, ‘ to Kalsaken; from Kalsaken to Newdorf; from Newdorf to Landenbourg; from Landenbourg to Mildenheim; from Mildenheim to Elchingen; from Elchingen to Gingen; from Gingen to Balmerchoffen; from Balmerchoffen to Skellenburg—where he broke in upon the enemy’s works, ‘ forced his passage over the *Danube*, ‘ crossed the *Lech*—push’d on his troops into the heart of the empire, marching ‘ at the head of them through Friburg, ‘ Hokenwert, and Schonevelt, to the ‘ Plains of Blenheim and Hochstet?— ‘ Great as he was, corporal, he could ‘ not have advanced a step, or made ‘ one single day’s march, without the ‘ aids of *geography*—As for *chronology*, ‘ I own, Trim,’ continued my Uncle Toby—sitting down again coolly in his sentry-box—‘ that of all others, it ‘ seems a science which a soldier might ‘ best spare, was it not for the lights ‘ which that science must one day give ‘ him, in determining the invention of ‘ powder; the furious execution of ‘ which, renversing every thing, like ‘ thunder, before it, has become a new ‘ æra to us of military improvements; ‘ changing so totally the nature of attacks and defences both by sea and ‘ land, and awakening so much art and ‘ skill in doing it, that the world cannot be too exact in ascertaining the ‘ precise time of it’s discovery, or too ‘ inquisitive in knowing what great ‘ man was the discoverer, and what ‘ occasions gave birth to it.

‘ I am far from controverting,’ continued my Uncle Toby, ‘ what historians agree in, that in the year of our ‘ Lord 1380, under the reign of Win- ‘ celaus, son of Charles the Fourth— ‘ a certain priest, whose name was ‘ Schwartz, shew’d the use of powder

‘ to the Venetians, in their wars against ‘ the Genoese; but ’tis certain he was ‘ not the first: because, if we are to ‘ believe Don Pedro the Bishop of ‘ Leon—‘ How came priests and ‘ bishops, an’ please your honour, to ‘ trouble their heads so much about ‘ gunpowder?’—‘ God knows!’ said my Uncle Toby; ‘ his providence ‘ brings good out of every thing—and ‘ he avers, in his chronicle of King ‘ Alphonfus, who reduced Toledo, that ‘ in the year 1343, which was full ‘ thirty-seven years before that time, ‘ the secret of powder was well known, ‘ and employed with success, both by ‘ Moors and Christians, not only in ‘ their sea combats, at that period, but ‘ in many of their most memorable ‘ sieges in Spain and Barbary—And all ‘ the world knows, that Friar Bacon ‘ had wrote expressly about it, and had ‘ generously given the world a receipt ‘ to make it by, above a hundred and ‘ fifty years before even Schwartz was ‘ born—And that the Chinese,’ added my Uncle Toby, ‘ embarrass us, and ‘ all accounts of it still more, by boast- ‘ ing of the invention some hundreds ‘ years even before him—

—‘ They are a pack of lyars, I ‘ believe!’ cried Trim.

—‘ They are some how or other ‘ deceived,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘ in ‘ this matter, as is plain to me from ‘ the present miserable state of military ‘ architecture amongst them; which ‘ consists of nothing more than a fosse ‘ with a brick wall without flanks— ‘ and for what they give us as a bastion ‘ at each angle of it, ’tis so barbarously ‘ constructed, that it looks for all the ‘ world——’ ‘ Like one of my seven ‘ castles, an’ please your honour!’ quoth Trim.

My Uncle Toby, though in the utmost distress for a comparison, most courteously refused Trim’s offer—till Trim telling him, he had half a dozen more in Bohemia, which he knew not how to get off his hands—my Uncle Toby was so touch’d with the pleasantry of heart of the corporal—that he discontinued his dissertation upon gunpowder—and begged the corporal forthwith to go on with his story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles.

THE STORY OF THE KING OF BOHEMIA AND HIS SEVEN CASTLES, CONTINUED.

THIS *unfortunate* King of Bohemia—' said Trim—' Was he *unfortunate*, then?' cried my Uncle Toby—for he had been so wrapt up in his dissertation upon gunpowder and other military affairs, that though he had desired the corporal to go on, yet the many interruptions he had given, dwelt so strong upon his fancy, as to account for the epithet—' Was he *unfortunate*, then?' said my Uncle Toby, pathetically.—The corporal, wishing first the *word* and all its synonymas at the devil, forthwith began to run back in his mind the principal events in the King of Bohemia's story; from every one of which it appearing that he was the most fortunate man that every existed in the world—it put the corporal to a stand: for not caring to retract his epithet—and less, to explain it—and least of all, to twist his tale (like men of lore) to serve a system—he looked up in my Uncle Toby's face for assistance—but seeing it was the very thing my Uncle Toby sat in expectation of himself—after a hum and a haw he went on—

' The King of Bohemia, an' please your honour,' replied the corporal, ' was *unfortunate*, as thus—that taking great pleasure and delight in navigation, and all sort of sea affairs—and there *happening* throughout the whole kingdom of Bohemia, to be no sea-port town whatever—'

' How the deuce should there, Trim?' cried my Uncle Toby; ' for Bohemia, being totally inland, it could have happened no otherwise.'—' It might,' said Trim, ' if it had pleased God.'

My Uncle Toby never spoke of the being and natural attributes of God, but with diffidence and hesitation.

' I believe not,' replied my Uncle Toby, after some pause; ' for being inland, as I said, and having Silesia and Moravia to the east; Lusatia and Upper Saxony to the north; Franconia to the west; and Bavaria to the south: Bohemia could not have been propell'd to the sea, without ceasing to be Bohemia—nor could the sea, on the other hand, have come up to Bohemia, without overflowing a great part of Germany, and destroying millions of *unfortunate* inhabi-

tants who could make no defence against it.'—(' Scandalous!' cried Trim.)—' Which would bespeak,' added my Uncle Toby mildly, ' such a want of compassion in him who is the Father of it—that I think, Trim, the thing could have happened no way.'

The corporal made the bow of unfeigned conviction, and went on.

' Now the King of Bohemia, with his queen and courtiers, *happening* one fine summer's evening to walk out—' ' Aye! there the word *happening* is right, Trim!' cried my Uncle Toby; ' for the King of Bohemia and his queen might have walked out, or let it alone—'twas a matter of contingency, which might happen, or not, just as chance ordered it.'

' King William was of an opinion, an' please your honour,' quoth Trim, ' that every thing was predestined for us in this world; insomuch, that he would often say to his soldiers, that *every ball had it's billet*.'—' He was a great man,' said my Uncle Toby.—' And I believe,' continued Trim, ' to this day, that the shot which disabled me at the battle of Landen, was pointed at my knee for no other purpose, but to take me out of his service, and place me in your honour's, where I should be taken so much better care of in my old age!'—' It shall never, Trim, be construed otherwise!' said my Uncle Toby.

The heart both of the master and the man, were alike subject to sudden overflowings—a short silence ensued.

' Besides,' said the corporal—resuming the discourse, but in a gayer accent; ' if it had not been for that single shot, I had never, an' please your honour, been in love!'

' So thou wast once in love, Trim?' said my Uncle Toby, smiling—

' Souse!' replied the corporal!—' over head and ears! an' please your honour.'—' Pr'ythee, when? where?—and how came it to pass?—I never heard one word of it before,' quoth my Uncle Toby.—' I dare say,' answered Trim, ' that every drummer and serjeant's son in the regiment knew of it.'—' It's high time I should!' said my Uncle Toby.

' Your honour remembers with concern,' said the corporal, ' the total rout and confusion of our camp and army at the affair of Landen—every

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‘one was left to shift for himself; and, if it had not been for the regiments of Wyndham, Lumley, and Galway, which covered the retreat over the bridge of Neer-speken, the king himself could scarce have gained it—he was pressed hard, as your honour knows, on every side of him.’

‘Gallant mortal!’ cried my Uncle Toby, caught up with enthusiasm; ‘this moment, now that all is lost, I see him galloping across me, corporal, to the left, to bring up the remains of the English horse along with him, to support the right, and tear the laurel from Luxembourg’s brows, if yet ’tis possible!—I see him with the knot of his scarf just shot off, infusing fresh spirits into poor Galway’s regiment—riding along the line!—then wheeling about, and charging Conti at the head of it—Brave! brave! by Heaven!’ cried my Uncle Toby—‘he deserves a crown!’—‘As richly, as a thief a halter!’ shouted Trim.

My Uncle Toby knew the corporal’s loyalty—otherwise the comparison was nor at all to his mind: it did not altogether strike the corporal’s fancy when he had made it—but it could not be recalled—so he had nothing to do, but proceed.

‘As the number of wounded was prodigious, and no one had time to think of any thing but his own safety—’ ‘Though Talmash,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘brought off the foot with great prudence.’—‘But I was left upon the field,’ said the corporal.—‘Thou wast so; poor fellow!’ replied my Uncle Toby.—‘So that it was noon the next day,’ continued the corporal, ‘before I was exchanged, and put into a cart with thirteen or fourteen more, in order to be conveyed to our hospital.’

‘There is no part of the body, an’ please your honour, where a wound occasions more intolerable anguish than upon the knee—’

‘Except the groin!’ said my Uncle Toby.—‘An’ please your honour,’ replied the corporal, ‘the knee, in my opinion, must certainly be the most acute, their being so many tendons and what-d’ye-call-’ems all about it.’

‘It is for that reason,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘that the groin is infinitely more sensible—there being not only so many tendons and what-d’ye-call-

’ems—(for I know their names as little as thou dost)—about it—but moreover * * *

Mrs. Wadman, who had been all the time in her arbour—instantly stopped her breath—unpinned her mob at the chin, and stood up upon one leg.

The dispute was maintained with amicable and equal force betwixt my Uncle Toby and Trim for some time; till Trim at length recollecting that he had often cried at his master’s sufferings, but never shed a tear at his own—was for giving up the point, which my Uncle Toby would not allow.—‘It is a proof of nothing, Trim,’ said he, ‘but the generosity of thy temper!’

So that whether the pain of a wound in the groin (*ceteris paribus*) is greater than the pain of a wound in the knee—or—

Whether the pain of a wound in the knee is not greater than the pain of a wound in the groin—are points which to this day remain unsettled.

CHAP. XX.

‘THE anguish of my knee,’ continued the corporal, ‘was excessive in itself; and the uneasiness of the cart, with the roughness of the roads, which were terribly cut up—making bad still worse—every step was death to me; so that with the loss of blood, and the want of care taken of me, and a fever I felt coming on besides—’ (Poor soul! said my Uncle Toby)—‘all together, an’ please your honour, was more than I could sustain!’

‘I was telling my sufferings to a young woman at a peasant’s house, where our cart, which was the last of the line, had halted; they had helped me in, and the young woman had taken a cordial out of her pocket and dropped it upon some sugar; and seeing it had cheered me, she had given it me a second and a third time.—So I was telling her, an’ please your honour, the anguish I was in, and was saying it was so intolerable to me, that I had much rather lie down upon the bed, turning my face towards one which was in the corner of the room—and die, than go on—when, upon her attempting to lead me to it, I fainted away in her arms.—’

—She was a good soul! as your honour, said the corporal, wiping his eyes, 'will hear.'

'I thought *love* had been a joyous thing,' quoth my Uncle Toby.

'It is the most serious thing, an' please your honour, (sometimes) that is in the world!—'

'By the persuasion of the young woman,' continued the corporal, 'the cart with the wounded men set off without me: she had assured them I should expire immediately if I was put into the cart. So when I came to myself—I found myself in a still, quiet cottage, with no one but the young woman, and the peasant and his wife. I was laid across the bed in the corner of the room, with my wounded leg upon a chair, and the young woman beside me, holding the corner of her handkerchief dipped in vinegar to my nose with one hand, and rubbing my temples with the other.'

'I took her, at first, for the daughter of the peasant—for it was no inn—so had offered her a little purse with eighteen florins, which my poor brother Tom—' (Here Trim wiped his eyes)—'had sent me as a token, by a recruit, just before he set out for Lisbon—'

—'I never told your honour that piteous story yet!—Here Trim wiped his eyes a third time.—'

'The young woman called the old man and his wife into the room, to shew them the money, in order to gain me credit for a bed, and what little necessaries I should want, till I should be in a condition to be got to the hospital.—"Come, then!" said she, tying up the little purse—"I'll be your banker!—but, as that office alone will not keep me employed, I'll be your nurse too."

'I thought by her manner of speaking this, as well as by her dress, which I then began to consider more attentively—that the young woman could not be the daughter of the peasant.'

'She was in black down to her toes, with her hair concealed under a cambrick border, laid close to her forehead: she was one of those kind of nuns, an' please your honour, of which, your honour knows, there are a good many in Flanders which they let go loose.—' By thy de-

scription, Trim,' said my Uncle Toby, 'I dare say she was a young *Beguine*, of which there are none to be found any where but in the Spanish Netherlands—except at Amsterdam.—They differ from nuns in this, that they can quit their cloister if they chuse to marry; they visit and take care of the sick by profession—I had rather, for my own part, they did it out of good-nature!'

—'She often told me,' quoth Trim, 'she did it for the love of Christ—I did not like it.—' I believe, Trim, 'we are both wrong,' said my Uncle Toby; 'we'll ask Mr. Yorick about it to-night at my brother Shandy's—' so put me in mind,' added my Uncle Toby.

'The young *Beguine*,' continued the corporal, 'had scarce given herself time to tell me *she would be my nurse*, when she hastily turned about to begin the office of one, and prepare something for me—and, in a short time—though I thought it a long one—she came back with flannels, &c. &c. and having fomented my knee soundly for a couple of hours, &c. and made me a thin basin of gruel for my supper—she wished me rest, and promised to be with me early in the morning.—She wished me, an' please your honour, what was not to be had. My fever ran very high that night—her figure made sad disturbance within me—I was every moment cutting the world in two—to give her half of it—and every moment was I crying, that I had nothing but a knapsack and eighteen florins to share with her.—The whole night long was the fair *Beguine*, like an angel, close by my bed-side, holding back my curtain and offering me cordials—and I was only awakened from my dream by her coming there at the hour promised, and giving them in reality. In truth, she was scarce ever from me; and, so accustomed was I to receive life from her hands, that my heart sickened, and I lost colour, when she left the room: and yet,' continued the corporal—(making one of the strangest reflections upon it in the world)—'

—'It was not *love*—for, during the three weeks she was almost constantly with me, fomenting my knee with her hand, night and day—I can

‘honestly say, an’ please your honour—
 * * * * *
 * * * once.’

‘That was very odd, Trim!’ quoth my Uncle Toby.

‘I think so too!’ said Mrs. Wadman.

‘It never did!’ said the corporal.

CHAP. XXI.

—‘But ’tis no marvel,’ continued the corporal—seeing my Uncle Toby musing upon it; ‘for love, an’ please your honour, is exactly like war, in this; that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks compleat o’ Saturday night—may nevertheless be shot through his heart on Sunday morning.—*It happened so here*, an’ please your honour, with this difference only—that it was on Sunday in the afternoon, when I fell in love all at once with a sisserrara—it burst upon me, an’ please your honour, like a bomb—scarce giving me time to say, “God bless me!”

‘I thought, Trim,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘a man never fell in love so very suddenly.’

‘Yes, an’ please your honour, if he is in the way of it;’ replied Trim.

‘I prythee, quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘inform me how this matter happened?’

—‘With all pleasure!’ said the corporal, making a bow.

CHAP. XXII.

‘I Had escaped,’ continued the corporal, ‘all that time from falling in love, and had gone on to the end of the chapter, had it not been predestined otherwise—there is no resisting our fate.’

‘It was on a Sunday, in the afternoon, as I told your honour—

‘The old man and his wife had walked out—

‘Every thing was still and hush as midnight about the house—

‘There was not so much as a duck or a duckling about the yard—

—‘When the fair Beguine came in to see me.

‘My wound was then in a fair way of doing well—the inflammation had

‘been gone off for some time, but it was succeeded with an itching both above and below my knee so insufferable, that I had not shut my eyes the whole night for it.

“Let me see it,” said she, kneeling down upon the ground parallel to my knee, and laying her hand upon the part below it: “it only wants rubbing a little,” said the Beguine.—So covering it with the bed-cloaths, she began with the fore-finger of her right-hand to rub under my knee, guiding her fore-finger backwards and forwards by the edge of the flannel which kept on the dressing.

‘In five or six minutes I felt slightly the end of her second finger—and presently it was laid flat with the other, and she continued rubbing in that way round and round for a good while; it then came into my head that I should fall in love—I blushed when I saw how white a hand she had—I shall never, an’ please your honour, behold another hand so white whilst I live!’

—‘Not in that place!’ said my Uncle Toby.

Though it was the most serious affair in nature to the corporal—he could not forbear smiling.

‘The young Beguine,’ continued the corporal, ‘perceiving it was of great service to me—from rubbing, for some time, with two fingers—proceeded to rub at length with three—till by little and little she brought down the fourth, and then rubb’d with her whole hand: I will never say another word, an’ please your honour, upon hands again.—but it was softer than fatten.’

—‘Prythee, Trim, commend it as much as thou wilt!’ said my Uncle Toby; ‘I shall hear thy story with the more delight!’ The corporal thanked his master most unfeignedly; but having nothing to say upon the Beguine’s hand, but the same over again—he proceeded to the effects of it.

‘The fair Beguine,’ said the corporal, ‘continued rubbing with her whole hand under my knee—till I feared her zeal would weary her.—“I would do a thousand times more,” said she, for the love of Christ.”—In saying which, she passed her hand across the flannel, to the part above my knee, which I had equally complained of, and rubbed it also.

‘I perceived





Plate VIII.

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‘ I perceived then I was beginning to be in love—

‘ As she continued rub-rub rubbing—I felt it spread from under her hand, an’ please your honour, to every part of my frame—

‘ The more she rubb’d, and the longer strokes she took—the more the fire kindled in my veins—till at length, by two or three strokes longer than the rest—my passion rose to the highest pitch—I seiz’d her hand—

—‘ And then, thou clapped’st it to thy lips, Trim,’ said my Uncle Toby, and made’st a speech!’

Whether the corporal’s amour terminated precisely in the way my Uncle Toby described it, is not material; it is enough that it contain’d in it the essence of all the love romances which ever have been wrote since the beginning of the world.

C H A P. XXIII.

AS soon as the corporal had finish’d the story of his amour—or rather my Uncle Toby for him—Mrs. Wadman silently sallied forth from her arbour, replac’d the pin in her mob, pass’d the wicker gate, and advanced slowly towards my Uncle Toby’s sentry-box: the disposition which Trim had made in my Uncle Toby’s mind, was too favourable a crisis to be let slip’d,

—The attack was determin’d upon: it was facilitated still more by my Uncle Toby’s having ordered the corporal to wheel off the pioneer’s shovel, the spade, the pick-ax, the picquets, and other military stores which lay scatter’d upon the ground where Dunkirk stood. The corporal had march’d—the field was clear.

Now consider, Sir, what nonsense it is, either in fighting or writing, or any thing else (whether in rhyme to it, or not) which a man has occasion to do—to act by plan: for if ever plan, independent of all circumstances, deserved registering in letters of gold—(I mean, in the archives of Gotham)—it was certainly the PLAN of Mrs. Wadman’s attack of my Uncle Toby in his sentry-box, BY PLAN—Now the Plan hang-

ing up in it at this juncture; being the Plan of Dunkirk—and the tale of Dunkirk a tale of relaxation, it oppos’d every impressiō she could make: and besides, could she have gone upon it—the manœuvre of fingers and hands in the attack of the sentry-box, was so outdone by that of the fair Beguine’s, in Trim’s story—that just then, that particular attack, however successful before—became the most heartless attack that could be made.

O! let woman alone for this.—Mrs. Wadman had scarce open’d the wicker-gate, when her genius sported with the change of circumstances.

—She formed a new attack in a moment.

C H A P. XXIV.

—‘ I am half distracted, Captain Shandy!’ said Mrs. Wadman, holding up her cambrick handkerchief to her left-eye, as she approached the door of my Uncle Toby’s sentry-box—‘ a mote—or sand—or something—I know not what, has got into this eye of mine—do look into it—it is not in the white!’

In saying which, Mrs. Wadman edg’d herself close in beside my Uncle Toby, and squeezing herself down upon the corner of his bench, gave him an opportunity of doing it without rising up.—‘ Do look into it!’ said she.

Honest soul! thou didst look into it with as much innocency of heart, as ever child looked into a raree-show-box; and ’twere as much a sin to have hurt thee!

—If a man will be peeping, of his own accord, into things of that nature—I’ve nothing to say to it—

My Uncle Toby never did: and I will answer for him, that he would have sat quietly upon a sofa from June to January, (which, you know, takes in both the hot and cold months) with an eye as fine as the Thracian Rodope’s beside him*, without being able to tell, whether it was a black, or a blue one.

The difficulty was, to get my Uncle Toby to look at one at all.

’Tis surmounted. And

I see him yonder with his pipe pendulous in his hand, and the ashes falling

* Rodope Thracia tam ineventabili fascino instructa, tam exacte oculis intuens attraxit, ut si illam quis incidisset, fieri non posset, quin caperetur.—I know not who.

out of it—looking—and looking—then rubbing his eyes—and looking again, with twice the good-nature that ever Galileo look'd for a spot in the sun.

—In vain! for by all the powers which animate the organ—Widow Wadman's left-eye shines this moment as lucid as her right—there is neither mote, or sand, or dust, or chaff, or speck, or particle of opaque matter floating in it—There is nothing, my dear paternal uncle! but one lambent delicious fire, furtively shooting out from every part of it, in all directions, into thine—

—If thou lookest, Uncle Toby, in search of this mote one moment longer—thou art undone.

CHAP. XXV.

AN eye is for all the world exactly like a cannon, in this respect; that it is not so much the eye or the cannon, in themselves, as it is the carriage of the eye—and the carriage of the cannon—by which both the one and the other are enabled to do so much execution. I don't think the comparison a bad one: however, as it is made and placed at the head of the chapter, as much for use as ornament, all I desire in return is, that whenever I speak of Mrs. Wadman's eyes (except once in the next period) that you keep it in your fancy.

'I protest, Madam,' said my Uncle Toby, 'I can see nothing whatever in your eye.'

'It is not in the white!' said Mrs. Wadman: my Uncle Toby look'd with might and main into the pupil.

Now of all the eyes, which ever were created—from your own, Madam, up to those of Venus herself, which certainly were as venereal a pair of eyes as ever stood in a head—there never was an eye of them all, so fitted to rob my Uncle Toby of his repose, as the very eye at which he was looking—it was not, Madam, a rolling eye—a romping or a wanton one—nor was it an eye sparkling—petulant or imperious—of high claims and terrifying exactions, which would have curdled at once that milk of human nature, of which my Uncle Toby was made up—but 'twas an eye full of gentle salutations—and

soft responses—speaking—not like the trumpet-stop of some ill-made organ, in which many an eye I talk to holds coarse converse—but whispering soft—like the last low accents of an expiring saint—'How can you live comfortless, Captain Shandy, and alone, without a bosom to lean your head on—or trust your cares to!'

It was an eye—

But I shall be in love with it myself, if I say another word about it.

—It did my Uncle Toby's business.

CHAP. XXVI.

THERE is nothing shews the characters of my father and my Uncle Toby, in a more entertaining light, than their different manner of deportment, under the same accident—for I call not love a misfortune, from a persuasion, that a man's heart is ever the better for it—Great God! what must my Uncle Toby's have been, when 'twas all benignity without it!

My father, as appears from many of his papers, was very subject to this passion, before he married—but from a little subacid kind of drollish impatience in his nature, whenever it beset him, he would never submit to it like a christian; but would pish, and huff, and bounce, and kick, and play the devil, and write the bitterest Philippicks against the eye, that ever man wrote—there is one in verse upon somebody's eye or other, that for two or three nights together, had put him by his rest; which, in his first transport of resentment against it, he begins thus—

'A devil 'tis—and mischief such doth work,
'As never yet did Pagan, Jew, or Turk*.'

In short, during the whole paroxysm, my father was all abuse and foul language, approaching rather towards malediction—only he did not do it with as much method as Ernulphus—he was too impetuous; nor with Ernulphus's policy—for though my father, with the most intolerant spirit, would curse both this and that, and every thing under heaven, which was either aiding or abetting to his love—yet he never concluded his chapter of curses upon it, without

* This will be printed with my father's Life of Socrates, &c. &c.

cursing himself in at the bargain, as one of the most egregious fools and coxcombs. he would say, that ever was let loose in the world.

My Uncle Toby, on the contrary, took it like a lamb—sat still and let the poison work in his veins without resistance—in the sharpest exacerbations of his wound (like that on his groin) he never dropt one fretful or discontented word—he blamed neither heaven nor earth—or thought or spoke an injurious thing of any body, or any part of it; he sat solitary and pensive with his pipe—looking at his lame leg—then whiffing out a sentimental heigh-ho! which mixing with the smoke, incommoded no one mortal.

He took it like a lamb—I say.

In truth, he had mistook it at first; for having taken a ride with my father, that very morning, to save if possible a beautiful wood, which the dean and chapter were hewing down to give to the poor*; which said wood being in full view of my Uncle Toby's house, and of singular service to him in his description of the battle of Wynnendale—by trotting on too hastily to save it—upon an uneasy saddle—worse horse, &c. &c. . . it had so happened, that the ferous part of the blood had got betwixt the two skins, in the nethermost part of my Uncle Toby—the first shootings of which (as my Uncle Toby had no experience of love) he had taken for a part of the passion—till the blister breaking in the one case—and the other remaining—my Uncle Toby was presently convinced, that his wound was not a skin-deep wound—but that it had gone to his heart.

CHAP. XXVII.

THE world is ashamed of being virtuous—My Uncle Toby knew little of the world; and therefore, when he felt he was in love with Widow Wadman, he had no conception that the thing was any more to be made a mystery of, than if Mrs. Wadman had given him a cut with a gap'd knife across his finger. Had it been otherwise—yet, as he ever looked upon Trim as a humble friend; and saw fresh reasons every

day of his life, to treat him as such—it would have made no variation in the manner in which he informed him of the affair.

'I am in love, corporal!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXVIII.

'IN love!' said the corporal; 'your honour was very well the day before yesterday, when I was telling your honour the story of the King of Bohemia!'—'Bohemia!' said my Uncle Toby—musing a long time—'What became of that story, Trim?'

—'We lost it, an' please your honour, somehow betwixt us—but your honour was as free from love then, as I am—'twas just whilst thou went'st off with the wheel-barrow—with Mrs. Wadman,' quoth my Uncle Toby—'She has left a ball here!' added my Uncle Toby—pointing to his breast.

—'She can no more, an' please your honour, stand a siege, than she can fly!' cried the corporal.

—'But, as we are neighbours; Trim—the best way, I think, is to let her know it civilly first!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

'Now if I might presume,' said the corporal, 'to differ from your honour—'

—'Why else do I talk to thee, Trim!' said my Uncle Toby, mildly.

—'Then I would begin, an' please your honour, with making a good thundering attack upon her, in return—and telling her civilly afterwards—for, if she knows any thing of your honour's being in love, before-hand——' 'L—d help her!' she knows no more at present of it, Trim,' said my Uncle Toby, 'than the child unborn.'

Precious souls!—

Mrs. Wadman had told it, with all its circumstances, to Mrs. Bridget, twenty-four hours before; and was at that very moment sitting in council with her, touching some slight misgivings with regard to the issue of the affair, which the devil, who never lies dead in a ditch, had put into her head—before

* Mr. Shandy must mean the poor *in spirit*; inasmuch as they divided the money amongst themselves.

he would allow half time to get quietly through her *Te Deum*.

'I am terribly afraid,' said Widow Wadman, 'in case I should marry him, Bridget—that the poor captain will not enjoy his health, with the monstrous wound upon his groin.'

'It may not, Madam, be so very large,' replied Bridget, 'as you think;—and I believe, besides,' added she, 'that 'tis dried up.'

—'I could like to know—merely for his sake!' said Mrs. Wadman.

—'We'll know the long and the broad of it, in ten days,' answered Mrs. Bridget; 'for, whilst the captain is paying his addresses to you—I'm confident Mr. Trim will be for making love to me—and I'll let him, as much as he will,' added Bridget, 'to get it all out of him.'

The measures were taken at once—and my Uncle Toby and the corporal went on with theirs.

'Now,' quoth the corporal, setting his left-hand a kimbo, and giving such a flourish with his right, as just promised success—and no more; 'if your honour will give me leave to lay down the plan of this attack—'

—'Thou wilt please me by it, Trim,' said my Uncle Toby, exceedingly; 'and, as I foresee thou must act in it as my aid de camp, here's a crown, corporal, to begin with, to steep thy commission.'

'Then, an' please your honour,' said the corporal, '(making a bow first for his commission)—'we will begin with getting your honour's laced cloaths out of the great campaign-trunk, to be well aired, and have the blue and gold taken up at the sleeves—and I'll put your white ramallie-wig fresh into pipes—and send for a taylor, to have your honour's thin scarlet breeches turned—'

—'I had better take the red plush ones!' quoth my Uncle Toby.—'They will be too clumsy,' said the corporal.

CHAP. XXIX.

—'Thou wilt get a brush and a little chalk to my sword—' 'Twill be only in your honour's way,' replied Trim.

CHAP. XXX.

—'But your honour's two razors shall be new set—and I will get my Montero-cap furbish'd up, and put on poor Lieutenant Le Fevre's regimental coat, which your honour gave me to wear for his sake—and as soon as your honour is clean shaved, and has got your clean shirt on, with your blue and gold, or your fine scarlet—some times one and sometimes t'other—and every thing is ready for the attack—we'll march up boldly, as if 'twas to the face of a bastion; and whilst your honour engages Mrs. Wadman in the parlour, to the right—I'll attack Mrs. Bridget in the kitchen, to the left; and having seiz'd that pass, I'll answer for it,' said the corporal, snapping his fingers over his head, 'that the day is our own!'

'I wish I may but manage it right,' said my Uncle Toby; 'but I declare, corporal, I had rather march up to the very edge of a trench—'

—'A woman is quite a different thing!' said the corporal.

—'I suppose so!' quoth my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XXXI.

IF any thing in this world, which my father said, could have provoked my Uncle Toby during the time he was in love, it was the perverse use my father was always making of an expression of Hilarion the hermit; who, in speaking of his abstinence, his watchings, flagellations, and other instrumental parts of his religion—would say—though with more facetiousness than became a hermit—that *they were the means he used, to make his ASS* (meaning his BODY) *leave off kicking*.

It pleased my father well; it was not only a laconick way of expressing—but of libelling, at the same time, the desires and appetites of the lower part of us; so that, for many years of my father's life, 'twas his constant mode of expression—he never used the word *passions* once—but *ass* always instead of them—So that he might be said truly, to have been upon the bones, or the back of his own ass, or else of some other man's, during all that time.

I must

I must here observe to you, the difference betwixt

My father's *asf*

and my *hobby-horse*—in order to keep characters as separate as may be, in our fancies, as we go along.

For my hobby-horse, if you recollect a little, is no way a vicious beast; he has scarce one hair or lineament of the ass about him.—'Tis the sporting little silly-folly which carries you out for the present hour—a maggot, a butterfly, a picture, a fiddle-stick—an Uncle Toby's siege—or an *any thing*, which a man makes a shift to get a-litride on, to canter it away from the cares and solitudes of life.—'Tis as useful a beast as is in the whole creation—nor do I really see how the world could do without it—

—But, for my father's afs—oh!
mount him—mount him—mount him—
(that's three times, is it not?)—mount
him not—'tis a beast concupiscent—and
foul befall the man who does not hinder
him from kicking!

С Н А Р. XXXII.

'WELL! dear brother Toby,'
said my father—upon his
first seeing him after he fell in love—
'and how goes it with your ASSE?'

Now my Uncle Toby thinking more of the *part* where he had had the blister, than of Hilarion's metaphor—and our pre-conceptions having (you know) as great a power over the sounds of words as the shapes of things, he had imagined, that my father, who was not very ceremonious in his choice of words, had enquired after the *part* by it's proper name: so, notwithstanding my mother, Doctor Slop, and Mr. Yorick, were sitting in the parlour, he thought it rather civil to conform to the term my father had made use of than not.—When a man is hemmed in by two indecours, and must commit one of 'em—I always observe—let him chuse which he will, the world will blame him—so I should not be astonished if it blames my Uncle Toby.

'My a—e,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'is much better, brother Shandy.'—My father had formed great expectations from his Asse in this onset; and would have brought him on again: but Doctor Slop setting up an intemperate

laugh—and my mother crying out 'L—d bless us!' it drove my father's Affe off the field—and the laugh then becoming general—there was no bringing him back to the charge for some time—

And so the discourse went on without him.

'Every body,' said my mother, 'says you are in love, brother Toby—and we hope it is true.'

'I am as much in love, sister, I believe,' replied my Uncle Toby, 'as any man usually is.'—'Humph!' said my father.—'And when did you know it?' quoth my mother.

—‘When the blister broke,’ replied my Uncle Toby.

My Uncle Toby's reply put my father into good temper—so he charged o'foot.

С Н А Р. XXXIII.

‘AS the ancients agree, brother
‘Toby,’ said my father, ‘that
‘there are two different and distinct
‘kinds of *love*, according to the dif-
‘ferent parts which are affected by it—
‘the brain or liver—I think, when a
‘man is in love, it behoves him a little
‘to consider which of the two he is
‘fallen into.’

‘What signifies it, brother Shandy,’ replied my Uncle Toby, ‘which of the two it is, provided it will but make a man marry, and love his wife, and get a few children!’

—‘A few children!’ cried my father, rising out of his chair, and looking full in my mother’s face, as he forced his way betwixt her’s and Doctor Slop’s—‘a few children!’ cried my father, repeating my Uncle Toby’s words as he walked to and fro.

—‘Not, my dear brother Toby,’ cried my father, recovering himself all at once, and coming close up to the back of my Uncle Toby’s chair—‘not that I should be sorry had’st thou a score—on the contrary, I should rejoice—and be as kind, Toby, to every one of them as a father.’

My Uncle Toby stole his hand unperceived behind his chair, to give my father's a squeeze.

— 'Nay, moreover,' continued he, keeping hold of my Uncle Toby's hand; 'so much dost thou possessest, my dear K k 'Toby,

‘Toby, of the milk of human nature, and so little of it’s asperities—’tis pitteous the world is not peopled by creatures which resemble thee; and was I an Asiatick monarch,’ added my father, heating himself with his new project—‘I would oblige thee, provided it would not impair thy strength—or dry up thy radical moisture too fast—or weaken thy memory or fancy, brother Toby—which these gymnicks, inordinately taken, are apt to do—else, dear Toby, I would procure thee the most beautiful woman in my empire, and I would oblige thee, *nolens volens*, to beget for me one subject every month.’

As my father pronounced the last word of the sentence—my mother took a pinch of snuff.

‘Now I would not,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘get a child, *nolens volens*, (that is, whether I would or no) to please the greatest prince upon earth!’

—‘And ’twould be cruel in me, brother Toby, to compel thee!’ said my father: ‘but ’tis a case put, to shew thee, that it is not thy begetting a child—in case thou should’st be able—but the system of love and marriage thou goest upon, which I would set thee right in.’

‘There is, at least,’ said Yorick, ‘a great deal of reason and plain sense in Captain Shandy’s opinion of love: and ’tis amongst the ill-spent hours of my life which I have to answer for, that I have read so many flourishing poets and rhetoricians in my time, from whom I never could extract so much.’

‘I wish, Yorick,’ said my father, ‘you had read Plato; for there you would have learnt that there are two LOVES.—‘I know there were two RELIGIONS,’ replied Yorick, ‘amongst the ancients—one for the vulgar, and another for the learned: but I think ONE LOVE might have served both of them very well.’

‘It could not,’ replied my father; ‘and for the same reasons: for of these loves, according to Ficinus’s comment upon Velasius, the one is *rational*—

—‘The other is *natural*—the first ancient—without mother—where Venus had nothing to do: the second, begotten of Jupiter and Diane.’

—‘Pray, brother,’ quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘what has a man who believes in God to do with this?’—My father could not stop to answer, for fear of breaking the thread of his discourse.

‘This latter,’ continued he, ‘partakes wholly of the nature of Venus. The first, which is the golden chain let down from heaven, excites to love heroick, which comprehends in it, and excites to the desire of philosophy and truth—the second, excites to *desire*, simply.’

‘I think the procreation of children as beneficial to the world,’ said Yorick, ‘as the finding out the longitude.’

—‘To be sure,’ said my mother, ‘*love* keeps peace in the world.’

—‘In the *house*—my dear, I own!’—‘It replenishes the earth,’ said my mother.

‘But it keeps heaven empty—my dear!’ replied my father.

—‘It is virginity,’ cried Slop, triumphantly, ‘which fills paradise.’

‘Well push’d, nun!’ quoth my father.

C H A P. XXXIV.

MY father had such a skirmishing, cutting kind of a flashing way with him in his disputations, thrusting and ripping, and giving every one a stroke to remember him by in his turn—that if there were twenty people in company—in less than half an hour he was sure to have every one of them against him.

What did not a little contribute to leave him thus without an ally, was, that if there was any one post more untenable than the rest, he would be sure to throw himself into it; and to do him justice, when he was once there, he would defend it so gallantly, that ’twould have been a concern, either to a brave man, or a good-natured one, to have seen him driven out.

Yorick, for this reason, though he would often attack him—yet could never bear to do it with all his force.

Doctor Slop’s VIRGINITY, in the close of the last chapter, had got him for once on the right side of the rampart; and he was beginning to blow up all the convents in Christendom about Slop’s

Slop's ears, when corporal Trim came into the parlour, to inform my Uncle Toby, that his thin scarlet breeches, in which the attack was to be made upon Mrs. Wadman, would not do; for that the taylor, in ripping them up, in order to turn them, had found they had been turn'd before. 'Then turn them again, brother,' said my father rapidly, 'for there will be many a turning of 'em yet before all's done in the affair.'—'They are as rotten as dirt,' said the corporal.—'Then, by all means,' said my father, 'bespeak a new pair, brother—for though I know,' continued my father, turning himself to the company, 'that Widow Wadman has been deeply in love with my brother Toby for many years, and has used every art and circumvention of woman to outwit him into the same passion, yet now that she has caught him—her fever will be pass'd it's height—'

—'She has gain'd her point.'

'In this case,' continued my father, 'which Plato, I am persuaded, never thought of—Love, you see, is not so much a SENTIMENT as a SITUATION, into which a man enters, as my brother Toby would do into a corps—no matter whether he loves the service or no—being once in it—he acts as if he did; and takes every step to shew himself a man of prowess.'

The hypothesis, like the rest of my father's, was plausible enough; and my Uncle Toby had but a single word to object to it—in which Trim stood ready to second him—but my father had not drawn his conclusion.

'For this reason,' continued my father, (stating the case over again) 'notwithstanding all the world knows, that Mrs. Wadman *affects* my brother Toby—and my brother Toby contrariwise *affects* Mrs. Wadman, and no obstacle in nature to forbid the musick striking up this very night, yet will I answer for it, that this self-same tune will not be play'd this twelvemonth.'

'We have taken our measures badly?' quoth my Uncle Toby, looking up interrogatively in Trim's face.

'I would lay my Montero-cap,' said Trim—(Now Trim's Montero-cap, as I once told you, was his constant wager; and having furbish'd it up that very night, in order to go upon the attack—

it made the odds look more considerable)——'I would lay, an' please your honour, my Montero-cap to a shilling—was it proper,' continued Trim, (making a bow) 'to offer a wager before your honours—'

—'There is nothing improper in it,' said my father; 'it is a mode of expression: for, in saying thou would'st lay thy Montero-cap to a shilling—all thou meanest is this—thou believest—'

—'Now, what do'st thou believe?'

'That Widow Wadman, an' please your worship, cannot hold it out ten days.'

'And whence,' cried Slop, jeeringly, 'hast thou all this knowledge of woman, friend?'

'By falling in love with a Popish clergy-woman,' said Trim.

'It was a *Beguine*,' said my Uncle Toby.

Doctor Slop was too much in wrath to listen to the distinction; and my father taking that very crisis to fall in helter-skelter upon the whole Order of Nuns and Beguines—a set of silly, fusty baggages—Slop could not stand it—and my Uncle Toby having some measures to take about his breeches—and Yorick about his fourth general division—in order for their several attacks next day—the company broke up; and my father being left alone; and having half an hour on his hands betwixt that and bed-time, he called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote my Uncle Toby the following letter of instructions.

'MY DEAR BROTHER TOBY,

WHAT I am going to say to thee, is upon the nature of women, and of love-making to them; and perhaps it is as well for thee—though not so well for me—that thou hast occasion for a letter of instructions upon that head, and that I am able to write it to thee.

'Had it been the good pleasure of Him who disposes of our lots—and thou no sufferer by the knowledge—I had been well content that thou should'st have dipp'd the pen this moment into the ink, instead of myself; but that not being the case—Mrs. Shandy being now close besides me, preparing for bed—I have thrown

K k 2

'together,

‘ together, without order, and just as
‘ they have come into my mind, such
‘ hints and documents as I deem may
‘ be of use to thee; intending, in this,
‘ to give thee a token of my love; not
‘ doubting, my dear Toby, of the man-
‘ ner in which it will be accepted.

‘ In the first place, with regard to all
‘ which concerns religion in the affair—
‘ though I perceive from a glow in my
‘ cheek, that I blush as I begin to speak
‘ to thee upon the subject, as well know-
‘ ing, notwithstanding thy unaffected
‘ secrecy, how few of it’s offices thou
‘ neglectest—yet I would remind thee
‘ of one (during the continuance of thy
‘ courtship) in a particular manner,
‘ which I would not have omitted: and
‘ that is, never to go forth upon the
‘ enterprise, whether it be in the morn-
‘ ing or in the afternoon, without first
‘ recommending thyself to the protec-
‘ tion of Almighty God, that he may
‘ defend thee from the evil one.

‘ Shave the whole top of thy crown
‘ clean, once at least every four or five
‘ days, but oftner if convenient; lest
‘ in taking off thy wig before her,
‘ through absence of mind, she should
‘ be able to discover how much has
‘ been cut away by Time—how much
‘ by Trim.

‘ It were better to keep ideas of bald-
‘ ness out of her fancy.

‘ Always carry it in thy mind, and
‘ act upon it, as a sure maxim, Toby—

‘ *That women are timid:* and ’tis
‘ well they are—else there would be no
‘ dealing with them.

‘ Let not thy breeches be too tight,
‘ or hang too loose about thy thighs,
‘ like the trunk-hose of our ancestors.

——‘ A just medium prevents all con-
‘ clusions—

‘ Whatever thou hast to say, be it
‘ more or less, forget not to utter it in
‘ a low soft tone of voice. Silence, and
‘ whatever approaches it, weaves dreams
‘ of midnight secrecy into the brain;
‘ for this cause, if thou canst help it,
‘ never throw down the tongs and poker.

‘ Avoid all kinds of pleasantry and
‘ facetiousness in thy discourse with her,
‘ and do whatever lies in thy power at
‘ the same time, to keep from her all
‘ books and writings which tend there-
‘ to: there are some devotional tracts,
‘ which if thou canst entice her to read
‘ over—it will be well: but suffer her

‘ not to look into Rabelais, or Scar-
‘ ron, or Don Quixote—

——‘ They are all books which ex-
‘ cite laughter; and thou knowest, dear
‘ Toby, that there is no passion so se-
‘ rious as lust.

‘ Stick a pin in the bosom of thy
‘ shirt, before thou enterest her par-
‘ lour.

‘ And if thou art permitted to sit
‘ upon the same sofa with her, and she
‘ gives thee occasion to lay thy hand
‘ upon her’s—beware of taking it—
‘ thou can’st not lay thy hand on her’s,
‘ but she will feel the temper of thine.
‘ Leave that, and as many other things
‘ as thou can’st, quite undetermined;
‘ by so doing, thou wilt have her cu-
‘ riosity on thy side; and if she is not
‘ conquered by that, and thy ASSE con-
‘ tinues still kicking, which there is
‘ great reason to suppose—thou must
‘ begin, with first losing a few ounces
‘ of blood below the ears, according to
‘ the practice of the ancient Scythians,
‘ who cured the most intemperate fits
‘ of the appetite by that means.

‘ Avicenna, after this, is for having
‘ the part anointed with the syrup of
‘ hellebore, using proper evacuations and
‘ purges—and, I believe, rightly. But
‘ thou must eat little or no goat’s flesh,
‘ nor red deer—nor even foal’s flesh by
‘ any means; and carefully abstain—
‘ that is, as much as thou can’st—from
‘ peacocks, cranes, coots, didappers,
‘ and water-hens—

‘ As for thy drink—I need not tell
‘ thee, it must be the infusion of VER-
‘ VAIN, and the herb HANEA, of which
‘ Ælian relates such effects—but if thy
‘ stomach palls with it—discontinue it
‘ from time to time, taking cucumbers,
‘ melons, purslane, water-lilies, wood-
‘ bine, and lettuce, in the stead of them.

‘ There is nothing farther for thee,
‘ which occurs to me at present—

——‘ Unless the breaking out of a
‘ fresh war.—So wishing every thing,
‘ dear Toby, for the best—

‘ I rest thy affectionate brother,

‘ WALTER SHANDY.’

CHAP. XXXV.

WHILST my father was writing
his letter of instructions, my
Uncle Toby and the corporal were busy

in preparing every thing for the attack. As the turning of the thin scarlet breeches was laid aside (at least for the present) there was nothing which should put it off beyond the next morning; so accordingly it was resolved upon for eleven o'clock.

'Come, my dear,' said my father to my mother—'it will be but like a brother and sister, if you and I take a walk down to my brother Toby's—to countenance him in this attack of his.'

My Uncle Toby and the corporal had been accounted both some time, when my father and mother entered—and the

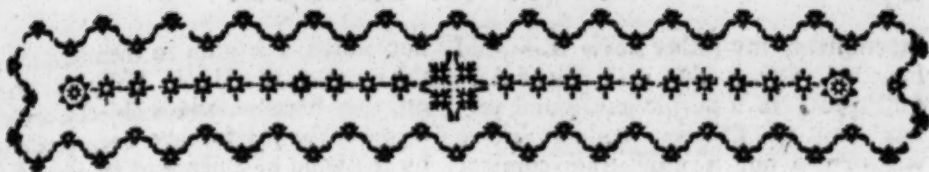
clock striking eleven, were that moment in motion to fall forth—but the account of this is worth more, than to be wove into the fag-end of the eighth volume of such a work as this.—My father had no time but to put the letter of instructions into my Uncle Toby's coat-pocket—and join with my mother in wishing his attack prosperous.

'I could like,' said my mother, 'to look through the key-hole, out of curiosity.'—'Call it by its right name, my dear,' quoth my father—

'*And look through the key-hole as long as you will.*'

END OF THE EIGHTH VOLUME.

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THE
LIFE AND OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

CHAP. I.



Call all the powers of time and chance, which severally check us in our careers in this world, to bear me witness that I could never yet get fairly to my Uncle Toby's amours, till this very moment, that my mother's *curiosity*, as she stated the affair—or a different impulse in her, as my father would have it—wished her to take a peep at them through the key-hole.

'Call it, my dear, by it's right name,' quoth my father, 'and look through the key-hole as long as you will.'

Nothing but the fermentation of that little subacid humour, which I have often spoken of, in my father's habit, could have vented such an insinuation—he was, however, frank and generous in his nature, and at all times open to conviction; so that he had scarce got to the last word of this ungracious retort, when his conscience smote him.

My mother was then conjugally swinging with her left-arm twisted under his right, in such wise, that the inside of her hand rested upon the back of his—she raised her fingers, and let them fall—it could scarce be called a tap—or if it was a tap—'twould have puzzled a casuist to say, whether it was a tap of remonstrance, or a tap of confession—my father, who was all sensibilities from head to foot, classed it right—Conscience re-

doubled her blow—he turned his face suddenly the other way, and my mother supposing his body was about to turn with it in order to move homewards, by a cross movement of her right-leg, keeping her left as it's centre, brought herself so far in front, that as he turned his head, he met her eyes.—Confusion again! he saw a thousand reasons to wipe out the reproach, and as many to reproach himself—a thin, blue, chill, pellucid chrystal, with all it's humours so at rest, the least mote or speck of desire might have been seen at the bottom of it, had it existed—it did not—and how I happened to be so lewd myself, particularly a little before the vernal and autumnal equinoxes—Heaven above knows!—My mother, Madam, was so at no time, —either by nature, by institution, or example.

A temperate current of blood ran orderly through her veins in all months of the year, and in all critical moments both of the day and night alike; nor did she superinduce the least heat into her humours from the manual effervescencies of devotional tracts—which having little or no meaning in them, nature is oft-times obliged to find one.—And as for my father's example, 'twas so far from being either aiding or abetting thereunto, that 'twas the whole business of his life to keep all fancies of that kind out of her head.—Nature had done her part, to have spared him this trouble; and what was not a little inconsistent,

inconsistent, my father knew it.—And here am I sitting, this 12th day of August 1766, in a purple jerkin and yellow pair of slippers, without either wig or cap on, a most tragi-comical completion of his prediction, *that I should neither think nor act like any other man's child, upon that very account.*

The mistake of my father, was in attacking my mother's motive, instead of the act itself: for certainly key-holes were made for other purposes; and considering the act, as an act which interfered with a true proposition, and denied a key-hole to be what it was—it became a violation of nature; and was so far, you see, criminal.

It is for this reason, an' please your reverences, that key-holes are the occasions of more sin and wickedness, than all other holes in this world put together.

—Which leads me to my Uncle Toby's amours.

CHAP. II.

THOUGH the corporal had been as good as his word in putting my Uncle Toby's great ramillie-wig into pipes, yet the time was too short to produce any great effects from it: it had lain many years squeezed up in the corner of his old campaign-trunk; and as bad forms are not so easy to be got the better of, and the use of candle-ends not so well understood, it was not so pliable a business as one would have wished. The corporal, with cheery eye and both arms extended, had fallen back perpendicular from it a score times, to inspire it, if possible, with a better air—had *SPLEEN* given a look at it, 'twould have cost her ladyship a smile—it curl'd every where but where the corporal would have it; and where a buckle or two, in his opinion, would have done it honour, he could as soon have raised the dead.

Such it was—or rather such would it have seem'd upon any other brow; but the sweet look of goodness which sat upon my Uncle Toby's, assimilated every thing around it so sovereignly to itself, and Nature had moreover wrote *Gentleman* with so fair a hand in every line of his countenance, that even his tarnish'd gold-laced hat and huge cockade of flimsy taffeta became him; and though

not worth a button in themselves, yet the moment my Uncle Toby put them on, they became serious objects, and altogether seem'd to have been pick'd up by the hand of Science to set him off to advantage.

Nothing in this world could have cooperated more powerfully towards this, than my Uncle Toby's blue and gold—*had not quantity in some measure been necessary to grace:* in a period of fifteen or sixteen years since they had been made, by a total inactivity in my Uncle Toby's life, for he seldom went farther than the bowling-green—his blue and gold had become so miserably too strait for him, that it was with the utmost difficulty the corporal was able to get him into them: the taking them up at the sleeves was of no advantage.—They were laced, however, down the back, and at the seams of the sides, &c. in the mode of King William's reign; and to shorten all description, they shone so bright against the sun that morning, and had so metallick, and doughty an air with them, that had my Uncle Toby thought of attacking in armour, nothing could have so well imposed upon his imagination.

As for the thin scarlet breeches, they had been unripp'd by the taylor between the legs, and left at *fixes* and *sevens*.

—Yes, Madam—but let us govern our fancies. It is enough they were held impracticable the night before, and as there was no alternative in my Uncle Toby's wardrobe, he sallied forth in the red plush.

The corporal had array'd himself in poor Le Fevre's regimental coat; and with his hair tuck'd up under his Montero-cap, which he had furbish'd up for the occasion, march'd three paces distant from his master: a whiff of military pride had puffed out his shirt at the wrist; and upon that, in a black leather thong clipp'd into a tassel beyond the knot, hung the corporal's stick.—My Uncle Toby carried his cane like a pike.

—'It looks well, at least!' quoth my father to himself.

CHAP. III.

MY Uncle Toby turn'd his head more than once behind him, to see how he was supported by the corporal;

tal; and the corporal as oft as he did it, gave a slight flourish with his stick—but not vapouringly; and, with the sweetest accent of most respectful encouragement, bid his honour *never fear*.

Now my Uncle Toby did fear, and grievously too: he knew not (as my father had reproach'd him) so much as the right end of a woman from the wrong, and therefore was never altogether at his ease—near any one of them—unless in sorrow or distress—then infinite was his pity; nor would the most courteous knight of romance have gone farther, at least upon one leg, to have wiped away a tear from a woman's eye: and yet, excepting once that he was beguiled into it by Mrs. Wadman, he had never looked steadfastly into one; and would often tell my father in the simplicity of his heart, that it was almost (if not aloud) as bad as talking bawdy.

—'And suppose it is!' my father would say.

CHAP. IV.

'SHE cannot,' quoth my Uncle Toby, halting, when they had march'd up to within twenty paces of Mrs. Wadman's door—'she cannot, corporal, take it amiss!'

—'She will take it, an' please your honour,' said the corporal, 'just as the Jew's widow at Lisbon took it of my brother Tom.'

—'And how was that?' quoth my Uncle Toby, facing quite about to the corporal.

'Your honour,' replied the corporal, 'knows of Tom's misfortunes; but this affair has nothing to do with them, any farther than this, that if Tom had not married the widow—or had it pleased God after their marriage, that they had but put pork into their sausages, the honest soul had never been taken out of his warm bed, and dragg'd to the inquisition.—'Tis a cursed place!' added the corporal, shaking his head: 'when once a poor creature is in, he is in, an' please your honour, for ever.'

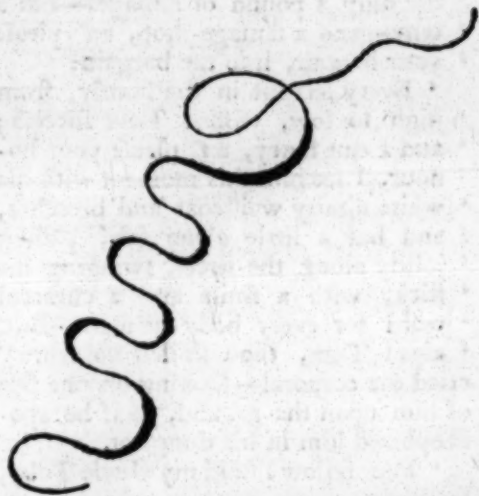
'Tis very true!' said my Uncle Toby—looking gravely at Mrs. Wadman's house as he spoke.

'Nothing,' continued the corporal, 'can be so bad as confinement for life

—or so sweet, an' please your honour, as liberty.'

'Nothing, Trim!' said my Uncle Toby, musing.

'Whilst a man is free—' cried the corporal, giving a flourish with his stick thus—



A thousand of my father's most subtle syllogisms could not have said more for celibacy.

My Uncle Toby looked earnestly towards his cottage and his bowling-green.

The corporal had unwarily conjured up the spirit of calculation with his wand; and he had nothing to do, but to conjure him down again with his story, and in this form of exorcism, most un-ecclesiastically did the corporal do it.

CHAP. V.

'AS Tom's place, an' please your honour, was easy—and the weather warm—it put him upon thinking seriously of settling himself in the world; and as it fell out about that time, that a Jew who kept a sausage-shop in the same street, had the ill luck to die of a strangury, and leave his widow in possession of a rousing trade—Tom thought (as every body in Lisbon was doing the best he could devise for himself) there could be no harm in offering her his service to carry it on: so, without any introduction to the widow, except that of buying a pound of sausages at her shop—

L 1

'Tom

‘ Tom set out—counting the matter
‘ thus within himself as he walked a-
‘ long; that let the worst come of it
‘ that could, he should at least get a
‘ pound of sausages for their worth—
‘ but, if things went well, he should
‘ be set up; inasmuch as he should get
‘ not only a pound of sausages—but a
‘ wife—and a sausage-shop, an’ please
‘ your honour, into the bargain.

‘ Every servant in the family, from
‘ high to low, wished Tom success;
‘ and I can fancy, an’ please your ho-
‘ nour, I see him this moment with his
‘ white dimity waistcoat and breeches,
‘ and hat a little o’one side, passing
‘ jollily along the street, swinging his
‘ stick, with a smile and a cheerful
‘ word for every body he met.—But,
‘ alas! Tom, thou smilest no more!’
cried the corporal—looking on one side
of him upon the ground, as if he apo-
strophized him in his dungeon.

‘ Poor fellow!’ said my Uncle Toby,
feelingly.

‘ He was an honest, light-hearted
‘ lad, an’ please your honour, as ever
‘ blood warmed!’

——‘ Then he resembled thee, Trim!’
said my Uncle Toby, rapidly.

The corporal blushed down to his
fingers ends——a tear of sentimental
bashfulness——another of gratitude to
my Uncle Toby——and a tear of sorrow
for his brother’s misfortunes——started
into his eye, and ran sweetly down
his cheek together: my Uncle Toby’s
kindled, as one lamp does at another;
and taking hold of the breast of Trim’s
coat, (which had been that of Le
Fevre’s) as if to ease his lame leg, but
in reality to gratify a finer feeling—he
stood silent for a minute and a half; at
the end of which he took his hand away,
and the corporal making a bow, went
on with the story of his brother and the
Jew’s widow.

CHAP. VI.

‘ **W**HEN Tom, an’ please your
‘ honour, got to the shop,
‘ there was nobody in it, but a poor
‘ negro girl, with a bunch of white
‘ feathers slightly tied to the end of a
‘ long cane, flapping away flies—not
‘ killing them.—‘Tis a pretty pic-
‘ ture!’ said my Uncle Toby——‘ she

‘ had suffered persecution, Trim, and
‘ had learnt mercy!’

——‘ She was good, an’ please your
‘ honour, from nature as well as from
‘ hardships; and there are circumstances
‘ in the story of that poor friendless slut,
‘ that would melt a heart of stone!’ said
Trim; ‘ and some dismal winter’s even-
‘ ing, when your honour is in the hu-
‘ mour, they shall be told you with the
‘ rest of Tom’s story, for it makes a
‘ part of it.’

‘ Then do not forget, Trim,’ said
my Uncle Toby.

‘ A negro has a soul, an’ please your
‘ honour?’ said the corporal (doubt-
ingly.)

‘ I am not much versed, corporal,’
quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘ in things of
‘ that kind; but I suppose God would
‘ not leave him without one, any more
‘ than thee or me.’

——‘ It would be putting one sadly
‘ over the head of another!’ quoth the
corporal.

‘ It would so!’ said my Uncle Toby.
‘ Why then, an’ please your honour,
‘ is a black wench to be used worse
‘ than a white one?’

‘ I can give no reason,’ said my
Uncle Toby.

——‘ Only,’ cried the corporal, shak-
ing his head, ‘ because she has no one
‘ to stand up for her!’

——‘ It is that very thing, Trim,’
quoth my Uncle Toby, ‘ which re-
‘ commends her to protection—and her
‘ brethren with her; ’tis the fortune of
‘ war which has put the whip into our
‘ hands *now*—where it may be here-
‘ after, Heaven knows!—but be it
‘ where it will, the brave, Trim, will
‘ never use it unkindly.’

——‘ God forbid!’ said the corpo-
ral.

‘ Amen!’ responded my Uncle To-
by, laying his hand upon his heart.

The corporal returned to his story,
and went on—but with an embarrass-
ment in doing it, which here and there
a reader in this world will not be able to
comprehend; for by the many sudden
transitions all along, from one kind
and cordial passion to another, in getting
thus far on his way, he had lost the
sportable key of his voice, which gave
sense and spirit to his tale: he attempt-
ed twice to resume it, but could not
please himself; so giving a stout *hem!*

to rally back the retreating spirits, and aiding Nature at the same time with his left-arm a-kimbo on one side, and with his right a little extended supporting her on the other—the corporal got as near the note as he could; and in that attitude continued his story.

CHAP. VII.

‘AS Tom, an’ please your honour, had no business at that time with the Moorish girl, he passed on into the room beyond to talk to the Jew’s widow about love—and his pound of sausages; and being, as I have told your honour, an open, cheery-hearted lad, with his character wrote in his looks and carriage, he took a chair, and without much apology, but with great civility at the same time, placed it close to her at the table, and sat down.

‘There is nothing so awkward as courting a woman, an’ please your honour, whilst she is making sausages. —So Tom began a discourse upon them; first gravely—as *how they were made—with what meats, herbs and spices*.—Then a little gayly—as, *With what skins—and if they never burst?—Whether the largest were not the best?*—and so on—taking care only as he went along, to season what he had to say upon sausages, rather under, than over—that he might have room to act in.’—

‘It was owing to the neglect of that very precaution,’ said my Uncle Toby, laying his hand upon Trim’s shoulder, ‘that Count De la Motte lost the battle of Wynendale: he pressed too speedily into the wood; which, if he had not done, Lisle had not fallen into our hands, nor Ghent and Bruges, which both followed her examples. It was so late in the year,’ continued my Uncle Toby, ‘and so terrible a season came on, that if things had not fallen out as they did, our troops must have perished in the open field.’

—‘Why, therefore, may not battles, an’ please your honour, as well as marriages, be made in heaven?’—My Uncle Toby mused.

Religion inclined him to say one thing, and his high idea of military skill tempted him to say another; so not being able to frame a reply exactly to

his mind—my Uncle Toby said nothing at all; and the corporal finished his story.

‘As Tom perceived, an’ please your honour, that he gained ground, and that all he had said upon the subject of sausages was kindly taken, he went on to help her a little in making them. —First, by taking hold of the ring of the sausage whilst she stroked the forced meat down with her hand—then by cutting the strings into proper lengths, and holding them in his hand, whilst she took them out one by one—then, by putting them across her mouth, that she might take them out as she wanted them—and so on, from little to more, till at last he ventured to tie the sausage himself, whilst she held the snout.

—‘Now a widow, an’ please your honour, always chuses a second husband as unlike the first as she can: so the affair was more than half settled in her mind before Tom mentioned it.

‘She made a feint, however, of defending herself, by snatching up a sausage—Tom instantly laid hold of another—

‘But seeing Tom’s had more gristle in it—

‘She signed the capitulation—and Tom sealed it: and there was an end of the matter.

CHAP. VIII.

‘ALL womankind,’ continued Trim, (commenting upon his story) ‘from the highest to the lowest, an’ please your honour, love jokes: the difficulty is to know how they chuse to have them cut; and there is no knowing that, but by trying as we do with our artillery in the field, by raising or letting down their breeches, till we hit the mark.’

—‘I like the comparison,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘better than the thing itself!’

—‘Because your honour,’ quoth the corporal, ‘loves glory, more than pleasure.’

‘I hope, Trim,’ answered my Uncle Toby, ‘I love mankind more than either; and as the knowledge of arms tends so apparently to the good and quiet of the world—and particularly that branch of it which we have prac-

'tised together in our bowling-green, ' has no object but to shorten the strides ' of AMBITION, and intrench the lives ' and fortunes of the *few*, from the ' plunderings of the *many*—whenever ' that drum beats in our ears, I trust, ' corporal, we shall neither of us want ' so much humanity and fellow-feeling ' as to face about and march.'

In pronouncing this, my Uncle Toby faced about, and marched firmly as at the head of his company—and the faithful corporal, shouldering his stick, and striking his hand upon his coat-skirt as he took his first step—marched close behind him down the avenue.

—'Now what can their two ' noddles be about?' cried my father to my mother.—'By all that's strange, ' they are besieging Mrs. Wadman in ' form, and are marching round her ' house to mark out the lines of circum- ' vallation!'

'I dare say,' quoth my mother— But stop, dear Sir—for what my mother dared to say upon the occasion—and what my father did say upon it—with her replies and his rejoinders, shall be read, perused, paraphrased, commented, and descanted upon—or to say it all in a word, shall be thumbed over by posterity in a chapter apart—I say, by posterity—and care not, if I repeat the word again—for what has this book done more than the Legation of Moses, or the Tale of a Tub, that it may not swim down the gutter of Time along with them?

I will not argue the matter: time wastes too fast; every letter I trace tells me with what rapidity life follows my pen, the days and hours of it more precious, my dear Jenny! than the rubies about thy neck, are flying over our heads like light clouds of a windy day, never to return more—every thing presses on—whilst thou art twisting that lock—see! it grows grey; and every time I kiss thy hand to bid adieu, and every absence which follows it, are preludes to that eternal separation which we are shortly to make.

—Heaven have mercy upon us both!

CHAP. IX.

NOW, for what the world thinks of that ejaculation—I would not give a groat.

CHAP. X.

MY mother had gone with her left arm twisted in my father's right, till they had got to the fatal angle of the old garden wall, where Doctor Slop was overthrown by Obadiah on the coach-horse: as this was directly opposite to the front of Mrs. Wadman's house, when my father came to it, he gave a look across; and seeing my Uncle Toby and the corporal within ten paces of the door, he turned about.—'Let us just stop a moment,' quoth my father, 'and see with what ceremonies my brother Toby and his man Trim make their first entry—it will not detain us,' added my father, 'a single minute.'—'No matter, if it be ten minutes,' quoth my mother.

—'It will not detain us half a ' one,' said my father.

The corporal was just then setting in with the story of his brother Tom and the Jew's widow: the story went on—and on—it had episodes in it—it came back, and went on—and on again; there was no end of it—the reader found it very long.

—G—d help my father! he *pis'd* fifty times at every new attitude; and gave the corporal's stick, with all its flourishings and dangleings, to as many devils as chose to accept of them.

When issues of events, like these my father is waiting for, are hanging in the scales of Fate, the mind has the advantage of changing the principle of expectation three times, without which it would not have power to see it out.

CURIOSITY governs the *first moment*; and the second moment is all OECONOMY to justify the expence of the first—and for the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth moments, and so on to the day of judgment—'tis a point of HONOUR.

I need not be told, that the ethick writers have assigned this all to Patience; but that *virtue*, methinks, has extent of dominion sufficient of her own, and enough to do in it, without invading the few dismantled castles which Honour has left him upon the earth.

My father stood it out as well as he could with these three auxiliaries, to the end of Trim's story; and from thence to the end of my Uncle Toby's panegyrick upon arms in the chapter following it; when seeing, that instead of march-

ing up to Mrs. Wadman's door, they both faced about and marched down the avenue diametrically opposite to his expectation—he broke out at once with that little subacid soreness of humour, which, in certain situations, distinguished his character from that of all other men.

CHAP. XI.

—‘NOW what can their two noddles be about?’ cried my father! — &c. —

‘I dare say,’ said my mother, ‘they are making fortifications.’

—‘Not on Mrs. Wadman's premises!’ cried my father, stepping back.

‘I suppose not!’ quoth my mother.

‘I wish,’ said my father, raising his voice, ‘the whole science of fortification at the devil! with all its trumpery of saps, mines, blinds, gabions, fausse-brays and cuvetts.’

—‘They are foolish things!’ said my mother.

Now she had a way—which, by the bye, I would this moment give away my purple jerkin, and my yellow slippers into the bargain, if some of your reverences would imitate—and that was, never to refuse her assent and consent to any proposition my father had laid before her, merely because she did not understand it, or had no ideas of the principal word or term of art, upon which the tenet or proposition rolled. She contented herself with doing all that her godfathers and godmothers promised for her—but no more; and so would go on using a hard word twenty years together—and replying to it too, if it was a verb, in all its moods and tenses, without giving herself any trouble to enquire about it.

This was an eternal source of misery to my father, and broke the neck, at the first setting out, of more good dialogues between them, than could have done the most petulant contradiction—the few which survived were the better for the cuvetts.

—‘They are foolish things,’ said my mother.

—‘Particularly the *cuvetts*!’ replied my father.

‘Twas enough—he tasted the sweets of triumph, and went on.

—‘Not that they are, properly speaking, Mrs. Wadman's premises,’ said my father, partly correcting himself—‘because she is but tenant for life.’

—‘That makes a great difference,’ said my mother.

—‘In a fool's head!’ replied my father.

‘Unless she should happen to have a child,’ said my mother.

—‘But she must persuade my brother Toby first to get her one!’

—‘To be sure, Mr. Shandy!’ quoth my mother.

—‘Though if it comes to persuasion,’ said my father—‘Lord have mercy upon them!’

‘Amen!’ said my mother, *piano*.

‘Amen!’ cried my father, *fortissimo*.

‘Amen!’ said my mother again—but with such a sighing cadence of personal pity at the end of it, as discomfited every fibre about my father—he instantly took out his almanack; but before he could untie it, Yorick's congregation coming out of church, became a full answer to one half of his business with it—and my mother telling him it was a sacrament-day—left him as little in doubt, as to the other part.—He put his almanack into his pocket.

The first lord of the treasury thinking of *ways and means*, could not have returned home with a more embarrassed look.

CHAP. XII.

UPON looking back from the end of the last chapter, and surveying the texture of what has been wrote, it is necessary, that upon this page and the five following, a good quantity of heterogeneous matter be inserted, to keep up that just balance betwixt wisdom and folly, without which a book would not hold together a single year: nor is it a poor creeping digression (which but for the name of, a man might continue as well going on in the king's highway) which will do the business—no; if it is to be a digression, it must be a good frisky one, and upon a frisky subject too, where neither the horse or his rider are to be caught, but by rebound.

The only difficulty, is raising powers suitable

suitable to the nature of the service: FANCY is capricious—WIT must not be searched for—and PLEASANTRY (good-natured flut as she is) will not come in at a call, was an empire to be laid at her feet.

—The best way for a man, is to say his prayers.

Only if it puts him in mind of his infirmities and defects, as well ghostly as bodily—for that purpose, he will find himself rather worse after he has said them than before—for other purposes, better.

For my own part, there is not a way, either moral or mechanical, under heaven, that I could think of, which I have not taken with myself in this case—sometimes by addressing myself directly to the soul herself, and arguing the point over and over again with her upon the extent of her own faculties.

—I never could make them an inch the wider.

Then, by changing my system, and trying what could be made of it upon the body by temperance, soberness, and chastity. 'These are good,' quoth I, 'in themselves—they are good, absolutely—they are good, relatively—they are good for health—they are good for happiness in this world—they are good for happiness in the next.'

In short, they were good for every thing but the thing wanted; and there they were good for nothing, but to leave the soul just as Heaven made it: as for the theological virtues of faith and hope, they give it courage; but then that sniveling virtue of meekness (as my father would always call it) takes it quite away again—so you are exactly where you started.

Now in all common and ordinary cases, there is nothing which I have found to answer so well as this—

—Certainly, if there is any dependence upon Logick, and that I am not blinded by self-love, there must be something of true genius about me, merely upon this symptom of it, that I do not know what envy is: for never do I hit upon any invention or device which tendeth to the furtherance of good writing, but I instantly make it publick; willing that all mankind should write as well as myself.

—Which they certainly will, when they think as little.

C H A P. XIII.

NOW in ordinary cases, that is, when I am only stupid, and the thoughts rise heavily and pass gummy through my pen—

Or that I am got, I know not how, into a cold unmetaphorical vein of infirmous writing, and cannot take a plumb-line out of it for my soul; so must be obliged to go on writing like a Dutch commentator to the end of the chapter, unless something be done—

—I never stand conferring with pen and ink one moment; for if a pinch of snuff or a stride or two across the room will not do the business for me—I take a razor at once; and having tried the edge of it upon the palm of my hand, without farther ceremony, except that of first lathering my beard, I shave it off; taking care only, if I do leave a hair, that it be not a grey one: this done, I change my shirt—put on a better coat—send for my last wig—put my topaz ring upon my finger—and, in a word, dress myself from one end to the other of me, after my best fashion.

Now the devil in hell must be in it, if this does not do! for consider, Sir, as every man chuses to be present at the shaving of his own beard (though there is no rule without an exception) and unavoidably sits over against himself the whole time it is doing, in case he has a hand in it—the Situation, like all others, has notions of her own to put into the brain.

—I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-bearded man, are seven years more terse and juvenile for one single operation; and if they did not run a risque of being quite shaved away, might be carried up by continual shaving, to the highest pitch of sublimity—How Homer could write with so long a beard, I don't know—and as it makes against my hypothesis, I as little care—But let us return to the toilet.

Ludovicus Sorbonensis makes this entirely an affair of the body (*ἐξωτερικόν*) as he calls it—but he is deceived; the soul and body are joint sharers in every thing they get; a man cannot dress, but his ideas get cloathed at the same time; and if he dresses like a gentleman, every one of them stands presented to his imagination, genteelized along with him—so that he has nothing

to do, but take his pen, and write like himself.

For this cause, when your honours and reverences would know whether I write clean and fit to be read, you will be able to judge full as well by looking into my laundress's bill, as my book: there was one single month in which I can make it appear, that I dirtied one and thirty shirts with clean writing; and after all, was more abused, cursed, criticized, and confounded, and had more mytick heads shaken at me, for what I had wrote in that one month, than all the other months of that year put together.

—But their honours and reverences had not seen my *bills*.

CHAP. XIV.

AS I never had any intention of beginning the digression I am making all this preparation for, till I come to the fifteenth chapter—I have this chapter to put to whatever use I think proper—I have twenty this moment ready for it—I could write my chapter of *Button-holes* in it—

Or my chapter of *Pisbes*, which should follow them—

Or my chapter of *Knots*, in case their reverences have done with them—they might lead me into mischief: the safest way is to follow the track of the learned, and raise objections against what I have been writing, though I declare before-hand, I know no more than my heels how to answer them.

And first, it may be said, there is a pelting kind of *therfitical* satire, as black as the very ink 'tis wrote with—(and by the bye, whoever says so, is indebted to the muster-master-general of the Grecian army, for suffering the name of so ugly and foul-mouthed a man as *Thersites* to continue upon his roll—for it has furnished him with an epithet)—in these productions, he will urge, all the personal washings and scrubblings upon earth, do a sinking genius no sort of good—but just the contrary, inasmuch as the dirtier the fellow is, the better generally he succeeds in it.

To this, I have no other answer—at least ready—but that the Archbishop of Benevento wrote his *nasty Romance* of the *Galatea*, as all the world

knows, in a purple coat, waistcoat, and purple pair of breeches; and that the penance set him of writing a commentary upon the book of the Revelations, as severe as it was looked upon by one part of the world, was far from being deemed so by the other, upon the single account of that *investment*.

Another objection, to all this remedy, is it's want of universality; forasmuch as the shaving part of it, upon which so much stress is laid, by an unalterable law of nature, excludes one half of the species entirely from it's use: all I can say is, that female writers, whether of England or of France, must e'en go without it.

As for the Spanish ladies—I am in no sort of distress.

CHAP. XV.

THE fifteenth chapter is come at last; and brings nothing with it but a sad signature of *How our pleasures slip from under us in this world!*

For in talking of my digression—I declare before Heaven I have made it! 'What a strange creature is mortal man!' said she.

'It is very true,' said I—but 'twere better to get all these things out of our heads, and return to my Uncle Toby.

CHAP. XVI.

WHEN my Uncle Toby and the corporal had marched down to the bottom of the avenue, they recollected their business lay the other way; so they faced about, and marched up straight to Mrs. Wadman's door.

'I warrant your honour,' said the corporal, touching his *Montero*-cap with his hand, as he passed him in order to give a knock at the door.—My Uncle Toby, contrary to his invariable way of treating his faithful servant, said nothing good or bad: the truth was, he had not altogether marshalled his ideas; he wished for another conference, and as the corporal was mounting up the three steps before the door—he hearn'd twice—a portion of my Uncle Toby's most modest spirits fled, at each expulsion, towards the corporal; he stood with the rapper of the door suspended for

for a full minute in his hand, he scarce knew why. Bridget stood perdue within, with her finger and her thumb upon the latch, benumbed with expectation; and Mrs. Wadman, with an eye ready to be deflowered again, sat breathless behind the window-curtain of her bed-chamber, watching their approach.

'Trim!' said my Uncle Toby—but, as he articulated the word, the minute expired, and Trim let fall the rapper.

My Uncle Toby perceiving that all hopes of a conference were knock'd on the head by it—whistled Lillabullero.

C H A P. XVIII.

C H A P. XVII.

AS Mrs. Bridget's finger and thumb were upon the latch, the corporal did not knock as oft as, perchance, your honour's taylor—I might have taken my example something nearer home; for I owe mine, some five and twenty pounds at least, and wonder at the man's patience.

—But this is nothing at all to the world: only 'tis a cursed thing to be in debt; and there seems to be a fatality in the exchequers of some poor princes, particularly those of our house, which no oeconomy can bind down in irons: for my own part, I'm persuaded there is not any one prince, prelate, pope, or potentate, great or small, upon earth, more desirous in his heart of keeping straight with the world than I am—or who takes more likely means for it. I never give above half a guinea—or walk with boots—or cheapen tooth-picks—or lay out a shilling upon a band-box—the year round; and for the six months I'm in the country, I'm upon so small a scale, that with all the good temper in the world, I out-do Rousseau a bar length—for I keep neither man or boy, or horse, or cow, or dog, or cat, or any thing that can eat or drink, except a thin poor piece of a vestal (to keep my fire in) who has generally as bad an appetite as myself—but if you think this makes a philosopher of me—I would not, my good people! give a rush for your judgments.

True philosophy—but there is no treating the subject whilst my uncle is whistling Lillabullero.

—Let us go into the house.

C H A P. XIX.

CHAP. XX.

foreheads—blow your noses—cleanse your emunctories—sneeze, my good people!—God bless you!—

Now give me all the help you can.

CHAP. XXI.

—‘You shall see the very place,’ said my Uncle Toby.

Mrs. Wadman blushed—looked towards the door—turned pale—blushed slightly again—recovered her natural colour—blushed worse than ever: which, for the sake of the unlearned reader, I translate thus—

‘L—d! I cannot look at it!—

‘What would the world say if I looked at it?—

‘I should drop down if I looked at it!—

‘I wish I could look at it.—

‘There can be no sin in looking at it.—

—‘I will look at it!’

Whilst all this was running through Mrs. Wadman’s imagination, my Uncle Toby had risen from the sofa, and got to the other side of the parlour-door, to give Trim an order about it in the passage.

—‘I believe it is in the garret,’ said my Uncle Toby—‘I saw it there, an’ please your honour, this morning,’ answered Trim.—‘Then prythee step directly for it, Trim,’ said my Uncle Toby, ‘and bring it into the parlour.’

The corporal did not approve of the orders, but most chearfully obeyed them. The first was not an act of his will—the second was: so he put on his Montero-cap, and went as fast as his lame knee would let him. My Uncle Toby returned into the parlour, and sat himself down again upon the sofa.

—‘You shall lay your finger upon the place!’—said my Uncle Toby.—‘I will not touch it, however!’—quoth Mrs. Wadman to herself.

This requires a second translation—it shews what little knowledge is got by mere words—we must go up to the first springs.

Now in order to clear up the mist which hangs upon these three pages, I must endeavour to be as clear as possible myself.

Rub your hands thrice across yo

AS there are fifty different ends (counting all ends in—as well civil as religious) for which a woman takes a husband, she first sets about and carefully weighs, then separates and distinguishes in her mind, which of all that number of ends is her’s: then, by discourse, enquiry, argumentation and inference, she investigates and finds out whether she has got hold of the right one—and if she has—then by pulling it gently this way and that way, she farther forms a judgment, whether it will not break in the drawing.

The imagery under which Slawkenbergius impresses this upon his reader’s fancy, in the beginning of his third Decad, is so ludicrous, that the honour I bear the sex will not suffer me to quote it—otherwise ’tis not destitute of humour.

‘She first,’ saith Slawkenbergius, ‘stops the ass, and holding his halter in her left-hand (lest he should get away) she thrusts her right-hand into the very bottom of his pannier to search for it—’ ‘For what?’—‘You’ll not know the sooner,’ quoth Slawkenbergius, ‘for interrupting me!’—

“I have nothing, good lady, but empty bottles!” says the ass.

“I am loaded with tripes,” says the second.

“And thou art little better,” quoth she to the third; “for nothing is there in thy panniers but trunk-hose and pantouffles!” and so to the fourth and fifth, going on one by one through the whole string; till coming to the ass which carries it, she turns the pannier upside down, looks at it—considers it—samples it—measures it—stretches it—wets it—dries it—then takes her teeth both to the warp and west of it—

—‘Of what? for the love of Christ!’

‘I am determined,’ answered Slawkenbergius, ‘that all the powers-upon earth shall never wring that secret from my breast!’

C H A P. XXII.

WE live in a world beset on all sides with mysteries and riddles—and so 'tis no matter—else it seems strange, that nature, who makes every thing so well to answer it's destination, and seldom or never errs, unless for pastime, in giving such forms and aptitudes to whatever passes through her hands, that whether she designs for the plough, the caravan, the cart—or whatever other creature she models, be it but an ass's foal, you are sure to have the thing you wanted; and yet at the same time should so eternally bungle it as she does, in making so simple a thing as a married man.

Whether it is in the choice of the clay—or that it is frequently spoiled in the baking; by an excess of which a husband may turn out too crusty (you know) on one hand—or not enough so, through defect of heat, on the other—or whether this great artificer is not so attentive to the little platonick exigencies of *that* part of the species, for whose use she is fabricating *this*—or that her ladyship sometimes scarce knows what sort of a husband will do—I know not: we will discourse about it after supper.

It is enough, that neither the observation itself, or the reasoning upon it, are at all to the purpose—but rather against it; since, with regard to my Uncle Toby's fitness for the marriage state, nothing was ever better; she had formed him of the best and kindest clay—had tempered it with her own milk, and breathed into it the sweetest spirit—she had made him all gentle, generous, and humane—she had filled his heart with trust and confidence, and disposed every passage which led to it, for the communication of the tenderest offices—she had, moreover, considered the other causes for which matrimony was ordained—

And accordingly * * * * *

The DONATION was not defeated by my Uncle Toby's wound.

Now this last article was something apocryphal; and the devil, who is the great disturber of our faiths in this world, had raised scruples in Mrs.

Wadman's brain about it; and like a true devil as he was, had done his own work at the same time, by turning my Uncle Toby's virtue thereupon into nothing but empty *bottles, tripes, trunks, hose, and pantoufles.*

C H A P. XXIII.

MRS. Bridget had pawned all the little stock of honour a poor chamber-maid was worth in the world, that she would get to the bottom of the affair in ten days; and it was built upon one of the most concessible *postulatum* in nature: namely, that whilst my Uncle Toby was making love to her mistress, the corporal could find nothing better to do, than make love to her—*'And I'll let him, as much as he will,'* said Bridget, *'to get it out of him!'*

Friendship has two arguments; an outer, and an under one. Bridget was serving her mistress's interest in the one—and doing the thing which most pleased herself in the other; so had as many stakes depending in my Uncle Toby's wound as the devil himself.—Mrs. Wadman had but one, and as it possibly might be her last, (without discouraging Mrs. Bridget, or discrediting her talents) was determined to play her cards herself.

She wanted not encouragement: a child might have looked into his hand—there was such a plainness and simplicity in his playing out what trumps he had—with such an untrusting ignorance of the *ten ace*—and so naked and defenceless did he sit upon the same sofa with Widow Wadman, that a generous heart would have wept to have won the game of him.

Let us drop the metaphor.

C H A P. XXIV.

—AND the story too—if you please: for though I have all along been hastening towards this part of it, with so much earnest desire, as well knowing it to be the choicest morsel of what I had to offer to the world, yet now that I am got to it, any one is welcome to take my pen, and go on with the story for me that will—I see the

the difficulties of the descriptions I'm going to give—and feel my want of powers.

It is one comfort at least to me, that I lost some fourscore ounces of blood this week in a most uncritical fever which attacked me at the beginning of this chapter; so that I have still some hopes remaining, it may be more in the serous and globular parts of the blood, than in the subtle *aura* of the brain—be it which it will—an invocation can do no hurt—and I leave the affair entirely to the *invoked*, to inspire or to inject me according as he sees good.

THE INVOCATION.

GENTLE spirit of sweetest Humour, who erst didst sit upon the easy pen of my beloved Cervantes! Thou who glidedst daily through his lattice, and turnedst the twilight of his prison into noon-day brightness by thy presence—tingedst his little urn of water with heaven-sent nectar, and all the time he wrote of Sancho and his master, didst cast thy mystick mantle o'er his withered stump*, and wide extended it to all the evils of his life—

—Turn in hither, I beseech thee!—behold these breeches!—they are all I have in the world—that piteous rent was given them at Lyons—

My shirts! see what a deadly schism has happened amongst 'em—for the laps are in Lombardy, and the rest of 'em here—I never had but six, and a cunning gypsey of a laundress at Milan cut me off the *fore-laps* of five.—To do her justice, she did it with some consideration—for I was returning *out* of Italy.

And yet, notwithstanding all this, and a pistol tinder-box which was moreover filched from me at Sienna, and twice that I paid five Pauls for two hard eggs—once at Raddicoffini, and a second time at Capua—I do not think a journey through France and Italy, provided a man keeps his temper all the way, so bad a thing as some people would make you believe: there must be *ups* and *downs*, or how the deuce should we get into vallies where Nature spreads so many tables of entertainment!—'Tis nonsense to imagine they will lend you their voitures to be shaken to pieces for

nothing; and unless you pay twelve sous for greasing your wheels, how should the poor peasant get butter to his bread?—We really expect too much—and for the livre or two above par for your suppers and bed—at the most they are but one shilling and nine-pence halfpenny—who would embroil their philosophy for it? For Heaven's and for your own sake, pay it—pay it with both hands open—rather than leave *Disappointment* sitting drooping upon the eye of your fair hostess and her damsels in the gate-way, at your departure—and besides, my dear Sir, you get a sisterly kiss of each of 'em worth a pound—at least, I did.

—For my Uncle Toby's amours running all the way in my head, they had the same effect upon me as if they had been my own—I was in the most perfect state of bounty and good will; and felt the kindest harmony vibrating within me, with every oscillation of the chaise alike: so that whether the roads were rough or smooth, it made no difference; every thing I saw, or had to do with, touch'd upon some secret spring either of sentiment or rapture.

—They were the sweetest notes I ever heard; and I instantly let down the fore-glass to hear them more distinctly.—'It is Maria!' said the postilion, observing I was listening.—'Poor Maria,' continued he, (leaning his body on one side to let me see her, for he was in a line betwixt us) 'is sitting upon a bank, 'playing her vespers upon her pipe, 'with her little goat beside her!'

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look so perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I instantly made a vow, I would give him a four and twenty sous piece when I got to Moulins.

—'And who is this *poor Maria*!' said I.

'The love and pity of all the villages 'around us!' said the postilion: 'it 'is but three years ago, that the sun 'did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted, and amiable a maid; and 'better fate did Maria deserve, than to 'have her banns forbid, by the intrigues 'of the curate who published them—'

He was going on—when Maria, who had made a short pause, put the pipe to her mouth, and began the air again—they were the same notes—yet were ten

* He lost his hand at the battle of Lepanto.

times sweeter. 'It is the evening service to the Virgin,' said the young man. 'But who has taught her to play it—or how she came by her pipe—no one knows: we think that Heaven has assisted her in both; for ever since she has been unsettled in her mind, it seems her only consolation—she has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that *service* upon it almost night and day.'

The postilion delivered this with so much discretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering something in his face above his condition—and should have sifted out his history, had not poor Maria's taken such full possession of me.

We had got by this time almost to the bank where Maria was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up into a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted a little fantastically on one side—she was beautiful: and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her.

—'God help her! poor damsel! above a hundred masses,' said the postilion, 'have been said in the several parish-churches and convents around, for her—but without effect: we have still hopes, as she is sensible for short intervals, that the Virgin at last will restore her to herself; but her parents, who know her best, are hopeless upon that score, and think her senses are lost for ever.'

As the postilion spoke this, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender, and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise to help her; and found myself sitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

Maria looked wistfully for some time at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again—and so on alternately—

—'Well, Maria,' said I, softly, 'what resemblance do you find?'

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humblest conviction of what a *beast* man is—that I ask'd the question; and that I would not have let fallen an unreasonable pleasantry in the venerable presence of misery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais scattered—and yet I own, my heart smote me—and that I so

smarted at the very idea of it, that I swore I would set up for wisdom, and utter grave sentences the rest of my days—and never—never attempt again to commit mirth with man, woman, or child, the longest day I had to live.

As for writing nonsense to them—I believe there was a reserve—but that I leave to the world.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapless damsel!—some time, but not *now*, I may hear thy sorrows from thy own lips:—but I was deceived; for that moment she took her pipe, and told me such a tale of woe with it, that I rose up, and with broken and irregular steps walked softly to my chaise.

—What an excellent inn at Moulins!

CHAP. XXV.

WHEN we have got to the end of this chapter (but not before) we must all turn back to the two blank chapters, on the account of which my honour has lain bleeding this half hour—I stop it, by pulling off one of my yellow slippers, and throwing it with all my violence to the opposite side of my room, with a declaration at the heel of it—

—That whatever resemblance it may bear to half the chapters which are written in the world—or for aught I know, may be now writing in it—that it was as casual as the foam of Zeuxis his horse: besides, I look upon a chapter which has *only nothing* in it with respect; and, considering what worse things there are in the world—that it is no way a proper subject for satire.

—'Why then was it left so?'—And here, without staying for my reply, shall I be called as many block-heads, numsculls, doddy-poles, dun-der heads, ninny-hammers, goose-caps, jolt-heads, nincompoops, and sh-t-a-beds—and other unfavourable appellations, as ever the cake-bakers of Lerne cast in the teeth of King Garagantua's shepherds—And I'll let them do it, as Bridget said, as much as they please: for how was it possible they should foresee the necessity I was under of writing the twenty-fifth chapter of my book, before the eighteenth, &c.

—So I don't take it amiss—All I wish is, that it may be a lesson to the world,

world, to let people tell their stories their own way.

The Eighteenth Chapter.

AS Mrs. Bridget opened the door before the corporal had well given the rap, the interval betwixt that and my Uncle Toby's introduction into the parlour, was so short, that Mrs. Wadman had but just time to get from behind the curtain—lay a Bible upon the table, and advance a step or two towards the door to receive him.

My Uncle Toby saluted Mrs. Wadman, after the manner in which women were saluted by men in the year of our Lord God one thousand seven hundred and thirteen—then facing about, he march'd up abreast with her to the sofa, and in three plain words—though not before he was sat down—nor after he was sat down—but as he was sitting down, told her, *he was in love*—so that my Uncle Toby strained himself more in the declaration than he needed.

Mrs. Wadman naturally looked down upon a slit she had been darning up in her apron, in expectation every moment, that my Uncle Toby would go on; but having no talents for amplification, and LOVE moreover of all others being a subject of which he was the least a master—when he had told Mrs. Wadman once that he loved her, he let it alone, and left the matter to work after it's own way.

My father was always in raptures with this system of my Uncle Toby's, as he falsely called it, and would often say, that could his brother Toby to his process have added but a pipe of tobacco—he had wherewithal to have found his way, if there was faith in a Spanish proverb, towards the hearts of half the women upon the globe.

My Uncle Toby never understood what my father meant: nor will I presume to extract more from it, than a condemnation of an error which the bulk of the world lie under—but the French, every one of 'em to a man, believe in it almost as much as the REAL PRESENCE—that talking of love, is making it.

—I would as soon set about making a black-pudding by the same receipt.

Let us go on.—Mrs. Wadman sat in

expectation my Uncle Toby would do so, to almost the first pulsation of that minute, wherein silence on one side or the other generally becomes indecent: so edging herself a little more towards him, and raising up her eyes, sub-blushing, as she did it—she took up the gauntlet—or the discourse—(if you like it better)—and communed with my Uncle Toby, thus.

'The cares and disquietudes of the married state,' quoth Mrs. Wadman, 'are very great.'—'I suppose so,' said my Uncle Toby. 'And therefore when a person,' continued Mrs. Wadman, 'is so much at his ease as you are—so happy, Captain Shandy, in yourself, your friends, and your amusements—I wonder what reasons can incline you to the state.'—

—'They are written,' quoth my Uncle Toby, 'in the Common-Prayer Book.'

Thus far my Uncle Toby went on warily, and kept within his depth, leaving Mrs. Wadman to sail upon the gulph as she pleased.

—'As for children,' said Mrs. Wadman, 'though a principal end perhaps of the institution, and the natural wish, I suppose, of every parent—yet do not we all find they are certain sorrows, and very uncertain comforts? and what is there, dear Sir, to pay one for the heart-aches—what compensation for the many tender and disquieting apprehensions of a suffering and defenceless mother who brings them into life?'—'I declare,' said my Uncle Toby, smit with pity, 'I know of none! unless it be the pleasure which it has pleased God—'

—'A fiddlestick!' quoth she.

Chapter the Nineteenth.

NOW there are such an infinitude of notes, tunes, cants, chants, airs, looks, and accents, with which the word *fiddlestick* may be pronounced in all such cases as this, every one of them impressing a sense and meaning as different from the other as *dirt* from *cleanliness*—that casuists (for it is an affair of conscience on that score) reckon up no less than fourteen thousand in which you may do either right or wrong.

Mrs. Wadman hit upon the *fiddlestick*, which summoned up all my Uncle Toby's

by's modest blood into his cheeks—so feeling within himself that he had some how or other got beyond his depth, he stooped short; and without entering farther either into the pains or pleasures of matrimony, he laid his hand upon his heart, and made an offer to take them as they were, and share them along with her.

When my Uncle Toby had said this, he did not care to say it again: so casting his eye upon the Bible which Mrs. Wadman had laid upon the table, he took it up; and popping, dear soul! upon a passage in it, of all others the most interesting to him—which was the siege of Jericho—he set himself to read it over—leaving his proposal of marriage, as he had done his declaration of love, to work with her after its own way. Now it wrought neither as an astringent or a loosener; nor like opium, or bark, or mercury, or buck-thorn, or any one drug which nature had bestowed upon the world—in short, it worked not at all in her; and the cause of that was, that there was something working there before—Babbler that I am! I have anticipated what it was a dozen times! but there is fire still in the subject—al-lons!

C H A P. XXVI.

IT is natural for a perfect stranger, who is going from London to Edinburgh, to enquire before he sets out, how many miles to York—which is about the half way—nor does any body wonder, if he goes on and asks about the corporation, &c.

It was just as natural for Mrs. Wadman, whose first husband was all his time afflicted with a *sciatica*, to wish to know how far from the hip to the groin; and how far she was likely to suffer more or less in her feelings, in one case than in the other.

She had accordingly read Drake's anatomy, from one end to the other. She had peeped into Wharton upon the brain, and borrowed Graaf upon the bones and muscles*; but could make nothing of it.

She had reasoned likewise from her own powers—laid down theorems—

drawn consequences—and come to no conclusion.

To clear up all, she had twice asked Doctor Slop, if poor Captain Shandy was ever likely to recover of his wound.

—‘He is recovered,’ Doctor Slop would say.

‘What! quite?’

—‘Quite, Madam!’

‘But what do you mean by a recovery?’ Mrs. Wadman would say.

Doctor Slop was the worst man alive at definitions; and so Mrs. Wadman could get no knowledge: in short, there was no way to extract it, but from my Uncle Toby himself.

There is an accent of humanity in an enquiry of this kind, which lulls suspicion to rest—and I am half persuaded, the serpent got pretty near it, in his discourse with Eve; for the propensity in the sex to be deceived could not be so great, that she should have boldness to hold chat with the devil without it—But there is an accent of humanity—how shall I describe it?—’tis an accent which covers the part with a garment, and gives the enquirer a right to be as particular with it, as your body-surgeon.

—*Was it without remission?*

—*Was it more tolerable in bed?*

—*Could he lie on both sides alike with it?*

—*Was he able to mount a horse?*

—*Was motion bad for it?*—et cetera; were so tenderly spoke to, and so directed towards my Uncle Toby's heart, that every item of them sunk ten times deeper into it than the evils themselves:—but when Mrs. Wadman went round about by Namur to get at my Uncle Toby's groin; and engaged him to attack the point of the advanced counter-scarp, and pell-mell with the Dutch, to take the counter-guard of St. Roch sword in hand—and then with tender notes playing upon his ear, led him all bleeding by the hand out of the trench, wiping her eye, as he was carried to his tent—Heaven! Earth! Sea—all was lifted up—the springs of nature rose above their levels—an angel of mercy sat beside him on the sofa—his heart glowed with fire,—and had he been worth a thousand, he had lost every heart of them to Mrs. Wadman.

* This must be a mistake in Mr. Shandy; for Graaf wrote upon the pancreatick juice, and the parts of generation.

—‘And whereabouts, dear Sir,’ quoth Mrs. Wadman, a little categorically, ‘did you receive this sad blow?’—In asking this question, Mrs. Wadman gave a slight glance towards the waistband of my Uncle Toby’s red plush breeches, expecting naturally, as the shortest reply to it, that my Uncle Toby would lay his fore-finger upon the place. It fell out otherwise—for my Uncle Toby having got his wound before the gate of St. Nicolas, in one of the traverses of the trench, opposite to the salient angle of the demi-bastion of St. Roch; he could at any time stick a pin upon the identical spot of ground where he was standing when the stone struck him: this struck instantly upon my Uncle Toby’s sensorium—and with it struck his large map of the town and citadel of Namur and its environs, which he had purchased and pasted down upon a board by the corporal’s aid, during his long illness—it had lain, with other military lumber, in the garret ever since, and accordingly the corporal was detached into the garret to fetch it.

My Uncle Toby measured off thirty toises, with Mrs. Wadman’s scissars, from the returning angle before the gate of St. Nicolas; and with such a virgin modesty laid her finger upon the place, that the goddess of Decency, if then in being—if not, ’twas her shade—shook her head, and with a finger wavering across her eyes—forbid her to explain the mistake.

Unhappy Mrs. Wadman!—

—For nothing can make this chapter go off with spirit but an apostrophe to thee—but my heart tells me, that in such a crisis an apostrophe is but an insult in disguise, and ere I would offer one to a woman in distress—let the chapter go to the devil; provided any damn’d critick in *keeping* will be but at the trouble to take it with him.

CHAP. XXVII.

MY Uncle Toby’s map is carried down into the kitchen.

CHAP. XXVIII.

—‘AND here is the Maes—’
‘and this is the Sambre,’
said the corporal—pointing with his right-hand extended a little towards the

map, and his left upon Mrs. Bridget’s shoulder—but not the shoulder next him:—‘and this,’ said he, ‘is the town of Namur—and this the citadel—and there lay the French—and here lay his honour and myself—and in this cursed trench, Mrs. Bridget,’ quoth the corporal, taking her by the hand, ‘did he receive the wound which crush’d him so miserably *here!*’—In pronouncing which, he slightly press’d the back of her hand towards the part he felt for—and let it fall.

‘We thought, Mr. Trim, it had been more in the middle,’ said Mrs. Bridget.

‘That would have undone us for ever!’ said the corporal.

—‘And left my poor mistress undone too!’ said Bridget.

The corporal made no reply to the repartee, but by giving Mrs. Bridget a kiss.

‘Come—come!’ said Bridget—holding the palm of her left-hand parallel to the plane of the horizon, and sliding the fingers of the other over it, in a way which could not have been done, had there been the least wart or protuberance.

—‘It is every syllable of it false!’ cried the corporal, before she had half finished the sentence.

—‘I know it to be fact!’ said Bridget, from credible witnesses.

—‘Upon my honour,’ said the corporal, laying his hand upon his heart, and blushing as he spoke with honest repentment—‘it is a story, Mrs. Bridget, as false as hell!’—‘Not,’ said Bridget, interrupting him, ‘that either I or my mistress care a halfpenny about it, whether ’tis so or no—only that when one is married, one would chuse to have such a thing by one at least.’

It was somewhat unfortunate for Mrs. Bridget that she had begun the attack with her manual exercise; for the corporal instantly

CHAP. XXIX.

IT was like the momentary contest in the moist eye-lids of an April morning, whether Bridget should laugh or cry.

She snatched up a rolling-pin—’twas ten to one, she had laughed.

She laid it down—she cried: and had one single tear of ’em but tasted of bitterness,

terness, full sorrowful would the corporal's heart have been that he had used the argument; but the corporal understood the sex, a *quart major to a terce*, at least, better than my Uncle Toby, and accordingly he assailed Mrs. Bridget after this manner.

'I know, Mrs. Bridget,' said the corporal, giving her a most respectful kiss, 'that thou art good and modest by nature, and art withal so generous a girl in thyself, that if I know thee rightly, thou would'st not wound an insect, much less the honour of so gallant and worthy a soul as my master, wast thou sure to be made a counts of—but thou hast been set on and deluded, dear Bridget, as is often a woman's case, *to please others more than themselves!*'

Bridget's eyes poured down at the sensations the corporal excited.

—'Tell me—tell me then, my dear Bridget,' continued the corporal, taking hold of her hand, which hung down dead by her side—and giving a second kiss—'whose suspicion has misled thee?'

Bridget sobbed a sob or two—then opened her eyes—the corporal wiped 'em with the bottom of her apron—she then opened her heart, and told him all.

C H A P. XXX.

MY Uncle Toby and the corporal had gone on separately with their operations the greatest part of the campaign, and as effectually cut off from all communication of what either the one or the other had been doing, as if they had been separated from each other by the Maes or the Sambre.

My Uncle Toby, on his side, had presented himself every afternoon in his red and silver, and blue and gold alternately, and sustained an infinity of attacks in them, without knowing them to be attacks—and so had nothing to communicate—

The corporal, on his side, in taking Bridget, by it had gained considerable advantages—and consequently had much to communicate—but what were the advantages—as well, as what was the manner by which he had seized them, required so nice an historian, that the corporal durst not venture upon it; and as sensible as he was of glory, would

rather have been contented to have gone bare-headed and without laurels for ever, than torture his master's modesty for a single moment.—

—Best of honest and gallant servants!—But I have apostrophized thee, Trim! once before—and could I apotheosize thee also (that is to say) with good company—I would do it *without ceremony* in the very next page.

C H A P. XXXI.

NOW my Uncle Toby had one evening laid down his pipe upon the table, and was counting over to himself upon his finger-ends (beginning at his thumb) all Mrs. Wadman's perfections one by one; and happening two or three times together, either by omitting some, or counting others twice over, to puzzle himself sadly before he could get beyond his middle-finger—'Pr'ythee, Trim!' said he, taking up his pipe again, 'bring me a pen and ink.' Trim brought paper also.

'Take a full sheet, Trim!' said my Uncle Toby—making a sign with his pipe at the same time to take a chair and sit down close by him at the table. The corporal obeyed—placed the paper directly before him—took a pen, and dipped it in the ink.

'She has a thousand virtues, Trim!' said my Uncle Toby.

'Am I to set them down, an' please your honour?' quoth the corporal.

—'But they must be taken in their ranks,' replied my Uncle Toby; 'for of them all, Trim, that which wins me most, and which is a security for all the rest, is the compassionate turn and singular humanity of her character.—I protest,' added my Uncle Toby, looking up, as he protested it, towards the top of the ceiling—'that was I her brother, Trim, a thousand-fold, she could not make more constant or more tender enquiries after my sufferings—though now no more!'

The corporal made no reply to my Uncle Toby's protestation, but by a short cough—he dipped the pen a second time into the inkhorn: and my Uncle Toby pointing with the end of his pipe as close to the top of the sheet at the left-hand corner of it, as he could get it—the corporal wrote down the word

HUMANITY - - - thus. Pr'ythee,

‘Pr’ythee corporal,’ said my Uncle Toby, as soon as Trim had done it—‘how often does Mrs. Bridget enquire after the wound on the cap of thy knee, which thou receivedst at the battle of Landen?’

‘She never, an’ please your honour,’ enquires after it at all!’

‘That, corporal,’ said my Uncle Toby, with all the triumph the goodness of his nature would permit—‘that shews the difference in the character of the mistress and maid!—had the fortune of war allotted the same mischance to me, Mrs. Wadman would have enquired into every circumstance relating to it a hundred times.’—‘She would have enquired, an’ please your honour, ten times as often about your honour’s groin!’—‘The pain, Trim, is equally excruciating—and compassion has as much to do with the one as the other.’

—‘God blefs your honour!’ cried the corporal—‘what has a woman’s compassion to do with a wound upon the cap of a man’s knee? had your honour’s been shot into ten thousand splinters at the affair of Landen, Mrs. Wadman would have troubled her head as little about it as Bridget; because,’ added the corporal, lowering his voice and speaking very distinctly as he assigned his reason—

‘The knee is such a distance from the main body—whereas the groin, your honour knows, is upon the very curtain of the place.’

My Uncle Toby gave a long whistle—but in a note which could scarce be heard across the table.

The corporal had advanced too far to retire—in three words he told the rest.

My Uncle Toby laid down his pipe as gently upon the fender, as if it had been spun from the unravellings of a spider’s web.

—‘Let us go to my brother Shandy’s,’ said he.

C H A P. XXXII.

THERE will be just time, whilst my Uncle Toby and Trim are walking to my father’s, to inform you, that Mrs. Wadman had, some moons before this, made a confidant of my mother; and that Mrs. Bridget, who

had the burden of her own, as well as her mistress’s secret to carry, had got happily delivered of both to Susannah behind the garden-wall.

As for my mother, she saw nothing at all in it, to make the least bustle about—but Susannah was sufficient by herself for all the ends and purposes you could possibly have in exporting a family secret; for she instantly imparted it by signs to Jonathan—and Jonathan by tokens to the cook, as she was basting a loin of mutton; the cook sold it with some kitchen fat to the postilion for a groat, who trucked it with the dairy-maid for something of about the same value—and though whispered in the hay-loft, FAME caught the notes with her brazen trumpet, and sounded them upon the house-top.—In a word, not an old woman in the village, or five miles round, who did not understand the difficulties of my Uncle Toby’s siege, and what were the secret articles which had delayed the surrender.

My father, whose way was to force every event in nature into an hypothesis, by which means never man crucified TRUTH at the rate he did—had but just heard of the report as my Uncle Toby set out; and catching fire suddenly at the trespass done his brother by it, was demonstrating to Yorick, notwithstanding my mother was sitting by—not only, that the devil was in women, and that the whole of the affair was lust; but that every evil and disorder in the world, of what kind or nature soever, from the first fall of Adam, down to my Uncle Toby’s (inclusive) was owing one way or other to the same unruly appetite.

Yorick was just bringing my father’s hypothesis to some temper, when my Uncle Toby entering the room with marks of infinite benevolence and forgiveness in his looks, my father’s eloquence rekindled against the passion—and as he was not very nice in the choice of his words when he was wroth—as soon as my Uncle Toby was seated by the fire, and had filled his pipe, my father broke out in this manner.

C H A P. XXXIII.

—‘THAT provision should be made for continuing the race of so great, so exalted and god-like a being as man—I am far from
N n ‘denying—

denying—but philosophy speaks freely of every thing; and therefore I still think and do maintain it to be a pity, that it should be done by means of a passion which bends down the faculties, and turns all the wisdom, contemplations, and operations of the soul backwards—a passion, my dear,’ continued my father, addressing himself to my mother, ‘which couples and equals wise men with fools, and makes us come out of our caverns and hiding-places more like satyrs and four-footed beasts than men.

‘ I know it will be said,’ continued my father, (availing himself of the *prolepsis*) ‘ that in itself, and simply taken—like hunger, or thirst, or sleep—it is an affair neither good or bad—or shameful, or otherwise:—Why then did the delicacy of Diogenes and Plato so recalcitrate against it? and wherefore, when we go about to make and plant a man, do we put out the candle? and for what reason is it, that all the parts thereof—the congrredients—the preparations—the instruments, and whatever serves thereto, are so held as to be conveyed to a cleanly mind by no language, translation, or periphrasis whatever?’

—‘ The act of killing and destroy-
‘ ing a man,’ continued my father—
raising his voice, and turning to my
Uncle Toby, ‘ you see, is glorious—
‘ and the weapons by which we do it
‘ are honourable—we march with them
‘ upon our shoulders—we strut with
‘ them by our sides—we gild them—
‘ we carve them—we inlay them—we
‘ enrich them!—Nay, if it be but a
‘ *scoundrel* cannon, we cast an orna-
‘ ment upon the breech of it!’—

—‘My Uncle Toby laid down his pipe to intercede for a better epithet—and Yorick was rising up to batter the whole hypothesis to pieces—

—When Obadiah broke into the middle of the room with a complaint, which cried out for an immediate hearing.

The case was this :

My father, whether by ancient custom of the manor, or as impropiator of the great tythes, was obliged to keep a bull for the service of the parish, and Obadiah had led his cow upon a *pep-*

visit to him one day or other the preceding summer—I say, one day or other—because, as chance would have it, it was the day on which he was married to my father's house-maid—so one was a reckoning to the other. Therefore, when Obadiah's wife was brought to bed, Obadiah thanked God—

—‘ Now,’ said Obadiah, ‘ I shall
‘ have a calf !’ So Obadiah went daily
to visit his cow.

' She'll calve on Monday—on Tuesday—
' day—or Wednesday, at the farthest.'

The cow did not calve—No—she'll not calve till next week—the cow put it off terribly—till at the end of the sixth week Obadiah's suspicions (like a good man's) fell upon the bull.

Now the parish being very large, my father's bull, to speak the truth of him, was no way equal to the department; he had, however, got himself, somehow or other, thrust into employment—and as he went through the business with a grave face, my father had a high opinion of him.

—‘Most of the townsmen, an’
‘please your worship,’ quoth Obadiah,
‘believe that ’tis all the bull’s fault.’

—“But may not a cow be barren?” replied my father, turning to Doctor Slop.

'It never happens,' said Doctor Slop; 'but the man's wife may have come before her time naturally enough.'

—‘Pr’ythee, has the child hair
‘upon his head?’ added Doctor Slop.

—‘ It is as hairy as I am!’ said Obadiah.—Obadiah had not been shaved for three weeks.—‘ When - - u - - ‘ - - - - - ?’ cried my father; beginning the sentence with an exclamatory whistle—‘ and so, bother Toby, ‘ this poor bull of mine, who is as good ‘ a bull as ever p-fs’d, and might have ‘ done for Europa herself in purer times ‘ —had he but two legs less, might ‘ have been driven into Doctors Com- ‘ mons and lost his character—which, ‘ to a town-bull, brother Toby, is the ‘ very same thing as his life!’

'L--d!' said my mother, 'what is all this story about?'—

'A COCK and a BULL!' said Yorick—'And one of the best of its kind I ever heard!'



CHINESE TALES;

OR, THE

WONDERFUL ADVENTURES

OF THE

MANDARIN FUM-HOAM:

RELATED BY HIMSELF,

TO DIVERT THE SULTANA,

UPON

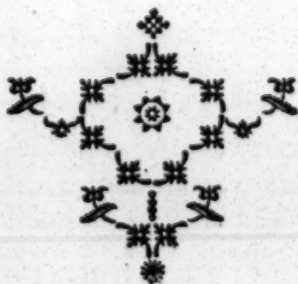
THE CELEBRATION OF HER NUPTIALS.

WRITTEN IN FRENCH

BY M. GUEULETTE.

TRANSLATED

BY THE REV. MR. STACKHOUSE.



L O N D O N :

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M DCCCLXXXI.





TO

MRS. PULTENEY.

MADAM,

THE variety of incidents which occur in this book, and that happy connection and composition which delights and detains the reader, made me imagine, that a translation of it might not only be a proper relaxation to my other studies, but an agreeable entertainment likewise to such as have not your skill in the *original*, though an equal desire to be acquainted with the strange Adventures of the illustrious FUM-HOAM. But how diverting soever the work might be, I should not have expended so much time about it, had I not perceived that it's main end and intent was, to *instruct* as well as *please*, and to recommend an excellent moral under the agreeable veil of allegory and fable. You will be no less delighted, then, Madam, with the *discovery* at the end of each tale, than you are all along with the clearness of the narration, when you come to perceive, in this admirable author, that VICE is always *punished*, and VIRTUE *rewarded*.

What struck me with a particular regard, was the excess to which the Chinese philosophers have carried the ridiculousness of their system, and the extravagant notions that the followers of Mahomet are bound to imbibe; and I thought it no small consolation to every good Christian, to reflect on the disparity of his condition; and an abundant reason to rejoice exceedingly for his admission into a religion which is incomparably the most incontestible in it's proofs, rich in it's promises, rational in it's precepts, and highly perfective of human nature.

But

But I forget myself, Madam, and am deviating into my road of preaching, when I only intended to present you with a book that may possibly give you some small amusement—in testimony of my approbation of the *public voice*, which is every where so justly full of your praise and commendation—of my gratitude to your Father, so frequently my bounteous benefactor—and of my zeal and respect to a nearer Relation of yours, the example and patron of learning, and the glory and ornament of the senate.

I am, Madam,

Your most humble,

and most devoted servant,

THO. STACKHOUSE.



T H E

P R E F A C E.

IT is no small commendation to this manner of writing, that one of the greatest wits of the age has fallen into the same turn of thought, and pursued the allegory so very closely, that, had this book been then extant, one would really believe he had laid it before him. The late Mr. Secretary Addison *, to expose the folly and levity of the ladies, who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs, has drawn, what we may call, an epitome of it.

Jack Freelove, who is the facetious man of the company, is introduced as making his pretensions to a lady of this cast; and, upon her delay to come down to him, he leaves a letter, written in the person of her favourite monkey, for her to ruminate upon.

‘MADAM,

‘**N**OT having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in
‘vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you;
‘and having at present the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper by
‘me, I gladly take occasion of giving you my history in writing,
‘which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, Ma-
‘dam, that about a thousand years ago I was an Indian Brachman,
‘and versed in all those mysterious secrets, which your European
‘Philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our
‘fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself by my great skill in the
‘occult sciences, with a dæmon whom I used to converse with, that
‘he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired
‘that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature:
‘but this, he told me, was not in his power to grant me. I then
‘begged, that into whatever creature I should chance to transmi-
‘grate, I might still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was
‘the same person who lived in different animals. This, he told me,
‘was within his power, and accordingly promised, on the word of a
‘dæmon, that he would grant me what I desired. From that time
‘forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was made president of a
‘college of Brachmans, an office which I discharged with great inte-
‘grity, till the day of my death.

* Vide Spectator, No. 343. (marked L.)

‘ I was

‘ I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so very well in it, that I became first minister to a prince, who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign; till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

‘ Upon my next remove, I found myself in the woods, under the shape of a jack-call, and soon listed myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after his prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or a hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half picked, for my encouragement; but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three chases, he gave me such a confounded gripe in his anger, that I died of it.

‘ In my next transmigration I was again set upon two legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagances, and being married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, that I durst not shew my head. I could no sooner step out of my house, but I was arrested by somebody or other who lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

‘ My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in that state led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me when I was in the water, and if I betook myself to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of English ships, I observed a huge sea-gull whetting his bill, and hovering just over my head: upon my dipping into the water, to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark; that swallowed me down in an instant.

‘ I was some years afterwards, to my great surprize, an eminent banker in Lombard-Street; and remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious, that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon; for I had in a manner starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

‘ I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and did not know but, some time or other, I might be reduced to a mite, if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with great diligence to the offices that were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burden, by an unlucky cock-sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

‘ I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into

into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder a hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the spot.

I might tell you of many other transmigrations which I went through; how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how I was a taylor, a shrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of these shapes I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jack-a-napes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, Madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow, whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in Ethiopia, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, till I was caught by a servant of the English factory, and sent over into Great Britain: I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You see, Madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a chain; I am, however, very happy in my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will not turn to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed favours to your most devoted humble servant,

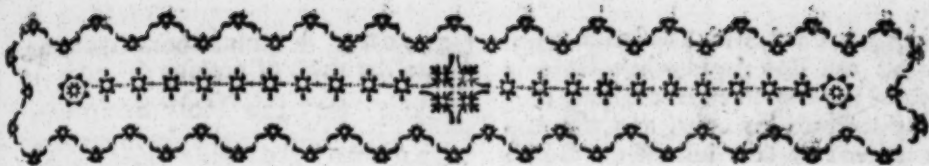
‘ P U G .’

Now, after all, it must be acknowledged, that the doctrine of transmigration was never believed, nor taught by Pythagoras, in the sense that is here represented. The account we have of his life; how he was the fountain of all that learning, which afterwards watered the Grecian Empire; how indefatigable he was to improve and adorn his mind in all kinds of knowledge; how careful to subdue all sensual passions; how temperate in the use of lawful pleasures; and how zealous for the honour of God, and the advancement of virtue; will hardly permit us to believe, that so gross a notion as that of transmigration, in the vulgar sense, could have any being in the thoughts of so great a philosopher. But this undoubtedly was his opinion, and an opinion not inconsistent with the light of right reason*. That there is an universal germinating virtue emitted from the celestial bodies, conveyed by the medium of the air, and transfused into every part of the creation; that this virtue impregnating a human body, whether at the time of generation, or afterwards, constitutes the *sensitive spirit* of a man, which is perfectly distinct from the *rational soul*; that this spirit, while we live, performs all the animal operations of life, and seems not an improper medium between the divine immortal ray, and gross matter; and that, upon the dissolution of the body, it is not annihilated, but only let loose into the air, which is its proper receptacle, and therein made active and vigorous again, in order to impregnate new matter.

* See the late learned Mr. Bulstrode's Essay on Transmigration, in defence of Pythagoras.

So that the true hypothesis of transmigration, as it stands clear of all absurdities, relates not to the *rational soul*, which upon it's separation, goes immediately into the hands of him that gave it, (say the wisest Heathens;) into Abraham's bosom, (say the Holy Scriptures) a place appointed for it's continuance in, until the resurrection: but to the *sensitive spirit*, a quite different part of man, which is the copula, as it were, between his soul and body, and when broken or dissolved, vanishes into the soft air, but is not therefore lost; for in the revolution of nature, it thence comes down again, to permeate and vivify other bodies. And it is not improbable, that the promiscuous use of these two synonymous terms, *soul* and *spirit*, have occasioned, especially among the ignorant, this mistake of the meaning of Pythagoras.

C H I N E S E.



CHINESE TALES;

OR, THE

WONDERFUL ADVENTURES

OF THE

MANDARIN FUM-HOAM.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



HOLONJA, the nephew of Tahi-Kia, who was prime-vizier to Tongluck King of Gannan*, was sent by his Uncle into Circassia†, to buy up the most beautiful damsels he could meet with in that country, designing them for a present to the Sultan of China; and the young man discharged his commission with so much exactness, that never was there a seraglio stored with such variety of beauties, as was the vessel wherein he embarked these Circassian women from Balsora‡.

In travelling through part of Persia,

Holonja fell into the company of two dervises, and contracted an intimate friendship with them. The one was about sixty years old, and had such an air of majesty in his looks, as shewed the greatness of his quality and condition before he embraced that kind of life; the other, who passed for his nephew, was not above sixteen, but had features so just and regular, that nothing could be compared to him, except one of those pages who, according to Mahomet's doctrine, present the *poncire* § to good and virtuous Mussulmen after their death.

These dervises quitted their convent,

* The kingdom of Gannan includes those of Laas, Tunquin, and Cochinchina. Hianous, of the family of Hanna, who was a great conqueror, subdued all these countries; and having placed colonies in them, and made them a part of China, governed them according to the laws and policy thereof. Tongluck was one of the descendants of this conqueror, and held his residence at Tunquin. These kingdoms are about one hundred and seventy leagues from east to west, and one hundred and twenty from north to south.

† Circassia has, towards the south, the Euxine Sea, and the mountain Caucasus, which separates it from Georgia; the River Don or Tanais, towards the North; the Caspian Sea, to the east; and the Straits of Cassa, to the west. There are no people in the world more beautiful, and better shaped, than its inhabitants; and the traffick for slaves in this country is very considerable.

‡ Balsora is a large city, situate in the extreme parts of the Desarts of Arabia, at the conflux of the Euphrates and Tigris, twelve leagues from the Persian Gulph, which for that reason is frequently called the Gulph of Balsora.

§ This *poncire* is a kind of citron, which pages of an exquisite beauty bring, on a golden plate, to such Mussulmen as have exactly followed the laws of Mahomet, when they come into the paradise that he promises them; and where an houri (i. e. a beautiful young virgin) will appear to each of them, in whose embraces they are to solace for fifty years.

as they pretended, with a design to travel over all the East; and when Holonja proposed to carry them into China, they readily accepted his offer, and the ship was under full sail, just off the Gulph of Cambay*, when it happened to be attacked by two corsairs of Adel†. Their vessels were a great deal superior in strength to that wherein Holonja was; but he and his whole crew did such wonders, and behaved with so much bravery, that the corsairs, having lost a good many of their best soldiers, were forced to sheer off.

The two dervises bore likewise their part in the engagement, and the elder more especially shewed such courage and magnanimity, that Holonja in a great measure imputed the victory to him. He thought himself very happy in having so brave a man on board; and was making his compliments to him to that purpose; when, perceiving his nephew all on a sudden turn pale, and the blood appear upon his cloaths, he was so startled at the sight, that he ran to him, and tore his breast hastily open with a design to help him—but was not a little surprized to find that this young person was a lady of most incomparable beauty.

As good luck would have it, the wound was but slight, it had gone no farther than the flesh, a little below her breast: but the old dervise perceiving that he could no longer conceal a secret which he had never disclosed to any creature before, addressed himself to Holonja in this manner. ‘I take you, Sir, to be too-much a gentleman, to make any bad use of this discovery: and since an accident has let you into the sex of this young dervise, I shall take the freedom to relate to you, what our condition is, and who we are; being well satisfied, that a mind possessed with your generous sentiments will take pleasure in relieving a prince, who from the height of all worldly

‘ grandeur, is plunged, as you see, into the abyss of nothing.’

THE HISTORY OF MALEKALSLEM,
KING OF GEORGIA.

‘ I Am the King of Georgia‡; my name is Malekalsalem, and my ordinary residence was at a castle in the province of Guriel, that borders upon the Black Sea. By all the sultanas I kept in my seraglio, I never had but two children, a boy and a girl, both born of the same mother. But my joy for her fruitfulness was soon abated, by the loss of young Abroamot, (that was my son’s name) who, together with his nurse, was stole away by pirates, when he was about two years old. I gave orders (but it was to no purpose) for my people to pursue them; they never could come up with them: and a violent tempest, which soon after arose, and sunk most of the vessels that I sent out, gave me cause to think that he likewise was swallowed up in the waves.

‘ After I had sufficiently bewailed the loss of my son, I was resolved to retire with my daughter into the city of Teflis§, which is the capital of my kingdom.

‘ This princess, whom you now see in the habit of a dervise, was named Gulchenraz Gundogdi§, because, at her birth, she gave us great hopes of becoming in time a perfect beauty. I was then grown into years myself; and therefore, leaving the government of my kingdom in the hands of my viziers, and spending most of my days with my daughter, I saw with infinite pleasure, by the time she was arrived at fifteen, that there was not a woman comparable to her. In short, I began to think seriously of chusing a son-in-law to succeed in my

* The city of Cambay is situate at the mouth of the River Indus. It is a very populous place, has great commerce, and a gulph of the same name.

† Adel is a kingdom in the new Arabia, and it’s capital city is of the same name.

‡ Georgia, or Gurgistan, so called because it has St. George for it’s patron, is a country situate between the Black Sea, Circassia, Comania, Muscovia, the Tartars of Daghestan, the province of Scirvan, and Turcomania. The provinces of Guriel, Immeret, and Mengrelia, are the ancient Colchis, the country of Medea; and, throughout all Georgia, both the men and women are very beautiful.

§ Teflis was formerly called Artaxata.

§ Gundogdi, in the Persian Tongue, signifies *the morning*.

‘ kingdom;

kingdom; when, by a sudden and unexpected turn of fate, the Sultan of Bitlis* invaded my territories with a numerous army. That prince, who was commonly called *Dilsenghin*, (i. e. *stony-hearted*) had no cause to be angry with me: but as the fame of my daughter's perfections was spread over all the East, and himself was too conscious, that the information I had had of his cruelty and vile character, would hinder me from ever consenting that she should have him, he took methods to compel me to it, and entered into a resolution to seize upon my throne, and to take away Gulchenraz from me. And, by the force and violence of war, he in a great measure executed his design.

It was no small grief to me, to see Dilsenghin lay all in fire and sword before him: the few troops I was able to raise, after a peace of ten years continuance, were not sufficient to make any head against him. He carried every place sword in hand, and threatened at last to put me to death in the most cruel manner, unless I would deliver up Gulchenraz to him.

I must needs own, Sir, that the despair wherein I beheld my daughter, augmented my grief; and therefore, thinking it not advisable to stay at Teflis with an army unable to make resistance, until this outrageous king should come upon me; I took with me what gold and jewels I could carry, and putting myself and Gulchenraz in the habits you see, left my palace and dominions in the night; and travelling through part of Persia, in your company, came at last to the Gulph of Balsora, where we embarked in your vessel. Since then we are resolved to go with you as far as China, you yourself, Sir, may very well judge, whether we have any hopes of returning to Georgia; and whether our misfortunes might not have sunk us, had we not set bounds to the violence of our grief, when at first we became wanderers and fugitives upon the earth!

Holonja was astonished to hear the

misfortunes of the Sultan of Georgia, and having asked pardon of the princess for his indiscretion, he offered them all the assistance that was in his power, and promised them both never to reveal the secret. 'And to assuage your grief,' added he, 'suffer me to remind you, Sir, that the greatest evils live always in the neighbourhood of the greatest blessings, as our august sultan not above four years ago experienced; who, from the most unfortunate condition, was advanced to the throne of China, as if the one had been a footstep to the other. And if a history so singular will be any alleviation of your sorrow to hear, I will do myself the pleasure to relate it.'—'By all means,' replied Gulchenraz; 'you cannot oblige us more.'—'Well, then,' continued Holonja, 'I am very ready to do it.'

THE HISTORY OF SULTAN TONG- LUCK.

UPON the death of Sultan Eum-Vu, King of Gannan, who left no son behind him, a certain bonze †, insinuating to the people that he was the nearest relation to the deceased king, came and demanded the crown; which (notwithstanding the opposition that it met with in council, and the wise remonstrances which several mandarins made to it, that a man who from his youth upwards had abandoned the care of all worldly concerns, was very improper to govern a kingdom; and a head that had been accustomed to dust and ashes, unable to bear the weight of a crown with decency) he obtained, and was with the general acclamations of the people, chosen King of Gannan: but as soon as he had taken possession of his throne, the governor of the isle of Kiumchen made preparations to contest it with him.

He certainly was the nearer relation to Eum-Vu, and proved it very plainly; but the new king, being now accustomed to the splendour of a throne, was so far from relinquishing

* This city is the ancient Tigranocerta, situate in the mountains between Diarbek, Georgia, the Lesser Asia, and Persia.

† The bonzes are the ministers of religion in China; they affect great continence, and live in wonderful sobriety. They have several universities, where they live in community, and learn the mysteries of their sects.

it, that he issued out his proclamations with such diligence, that having seized his rival about twenty miles from Tunquin, as he was advancing with a small army to maintain his right, he was resolved to keep him prisoner, according to the manner of the Chinese in cases of the like nature.

When any rebel is apprehended, the king goes to meet him, and orders a bafon and golden ewer to be presented him; which he is obliged to carry on his head, walking on foot to the place of his imprisonment. This prison is a cave dug under the throne where the king sits; they open it every day to give the prisoners victuals, and without ever troubling themselves whether they are dead or alive, do it for six months, and then wall it up for good and all.

Our king, according to this custom, was going one day to meet his rival, with a purpose to treat him in this manner, when falling into hunting, and continuing his sport till noon, the heat of the day made him flee to a shade to rest himself a little: he accordingly laid down upon the grass in the middle of a small wood to take a nap; and, to secure his face against the insects, covered it with a red silk handkerchief. His principal officers, out of respect, withdrew some twenty or thirty paces; and the king was in a sound sleep, when he was suddenly awakened by a very odd accident; for a bird of prey, that had its nest in the tree under which the king slept, taking the red handkerchief for a piece of raw flesh, made a stoop at it with such violence, that with its beak and talons, which were extremely sharp and strong, it struck out both his eyes.

The officers, hearing the sultan cry out, ran to him in a great fright; but this accident, which should have raised compassion in their breasts, had a quite contrary effect upon them; for thinking him now no longer fit to reign over them, by reason of the loss of his eyes, they immediately resolved to give the crown to him who was made prisoner, since he was of the royal line; and therefore, taking the bafon and golden ewer, they set it upon this poor prince's head, and so carried him to Tongluck, (for that

was his rival's name) whom they made choice of for their king.

This new monarch, struck with the sudden change of his fortune, and the great danger he had so lately escaped, made wise reflections, and such as well became the occasion. "Heavens!" said he, "that ever, in so short a time, I should be in such different circumstances! But one of our poets has rightly observed, *Who for another makes a pit, digs for himself a grave*—Unhappy bonze!" continued he; "your fortune grieves me exceedingly. But be in no concern for your life; you shall not be put into that frightful dungeon you had prepared for me: your sorrows I will alleviate as much as possible, and leave it to your choice, either to stay in my court, or retire into what place of my dominions you please, with a pension of a hundred thousand pieces of gold, which I will pay you yearly."

"Ah, generous Tongluck!" cried the bonze, throwing himself at the new sultan's feet; "you shew by this, how much better you deserve the throne than I. Seduced by the splendour of a crown, which I deprived you of, I intended to have put you to a most cruel and unjust death; whereas you give me a life I have not deserved; and not only so, but heap your benefits upon me likewise. Ah, Sir! these are sentiments becoming a worthy monarch!"

Tongluck, that moment embracing the bonze, assured him of his perfect friendship: and so ascending a throne which was his right, both upon the account of his birth, and this singular instance of his moderation, he hath reigned about four years to the perfect satisfaction of all China.

"How happy is this prince," cried Malekalsalem; "and how wonderful is his clemency!"—"Nay, he is his people's darling," replied Holonja; "and if there is any thing that can afflict us, it is his insensibility of love, and the apprehensions we are under of not having his posterity to reign over our children; for, of all the sultanas that he has yet received into his Seraglio, none has been able to touch

touch his heart. For this reason it was, that my uncle, who is his prime-vizier, sent me into Circassia; but what merit soever there may be in the rare beauties I have brought with me into China, I fear I shall have no better success than others who have been employed in the like commission before me.

This prediction proved true; for notwithstanding all the art that Holonja could use to heighten the beauties of nature, and to set off the women he brought with him to Tunquin, to the best advantage, Tongluck looked upon them with such an indifference, as gave the other a vast uneasiness.

Malekalsalem, and the Princess of Georgia, had accepted apartments at Holonja's house in Tunquin, who took all the methods imaginable to divert the melancholy that had seized them, but himself could find no remedy for his own. And as he was one day expressing his concern to the king and Gulchenraz, at his having succeeded no better than others, in very moving terms, the princess addressed him in these words: 'You need not wonder in the least at the sultan your master's coldness; were I in his place, I should do the self-same thing; for his indifference, as I take it, proceeds from a heart truly noble, and not attached to the pleasures of sense. There is not one of these young women whom you present to him, but thinks his favours an honour to her, and makes more account of the monarch than she does of Tongluck. Divest him of his grandeur for a moment, and it is ten to one but they will despise his person, and he by that means find out the bottom of their hearts, and that it is their ambition only which makes them desirous to partake of his bed: but find him out a person who overlooks the throne which captivates others; that rejects the addresses of a monarch, and considers him only as a private person; and then you will raise in him all those emotions and tender passions which he is not yet acquainted with.'

Nothing can be juster, Madam, than these reflections,' replied Holonja; 'but where shall we find this rare person?'—'You have her before your eyes,' continued Gulchenraz; 'the

throne, on which I was brought up, accustomed me to such respects and submission as the women you buy at Circassia know nothing of; and if I have but beauty enough to engage your sultan's eye, be his merit ever so great, I will let him know the difference between a princess and a slave, and how far the notions of the one surpass the other. There is a kind of reserve and greatness of spirit in our sex that makes us esteemed; but the ease and forwardness of almost all the Eastern women, draws upon them the contempt they deserve. I may seem perhaps a little too discerning for my age; but the queen my mother, whose royal blood raised her above the rest of her sex, took care in my tender age to inculcate these lessons into my memory, so that they will for ever be engraven there.'

Malekalsalem heard this speech of his daughter's with admiration: 'Of all the sultanas I had in my seraglio,' said he, 'none ever found the secret of approaching my heart but the charming Abadan-Sciroux, the mother of Abroamat and Gulchenraz; her reservedness, her modesty, every thing enchanted me in that adorable princess; and my life has been a burden to me since the moment I lost her for ever!'

'No more of these melancholy reflections, Sir,' replied Holonja; 'I very well understand the solidity of your daughter's argument: but the way to put it in execution, that's the difficulty. Few princesses here are so beautiful as those of Georgia, and as it is no easy matter to gain admittance into their apartments, our monarchs chuse rather than marry a woman whose merit may not possibly come up to the idea they have of her beauty, to entertain themselves with slaves, where they meet with an entire submission, and from the principle of self-esteem are induced to believe that they perfectly love them.'

After some more discourse of the like nature, Holonja retired into his own apartment; where, if any thing could comfort him under his want of success, it was that two merchants of slaves had presented the Sultan of China with a great number of very beautiful damsels, with whom he was no more moved than

at

at the sight of the Circassian women which had cost Holonja so much care and pains.

The King of Georgia, and the princess, had been about a month at Holonja's house, where he endeavoured to entertain them with all possible respect and assiduity; when one day he requested the favour of introducing a brother of his, who was returned from a long voyage, and had brought considerable riches with him. Malekalsalem had too much obligation to Holonja, to deny him any favour; and notwithstanding the aversion Gulchenraz had to be seen in the proper habit of her sex, (which, since her arrival in China, she had put on again) she consented to receive him.

After the first civilities usual among persons of their distinction were over, they sat down at table, and Uzumquey (for that was Holonja's brother's name) seemed to have so much wit and vivacity in conversation, as drew upon him the princess's eye more than once; but if Gulchenraz beheld him with some attention, he for his part was so taken with the charms of her face, and the delicacy of her wit, that he was that very moment going to make a declaration of his passion; but that the presence of Malekalsalem, (who had now quitted the habit of a dervise, and was known to be the young lady's father) as well as a certain greatness of mind that regulated all his actions, restrained him for that time, until a more favourable opportunity should happen, and his respect and observances should inform her of what his heart felt for her. He never failed, however, to be at his brother's house at meal-times; and discovered every moment new graces in the object of his wishes. 'Oh! how happy are we, dear brother,' said he, one day, in a transport he could not refrain, 'that the Sultan of China knows nothing of the treasure we have in this house! His frozen heart would soon be melted with the rays of the eyes of your charming guest, and I should die with grief.—But I forget myself!' continued he: 'you will pardon, most beautiful Gulchenraz, this involuntary transport, and not be offended at a declaration I am constrained to make. My respect, however, shall at all times set bounds to my passion, be it ever so strong and violent.' The princess immediately blushed; she had

for some time a struggle within herself, between the secret inclination she felt for Uzum-quey, and that greatness of spirit which was the rule of all her actions: but hastily rising up, 'Uzum-quey,' said she, with eyes sparkling with anger, 'you know not who I am, and therefore I think it proper to let you know the distance that is between us! The King of Georgia, who is here before your eyes, is my father; judge, therefore, whether our conditions be equal: examine yourself, in short, and fail not in the respect which is due to me for the future, unless you are desirous that I should quit your brother's house.'—'You the Princess of Georgia!' cried out Uzum-quey instantly: 'Heavens! what do I hear, and what must I be?—Oh, beautiful Gulchenraz, that I were this moment the Sultan Tongluck, to offer you an heart worthy of your acceptance!'

'That would not make you more amiable in my eyes,' answered the princess, with great modesty. 'The lustre of a throne blinds not me; and the Monarch of China, with all his power and greatness, could have no more right over my heart, than another person, unless I felt a secret sympathy for him; without which my father has promised me never to dispose of my hand. Nay, I will own something more to you, to ease the sorrow I see painted in your eyes, and I will own it without a blush; from the first day I saw you, I conceived an esteem for you; I wished you had been born a prince, and that you had sufficient power to restore my father to his kingdom of Georgia, which the traitor Dilsenghin, King of Bitlis, has robbed him of by surprise: I should then have preferred you before all the monarchs in the world; and my father, who loves you too, would have confirmed my choice with his consent. But this is superfluous talk; I was born to a throne, nor will I dispose of my heart without one!'

Uzum-quey threw himself down that moment at Gulchenraz's feet: 'I am sensible, Madam,' said he, 'of the rashness of my love, and I will do what I can to subdue it, nor will I ever more mention a passion to you which I find offends you!' And, saying these words,

words, he withdrew full of confusion. Holonja asked a thousand pardons of Malekalfalem and the princess for his brother's indiscretion. For above eight days together the afflicted lover durst not appear in Gulchenraz's presence; and when upon express order he ventured to come, there appeared so many tokens of fear and sorrow in his looks, that the king pitied him, and ordered his daughter to comfort him with some indications of her forgiveness. 'Resume, Uzum-quey,' said she, 'your former gaiety; I forget the offence you have committed, and therefore beg you will let us live in the same familiarity as before it was disturbed by your profession of a passion which I neither can nor ought to accept.' Uzum-quey obeyed the princess's commands; he returned to his former manner of living, and with infinite satisfaction perceived that she was no longer offended with him.

He had already lived five months every day in the princess's company; when, going one night into his own apartment, 'You are avenged, Sir,' said he to Malekalfalem; 'for Dillenghin is dead, and your faithful subjects expect your return with the utmost impatience. Here is a letter that your viziers have sent you; and, to convince you farther, behold the head of the King of Bitlis, which I here give you in this basket.'

It is impossible to express the surprise that Malekalfalem and Gulchenraz were in at this sight. The head of their enemy, which was still bloody, and the letter signed by all the viziers of Georgia, made them not question the truth of what they saw. 'But by what enchantment,' said they, 'could you perform things that seem impossible?' 'Nothing,' replied he, with looks full of modesty, 'but my passionate desire to be serviceable to the most beautiful princess in the world. You may now return with the king your father when you please, Madam, into Georgia, and I will conduct you thither in less than four hours.'—*In less than four hours!* answered the princess. 'Ah! Sir; how desirous soever I may be of returning to Teflis, I am not for that kind of voyage; it seems a

little too supernatural and dangerous. My father and I had better go the common road, than hazard our lives in that.'—'There is no danger at all in it,' continued Uzum-quey; 'and when I have told you in what manner you came to be avenged of your adversary, you will not be afraid of the voiture wherein I offer to conduct you to Teflis. But supper is ready: my brother, to testify his joy for your re-establishment, is desirous to regale you this night; and I, after supper, will recount to you the manner in which so many wonders were wrought.'

Malekalfalem, and the princess, went into the apartment where they were to sup: there was exquisite meat of every kind; but, above all, a fine young pig with a pudding in the belly of it*. The whole entertainment, indeed, was served up with great elegance, and being all sat down at table, there was perfect joy in every one's countenance.

'How great is the obligation I have to you!' was the King of Georgia, every now and then exclaiming: 'no, my dear Uzum-quey, I can never sufficiently acknowledge it; and my daughter Gulchenraz is the only thing wherewith I can repay it. You are not born a prince, indeed; but does birth depend upon ourselves? True nobility lies in virtue, and glorious actions, and not in a train of ancestors, whose deeds are too often our disgrace: what a joy will it be to me, if my daughter will accept you for a husband? Ah! if she must needs have a crown, I will relinquish mine, and think myself happy to be your first subject.'

Uzum-quey, seeing that Gulchenraz did not oppose the king's intentions, threw himself at her feet. 'Confirm,' said he, 'adorable princess, confirm your father's desire, but let it not cost him his throne: I had rather renounce the possession of my queen, than deprive him of his rights.'

The princess raised her lover up, not knowing well how to act. She suffered him to hang about her knees, and kiss her hand; and Malekalfalem embraced them both in the most affectionate manner: when, all on a sudden, they heard a noise in the anti-chamber. The

* Swine's flesh, in China, is remarkably delicious; and this dish there is esteemed the most exquisite dainty.

doors were forced open, and immediately entered thirty black slaves, with their sabres drawn; and, at the head of them, a young man about thirty years old, but beautiful beyond imagination.—‘Perfidious Holonja!’ cried he; ‘is it so you deal with your master? To me you have presented a set of slaves, the very refuse of Circassia, and kept for yourself a beauty whose charms are superior even to those of the houri: but I will soon shew you the consequence of such treacherous behaviour!’

These words, spoke in great wrath, and the confusion which Holonja and Uzum-quey appeared to be in, made Gulchenraz suppose that he who spoke in such an absolute tone must needs be Tongluck. ‘King of China,’ said she, with a fierce undaunted air, ‘persons of my rank and quality are not wont to be presented to such as you, like slaves, but are sued to by way of ambassadors. I am the Princess of Georgia, and this is my father, the Sultan Malekalfalem: a base usurper banished us from our kingdom; and Fortune, who from that time was all along our cruel enemy, seems now to have declared herself in our favour. The lovely Uzum-quey has made a reparation for all her mistakes, by reinstating us in a throne, which Dilsenghin King of Bitlis had unjustly invaded. You are not ignorant in what manner a prince like you should behave to those who are his equals. Treat us then with the dignity that becomes our character, and pardon Holonja for not informing you we resided at his house. I forbade him, because I was unwilling that your sight of me should increase the aversion you had for our sex.’—‘Ah, Madam!’ replied the Sultan of China, ‘how unjust are you to your eyes! Are you ignorant of their power, and think you that they are incapable to touch my heart? Yes, adorable princess, you were the only person who could dissipate the coldness that surrounded it; you were born for no other purpose but to work miracles. But you change colour, I perceive, and my love makes you uneasy. Uzum-quey, the lovely Uzum-quey, (for so you called him) whom I saw at your feet, has found out the way to please you.’—‘Sir,’ says Malekalfalem, immedi-

ately interrupting him, ‘I am concerned to see your love; but our obligations to Uzum-quey are so exceeding great, there is no way of paying him, but by giving him my daughter in marriage.’—‘Oh, Heaven!’ cried Tongluck; ‘does the charming Gulchenraz prefer a private person to the Monarch of China?’—‘Yes, Sir,’ replied the princess, with an air of constancy: ‘I loved Uzum-quey without his knowing it, and even before he restored us to our throne; since that time he has put the head of our enemy under our feet, and this service has gained him the empire of my heart, which my father’s consent has confirmed. From that moment I looked upon him as my husband; nor are all the powers upon earth able to make me change my resolution.—However, Sir,’ continued the princess, in a little softer tone, ‘I know myself but poorly qualified to dissolve the coldness of your temper. There are others enough to fill the place that I am not at all ambitious of; for, in short, your hour is come: and if it be true, that you could love me, as your majesty is pleased to assure me, it will not be long before you will contract yourself to some beautiful sultana, who will answer your passion more favourably than I can do.’

‘What says the happy Uzum-quey,’ continued the Sultan of China, ‘to such noble and endearing sentiments as these?’—‘I say,’ replied the tender lover, throwing himself at the princess’s feet, ‘that my happiness exceeds my hope, and I have at last found what I have been looking for, a disinterested heart, and one who in loving me loves my person only. But it is time, adorable Gulchenraz, that I discover to you who I am; and you will pardon this innocent artifice, which I only made use of to gain assurance of your heart. You see in Uzum-quey, then, the true King of China; whereof the other, who acted his part so well, is no more than a phantom. I know now the bottom of your heart; I owe not your love to my quality: it was love alone that gained your declaration of a passion, where the monarch could have no preference. I have the consent of the king your father;

‘ father; you are revenged of Dilseng-
‘ hin by the help of one of my manda-
‘ rins*, before whom Nature herself is
‘ naked; and, being master of the ele-
‘ ments, he commands the genii who
‘ inhabit there, with so absolute autho-
‘ rity, that they even tremble at his
‘ voice. What have I then more to
‘ desire, after such a declaration as you
‘ have made in my favour? Come,
‘ my dear princess, come and ascend a
‘ throne, where you will become the
‘ happiness of the King of Gannan,
‘ and the admiration of all China.’

Malekalsalem and Gulchenraz were
so surprized at this strange discovery,
that they stood immoveable as statues:
but Tongluck having ordered the pre-
tended king with his attendants to re-
tire, and Holonja confirming the truth
of what had passed, by throwing him-
self at the princess’s feet, to ask par-
don for having made use of this artifice,
she raised him up, and giving her hand to
kiss, ‘ Do I then find,’ said she, ‘ in the
‘ person of Uzum-quey, the sultan who
‘ reigns here? Is this an illusion? And
‘ are these transactions any thing but a
‘ dream?’—‘ No, Madam, nothing is
‘ more true, than that it depends upon
‘ you alone to make the King of China
‘ happy. Holonja raised my curiosity,
‘ speaking of a beautiful stranger he
‘ had at his house, and whose heart,
‘ as he told me, was as insensible as
‘ mine. I have seen you several times
‘ under different disguises; but at last
‘ I thought proper to personate Holon-
‘ ja’s brother, more particularly to
‘ know those sentiments which have
‘ raised my esteem of you. You could
‘ not yourself but perceive the love I
‘ conceived for you at first view, and
‘ how great my astonishment was, when
‘ I understood you were the princess of
‘ Georgia, a secret which Holonja had
‘ concealed from me till then, with a
‘ design to have you revenged of the
‘ traitor Dilsenghin. Upon this occa-
‘ sion I had recourse to the famous *Fum-
‘ Hoam*, the mandarin of the law, whom
‘ I was mentioning to you. He carried

‘ me to Teflis in less than three hours:
‘ by this means I got into the usurper’s
‘ chamber. I awoke him with my sabre
‘ in my hand, and challenged him to
‘ fight me; but the poor poltroon be-
‘ took himself to nothing but abject
‘ prayers. I thought it not worth while
‘ to trifle with the wretch any longer,
‘ and therefore I took away his life;
‘ and *Fum-Hoam* having assembled
‘ your chief viziers, I shewed them
‘ your enemy’s head, (at the sight of
‘ which there were a thousand acclama-
‘ tions of joy) and upbraided them with
‘ their weakness in owning a traitor for
‘ their sovereign. I then ordered his
‘ favourites to be seized, and all who
‘ would not acknowledge their lawful
‘ king; and being, in short, become
‘ absolute master of the city of Teflis,
‘ I appointed two of the principal vi-
‘ ziers to govern your dominions until
‘ your father’s return; and having re-
‘ ceived from them the letter I de-
‘ livered into his hands, I and *Fum-
‘ Hoam* came back again as quick as
‘ lightning, and in as short a time as
‘ we went brought your enemy’s head
‘ to Tunquin. Thus you see, Madam,
‘ what my love has made me enterprize
‘ for your sake; and shall not this love
‘ be recompensed with the present of
‘ your heart? Or can you delay giving
‘ yourself up to the tender instances of
‘ a prince who adores you?’

Every circumstance of this account,
which the Sultan of China gave, increas-
ed the astonishment of Malekalsalem
and Gulchenraz. ‘ Sir,’ replied she,
with a blush, ‘ I love you: and having
‘ made that declaration so lately, it is
‘ no time now to dissemble: but still
‘ my religion is above my love; you
‘ are an idolater, I am a true believer.
‘ You adore several monsters, whose
‘ very figure is enough to terrify one,
‘ and make one renounce their wor-
‘ ship: I know but one God, whose
‘ ambassador and great prophet is Ma-
‘ homet. You believe in the passage
‘ of the soul from one body to another,
‘ which is a principal point with your

* There are generally reckoned in China nine orders of mandarins, and every order is divided into two degrees, which have particular marks to distinguish them. But in reality there are but three sorts of mandarins. The first sort are governors of provinces; the second are mandarins of the army, and have the command of the troops; the third are mandarins of the law, or learning, and have the office and administration of justice.

' Doctor Chacabout *; and I hold it to be absurd and ridiculous. This, Sir, is my opinion; and I leave you to judge whether we can be joined together in eternal bands, without your swearing to me in the most solemn manner, that you will allow me the free exercise of my religion in Tunquin!—' Oh, Madam, cried Tongluck, ' may my head be a mark for my bitterest enemies to shoot at, if ever I pretend to molest you in your religion! But I hope you will not always be so fixed in your resolution, but that the famous Fum-Hoam may in time convince you of your error. He assures me, that the Chinese and the Georgians are both to be subject to the same Divinity: but if he does not succeed in what he has promised me, I swear by the same oath, that I will not only be a profelyte to your religion, and own Mahomet to be the true messenger sent from God, but will destroy likewise all the pagods in my empire, and tread under foot the statues which at present we adore.—' Upon this assurance, replied Gulchenraz, ' I am yours, Sir, and here is my hand.' Whereupon Tongluck, transported with joy, took his bride by the hand, and led her to his palace, through a line of soldiers who held every one a flambeau of odoriferous wax in his hand. Fum-Hoam and the other mandarins soon dispatched the marriage ceremonies; and this charming couple, having first conducted Malekalfalem into a noble apartment, retired afterwards into their own.

After some days spent in those pleasures, which usually attend a marriage that is founded upon love, the queen bethought herself of the mandarin. ' You promised, Sir,' said she to the sultan, ' to bring Fum-Hoam into my company; but I hear you say no more of him.'—' He shall attend your orders, my beautiful queen,' answered Tongluck: ' let somebody go for him.' The mandarin came in about a quarter of an hour; and after he had paid his due obeisance to the two sultans and

the queen, he was ordered to sit down upon a velvet cushion.

' The learned and illustrious Fum-Hoam,' said Gulchenraz to him, ' to whom I have so great an obligation, and who has restored my father to his throne in a manner so extraordinary, could not well arrive at such a degree of wisdom and capacity, without some singular adventures, which I should be very desirous, I can assure you, to know from your own mouth.'—' It will be no hard matter, Madam,' replied the mandarin, ' to gratify you in that; only I must premise to your majesty, that I very much doubt whether you will credit what I shall have the honour to relate to you. I am not ignorant of the prejudice you have against the principles of our religion, and how you look upon as fables the very fundamental truths of it. But since your majesty is willing to know the principal events wherein I bore a part, it will be requisite to inform you that the soul is like aameleon, which, according to the different bodies it passes through, takes different impressions, and is subject to all the passions of the body it inhabits. This is a point, Madam, which you must have the goodness to admit, (whatever you may have to alledge against it) in order to hear my relation of some surprizing histories, and such as will afterwards convince you of the truth of what I here advance. I have appeared in all parts of the world in very different forms; have consequently been of all religions, and all sects; and, by a peculiar power, have preserved to this very day the remembrance of all the chief facts whereof I was an eye-witness or agent myself.'—' That certainly must be very curious,' replied Gulchenraz, with a smile: ' let me desire you to begin then; for I promise to hear you with the utmost pleasure, and not to give you any interruption with the reflections I may make. What difficulties I have to propose, I will reserve to the last, till you have finished your account,

* Chacabout, is the name of a hermit who taught the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls from one body to another. He promised an infinity of joy to such as observed his law; but such as received it, and did not punctually obey it, were to pass into different bodies for three thousand years, before they could enter into the place of the happy. This Chacabout propagated his sect in the kingdom of Siam; in some part of Japan; and from thence in Tunquin, where he died.

and are come to the state of a *mandarin*, under the figure wherein I now behold you; but as the narration will, in all appearance, be of a long continuance, I will every evening set apart the time between our walking and supper, which I designed for the musick and concert.* The princess then signifying by her silence that she expected Fum-Hoam to speak, the grave mandarin began his story thus.

EVENING I.

THE HISTORY OF MANDARIN
FUM-HOAM.

I Cannot, Madam, call to mind the first adventures of my life, without some horror; since the very moment I left the celestial sphere, to come down upon the earth, I animated an unhappy infant, who became afterwards a monster of cruelty. It was in Persia where I was born, under the name of Piurash. My father, who was but a poor shepherd, left me a very small estate; but I managed my intrigues so, as to get into the confidence of Siamek*, one of your Pischdadan† kings, and obtained the first honours and dignities of the kingdom. The horrible luxury wherein I lived, might have made me, one would think, look upon honours with some contempt; but the thirst of dominion was so predominant in my soul, that I made a scruple of nothing to attain it. As I was Siamek's chief favourite, I had every moment free access to him; but, being weary of living sneakingly under him, I cruelly murdered him, and easily seized upon his throne: after which, I committed so many crimes, that the world looked upon me as an abominable tyrant. There was no violence, no injustice, that I struck at; no new punishment that I did not invent, to destroy those who pretended

to oppose my will: but Heaven, who was weary no doubt to see me commit so many crimes, was willing to humble me with a cruel distemper. The extreme disorder wherein I had passed my youthful days, occasioned a putrefaction in my bowels, insomuch, that I became, even while alive, the food of the vilest creatures, without any hopes of getting rid of them. My body became, in short, one great ulcer; and dying as I did, in long and terrible torments, I left behind me in Persia a fearful example of the Divine Justice. But observe, Madam, (continued Fum-Hoam) a surprising metamorphosis, for it's singularity! My soul was no sooner departed out of the body of this cruel King of Persia, but it was immediately inclosed in that of a flea.

Though this change was a great humiliation to me, yet for some time at least I had the satisfaction not to see myself deprived of human blood, which I was so greedy of before; and had several opportunities, in this little body, of exercising some singular strokes of my vengeance. When I was Piurash, I had a seraglio filled with the most beautiful women in the East, and kept by slaves, who at the least turn of my eye trembled for fear. No sooner was I dead, than one of my wives, whom I loved best, and who made sincere returns, as I thought, to my endearments, gave an uncontrouled loose to her passion; she fell distractedly in love with a young Persian, who worked in my gardens, and who, to gain the easier admittance, counterfeited a fool; she introduced him into her chamber, and gave him the place I was accustomed to have.

You will hardly forbear laughing, Madam, when I tell you how I swelled in my little body with rage, to hear my favourite sultana's railleries, the imprecations wherewith she loaded my memory, and the transports wherewith she

* Siamek was the son of Caïoumarrath; who, as historians tell us, lived to be a hundred years old. There are some, however, who reckon Siamek not among the number of kings, but pretend that he died before his father, though others assure us that he reigned after him.

† The word *Pischdad* signifies in the Persian language a *justiciary*. It was the surname and title of Houschenk II. a king of the first race of princes that reigned in Persia, who took from him the name of Pischdadians. This first race or dynasty, if we may believe the Persians, was the greatest in the world, insomuch that it comprehended all the kings who composed the Assyrian, Chaldean, Babylonian, Median, and Persian monarchies.

received the caresses of her lover. I threw myself that instant with fury upon the beautifullest body in all Persia, bit her in a thousand places, and made her all over blood; till, at last, being mad, and blinded with my growing rage, I threw myself designedly into my perfidious sultana's fingers, and there received my death.

'Ah, ah! a very pleasant and jocular adventure!' cried Gulchenraz, laughing: 'but what became of the soul of the illustrious Fum-Hoam afterwards?'—'You are very pleasant,' Madam, I perceive,' replied the mandarin: 'the conclusion of this story, I knew, would cure your seriousness; but though you look upon it as a mere fiction, it is nevertheless very true.'

THE HISTORY OF THE INDIAN MOUNTEBANK AND HIS DOG.

WHEN I left the body of that insect, (continued Fum-Hoam) I passed into a little dog, belonging to a mountebank, whose name was Kalem, and who was at that time at Arracan*. I had an instinct equal to the wit of men, was extremely beautiful, and surprizingly quick at learning any thing, so that every one was for buying me; but the mountebank set me at so high a price, that none would come up to it. My pretty little tricks, however, were the whole talk of the town of Arracan, and raised the curiosity of a certain very rich and jolly widow, who sent for my master; but when he came into her house, so blinded was he with the sprightliness and vivacity of her eyes, that he changed his mind concerning me. Deriai (for that was the widow's name) was at first delighted with my little size; and after she had seen all my exercises, was still more taken with me. 'What will you take for this little creature?' said she to Kalem. 'Madam,' replied he, 'I mean not to sell him, but to present him to you; but it is upon a condition that I fear you will not accept of. I can no longer

'bear the sight of so much beauty, without being sensibly affected with it. I love you, Madam; and though I here pass for a mountebank, I am of an illustrious birth and parentage: answer then my love with an equal return of yours, and suffer me to be happy in the enjoyment of you; for that is the price I set upon my dog.'

Deriai was so surprized at this proposal, that she fell into a violent passion. 'Be you who you will,' said she; 'be gone out of my presence, or I will call my slaves to chastise you.'—'I would not advise you, Madam, to do so,' answered my master; 'I fear not your threats, and can soon defeat their malice!' These words enraged the beautiful widow to such a degree, that she called for her slaves, and ordered them to treat him roughly: but my master had no sooner blown a little powder that he took out of a box among them, than, instead of falling upon him, they let fly at each other with so much fury, that they fell down on the floor like so many dead men. Whereupon Kalem, addressing himself to Deriai, 'You see, Madam,' said he, 'one part of my secrets; I will leave you in your present surprize. You will reflect upon the honourable passion I have for you: in four days time I will come with my dog again to your gate; and then, I hope, you will give me a more favourable reception than you have done to-day.'

The mandarin Fum-Hoam was going on with his history, when word was brought the queen, that supper was upon the table: 'I am sorry for it,' said she; 'for I sadly want to know how the fair widow received him.'—'Your majesty shall know that to-morrow,' answered the mandarin; 'for I will not fail to be at your closet-door at the hour appointed!'—'I beg you be,' added she; 'for you cannot do me a greater pleasure!' And so rose up to go sup with the sultan her husband and the king of Georgia; and Fum-Hoam retired to his own house.

* The capital city of a kingdom of the same name, on the River Marteban in India, beyond the Ganges.

EVENING II.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE INDIAN MOUNTBANK AND HIS DOG.

THE Queen of China went next day into the walks, where she found the mandarin waiting for her; she therefore brought him with her into her closet: and, when every one had taken his proper place, he re-assumed his discourse thus.

My master, as soon as he retired, left the widow in great consternation. His youth, good mien, and handsome address, was frequently in her thoughts; my little tricks and activities were perpetually before her; and it was not without much impatience on her side, that the fourth day came. We were introduced, by her own orders, into the bed-chamber; and my master, having first put me into her arms, threw himself at her feet. 'My fair Deriai,' said he, 'forget, I beseech you, the insult I put upon you when I was last here: I was constrained to do it, to avoid the effects of your anger; but if to declare that I love you be an offence, I must own that I am a thousand times more culpable now than I was before. The heart, however, that I offer you, Madam, is not unworthy of your acceptance. I am son to one of the King of Golconda's viziers: my father, who has no other child but me, was for marrying me against my inclination; to avoid an engagement I had such an aversion to, I ran away (for his menaces made me leave Golconda) with a purse full of gold that I took from him. In two years time I travelled through the Indies, and a great part of Persia. I joined myself in company with one of the ablest mountebanks in the East, got into his confidence, and was admitted to all his secrets; and we were returning together upon our way to Golconda, (where I understood my father was dead) when I had the misfortune to lose him at Bantan*, by

an accident occasioned by fire, which all his knowledge could not preserve him from. He went to sup in the country at a great lord's house, where there chanced to be hard drinking. The company sat great part of the night at table; and, as the wine had heated their brains, they fell all asleep in the dining-room: the slaves followed the example of their masters; one was so drunk, that he set fire to a kind of office not far distant from them, so that they were all suffocated before any help could come. I was much concerned for the loss of my master, but took possession of all his drugs, and of a certain book, wherein his secrets were contained. I then came to Arracan, with a design to make no long stay: the little feats of my dog raised your curiosity; you sent for me to your house, and from that moment I have entirely lost my liberty. Be then my wife, my beautiful Deriai; delay no longer the happiness of one who loves you to excess; and go with me to Golconda, where you shall partake of the immense riches the vizier my father left me at his death.'

My master spoke these words (continued Fum-Hoam) with such a passionate accent, that Deriai suffered herself to be persuaded: she gave him her promise, and received his; and it was not long after that I saw them congratulating each other upon the happiness of their mutual enjoyment. After they had adjusted measures to see one another frequently, Kalem retired, and left me with his new spouse, whom I loved beyond what any one can imagine; for never was there any thing more amiable than she. Love danced incessantly in her eyes, which seemed more bright and shining than two stars; an enchanting grace appeared in all her actions; her smiles, her ordinary words, her least motions, her sighs, her complaints; nay, her very frowns and contempts had a certain charm in them, that went directly to the heart; and therefore you may judge, Madam, whether Kalem had not reason to think himself happy in the possession of so charming a wife.

But as jealousy has always its eyes

* Bantan is a maritime town, famous for its commerce. It is situate on the west side of Java, near the straits of the Sende, and over-against the Island of Sumatra.

open,

pen, it was not long before a young Indian lord, who was greatly in love with my new mistress, took notice of the frequent visits that Kalem made her; he spoke to her of it, in a manner insolent enough; and as she used him not very civilly for it, the young enraged lover spread reports every-where exceedingly prejudicial to her reputation; which coming soon to her ears, filled her with grief and disconsolation. She had her reasons for concealing her marriage: she had scarce been two months a widow, and to declare it as yet, would be discovering her infamy, and giving the world a handle to reproach her with incontinence. Kalem proposed to her to go with him to Golconda; but he could not prevail. She was loth to give such a blow to her reputation; and therefore she intreated him to absent himself from Arracan, for a few days, to let these injurious reports blow over: which cruel order he obeyed, with great reluctance, pretending to her to go into Persia.

All this while Deriai, overwhelmed with the bitterness of grief, was devising in her mind some expedient to reconcile the interest of her love and her reputation together. She was extremely pensive for the absence of Kalem; when bethinking herself that I knew her mind perfectly, and very frequently made her slaves understand it, she redoubled her tears; and kissing me very tenderly, 'Ah! would to God,' said she, 'that thou could'st this moment bring my husband hither, as thou make'st my slaves come, upon any little sign; how much should I be obliged to thee!' Deriai, Madam, had scarce ended these words, when, jumping from her lap, I went hastily down the stairs; and (as good luck would have it) getting out of the sink-hole, I met Kalem in the street, disguised like an old woman; but so perfectly changed in his whole figure and make, that without my smelling, which was very exquisite, I could not have known him. I leaped into his arms, expressing a thousand little endearments; and the tender husband, making use of this pretence to get into the house, knocked at the door, and was carried in to Deriai, as an honest poor woman in the neighbourhood who had brought again her dog, whom she had just found in the street. It was no hard matter for De-

riai to know Kalem in this disguise, especially when, as she was squeezing his hand, she saw some tears trickle down from his eyes. She ordered her slaves therefore to withdraw; and, after a whole hour spent in her arms, without ever once opening her mouth, (her heart was so full of joy and sorrow both) she gave it out, in the family, that she could not better recompense this good old woman for the service she had done her, than in keeping her to have an eye over her slaves. So that Kalem continued with Deriai, and enjoyed with great ease and quiet, the pleasure of being beloved by one of the finest women in the Indies; when his good fortune was all on a sudden ruined by a very odd sort of an accident.

EVENING III.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF
THE HISTORY OF THE INDIAN
MOUNTEBANK AND HIS DOG.

KALEM, and his dear wife, were so intoxicated with their happiness, that they were perpetually together. So sudden a transition, from grief to joy, occasioned a great disorder in my mistress; she was seized with a fever, and for four or five days that Kalem spent at her bed-side, no one took care of me, or remembered to give me any water. I lay usually with a young slave who waited on Deriai, and for whom I had a great kindness; but she not understanding, by the barking and moan that I made, what a violent thirst I had, instead of giving me something to drink, fed me with perfumed conserves, which I loved mightily; but they only helped to inflame the violent heat that burned up my entrails, and which proceeded at last to such excess, that I found myself forced by an unknown power, to bite the young girl's thigh. Whether it was her modesty that made her conceal the wound, or that she thought it not so great as it was, but she told nobody of it, until the venom I infused had entered so deep, that by the time Deriai came to recover of her fever, her slave began to shew too manifest symptoms of the effects of her madness: they found out the cause of her malady by the dread I had of water; and were more confirmed

in the thing, when they saw, that, with eyes sparkling with fury, I fell upon all the slaves in the house, and pursued them without barking, but with open mouth all over foam.

My mistress was greatly concerned to see me reduced to this sad state, and was sensible of a double loss, in that she was obliged likewise to have the girl smothered. For, besides the love she had for me, I was a kind of centinel at her chamber-door, while she was shut in with her husband: my barking let her know when her slaves were coming up; nor was it possible for her to be surprized, while I kept such strict watch for her security. Judge you then, Madam, what a violent shock and mortification it must be for her to prevail with herself, to give orders for me to be taken and cast into the river. Her orders, however, were executed very punctually. They seized me, they tied a stone about my neck, and carried me to the River Martaban. Deriai fell into tears, at the remembrance of my pretty little actions, and Kalem endeavoured, by the most tender caresses, to assuage her grief: when her deceased husband's two brothers entered her apartment, at a time she was ill prepared for such a visit. The condition wherein they found her with Kalem, could no longer permit them to be deceived with his appearing in the habit of an old woman. They had reason to suspect, that their sister had given herself up to lasciviousness; and being sufficiently convinced of the outrage she had done to their brother's memory, they fell upon her and Kalem, whom she held in her arms, and stabbed them in twenty places.

While this bloody and cruel scene was acting, I was struggling in the river; but having happily bit the string asunder, which was tied to the stone that made me sink, I rose above the water again; which was so very cold, that it extinguished the madness in me, so that I found myself cured of the raging heat that had devoured me; and, taking myself to my heels, ran as fast as I could back again to my Deriai's house. But how was I surprized, when, at my first entrance, I saw nothing but blood and horror every where! The murderers of Kalem, and my dear mis-

tress, were still in the house: I fell upon them, I bit them as high as I could reach; and, had my strength been equal to my rage, I should have quite devoured them. They were informed, however, that I was mad, and had therefore recourse to the common medicines to cure themselves; but, whether our gods were determined to punish them for their brutal cruelty, or that some remains of madness were still lurking in me, it so happened, that in a short time they died raving mad, after having almost devoured each other. As for me, Madam, being overwhelmed with despair, which I testified by such dismal howlings as drew tears from the eyes of every by-stander, I threw myself upon the bodies of this unhappy couple, whose death I was the innocent cause of; (for had I been in my usual situation, I should have prevented their surprize :) I licked their wounds; and refusing all kind of nourishment, died in a short time with grief at their feet, and was burned together with them on the same pile.

'Ah! lovely little dog!' cried the Queen of Gannan, 'how sorely do I lament thy fate, and that of this unhappy couple!—But, wise Fum-Ho-am,' said she, 'you were, without doubt, happier in the body you next inhabited?'—'Not very much, Madam,' answered the mandarin.

THE HISTORY OF MASSOUMA.

WITHOUT ever yet going out of the Indies, I entered into a young maid of Bishnagar*; and was born of parents, famous for the nobility of their ancestors, as well as the immensity of their riches. My name was Massouma, and my father, who had no more children than me, made it his whole care to find me out a deserving husband, when I came to be seventeen years old. I was not in the least handsome; on the contrary, I was a little deformed; yet, for all that, one of the finest lords in all Bishnagar, and as brave as ever were the Indian heroes of old,

* A town at the foot of the mountains of Gata, which divide that country between the two Kings of Gokonda and Visapour.

made his addresses to marry me. I had wit in abundance, and that made some amends for the defaults of my person. We loved one another with a boundless flame, which enjoyment did not extinguish: but we had scarce been married six months, when there broke out a fierce war between the Kings of Bisnagar and Narfingue. Mansour (for that was my husband's name) went to the assistance of his prince; and having the command of a principal part of the army, like a thunderbolt of war, cut down every thing that opposed his valour, and made victory entirely incline to our side; when suffering himself to be carried away by too inconsiderate an ardour, he penetrated the enemy's army, and forced his way into the very midst of them. Every one fled at the weight of his blows; but, as he was not followed and supported by his own men, the enemy, being ashamed to see themselves so slaughtered by a single hero, rallied again, and surrounded him. It was to no purpose for them to shew deference to his bravery, or call to him to take quarter. Mansour answered their civility only with the strokes of his sabre; and, throwing himself like a lion among them, defended his life to the last gasp; till pierced through and through with a thousand stabs, he died upon heaps of his slaughtered enemies; and made even those by whom he fell, envy the fate of a death so heroick.

If my husband's death had happened at the beginning of the battle, things had wore a quite different face; but Fortune had already declared for the King of Bisnagar, though it was at a dear rate enough, since he lost in my husband the support of his crown. After the victory, our soldiers found the dead body, with fury still painted in his eyes; and in this condition they brought him home. Ah, Madam! my grief, upon this occasion, was so exquisite, that I could neither utter the least complaint, nor shed a single tear. My eyes were covered with a thick mourning veil, and I fell into a fit which continued so long, it was not without much difficulty I was at length recovered to a life which I detested.

To rend my cloaths, to scratch my face and breast, and tear my hair, were the least signs of my pungent sorrow; and still more to increase it, I had my husband's body embalmed with the most

costly perfumes, laid him on a bed of state, and both day and night gave him incessant tokens of my sincere love, by watering his corpse with my tears.

I had led this melancholy life for about eight days, when a certain good widow, whose room looked into my house, came running to my father's one morning quite out of breath. 'Sir,' said she, 'your daughter has hitherto passed for a pattern of conjugal virtue; but come now and see her forfeit in one moment that character which we all thought she justly had acquired: she is actually now in the arms of a new lover, who is solacing her for the loss of the brave and illustrious Mansour.'

EVENING IV.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF MASSOUMA.

MY father (continued Fum-Hoam) was exceedingly startled at this news, so different to what my sentiments had all along appeared to be: at the woman's solicitation, he took his poniard, and coming along with her as far as my chamber-door, was not a little surprised to find no other object of my love, than the body of my dear departed husband. It was that sweet mouth, which death had now deprived of all its lively colour, that I was kissing a thousand times; when this woman, without knowing the true motive of my tenderness, and trusting to an obscure view, ran to inform my father of the dishonour she imagined I was bringing upon my family. The old gentleman would, no doubt, have nearly destroyed her, had she not fled away, and escaped his anger. He then related to me the occasion of his visit; and, taking pity on the sad condition I was in, thought the best way to remedy my grief, would be to remove the object of it. For which reason, in pursuance of the king's order, he had a stately funeral-pile erected before my house; and, notwithstanding my earnest intreaties to the contrary, was making preparation, according to the custom of the country, to reduce my husband's body to ashes. But seeing myself about to be deprived of the dear object of my love, whom death had so cruelly taken from me, I roared like

like a lion bereaved of it's whelps; and, as the fire was lighting, I went up to the terrass of my house, and throwing myself boldly through the flames, had the comfort to die, embracing my dear Manfour.

'through great part of Persia and the Indies, I died at last, as most part of my species do, being caught and strangled by a cat.'

THE ADVENTURES OF THE IMAN ABZENDEROUD.

'I had no sooner left the body of this virtuous Indian, than I passed successively into several others, wherein there happened nothing remarkable. 'I was a bee, a cricket, and a mouse!' — 'Oh! how many secret matters,' replied Gulchenraz, 'must you have seen under the last mentioned form?' — 'It would be an endless work, Madam,' continued the Mandarin, 'to pretend to recount to you all the knavish tricks I have seen and heard under that shape. How many virgins have I seen (who had the reputation of being such) give themselves up to sad disorders! How many widows married again in private, or living in incontinence! How many old men sunk into children, by the extravagance of their conduct! How many rich men reduced to extreme misery by their debaucheries! How many beggars made insolent by wealth! What a number of hypocrites could I have unmasked, had I then had the use of speech! How many cadies have I seen selling justice! And how many bonzes, dervises, and calenders, have I known to be mere profligates, under the outward shew of mortification and piety! For, in short, Madam, there was neither chamber nor closet, court of justice or council-room, or any other apartment, so closely shut, that I could not easily get into it; and nothing, you know, escapes the eye of him who sees all things, and has no obstruction to hinder his sight. But, after having lived seven years in the skin of this little beast, and gone

IN an instant I found myself at Ormus, in the body of a certain young man, named Abzenderoud*; who, by profound reading of the Alcoran, came to be made an iman†. Notwithstanding this promotion, which should have made me more circumspect in my conduct, I was still a libertine, till the great prophet thought fit to restore me to the right way, by a punishment that has something very singular in it. There was a widow in the neighbourhood very beautiful, and a little suspected of gallantry; she was choaked with a bone which she swallowed in eating too greedily; and, as her house depended upon my mosque, I was called to perform the abdest‡, and feeling an emotion in myself at the sight of so much beauty, I could not forbear crying out, (though I was very indiscreet in so doing) 'Ah! great prophet, how happy should I have thought myself to have tasted, with this fair widow, the pleasures which are reserved for true believers with the houri!' No sooner, Madam, had I said these words, which but ill became my character and function, than my hand, which was then upon her face, moved involuntarily, so that my finger, I know not how, slipped into her mouth, and her teeth closed upon it, and bit me so violently, that I could not forbear squalling grievously. My astonishment was as great as my pain; for, notwithstanding all my endeavours, I could not get away my hand. It was to no purpose to ask pardon of the prophet for my insolence; my prayers were not heard: and therefore,

* This name, in the Persian language, signifies a river of living water.

† An iman is a kind of parish priest.

‡ The abdest, or washing of the body, is one of the most essential points in the religion of Mahomet; his followers make use of it, not only to keep the body clean; but they imagine, likewise, that by this means they cleanse the soul from all it's impurities. Whoever among them says his prayers, without having first performed this duty, is accounted an abominable sinner. And the Mahometan women obey this precept so punctually, that the linen which they put off is no more soiled, than the clean linen which some women of other nations put on. Nor is this custom only observed during their life, but even after death; and the imans and their muezins (who are a kind of vicars or curates) are the persons who have the care of washing their dead bodies.

to avoid scandal, I e'en took the resolution to cut off my finger; which I accordingly did, and returned home all bloody, pretending I had met with this unlucky accident, of which I was a long time ill, by some awkwardness of my own.

So odd a punishment made me reflect a little, and apply myself so diligently to the offices of my function, that I was soon looked upon as a man much beloved by the prophet; and I was so entirely addicted to prayer, that whenever any person came into my mosque, they always found me either reading the Alcoran, or in some profound meditation.

So much virtue and piety raised the envy of the other imans, and they set a young woman to tempt me to defile myself with her; but I bravely withstood the temptation, and sent away the impudent baggage with threats. But she being exasperated at this manner of treating her, was resolved to be revenged of me. To this purpose she abandoned herself to one of these imans; and no sooner did she find herself with child, but carrying her impudence to the highest pitch, she had the hardness to accuse me of having committed violence upon her, even in the mosque where I officiated. So gross a profanation as this enraged all the people against me: my brother imans had no pity for me; on the contrary, they by their credit got me thrown into a dark and dismal dungeon, where I suffered most cruelly, until the time that this unhappy woman was in labour. The cady carried me that moment to her bed-side, taking the occasion to question her, when her pains were sharpest upon her; but she making the same declaration again, I should certainly have been executed, had I not had recourse to the same prophet, who punished me so severely in the case of the widow. 'Mighty Mahomet,' said I, (taking the child in my arms, which this slanderous woman had just brought into the world) 'thou who art the true father of believers, the source of light and truth, suffer not the impostor to triumph over my innocence; but untie the tongue of this infant, that he may himself declare who his true father is!'

No sooner had I ended this prayer, which I spoke with much fervency, and accompanied with my tears, but (would you believe it, Madam?) this

new-born infant began to speak very distinctly. He named the iman who was his father; declared me wholly innocent of the profanation wherewith I was accused; and added, that it was at the solicitation of the same iman, who was then present, and two other of his brethren, that his mother had undertook to ruin me, and to take away my reputation with my life. After so extraordinary a declaration, I was soon avenged of my enemies. The calumniatress and the three imans, overcome by the force of truth, confessed their crime, and were carried out of the town, and burned alive. I had my mosque restored to me again, and from that time was always looked upon at Ormus with the greatest respect imaginable.

In gratitude to the child, who had declared my innocence to the world, I took care of his education, and provided him a good nurse. In process of time he came to succeed in my employ; for, before he was weaned from the breast, he gave some signs of his sanctity, and on two memorable occasions shewed manifest proofs of the choice that Mahomet had made of him to be the support of his religion.

One day, as the nurse was holding him in her arms, she chanced to see a very handsome Persian nobleman, well dressed and well mounted, pass by. 'Would to God,' cried she aloud, 'that my child may be like that fine lord!' whereupon the child left the breast, and looking stedfastly upon the nobleman, pronounced these words very distinctly: 'Good Lord! forbid that I may be ever like that man, whose conscience is a sink of iniquity!' The nurse was strangely surprized at this answer; when a man who was whipped passed by the door. 'God forbid,' said she again, 'that ever my child come to this fate!' But her nursery, turning to her, expressed a different sentiment of the matter. 'You must learn,' said he to her, 'never to judge by appearances. That fine nobleman, whom you saw pass by, is in reality guilty of the crime for which this man is punished; his innocence makes him easy under his sufferings, and in the midst of these outrages, he is continually saying to himself, "I am content; God is sufficient for me, and it is He who will keep an account of what I endure!" So that this man,

by

‘ by his patience and resignation to the will of God, has attained to a very eminent degree of merit, whereunto I wish with all my heart that I may ever arrive !’

As every good Mussulman is obliged once in his life to go to Medina and Mecca, and as I had not yet taken that pilgrimage, I obtained leave of the King of Ormus, and left the care of my mosque, and of this young child, in the hands of my muezin. After a vast deal of fatigue, I arrived at the tomb of the holy prophet. I returned him my thanks for his visible protection of me; and, when I had offered the usual sacrifice upon the mountain of Arafat*, I took the road which leads to Ormus: but it was so late before I got thither, that the gates were shut, so that I was forced to stay all night in the suburbs; and being in some perplexity about my lodging, I asked a little shelter of a man whom I saw standing at the gate of an elegant house. The man very readily asked me to come in, and carried me into a fine hall, where supper was served up; and a woman about forty years old, of a very courteous behaviour, sat at our table. We passed the evening very merrily: at last I was conducted into a chamber, and left to myself. I shut my door, went to bed, and had been in a very sound sleep some hours, when on a sudden I was awakened by a frightful apparition which took hold of my arm.

EVENING V.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE IMAN ABZENDEROUD.

MY hair stood an end with fear, when by the clear moon-light I could see distinctly a man stark-naked, stabbed in thirty places, and the blood gushing out from every part of him. ‘ Fear nothing,’ said he, ‘ wise Abzenderoud; I am in no condition to

‘ do you any harm; on the contrary, I stand in need of your assistance to be revenged: only hear me with attention. I was not long since the master of this house, and was making preparation to go to Ispahan, when my wife (who supped with you last night) took the advantage of this opportunity to assassinate me, by the help of my brother, who had criminal commerce with her. After they had both stabbed me in this very chamber, they threw me into a well in one of the little gardens belonging to the house, and afterwards filled it up. A crime of this nature ought not to go unpunished. Go therefore to the cady† as soon as you are out of the house; inform him of what I tell you, that he may punish the authors of my death, and let my body have such a burial as every Mussulman who has exactly followed the law of Mahomet deserves.’

You may imagine, Madam, how I passed the remainder of the night, after the apparition was gone. As soon as it was peep of day, I got out of the house as fast as I could, without ever taking leave of my host; and going to the cady’s house, I related to him all that had happened to me. It was well he was acquainted with the chief incidents of my life before, or otherwise he would have hardly believed my account; but as it was, he took instantly some of his hazas‡ with him to the house, and ordering the well that was filled up to be cleared, he had no sooner discovered the certain proofs of the murder, than the woman and her accomplice confessed the crime, and accordingly were executed for it. The corpse was decently buried; and, as I assisted at that doleful ceremony, I spared not my prayers for the repose of his soul. Afterwards I returned to my own house; and the same night was scarce got to sleep, when the apparition appeared to me again, but in a quite different manner from what it did at first.

‘ I am pleased with what you have

* This mountain is very near Mecca. The Mussulmen usually offer the Corbanon, (i.e. a sacrifice of a sheep.) They pretend that Adam and Eve, after they were banished Paradise, were separated for a hundred and twenty years, in order to repent of their sin; and that afterwards looking for one another, they chanced to meet upon the top of this mountain, which, for that reason derives its name from an Arabian word that signifies to know.

† A kind of constable.

‡ Archers, or guards.

‘done,’ said he to me; ‘your charitable zeal has procured me a burial; I thank you, and am willing to gratify you for your trouble. Ask, therefore, whatever you desire most, and I have a promise from the great prophet that it shall be granted.’

After I had mused for some time, having no concern with the world, I neither desired honours or high places. ‘All that I desire,’ said I to the apparition, ‘is to have warning of the hour of my death eight days before it comes, that like a good Mussulman I may without horror bear the sight of the Supreme Judge of both our good and evil actions, when I shall be ready to go and give an account thereof.’

‘I agree to your request,’ answered the apparition, ‘and will come myself to give you information of it; do you continue always to follow the law of the great prophet, to say the five prayers appointed in the Alcoran, to observe the ablution so much recommended by Mahomet, and you shall see the terrible day approach without fear.’ When I awoke, I reported this second apparition to four or five of my friends; but they only laughed at me, and would give no credit to it. As for myself, being fully persuaded that it was not the effect of a heated imagination, I applied myself wholly to the practice of good actions, and to bring up the child with care, whose education I had taken upon me.

Twenty years were now past, in all which time this young man went on in the way of perfection. I made him my muezin, and had sufficient reason to be satisfied with his gratitude.

One day five or six of my friends came to see me, and I made them stay dinner. That day we passed very agreeably; and, a great storm happening a little before night, I intreated them to take a supper and a bed with me. We had almost done supper, when I heard one knock at my gate. I ran with a light to see who it was that should want me at such an unreasonable hour; but how great was my surprize to find it was the man who had appeared to me twice before! ‘Virtuous iman,’ said he, ‘I keep my word with you; and am come to inform you, that within eight days you shall no longer be

reckoned among the number of the living.’

As soon as I heard this terrible sentence, I felt a great trembling all over me, and returned into the room so terrified, that my friends were alarmed at it: but when I came to tell them the cause, (though there were two in the company to whom about twenty years before I had related my adventures) they all treated it lightly, and observed, that the fastings of Ramadan*, and the extraordinary austerities I had imposed upon myself, had seized upon my brain. It was in vain to remind them of the dead person’s history, his murder, and his apparitions; they persisted still in the same infidelity: but being myself persuaded of the truth of the prediction, I fell into a deep melancholy; not that I had any regret to part with life, but a dread and apprehension of being not sufficiently pure to appear before the Sovereign Creator of all things. I began then to repent of my wish; but having prepared very seriously for that passage, the nearer I approached to the appointed day, the more I found my soul easy and undisturbed. My pupil was dissolved in tears; but seeing me much better than was usual with me, he endeavoured to persuade himself that the time of our separation was not yet so near.

The fatal day arrived at last, when these same friends of mine came all to my house: they found me busy in reading the divine book, which the angel of the Lord dictated to the sovereign prophet, and could not refrain weeping. The day passed without any accident; the night came, I was still alive, and began myself to believe that the apparition had deceived me; when having occasion to cross my court-yard, several balusters that made a kind of gallery on the top of the house tumbled down, and fell upon my head: at the noise of this disaster my friends ran to me; and finding me all bloody and expiring, were too severely convinced of the prediction which the spectre had foretold.

‘These are incidents somewhat singular,’ said the Queen of China; ‘and they please me the more, be-

* This is the Mussulmen’s Lent.

‘cause

'cause they seem not to agree so well with your system of transmigration; but I will not stand with you for so small a matter. Proceed, sage Fum-Hoam, and recount what became of you next.'

The mandarin blushed a little at this gentle reproof, and then went on thus.

THE HISTORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL AL-RAOULF.

I Passed over the seas, Madam, to Visapour*, and came into the family of a rich Indian merchant, whose daughter I animated. For eight years after I was born, my mother had no other child but myself; and my father, being desirous to revenge himself of Fortune, for refusing him a son, endeavoured to procure me all those perfections which not only distinguish a woman from the rest of her sex, but even make an accomplished man. As I possessed every disposition necessary to learn the most abstracted sciences, and was active, beautiful, and well-shaped, I had all kind of masters who were proper to improve both my mind and body; and succeeded so perfectly well in every exercise, that in a short time I was become the subject of all conversations in Visapour.

No sooner was I sixteen, and arrived at an age wherein the graces had lavished all their charms upon my person, but there was no young Indian of quality who did not use his best endeavours to obtain me for his spouse; but, by what cruel caprice I cannot tell, my father despised all their addresses, and was resolved to give me to a vizier who was extremely old. Accordingly I married him, though fitter to be my great-grandfather than my husband, and thereby put an end to the hopes of all my suitors. The sciences, which I was mistress of to a great degree, had given me frequent occasions to read many matters of gallantry; but, as my passions did not yet begin to work, the reading them occasioned no emotion in me. But Love, who was offended at my simplicity, raised a revolt in all my senses, and by continual reflections made me comprehend

the reason of the tears of so many lovers for their mistresses, and that the height of happiness consisted in loving and being beloved again. Thus guided by nature, love, and conversation with my female friends, who knew the detestation I had for the old vizier, I was extremely smitten, without ever knowing the object I desired to possess. My husband had a sister, who was a widow lady, and much about his age: she had an infinite deal of wit; and, as she had, for above twenty years, a sort of academy at her house, of the most learned persons in Visapour, she earnestly intreated her brother to give me leave to make one at their assembly. He consented; and no sooner was I introduced, than I was loaded with commendations for some works I read to them; but the praises that touched me most, came from a young Indian lord, whose name was Daoud.

EVENING VI.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL AL-RAOULF.

OUR eyes met each other so frequently, and with such eager glances, that we were soon made sensible of all the emotions of a violent passion. Daoud, under borrowed names, charmed the ears of all the academicks with his fine verses, and his tender and passionate songs: and he could easily perceive that those which I composed grew by degrees tenderer and tenderer. Hearing me frequently speak mysteriously, and what he himself knew only how to expound, he took courage at last to write to me, and to declare the love he felt for me in his letter. I received a vast pleasure in reading it, and it was not long unanswered; after which we wrote to each other very regularly. We had continued this epistolary commerce, to my great satisfaction, something more than a month; when, by the negligence of our porter, the note I had written to Daoud fell unluckily into the hands of my old husband; and he, supposing me guilty in the most essential point, produced it to my father.

* The royal and capital city of the kingdom of Decan, situate on a peninsula within the Ganges.

Ah,

Ah, Madam ! (continued Fum-Hoam) what cruelty and hard-heartedness did I meet with in these two old men ! Their first design was to stab me in a thousand places ; but, being both desirous to preserve their reputation, which they thought I had mortally wounded, they devised an expedient of a very singular nature. Directly over the place where I was accustomed to dress my head, there stood a marble bust, representing one of our ancient kings ; it was placed upon a cornice, and fastened by an iron pin which went through the wall into a room that was never used. They so ordered this pin, that by pulling out the key which went through the hole of it, the bust might fall upon me ; and then, watching me through a hole they had made in the wall, they observed when I went to dress my head, and let the bust fall so suddenly, that it crushed me to pieces before ever I saw it coming : and thus punished me for a crime which I never committed.

‘ I greatly pity that unhappy Indian,’ said Gulchenraz, ‘ and think fathers very blameable, who dishonour themselves by unsuitable matches !’ — ‘ That is very true, Madam,’ continued Fum-Hoam ; ‘ it was the source of my misfortune, to which the sciences, wherein my father had me instructed, contributed not a little : and I am, from my own experience, fully satisfied, that the care to govern her family should be the only employ of a virtuous wife ; and that it is next to a miracle, if pride, or some other more dangerous passion, make not a woman neglect her duty, when she once comes to apply herself to the study of learning, and affects to surpass the rest of her sex.’

THE HISTORY OF JEZDAD.

WHEN I left the body of this unhappy victim to avarice and interest, I found myself in an instant transported into a village not far from

Iolcos *, which nature had enriched with all it's gifts. The air was wholesome and pure, the water as clear as chrystal, which falling from the top of Mount Petras, divided itself into a thousand rivulets, exceedingly cool, and watered the plains, which were very beautiful. The fields were stored with cattle of all kinds, and the earth inclosed in it's bosom mines of gold and silver which the covetousness of mankind had not as yet dug up.

A rich shepherd of this village, who dwelt in the most pleasant part of it, where he had built him a very commodious house, was my father : he called me Jezdad ; and Fortune, who was lavish of her favours, made me appear in those parts under the form of one of the greatest beauties that had ever been seen in Greece.

As I was one time, in imitation of my companions, who spent whole days by the clear fountains, or in the dark forests, in pursuit of the fallow-deer, scouring through our woods, and had out-ran my greyhound, a very frightful figure of a shepherd met me. My fear gave wings to my feet, and I ran as fast as I could ; but the monster of a man pursuing me very nimbly, I found it would be but vain to trust my fate to my heels, and therefore turned about, and let fly a dart at him : but, as I had no sure hand, I missed my aim, and the brute came up to me that moment, with an intent, no doubt, to revenge my contempt of him at the expence of my honour ; when a lovely fine gentleman ran to my cries, and cut his head asunder with one stroke of his sabre.

I was so exceedingly terrified when my deliverer came up to me, that I had scarce strength to thank him, much less had I power to resist his desires ; and though he did not attack me with such brutality as the insolent fellow he had just then killed, yet he was no less daring in his enterprize, and attained the same end, though in a different way. I had no sooner recovered my spirits, than I was struck with the most pungent sorrow, and loaded him with a thousand reproaches for the horrid deed he had done. My tears, and repeated cries,

* Iolcos is an ancient city of Magnesia, a province of Thessalia, which at present is no more than a village, called Jabo, situate at the bottom of Mount Pelion, or Petras. This city is the place where Jason was born, and from whence he set sail with his Argonauts to bring home the golden fleece.





gave him no time to excuse the extravagances of his passion; he was apprehensive they would bring company to the place, and therefore mounted his horse, and rode away as quick as lightning.

It was to no purpose to tear my hair, or disfigure my face; my despair was no relief to my sorrow, which every day increased more and more, when I came to perceive that I carried in my womb the certain marks of my misfortune.

It was the custom at Iolcos to have every year a feast, in order to engage the young shepherdesses thereabouts to avoid the surprizes of love; and the feast began usually with purification, which was done by bathing in a little river that rose out of the mountain. All the pretences that I could make, would not excuse me from being at this feast; I was obliged to do as the rest of my companions did, and so we went all to the river-side, where we undressed ourselves under a tent set up for that purpose. I had a veil, which hung over my body; but not thinking that sufficient to conceal my weakness, and imagining to hide it better, I plunged myself hastily into the water up to my neck: but, as soon, Madam, as I came to feel the coldness of it, the miserable fruit of the gentleman's indiscretion so leaped within me, that I swooned away in my companions arms; and as I had in my looks all the symptoms of a dying person, they concluded to carry me home to my mother. Nobody had hitherto perceived my fault; the simplicity of these girls made them not suspect the condition I was in; but the moment my mother cast her eyes upon me, 'Wretched creature!' said she, crying out very imprudently, 'would to God thou hadst died the moment thou wast born!—Ah! see you not here the occasion of her faintings?' With this my companions opened their eyes, and were but too much convinced of my fault; then stealing out one by one, they went and reported the news of my misfortune every where. My death was decreed by the laws of Iolcos. A disgrace of this kind cannot be washed out but by one's blood, especially when he who is the author of it does not appear to marry the person he has dishonoured. So that as soon as I came to myself, I

could read my sentence in the looks of every spectator about me.

EVENING VII.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF JESDAD.

THE uneasiness of the state I was in, the shame that would redound upon my family, and the fear of punishment, all together, made me miscarry: and hereupon I was soon conveyed to the place of execution; where, as a victim to the brutal passions of men, I was to suffer certain death; and, what was a great addition to my father's grief, he, by the custom established at Iolcos, was obliged to cut short the course of that unhappy life which himself had given me under the aspect of malevolent stars. I invoked Heaven with all earnestness; I beseeched the gods to make known my innocence, and the involuntariness of my crime; I called to witness the trees under which I unhappily chanced to be conversant with that rash man: but the gods seemed deaf to my prayers, and I was reaching out my neck to the knife, which my father held in his trembling hand, when Prince Coulouf, son to the late King of Iolcos, and who himself about a month before had ascended the throne, stayed my father's hand. 'Hold, shepherd,' said he; 'suspend thy resentment, and obey no longer a law that is too rigorous, and which I abolish this moment. This beautiful young woman is not culpable; and Heaven, who will not suffer the innocent to be oppressed, sent me hither to save her life. As I was myself the person who robbed her of her honour, under those very trees, it is but just that I should repair my fault by making her my wife. Consider her, therefore, henceforwards, as your queen, and do justice to the virtues of the beautiful Jezdad.'

You may imagine, Madam, what effects these words of the king had upon the minds of all the shepherds and shepherdesses. In a moment the forest rung with a thousand shouts for joy, and the names of Coulouf and Jezdad were repeated without intermission. The king called his guards, who stood at some distance

distance from the place designed for my punishment; and embracing me before them all, took me, together with my father and mother, into his chariot, and carried us to his palace, where I was married to him with all the solemnities due to his rank. But I must own to you, Madam, that the splendor of the throne, to which I was advanced, did not affect me near so much as did my justification. I was not at all elated to see myself raised above my companions: I always remembered the meanness of my birth; and taking great delight in succouring the distressed, I let not a day pass without doing some remarkable kindness to my people. This made my husband love me very tenderly, and my subjects in a manner adore me; inasmuch that it was not without abundance of tears that at seven years end I died, and left no posterity behind me.

THE HISTORY OF HOUSCHENK AND GULBAZE.

AS soon as I had quitted the body of Jezdad, I entered into that of a young child, whom a dyer in the suburbs of Schiras*, while he was washing his stuffs in the river of Baudemir, found in an ebony trunk, which the current of the water threw up just by him. The man, as soon as he had broke open the lock, was surprized to find a boy dressed in rich linen, and adorned with jewels; which made him believe that he must needs be born of some illustrious parents. I held out my little hands, as if I implored his succour, and begged my life; and he was so sensibly touched with my situation, that he carried me home, and gave me to his wife, who divided her milk between a daughter she had then at her breast, and me. When I was grown up to youth's estate, I found I had no inclination to my reputed father's trade, and therefore employed all my time in hunting; and at night, when I returned from my sport, I used always to bring home more game than would feed the whole family. My foster-sister's name was Gulbaze, and the dyer called me Houschenk. Though I had a very great respect for Gulbaze, as supposing

her to be my sister, yet I perceived so much beauty in her, that I could not look upon her without some strange emotions. One night, as I was presenting her with a young stag, I fell at her feet, and embraced her very tenderly. 'Houschenk,' said she to me, 'Heaven is my witness, with what purity I love you, and how much I am concerned for your life. You cost me many a tear every day; nor can I see you encounter wild beasts without horror; for I have this daily dread upon my spirits, that at one time or other you will be brought home bathed in your own blood. In the name of all tenderness, my dear brother, leave off this violent exercise, and let us have a little more of your company at home!'—'Ah! my charming Gulbaze,' cried I, 'do not persuade me to follow a mean employment, and to which I have an utter aversion! I will never be a dyer: my bow and arrows will maintain me; and I had a thousand times left my father's house ere this, and gone into the queen's army, but that there is some secret charm in this place which detains me. You are my sister, most adorable Gulbaze, and I cannot without offence pass the bounds of the most strict friendship and affection; but what would I give that the passion I feel for you were legitimate! Yes, I swear to you by Mahomet, that were I in possession of the whole universe, I would set the crown thereof upon your head, even though your condition were more humble than it is.'—'Alas! my dear brother,' answered Gulbaze, with a flood of tears, 'how exactly do your sentiments correspond with my own! Ten thousand times have I wished, that we had not been joined together by the bands of consanguinity; and, notwithstanding all these invincible obstacles, I still find my love increasing for you every moment: I blame myself often for the caresses I give you; they alarm my shame and modesty; and I dread more than death the least shadow of a crime.'—'Why then do you detain me here?' said I to her, with more than an ordinary transport; 'Why should we thus constantly expose our feeble virtue to temp-

* A great city of Persia, near the river of Baudemir, in the province of Farfy. The wines of Schiras are excellent, and in great repute throughout all Persia.

tations?

tations? Adieu, Gulbaze; I must avoid for ever your dangerous charms, and this is the last kiss you will receive from your dear Houschenk! This resolution, Madam, (continued Fum-Hoam) how many tears soever it might cost us, I had the courage to execute. Next morning, at break of day, I went and offered my service to one of the Queen of Persia's viziers; and being unwilling to own myself a dyer's son, I told him, I knew not my father's name; but that, if I might judge by the nobleness of my spirit, I flattered myself, I could do such renowned actions, as would make the queen herself not ashamed to own me for her son. This little vivacity of mine made him smile; he gave me, however, an immediate employ, and being willing to know whether my courage was answerable to my pretensions, recommended me to his father-in-law, the prime-vizier, who ordered me to serve him in the capacity of aid-de-camp. Their general was then just going to fight a great battle: I charged always at his elbow, and under the eye of my protector. I saved both their lives that day, and performed such prodigious acts of courage, that the enemy looked upon me as the tutelar god of Persia, and durst not abide my blows. Thus, all the campaign through, I carried victory along with me, and the vizier, astonished at my courage, did me the honour to declare publicly, that the success of that day, and the following ones, was wholly owing to me. The enemy, in short, was entirely defeated; we made them tributary to the queen; and I was sent to Ispahan*, to lay at her feet the marks of their submission and obedience.

Dugme (for that was the queen's name) had been left a widow by Koudaddan, King of Persia, by whom she had only two daughters, much about six months, when I came before her. The viziers had often pressed her to give them a sovereign. I was very handsome; and my name was become so famous, that she took great notice of me. If my parentage was obscure, my great exploits had so advanced it, that I was looked upon as one descended from those first heroes, who, as they tell us, governed Persia in the most ob-

scure ages of antiquity; and the more I endeavoured to conceal my origin, the more was the mystery supposed to be merely an artifice to prove the affection of Dugme's heart. In short, the princess herself was so blinded with the notions of my birth, that from that very moment, I thought I could discern that I was far from indifferent to her.

EVENING VIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF HOUSCHENK AND GULBAZE.

THE Queen of Persia was something more than five and thirty, but I never saw so fine a woman in my life. She was so exceedingly well made; that one could not behold her without admiration: her hair, which was blacker than ebony, was finely contrasted by the fairest and most lively complexion; a delicate proportion and exact regularity appeared in every feature of her face; and the whole was a collection of charms, sufficient to captivate the most indifferent heart, and above the power of eloquence to describe. The fire of her eyes was sufficient to raise a flame in the most serene breast: her mouth, which she only opened to load me with praise, displayed a set of the finest and most regular teeth in the world; her hand, which she gave me to kiss, seemed to be made only for sceptres and crowns; and a noble boldness and air of majesty, raised and supported all these perfections. The truth is, I was so astonished at the sight of them, that forgetting, in that instant, my dear Gulbaze, I entirely lost the use of my reason. What became of me, Madam, I cannot tell; but as soon as I recovered myself out of the deliquium, I perceived I was in the arms of one of the queen's old slaves, who gave me to understand, that her mistress had tied on my arm her own picture set with diamonds, of extraordinary value; and after some inconceivable transports of joy, I retired to the prime-vizier's house; as he had ordered me. In five days time, he himself came to town; and as I was relating to him in what manner the queen

* One of the chief cities of Persia, in the province of Dyerach, where their kings usually reside.

received me, he was so surprized with the magnificence of her present, that embracing me very tenderly, 'My Lord Houschenk,' said he, 'Fortune, I see, begins to look upon you with a favourable eye; I will make her acknowledge your merit; and, before a month be over your head, doubt not but to place you upon the throne of Persia.' — 'What! me, my lord!' said I, surprized; 'by what means can you think of effecting it?' — 'By marrying you to Queen Dugme,' replied he. 'Such a hero as you alone deserves to be our sovereign; and, since the choice depends solely upon her, I will die if I bring it not to pass!'

The vizier, not doubtful of my gratitude, and thinking that this advancement would be a means to bind me eternally to him, did his utmost endeavours to keep his word. He went to wait on the queen: and having extolled my services to her, he perceived, by her blushing upon every occasion of mentioning my name, the strong impression I had made on her heart. He took the advantage of this favourable situation, and persuading her to believe that a person of my exalted valour could not but be sprung from some illustrious family, he conjured her, in the name of all Persia, to make me her husband; and putting the other viziers, and soldiers, who were witnesses of my glorious actions, upon the same request, he reduced her to this at last, that she only required some time to consider, before she resolved upon a matter of such importance; and so, without seeming to gratify the strong inclination she had conceived for me, she consented in a few days afterwards to place me on the Persian throne.

I own to you, Madam, that I was not a little intoxicated with love and ambition. Dugme was the most charming princess in the world; she seemed not to be above twenty; and I thought myself the happiest man living, to see with what goodness she received my love. One night, as I was embracing her knees, in profound respect, I thought she seemed a little uneasy in her mind. 'What troubles my queen?' said I to her, trembling; 'does she repent of the promise she has given to her viziers?' — 'No, Houschenk,' said she to me, 'my sentiments must always be subservient to the interest of my duty; and

the desire of all Persia is a sovereign law to me.' — 'A sovereign law! Madam,' cried I, with some emotion; 'can you believe that I will ever be indebted to your subjects, and not to your own inclination, for the inestimable happiness of possessing you? Ah, too adorable Dugme! how sovereign soever the laws of state may be, a real affection makes them submit to those of Love! he will owe all to the object of his passion, and looks upon politicks as an obstacle that generally crosses the happiness of true lovers.'

As I was saying these words, I marked the queen's countenance, and saw a visible alteration in it. Her troubled looks, which seemed to search for mine, were afraid at the same time to meet them; and had she not recalled her usual dignity, her beautiful eyes, which seemed then more languishing than ever, had perhaps given me some intimations of the most private sentiments of her heart.

'Houschenk,' said she to me, 'your passion is violent, nor am I calm and composed enough to answer you upon that head: let me get a little rest, I beseech you; which your company, and the sense of your merit, have bereaved me of, since the time I first beheld you.' I was throwing myself again at her feet; but she lifted me up, and giving me her hand to kiss, obliged me to retire: however, I gave her a look at parting, that discovered the disorder of my soul. At length, Madam, the evening preceding our marriage arrived; and as I laid me down to take a little rest, a fearful dream disturbed all the pleasure of my sleep. My dear Gulbaze, I thought, appeared to me all in tears: 'What are you going to do, Houschenk?' said she to me; 'have you so soon forgot all the tenderness I had for you? Rash young man, the splendor of a throne dazzles you! but tremble to set your foot thereon; for, in so doing, you will commit a most hideous crime, unless I am partaker with you!'

I waked on a sudden in the most terrible fright. 'What signifies this extravagant dream?' said I to myself; 'it is not worth minding! I cannot marry Gulbaze without offering a violence to nature.' But how much soever I resolved against it, I could not get over my terror; it grew more and more upon me, until they came to dress me

me in all my splendid attire, and the greatest lords of Persia conducted me into the mosque belonging to the palace, where I was married to the charming Dugme.

How much reason soever the queen and I had to be satisfied with each other, it is certain we were both in very great disorder, notwithstanding all we could do to suppress it. I perceived it first in my comfort; but imputed it only to her regret at having married a person she knew nothing of; and scrupled not to mention the great uneasiness that my suspicions gave me. 'No, no, my dear Houschenk,' said she to me, 'your suspicions are injurious to my love. I can now own to you without a blush, to what degree it is I love you; but a dream which I had last night gives me some pain. The King Bahaman, my father, appeared to me: he forbade me to marry you; and foretold innumerable mischiefs to befall me, if I did not obey him. As I have no great reason to be so well pleased with my father, as to respect his memory, I have made no scruple, even contrary to his express orders, to give you my hand. This is all the matter that troubles me.'—'Ah, my dear queen!' said I to her again, 'much such another dream has had a like effect upon me; but I have regarded it no more than you. Our heated imaginations occasion these phantoms; but our love will soon break through the impediment they would put to our mutual satisfaction.' In short, we passed the rest of the day with ease and tranquillity enough. The night came; my spouse was undressed, and her slaves put her to bed: and I too, after I had taken my leave of the viziers, whom I loaded with presents, (especially the two to whom I was indebted for my throne) went to lie by her side.

There was nothing now, one would have thought, to oppose my desires, but only Dugme's bashfulness, which I conjured her to banish for ever: when, happening to espy, by the help of the wax-lights in the room, as the bosom of my shirt was open, the perfect mark of a clasp on my stomach, 'Oh, Heavens!' said she, shrieking violently; 'this is the interpretation of my dream!' and then, pushing me from her with all her might, she threw herself out of bed,

and ran to a closet where an old slave lay, who had brought her up, and hastily shut the door.

EVENING IX.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF
THE HISTORY OF HOUSCHENK
AND GULBAZE.

YOU may imagine, Madam, (continued the mandarin) in what surprise and astonishment I was left. I put on my gown and ran to the door; but they refused me admittance: so that after much intreaty, I broke it open, and found the queen fallen into a swoon in her old slave's arms, whose name was Sunghier. 'What is the reason,' said I to her, 'of all this uneasiness? Why does the queen, who has had all along hitherto so much kindness for me, fly from me with horror? Unfold this secret, I conjure you.' Sunghier made no reply; but opening my gown, and shewing me the tulip, 'Ah!' said she, 'the queen has sufficient reason; that fatal mark has reduced her to this condition.' Dugme that moment opened her eyes; and turning them languishingly upon me, 'Ah! dear Houschenk!' cried she, 'praised be the great prophet, that I did not defile my bed with incest: you are my son!'—'Your son,' Madam, replied I, with the utmost astonishment; 'that is impossible: and since I must inform you of my birth, which I was willing to conceal, because of its meanness, I am the son of a dyer in the suburbs of Schiras, surnamed Topal, because he is a cripple. I could not bring myself to like so mechanick a life; my courage gained me some glory in your armies, and my queen had the goodness to requite me with her hand and heart, for some gallant actions of mine which had the good fortune to please her.'

'Houschenk!' replied the queen, with a languishing voice, Heaven grant that what you tell me be true, and that Topal may be able to rid my mind of the secret horror of this marriage, which nature inspired, but my love surmounted! Let us, then, live like brother and sister till this mystery be unriddled,

‘unriddled, and to-morrow set forward to Schiras.’

I could not but comply with the queen’s request. The next day we departed, and arrived at the palace of Schiras, where we went to find out Topal. But how great was the poor man’s surprise, when he was brought into a closet, where only were Dugme, her slave, and myself, and told by what means I became King of Persia! He fell prostrate at our feet; but the queen raising him up, ‘Topal,’ said she, ‘it but ill becomes you to use such a posture to me; rather praise Heaven for having blessed you with a son, whose shining valour has merited a throne, and live in future with us, in such plenty and honours as are reserved for the father of the illustrious Houschenk.’

‘Ah, Madam!’ replied Topal, trembling, ‘Houschenk is not my son.’—‘Who then is my father?’ said I, turning pale as death. ‘I cannot tell, my good lord!’ answered the old man. ‘It is now about nineteen years since I found you in an ebony trunk, which floated on the River Baudemir, and stuck in the stuffs that I was then washing. The richness of the linen and the jewels wherewith you were adorned, made me believe that you were of an illustrious family, and that some malignant star had destined you to lose your life, before you could know the use of it. I took you out of the trunk; my wife brought you up, together with my daughter Gulbaze; and you left me, Sir, the moment I came to understand the aversion you had to my profession, and was about to inform you of the mystery of your birth.’

I was so surprized at this discourse of Topal’s, that I never observed the queen, as she fell back upon her sofa, all drowned in tears. I fell instantly at her feet; ‘Let me but know, at least,’ said I, ‘to what adventure I owe my life, and why I came to be thrown into the River Baudemir.’—‘Ah, my son!’ cried Dugme, ‘how can I tell you a thing that I cannot think on without horror; or in what terms shall I do it? But as this horrid secret is known to none but faithful Sunghier and myself, and you have all the interest that can be to conceal it, I shall run no hazard in relating it to you, how unwilling soever I am to do it.

THE HISTORY OF DUGME QUEEN OF PERSIA.

BAHAMAN, my father, King of Persia, resided for some part of the year at Schiras. He had no other children but me, and would to God I had died the moment I was born! The sultana, my mother, died when I was scarce twelve years old; and, to my misfortune, I was but too beautiful. My father, who was generally well beloved by his subjects, laid the death of my mother sore to heart. His viziers in vain represented to him the unreasonableness of his immoderate grief; he regarded them not, but shut himself up in his seraglio, and would see nobody for above three months. I shared in his sorrow as much as my age would permit; and he, won by my endearments, which I did not then understand the consequence of, could not look upon me without conceiving a criminal passion. I had not discretion enough at that age to distinguish his sentiments; I acted from nature only, and the tenderness he perceived I had for him, served only to kindle that horrible fire that burnt in his veins when I drew near: however, my fourteenth year of age, that improved my reason, made me more reserved towards him. This grieved him exceedingly, and made him complain to me; but I knew not how to answer his complaints, and only endeavoured to avoid them as much as I could; when, all on a sudden, I found myself seized with an illness unknown to me before. I lost my appetite, I had continual vomitings, and felt strange emotions within me. This made me very uneasy; and the ignorance of our physicians had nearly proved fatal to me, when my father fell dangerously ill, and all the care that could be taken of him was not enough to drive the angel of death from his bed, whose approach he dreaded exceedingly: however, when he found he had not many moments to live, and was going to give an account of his deeds before the awful tribunal of God, he ordered every body, except Sunghier and myself, to leave the room; and calling to me, ‘Come hither,’ said he, ‘my daughter; receive my last
“farewell.”

farewel, and grant me your pardon for the fault which the execrable passion I had for you made me commit. You were much too wise and too virtuous willingly to comply with it; but I took the advantage of a deep sleep, which every night I cast you and Sunghier into, and by that means gave myself up to the most detestable crime of abusing your innocence. This, my dear Dugme, is the cause of your illness." You may imagine, Sir, continued the queen of Persia, my condition at the hearing of this. Rage and despair made me thunder out a thousand imprecations against Bahaman. He heard them with humiliation. "I have deserved all this, and more," said he; "but still let it be concealed: all Persia is hitherto ignorant of my crime, and your shame.—I give you this in charge, Sunghier," added he, speaking to this woman, "that you take Dugme hence: her just fury may perhaps discover a secret, that ought to be buried in everlasting oblivion. I am now going to give some orders about the affairs of my kingdom." Sunghier pulled me out of Bahaman's chamber: he immediately made the viziers come in; and, having proclaimed me Queen of Persia, made an order that whomsoever I should chuse, him should they acknowledge for their king. As my father had always governed his subjects with great lenity, and was not a little beloved by them, his orders were punctually executed; for no sooner was he dead, than they forced me from one of the lower apartments of the palace, where I was giving myself up to despair, and placed me upon the throne. To the same apartment I retired again, under pretence of lamenting the loss of a monarch whom I then detested, and whose memory I still detest; where I continued six months without ever appearing in publick, but always bewailing the infamy my cruel fate had brought upon me. When my hour was come, I was delivered of a child, who came into the world with the plain mark of a tulip upon his breast. It was Sunghier who received the fruit of my father's detestable love, which I could not myself look upon without horror. My bowels recoiled at the sight of it; and, in the first

transports of my fury, I ordered Sunghier to throw it into the river Baudemir, which runs at the foot of the palace. She went out immediately, and returned in a quarter of an hour, assuring me that she had executed my orders. Ah, Sir! how exceeding powerful is nature! My blood chilled at the shocking recital; I repented of my cruelty, and bewailed the unhappy infant with tears of blood. After I had spent a considerable time in sorrow, and was now perfectly recovered, I appeared in publick again; and notwithstanding the melancholy which hung always about me, my people thought me so fine a woman, that they were perpetually urging me to give them a monarch, whose posterity might govern Persia. In vain I married, about three years after the death of Bahaman, the Prince Koud Addan, who joined Circassia to my kingdoms. That monarch had only daughters by me; and I sincerely lamented his death, which happened some eight months ago, by a fall from his horse; for he was both a gallant and a virtuous prince: he loved me with extreme tenderness, and it was not without some reluctance that I came so soon into your arms. I was forced to love you by the voice of nature: that same nature opposed the inclination I had to admit you to my bed. Bahaman's ghost cautioned me to decline your marriage; I rejected his counsel, as the effect of his mad jealousy: but, thanks be to Heaven, the mark upon your bosom has delivered me from the commission of a second crime, no less horrible than the first! The linen, the jewels, and the ebony trunk, wherein Sunghier assured me afterwards that she exposed you upon the Baudemir; the plain and natural declaration of Topal; and my heart, which is a more certain proof than all, assures me that you are my son. Receive, then, my dear Houfchenk, these embraces, pure and separate from all criminal passion: and as there is no necessity for the people to know secrets of such importance as this, chuse you out a wife in all Persia, and marry her in private. I will adopt your children, and make them pass for mine. This, my dear Houfchenk, will now be the summit of my joy and felicity.

EVEN-

EVENING X.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF HOUSCHENK AND GULBAZE.

‘A H, Madam,’ said I, very readily, ‘the woman is already found: it shall be the lovely Gulbaze, daughter to Topal. We have now loved one another these six years with all imaginable purity; I esteemed her as my sister, and fearing lest our passion should become criminal, lest the good man’s house whom I imagined my father. Grief and despair made me engage in your army. I fought for death; and had doubtless found it, had not Heaven, which favoured me so visibly, suffered me to destroy your enemies, like a thunder-bolt, without receiving the least wound myself. Let me intreat you to consent, therefore, Madam, that I may have this adorable creature; who, next to yourself, may be justly called the model of all perfections!’—‘I consent, with all my heart,’ answered Dugme; ‘order Topal to go for Gulbaze, for I have an impatient desire to see and embrace her.’ I executed, Madam, (continued Fum-Hoam) the Queen of Persia’s orders. Gulbaze appeared in an hour’s time, with all the modesty peculiar to her age; and was received by the queen with every endearment imaginable. That princess made me notice a thousand beauties in her, which I had not perceived before: and, telling her she had discovered that I was the late king’s nephew, and had on that account some scruple to live with me as husband and wife, desired that we might instantly marry, and expected no other acknowledgment, but that we and Topal should keep the secret inviolable.

It is not to be expressed, Madam, with what satisfaction Gulbaze and I received the queen’s orders, which we immediately executed. In short, I was married to this lovely young creature; and the queen took to herself five sons I had by Gulbaze, and they consequently passed for her own children.

In the midst of all this happiness, and apparent reason for contentment,

Dugme would every now and then give herself up to melancholy; and I have sometimes seen, as she looked at me, the tears drop involuntarily from her eyes. I used every effort, by inventing always some new pleasure or other, to dissipate the sad ideas which the remembrance of the king her father brought to her mind; but all would not do. She sunk into a sad dejection of soul, that preyed upon her continually: at length she fell sick, and the whole art of physick could not save her life. She died in mine and Gulbaze’s arms; having desired me, in the presence of all the viziers, to marry that charming woman; who had passed for her favourite.

I was extremely troubled for the death of my mother: according to her orders, however, I raised Gulbaze to the throne, and had afterwards three daughters by her. At length, when we had lived together in perfect union to a good old age, honoured and respected both by our children and subjects, we quitted the cares which attend a crown. We left the sovereignty to our eldest son, and having settled a considerable portion upon the other four, and their sisters, reserved to ourselves only Circassia; whither we retired, and had the consolation to see all our children live in peace and unity; till, by the will of the great prophet, Gulbaze and I, both in one day, quitted a life which would have been burdensome to the survivor.

‘This history, I confess,’ said the Queen of Gannan, ‘has given me a great deal of pleasure, and the circumstances of it are very affecting: but what became of you afterwards?’

THE HISTORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL HENGU.

I Went (continued the mandarin) into the body of a young woman of Cananor*, whose name was Hengu. My father, who died before I was born, sold fiquaa†; and my mother, who continued the business after his decease, brought me up with as much care as her

* The kingdom of Cananor is in Malabar, between Decan and the Cape of Comorin.

† Fiquaa, is a kind of beer.

circumstances would permit. I lived always retired in a little neat apartment, with an old slave named Gebra, where I spent my days in such works as are proper for our sex; and enjoyed this secret tranquillity, without any passion to disturb me, when an unlucky accident happened in our house, which disconcerted all my felicity.

Some Indian gentlemen happened one day to quarrel in our shop; and though we did all we could to prevent any mischief, yet one of the company received a stab with a poniard, and was dangerously wounded. We sent immediately for a surgeon to dress him, but the gentleman falling into a swoon, it was not thought advisable to carry him to his own house, and therefore my mother lent him a bed. The wound was deep; but not being mortal, the young Indian was soon out of danger. He returned my mother many thanks for the care she had taken of him; and, before he left the house, took his opportunity, when there were many people in the shop, and my mother very busy, to come into my chamber, leaning upon his slave's arm, without my being apprized of the visit. "I was surprised, indeed, at the sight of him; but my beauty made such an impression upon his spirits, that he had like to have died away. 'My dear friend,' said he to his slave, 'you have not deceived me: this certainly is the most charming creature upon earth, and how happy should I think myself, if she could love me with the same ardour with which I adore her!'

I confess, Madam, I was in the utmost confusion; for never did I see a handsomer man in my life than Cotza-Rechid, (that was the gentleman's name) and I found my vanity so well pleased with his praises and respectful carriage, that I was perfectly enchanted. After some time, however, I said to him, 'Sir, I know too well the distance between you and me ever to think of becoming your wife, and I have too much virtue to be your mistress; I beg you therefore to cease your railleries, which are no handsome return for the care we have taken of your life.'—'Ah, Madam!' replied Cotza-Rechid, 'I speak seriously: I never saw any thing so perfect as you; and I call all our gods to witness, and

to punish me with the most cruel death, if I place not my whole happiness in the love of my adorable Hengu!' Gebra, who had all this while spoke nothing, believing that she saw sincerity painted in the eyes of my lover, said, 'Sir, my young mistress is not to be deluded by words; for though she is inferior to you in point of birth, her beauty, (if she were once known to our sultan) might place her upon the throne of Cananor.'—'Ah! I know that but too well,' cried Cotza-Rechid; 'nor do I pretend to her heart but by the most honourable means.' What shall I say, Madam? (continued Fum-Hoam) Gebra was won by the presents of my lover; he feigned a relapse, to gain an opportunity of seeing me more conveniently; and, for a whole month he spent in my company, all the time that my mother was in her shop, he was always tender and submissive; and I in my turn loved him with an equal passion. In short, after we had, in the presence of Gebra, entered into engagements which I thought solemn and sincere, I gave myself up to my love without reserve. My mother knew nothing of our intrigue; she would never have consented to this private marriage, and therefore Gebra advised me not to mention a word of it to her. It was high time, however, for the secret to be out; my husband had left his lodging for some time, not thinking it decent to stay any longer, and I was upon the point of becoming a parent. What to do upon this conjuncture I did not well know; but my going away, which was proposed, seemed to me the best expedient. One very dark night, therefore, I left our house, accompanied with Gebra. My husband waited for us at the outward gate, and carried us to a stately palace which he had about a league from Cananor; and it was there I first began to enjoy his dear company with freedom: but that pleasure was soon interrupted by a piece of news which touched me very sensibly. My mother was so affected by my running away, that she fell dangerously sick upon it: she was seized with a very violent fever, and died in a few days, uttering curses and imprecations upon me, which too soon had their effect.

I fell into a sad dejection of mind upon my mother's death, which I was sensible I had occasioned; and would

a thousand times have stabbed myself, had it not been for the care that Gebra and Cotza-Rechid took of me. Their assiduity dried up my tears; and, for two years, which I passed in such delights as tender mutual lovers taste, I thought no more of the matter.

Cotza-Rechid was one of the most charming and entertaining men living: he was perpetually at my knees, and protesting to me that his love should last as long as life; when, on a sudden, I thought I perceived some coldness in him, and endeavouring to find out the cause of it to no purpose, gave myself up entirely to grief, and never after had a moment's rest. My sleep, when I laid me down at any time, was most strangely disturbed; I thought I saw ten thousand extravagant phantoms that are not in nature, and every one more fantastical than another; and my frightful dreams always ended in my mother's threatening me that I should soon be punished for my want of tenderness to her.

Cotza-Rechid, who now began to neglect me much, and for fifteen days together could stay in Cananor, without any consideration of my affliction, seemed one day a little sensible of my misfortune; and, after a few slight endearments, proposed that we should go and take the air some distance from his castle. As I had no other will than his, I made ready to obey him; and, after I had dressed myself a little, to repair the injury which grief and want of rest had done to my beauty, Gebra and I went into a palanquin, and Cotza-Rechid rode on horseback. In this manner we went about two good leagues, till we came to a little country-house that belonged to him. It was the most pleasant situation that ever I saw. An old Indian, who had the care of it, opened us the gate; the gardens were exceeding neat, and a fountain of clear delicious water seemed to invite us to sit down by the side of it's basin, where we were served with most excellent fruit.

I observed a very great uneasiness in Cotza-Rechid's looks; he eat nothing, and turned his eyes from me. 'What's the matter with my dear spouse?' said I to him, tenderly: 'wherein have I had the misfortune to displease you?' A flood of tears that ran down my cheeks with these words, completed the confusion of my soul; I died away

in Gebra's arms: and, when I came to myself, was in the greatest consternation imaginable to see that Cotza-Rechid was gone, and to find a green velvet purse, that was very heavy, lying at my feet.

EVENING XI.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL HENGU.

GEBRA presently took up the purse, and opened it: it was full of gold, and there was in it a letter directed to me. But imagine, Madam, what a condition I was in, when I came to read in it words much to this purpose.

'SOME particular reasons oblige me to marry: in eight days I am to have the Governor of Cananor's daughter, and to-morrow must bring her to my palace: so that you, Hengu, must yield her up the place that belongs to her. To make you some amends for the loss of my heart, I leave you absolute mistress of this house, and of all that belongs to it; I make you a present of them, together with five thousand roupies of gold. Endeavour to live easy with Gebra, and be silent in this affair, if you would not displease

'COTZA-RECHID.'

I shall not pretend, Madam, (said the Mandarin) to relate to you the rage I was in, after I had recovered the first surprize that my reading this letter had occasioned. None but a person who has been provoked to the last degree, can be sensible of my condition. My resentment, indeed, was so keen, that I wondered with myself why I did not instantly expire; and my heart, left naked to the assaults of jealousy and fury, meditated the most black designs. 'Unhappy Hengu!' said I to myself, 'since it is a violence done to thy sex to deny thee the use of arms, and the pleasure of washing off thy affront with blood, find out another way to avenge thyself of the ungrateful villain who forsakes thee: let him and thy hated rival both die by the subtlest poison.—

'But

‘But how can I execute,’ continued I, ‘this ridiculous project? Are not all avenues shut against me, and how can I think to succeed therein? No; rather die, than survive thy husband’s infidelity!’ And with these words, I seized on my poniard, and was going to rid myself of all my torments; when Gebra wrested it from me, and promised, that without running any risque she would undertake both to destroy my rival, and recover my dear Cotza-Rechid’s heart; but that, to succeed therein, great dissimulation would be necessary. This promise stopped the source of my tears, and I prepared myself to hear with attention; when the old Indian who had the care of the house came, he and his daughters together, and fell down at my feet. ‘Madam,’ said he to me, ‘I come to do homage to my new mistress: here is a writing wherein Cotza-Rechid invests you with all the goods he has in this place. We were his slaves, we are now become yours; and we hope to find in you as much goodness as we did in Cotza-Rechid, who was one of the best masters in the world!’ I received the good man’s homage and his daughters with courtesy; and finding that I wanted rest, retired into an apartment, very plain, but charmingly neat, which had a prospect into the delicious fields that belonged to the house.

Here I found all my cloaths and ornaments, which my perfidious husband had caused to be privily brought there; and the sight of them renewed my sorrows. ‘Is it then for ever, my dear spouse,’ said I, ‘that I have lost you? You have basely deceived me; and, abusing my simplicity, and your own oaths, you have abandoned me to put yourself in the arms of another. Oh! I never will survive this hard fate.’— ‘As sure as you are alive,’ said Gebra to me again, ‘depend on me, my dear Hengu, and you shall soon be revenged.’ This fresh promise of Gebra’s appeased my sorrow a little: she told me her design, and I listened to her with impatience. ‘Cotza-Rechid loves you too well,’ said she, ‘to abandon you for ever. It will not be long before he comes hither again, and will inform himself from your slaves in what manner you live: pretend, therefore, to be very easy; shew as much as you can such a freedom of

spirit, as argues an unconcern for him, and depend on it my contrivance will not want for success.’

I followed Gebra’s advice very exactly. Before the old man and his daughter, I put a restraint upon myself; nay, I affected a good deal of gaiety, and spoke often against the engagement of our affections, as the foible of our sex. All which being carried to Cotza-Rechid, he began to imagine that he might now come and see me without any fear of reproaches. In short, one day, when I least of all expected him, and as I was walking in the garden, I saw him come up to me. ‘I am very well pleased with you, Hengu,’ said he to me; ‘you have taken the right method: passion and resentment would have banished you for ever from my heart. Live quiet and peaceably in this place, and permit me sometimes to come and interrupt your solitude.’ I answered him suitably to his desires, and according to the instructions which Gebra had given me; and, as our conversation could scarce end without some occasion or other to speak of his wife, I asked him whether she had beauty enough to give her the hope of fixing his heart for ever: whereupon he drew me such a picture of her, as almost killed me with vexation. I could indeed hardly contain myself, but I knew how to enter into his sentiments so dexterously, that he did not perceive my disorder; and continuing his detail of every single perfection, both of body and mind, he extolled her above all the beauties that had ever been in life. I stopped him: for though I yielded to her, I said, in all things else, yet as for *hair*, I knew no woman who had the vanity to think she had finer than I. He laughed at me for this; the dispute grew hot; and, since I was not allowed to come to his house, I desired him to bring me a lock of the fine hair of which he so greatly boasted, that we might compare it with mine. He promised me he would; and, after he had spent the rest of the day with me, he returned home.

Gebra was hugely pleased with the use I made of her instructions; and, as soon as she heard what promise my faithless husband had made me, out she runs in all haste to look for poisonous herbs, stones, and roots, unknown to any but herself; and by powerful charms, wherein she was versed from

her childhood, prepares for the death and destruction of my rival.

The moment, which I desired with so much impatience, came at last. Cotza-Rechid, about fifteen days after his first visit, came to pay me another. 'See here,' said he, the first thing he spoke to me, 'whether I am prepossessed in favour of my wife; look on this lock of hair, and be convinced that it's blackness and lustre far exceeds your own.' I went near the window, as if to see it with a better light; and pretending to look at it very earnestly, stole a little of it, which I slid into my bosom, and returned him the rest, after I had allowed, in complaisance, and the better to blind him, that mine was not comparable to my rival's: hereupon he laughed very heartily, and seemed pleased with my sincerity. He was all the day in a charming humour, and did not leave me till very late.

EVENING XII.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF THE BEAUTIFUL HENGU.

NO sooner had I parted with Cotza-Rechid, but being full of resentment, I made ready to take vengeance on my rival, with all the punctuality necessary in such horrid rites. The night had spread it's thick shade over the earth, when Gebra and I, with our hair loose, and our bodies half naked, stood in the open field, and called the most mischievous genii to our aid. At our horrible incantations, we saw the stars instantly lose their light, or by fearful streaks of fire shew the change of their situation. The moon crept into a thick cloud, and left us in such darkness as the lighted torches we held in our hands could hardly dissipate. It seemed sometimes bloody, and sometimes glaring with fire and flames; and round about we saw distinctly fall a shower of burning sparks, instead of wholesome and refreshing dews. I began to tremble excessively at the sight of so many prodigies, when Gebra beating the air three times with her powerful wand, and pronouncing the most barbarous words, with horrible contortions, shook the hair which I had taken from Cotza-Rechid upon the flaming torch; and conjured the infernal deities, that as that hair burned

and consumed, the person whose it was might be consumed and destroyed.

I began to please myself with the full vengeance I was to have, and fancied I already saw my rival on fire, when on a sudden I found myself seized with a violent heat which burned my entrails. My blood curdled; my heart shrivelled up; my limbs consumed away; and, to Gebra's great astonishment, I fell to the ground, and groaned hideously. 'Ah! perfidious Cotza-Rechid!' cried I, with a dying tone, 'you knew too well what I intended to do with your wife's hair; you have certainly brought me my own, that once I gave you, when I had the happiness to please you; and, in seeking my rival's destruction, I have met my own.' I had but just time to pronounce these words, when my soul, disappointed of it's revenge, went out of my miserable body with cries sufficiently dreadful to terrify the stoutest heart; and Gebra, who would not live after me, stabbed herself immediately with a poniard.

'But let us wave, Madam,' (continued Fum-Hoam) 'all reflections upon a death so melancholy, and which I deserved so well. When I had left the body of this unhappy young woman, I was for a long while, without interruption, in different conditions of life, wherein there was nothing remarkable: for what pleasure would it be to your majesty, to hear a recital of the dangers I underwent in the form of a serpent; the sad and uneasy life I led when I was an owl and a bat; the amorous complaints I made under the figure of a tender nightingale; or the malicious tricks I studied when I was an ape?'—'Your tricks, when an ape,' replied the queen, interrupting him, 'I have a great desire to know; and you will do me no small pleasure to relate them.'—'Since your majesty desires it,' said the mandarin, 'I will not be wanting to your satisfaction.'

THE ADVENTURES OF THE APE MOROUG.

I Was born in a forest of the Indies, and some time after taken with birdlime, which I was fool enough to rub my

my eyes with; being willing to imitate a huntsman, whom I saw washing himself in a basin of water. I was sold to a young Chinese, who called me Mourou; and who, making me fast very severely when I would not obey his commands, brought me to be so nimble and active, that I passed for a prodigy. He bought me a little horse, which I managed with as much dexterity as the best riding-master; and while he was in his gallop, I used to skip and jump upon him so nimbly, that I surprized every body. In short, through all the cities of India where we passed, I was looked upon with admiration; and my master, who had made a considerable profit of me there, was resolved to return to Cambalu, where I got him as much money as in the Indies. The children brought me great store of all kinds of fruit; and because I played with them without hurting them, they were very fond of me, and caressed me much. Every day I brought home my purse, which was tied about my waist, full of silver, which I was sure either to win or pilfer from this young fry, who had no better sport than to divert themselves with me.

It so fell out, that a certain good woman of Cambalu, whose house joined to the back part of that where my master lodged, chanced to die; and, as I happened to see the people carrying her out of her apartment, from the top of the house where I was sitting, it came into my head, to try if I could imitate the moans I heard her make. I slipped nimbly into the chamber, put on the dead woman's shift and head cloaths, and covering myself in the bed, waited till the people's return from the burial, to play a farce which nearly cost me my life. As soon as the woman's relations were come into the chamber, and were going to begin their lamentations again, I stretched my head out of the bed, and made most hideous grimaces. The good people were so terrified at this, that taking me for the devil, they scoured out of the room, and each person was only solicitous to save himself. Presently the whole house was in an uproar, and the community of bonzes was sent to in all haste, to acquaint them with the strangeness of this adventure. The eldest of the priests assembled his brethren, and every one arming himself with a torch, they came

two and two into the dead person's chamber. All this while I lay snug in the bed; and seeing this jolly train as they came in, could perceive that fear was painted in their looks, which gave me the more courage. No sooner were a dozen of them entered the room, but I sprung out of the bed, and jumping upon the shoulders of their chief, bit his nose and ears to that degree, that I made him cry out bitterly, insomuch that the rest of his comrades tumbled one over another, and left him to my fury. I then shut the door, and beat him at my ease; and, after I had torn his gown to tatters, and thrown the old woman's cloaths in his face, I whipt out at the window, recovered the top of the house, and so got safe into my master's lodging.

The poor bonze, after his first fright was over, knew, no doubt, who it was he had had to deal with; but being very feeble, he took my blows patiently: and yet, as a man of quick invention, who could make an advantage of every thing, no sooner did he see me out of the chamber, than he opened the door, called to the other bonzes, and reproached them with their cowardice. He told them he had been encountering one of the most powerful devils he ever knew, who after an obstinate defence (of which he had several marks to shew) was compelled to yield him the victory. After this, he caused the window where I got in to be walled up, and so returned home loaded with presents; and every body afterwards looked upon him as a holy man. But he was not yet satisfied; I might still appear upon the top of the house, and thus discover the pious fraud; and therefore, getting intelligence where my master lived, he came as soon as it was light to pay him a visit; and telling him the whole adventure, desired of him in all kindness to change his lodging. There is not, indeed, any material difference between a kind of quack (which my master was) and such a bonze as this; so that they soon agreed, and we went to live at a distant part of the town: which prevented the truth of this comical adventure from ever being known at Cambalu.

To be short, the wonders I performed were the whole talk of the town; my fame was carried even into the sultan's seraglio; and Alischank, his favourite sultana, whom he had just advanced to the

the throne, having a desire to see me, that monarch, who could deny her nothing, ordered my master to make me go through all my exercises before her. She was so taken with my activity and address, that she could not forbear expressing her desire to have me herself; so that my master Yvam (for that was his name) was obliged to present me to her, and be content with a very considerable gratification from the King of China.

EVENING XIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE APE MOURG.

I Was so accustomed to live with Yvam, that I would not obey the sultana. I grew melancholy; and the sultan, to please Alifchank, sent for my master, and committed him to the care of one of his chief eunuchs, whom he commanded to attend my master into the seraglio, as often as the sultana desired to see him, and to leave him upon no account whatever. I no sooner set sight on my master again, but I recovered my former gaiety. He was very young and handsome, so that Alifchank could not look upon him without conceiving desires injurious to the sultan's honour. Her eyes were soon the interpreters of her heart. Yvam understood her meaning, and the eunuch who was to be present at their interviews, being gained by the strength of money, the two lovers were left at their liberty. One day, when the sultan was going a hunting, and was not to return again for four days, I chanced to be by as the sultana was caressing my master, and heard him ask her who her parents were, and how long she had been in the seraglio. 'I have only been here a year,' said she; 'but this year, how long has it been! I hate the sultan, as much as I love you,

' my dear Yvam; and the more I see you, the more I find my hate increases: but since you are desirous to know who I am, I will relate to you some of the principal events of my life, and how it was that I came to this honour, which I so little esteem, and which other sultanas seek with so much eagerness.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE SULTANA ALISCHANK.

MY mother, whose name was Dogandar, was the only daughter of a rich jeweller of Ceylon*, but a very severe man. There was in the neighbourhood a young Indian named Ganem, who having seen her frequently at the window, grew passionately in love with her; and he being a very beautiful man himself, it was not long before he was beloved again. My mother, however, knowing he was not rich enough to gain her father's consent to marry her, resolved to run away with him, and retire into some island in the Indian Sea. After they had taken proper measures for the execution of this design, my mother took with her all the gold and precious stones she could get, and embarked with her lover in a vessel that was bound for Timor†. They were cast, by the violence of a storm, upon the coast of Sumatra‡; and my mother, who was then big with me, and almost dead with the tossing of the vessel, no sooner had set her foot on shore, than, unwilling to venture her life at sea again, she proposed to Ganem to stay in that island; and the better to conceal herself from her father's pursuit, she let the vessel she had hired proceed in its voyage to Timor; and retiring to a good widow's house, who lived at Achem§, gave her to understand that she and Ganem were two comedians, who had been ship-

* Ceylon is an isle in the Indian sea, towards the Cape of Comorin, where there is a mountain reputed to be the highest in the Indies, called Adam's Foot; because the islanders assure us, that the first man was created on this mountain, and that he was interred on the top of it. They likewise pretend that the terrestrial paradise was in this island.

† An island of the Oriental Sea, one of the Moluccas.

‡ One of the great islands of the Sonde.

§ The King of Achem has some part of the island of Sumatra; and this city, which is the capital of his kingdom, lies towards the north, in a very temperate air.

wrecked on that coast, and saved in the ship's boat. The woman believed what she said; and, as my mother spent a good deal of money, which made the poor woman a little more easy in life, she was very diligent in attending upon her.

After some months stay at Achem, my mother was delivered of me; and Nature had expended her store in my production, for I was her masterpiece of beauty. My parents chief concern was the care of my education. They had been seven years in this city, and perceiving they had not brought wealth enough with them to live at the rate they had hitherto done, (after they had parted with most of their jewels) were thinking of returning to Ceylon, when one night the good woman where they lived came home full of joy. "I have good news to tell you," said she; "there is a company of comedians just now arrived, who may very probably belong to you, because they have been shipwrecked in several places before their landing in the island of Sumatra, and have these eight or ten years been travelling all the Indies over."

Dogandar and Ganem could not forbear smiling at the woman's notion. "That may very well be," answered my mother; "but I will see them act, before I make myself known to them; and if I find they belong to our company, I will make their joy the more, by the surprize of coming upon them when they least of all expect me." The old woman was satisfied with these reasons: she undertook to secure us places, and we went the first time they acted, which was some few days after this discourse.

The company was made up of very good actors; and Dogandar seeing her substance grew less and less every day, fell suddenly into a very odd resolution. "My dear husband," said she to Ganem, "I have just now come into my head an expedient that will secure us against want and misery; let us turn comedians." My father that moment cried out with joy, embracing my mother very tenderly, "That thought, my dear, I have long entertained, but durst not propose it to you."—"But why so nice!" added she: "nobody knows us here; and, as we have all along lived in

obscurity, who can tell but that our condition is truly the same with what we are now going to embrace? nor will our old landlady fail to make the world believe that this has formerly been the profession of our life. But do you think you have a talent for it?"—"I own," answered Ganem, "that this has always been my reigning passion; and that if I had been permitted to follow my own inclination, and my love for you had not detained me in my youthful days, I should, doubtless, have joined myself to the first company that passed through Ceylon."—"I never carried my desires so far," continued Dogandar; "but I have frequently wished, that young women of my condition had been permitted to tread the stage: I am willing to believe I could distinguish myself, as well by an easy and natural manner of acting, as by the practice of the most austere virtue: for virtue is by no means inconsistent with that state of life; and if those who have hitherto embraced it, had but endeavoured to be unblameable in their morals, they would not have rendered disgraceful a profession which, on other accounts, deserves not to be condemned; since it's only tendency is to correct the vices of mankind, by setting before their eyes a true and natural picture of the faults and extravagances they daily commit."—"You reason justly, my dear Dogandar," replied Ganem; "let us turn comedians."

This resolution, continued the Sultana Alischank, was most punctually followed. Next day my father and mother went and offered themselves to the company; and having each chose the part wherein they thought they should best succeed, they spoke with so much eloquence, and observed such propriety of action, that the whole audience returned home charmed with the play, and with their two new actors.

My mother was somewhat more than three and twenty; but never was there a creature more beautiful than she. All the young noblemen of Achen, thinking to have as favourable access to her as to the generality of other actresses, were incessantly visiting her. She received them with great civility, but soon gave them their

‘ their answer, by informing them, that
 ‘ her talents were wholly confined to
 ‘ the business of the theatre. This,
 ‘ however, they could hardly credit;
 ‘ and therefore, to tempt her farther,
 ‘ were continually sending her the rich-
 ‘ est presents: but she refused them all;
 ‘ and at length established her reputa-
 ‘ tion so well at Achen, that every body
 ‘ looked upon her with admiration.

‘ The company having remained three
 ‘ years in this city, resolved to go
 ‘ through all the rest of the island of
 ‘ Sumatra. My father and mother,
 ‘ who by this time had got a considera-
 ‘ ble deal of money, began to doubt
 ‘ with themselves whether they should
 ‘ go along with them or no: but, over-
 ‘ come by the earnest intreaties of the
 ‘ rest, and accustomed to a kind of ado-
 ‘ ration that exceedingly gratified their
 ‘ vanity, they resolved not to leave
 ‘ them. They accordingly established
 ‘ themselves in several places, one after
 ‘ another, with very great success; and
 ‘ coming to fix for some time at Palim-
 ‘ ban, my mother resolved to give me a
 ‘ short part to perform. I was then
 ‘ about thirteen, and very well shaped
 ‘ for my age: my mother’s instructions
 ‘ did not a little help me; and I receiv-
 ‘ ed such applause at my first appearing
 ‘ on the stage, that thy feared it would
 ‘ have turned my brain. As I grew
 ‘ in age, I, increased in beauty, and
 ‘ applied myself so diligently to my
 ‘ new profession, that in a very short
 ‘ time I became as great an actress as
 ‘ my mother. Thus every thing was
 ‘ gay about us; we lived at ease, were
 ‘ esteemed by every body, and had
 ‘ abundant reason to be content with
 ‘ our little fortune; when our happi-
 ‘ ness was all quashed at once by a very
 ‘ cruel accident.

EVENING XIV.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE AD- VENTURES OF THE SULTANA ALISCHANK.

‘ **I**N a new tragedy, called “Inno-
 ‘ cence Oppressed,” Ganem acted
 ‘ the part of a man persecuted by a
 ‘ favourite of the King of the Indies,
 ‘ who was in love with his wife. My
 ‘ mother, who acted the wife, was so
 ‘ far from yielding, on account of the

‘ favourite’s persecution, that she treat-
 ‘ ed him with the utmost disdain. Ga-
 ‘ nem is falsely accused of crimes that
 ‘ merit death; and in one of the last
 ‘ scenes his enemy brings him a cup of
 ‘ poison and a poniard. My father,
 ‘ before he chuses which of the deaths
 ‘ he will die, out-braves his rival in a
 ‘ speech full of constancy and boldness;
 ‘ recommends to his wife, to avenge
 ‘ him, if possible; and having taken a
 ‘ tender farewell of her, strikes the po-
 ‘ niard into the middle of his breast:
 ‘ just as he is going to expire, his in-
 ‘ nocence is found out; and the King
 ‘ of the Indies, enraged against his fa-
 ‘ vourite, comes to inform my mother,
 ‘ the widow, that she has got her re-
 ‘ venge; for that he himself has just
 ‘ then cut off the head of her perse-
 ‘ cutor.

‘ This play got the company a vast
 ‘ deal of money; and my mother acted
 ‘ her part therein so very naturally,
 ‘ that she always drew tears from the
 ‘ audience: but that which was but a
 ‘ fiction, was very unluckily for her
 ‘ turned into a reality. The actor, who
 ‘ represented the favourite, was in good
 ‘ earnest in love with my mother;
 ‘ and being well convinced of her vir-
 ‘ tue, he thought with himself, that
 ‘ as long as Ganem was alive, he could
 ‘ have no hope of possessing her: he
 ‘ therefore, to get rid of a man whom
 ‘ he reckoned the only obstacle of his
 ‘ happiness, invented one of the black-
 ‘ est plots that ever was contrived; for,
 ‘ sharpening to a point the dagger
 ‘ wherewith my father was to stab him-
 ‘ self, when he came to the conclusion
 ‘ of his part, he struck it with such
 ‘ force, that it plunged into his body
 ‘ quite up to the hilt. What a surprize
 ‘ was he in, to see his blood gush out
 ‘ upon my mother’s face, who was
 ‘ then embracing him! But knowing
 ‘ soon the villainy of the other actor’s
 ‘ soul, he seized him by the throat, and
 ‘ gave him several blows with the same
 ‘ weapon, which laid him flat upon the
 ‘ stage; and that moment himself ex-
 ‘ piring, had only time to put the po-
 ‘ niard into my mother’s hand, signify-
 ‘ ing thereby plainly enough the part
 ‘ which he meant her to perform. Her
 ‘ rage made her almost distracted; she
 ‘ ran to the assassin that moment, and
 ‘ taking advantage of his fall and
 ‘ wounds, threw herself upon him, and
 ‘ stabbed





‘ stabbed him in a thousand places ;
 ‘ thus revenging my father’s death,
 ‘ who had just expired in my arms.

‘ Never was there a scene in reality
 ‘ bloodier than this ; and it would cer-
 ‘ tainly have been still more so, had not
 ‘ I seized the dagger as my mother was
 ‘ turning it to her breast, and immedi-
 ‘ ately wrested it out of her hand. She
 ‘ then threw herself upon my father’s
 ‘ body, heaving such sighs as would
 ‘ have softened the most obdurate heart ;
 ‘ nor was there indeed any of the spec-
 ‘ tators who did not shed tears in abun-
 ‘ dant at so sad and affecting a spectacle.

‘ What more shall I say, my dear
 ‘ Yvam !’ continued the sultana. ‘ Ever
 ‘ after that fatal day, my mother detest-
 ‘ ed her profession ; and having spent a
 ‘ considerable time in bewailing her
 ‘ loss of Ganem, she resolved to return
 ‘ again to Ceylon ; and, if her father
 ‘ would not pardon her elopement, there
 ‘ to put an end to her life. Accord-
 ‘ ingly, we went on board the first ves-
 ‘ sel which set sail for that island, and
 ‘ had a very favourable wind, when we
 ‘ discovered two pirate-ships making
 ‘ full at us.

‘ As every one chuses to lose his life,
 ‘ rather than his liberty, we made ready
 ‘ to engage them with great courage :
 ‘ the fight was bloody ; but, notwith-
 ‘ standing all the resistance we could
 ‘ make, which indeed was more than
 ‘ credible, the pirates in a short time be-
 ‘ came our masters, and massacred every
 ‘ one who opposed their fury.

‘ It was not enough for me to be de-
 ‘ prived of my liberty : mine was the
 ‘ hard fate, to lose my mother likewise,
 ‘ in the heat of the action ; who, being
 ‘ wounded in the breast with an arrow,
 ‘ died in my arms, who was unable to
 ‘ give her any relief. What became of
 ‘ me in that moment, my dear Yvam,
 ‘ I cannot tell ; I fell into a swoon, and
 ‘ when I came to myself, found I was
 ‘ in the pirates vessel, and that they had
 ‘ thrown my mother’s body into the sea.
 ‘ This redoubled my sighs and tears ;
 ‘ many reproachful things I said against
 ‘ these barbarians, but they understood
 ‘ me not, and made the best of their
 ‘ way for the coast of Egypt.

‘ As beauty has a power to over-
 ‘ come the most savage and cruel na-
 ‘ tions, these pirates beheld me with ad-
 ‘ miration ; the majesty that appeared
 ‘ in my whole person, and the innume-

‘ rable graces which adorned me, made
 ‘ such an impression on their hearts,
 ‘ that they could not turn their eyes
 ‘ from looking upon me ; insomuch
 ‘ that they even forgot sometimes to
 ‘ take care of the vessel.

‘ Though the grief I was in, had
 ‘ made a considerable alteration in me,
 ‘ yet I could see nothing in all their
 ‘ actions but surprize, and was several
 ‘ times for taking the advantage of the
 ‘ astonishment they were in, to throw
 ‘ myself into the sea ; but they perceiv-
 ‘ ing my design, carried me down into
 ‘ a cabin, where there could be no
 ‘ danger of my doing myself any mis-
 ‘ chief. They then came down one by
 ‘ one to take a view of me ; and as if
 ‘ they aimed at the possession of my
 ‘ person, and every one thought he had
 ‘ a right to pretend to it, they first be-
 ‘ gan to dispute the matter over seri-
 ‘ ously : but a quarrel arising, they fell
 ‘ to abusing each other ; from words
 ‘ they proceeded to blows, and in a
 ‘ short time there was to be seen on our
 ‘ deck one of the most bloody fights
 ‘ that can possibly be imagined. The
 ‘ pirates of the other ship, surprized at
 ‘ this cruel division, were coming on
 ‘ board us to make peace ; but, instead
 ‘ of ending the quarrel, they fomented
 ‘ it ; and, disputing the honour of my
 ‘ conquest, they fell upon each other
 ‘ with such rage and fury, that in less
 ‘ than three hours time they were almost
 ‘ all dead of their wounds. So that I
 ‘ was left alone in one vessel, whilst the
 ‘ other, which was almost empty, was
 ‘ bearing away before the wind.

‘ Since the death of my mother, I
 ‘ had been very indifferent to every
 ‘ thing I saw, and better pleased to be
 ‘ left to the discretion of the sea and all
 ‘ it’s monsters, than to these pirates ;
 ‘ and had waited my death with a deal
 ‘ of unconcern, when I found myself
 ‘ very inclinable to fall asleep : I laid me
 ‘ down, therefore, regardless what fate
 ‘ might determine for me, and fell into
 ‘ a dream, which had something un-
 ‘ common in it. I fancied I was upon
 ‘ the deck of the little vessel I was in,
 ‘ and saw a magnificent chariot rising
 ‘ out of the sea, all shining with mo-
 ‘ ther of pearl, and drawn by four sea-
 ‘ monsters much like our horses. In
 ‘ the middle of the chariot there sat a
 ‘ man half naked, of a venerable aspect ;
 ‘ a large beard fell down to his sto-
 ‘ mach,

‘ mach, and in his right-hand he held
 ‘ a spear which was every where beset
 ‘ with precious stones: he was sur-
 ‘ rounded by a great many men and
 ‘ women of a very beautiful form as
 ‘ low as their waist, but whose bodies
 ‘ terminated in the tail of a fish; and
 ‘ though in the water, they danced
 ‘ very sprightly and passionately to the
 ‘ sound of some instruments, whose
 ‘ harmony was delightful. I was won-
 ‘ derfully pleased with my dream, and
 ‘ could not forbear admiring this extra-
 ‘ ordinary sight, when the man lifted
 ‘ up his eyes to heaven, and reading
 ‘ there, doubtless, the misfortunes which
 ‘ threatened my life, shed some tears,
 ‘ and looked upon me with extreme
 ‘ pity. “How do I bewail thee, un-
 ‘ happy Alischank!” said he; “but
 ‘ thou can’st not avoid thy destiny!”
 ‘ And at these words, striking the sea
 ‘ with his spear, he made a wide gulph,
 ‘ where himself and his whole retinue
 ‘ were buried in a moment. The winds
 ‘ then began to blow terribly; the sea,
 ‘ which before was calm, grew boiste-
 ‘ rous; mountains of water carried the
 ‘ vessel as high as heaven; and in an in-
 ‘ stant threw it down into those abysses,
 ‘ which in all probability were to be my
 ‘ grave. The thunder, with it’s most
 ‘ hideous roaring, and the violent tos-
 ‘ sings of the ship, awoke me at that
 ‘ instant, and I soon perceived that the
 ‘ end of my dream was too certainly
 ‘ come to pass!

EVENING XV.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF
 THE ADVENTURES OF THE SUL-
 TANA ALISCHANK.

‘ **D**URING this terrible storm,
 ‘ which lasted two days and two
 ‘ nights, and all the while drove my
 ‘ vessel into open sea, the water came in
 ‘ on every side, and threw me at last
 ‘ upon a rock, where that love of life,
 ‘ with which nature never fails to in-
 ‘ spire us when in danger, made me
 ‘ forget my insensibility, and seize on a
 ‘ plank of the ship which was now broke
 ‘ into a thousand pieces; and suffering
 ‘ myself to drive where fortune should
 ‘ please to direct me, I was at length
 ‘ cast on shore at the foot of a mountain
 ‘ inhabited by savages. Some of their

‘ women happened luckily to be on the
 ‘ coast, when I came on shore; they
 ‘ made me throw up the water I had
 ‘ swallowed, and perceiving some signs
 ‘ of life, carried me into their cottages,
 ‘ where they took great care to chafe
 ‘ and warm me.

‘ My eyes, though covered with the
 ‘ shadow of death, still resembled the
 ‘ brightness of half rough or ill-polished
 ‘ diamonds, which have not so good a
 ‘ lustre as others; and my lips, which
 ‘ before out-vied the coral, were then of
 ‘ a violet colour: but, notwithstanding
 ‘ this cloud disfigured my beauty, these
 ‘ barbarians were so taken with it, that
 ‘ they spared no pains to preserve my
 ‘ life.

‘ When I had recovered the use of
 ‘ my senses, how great was my sorrow,
 ‘ to find myself in the arms of such
 ‘ frightful figures of women as scarce
 ‘ could be called human! Their lan-
 ‘ guage more resembled the howling of
 ‘ wild beasts than any thing else; and,
 ‘ as I could not understand what they
 ‘ said, I answered them only in sighs,
 ‘ which discovered my affliction. In-
 ‘ deed, the evils I had suffered had al-
 ‘ most deprived me of the use of speech.

‘ For the eight first days, wherein
 ‘ these women, as well as their hus-
 ‘ bands, used all kind offices to recover
 ‘ me from the cruel fatigue I had un-
 ‘ dergone, I could perceive that my
 ‘ honour was safe among them; and
 ‘ was the more convinced of it, by the
 ‘ several sorts of adoration which they
 ‘ paid to me as a divinity.

‘ My sorrow at length began to wear off;
 ‘ cheerfulness made me appear a thou-
 ‘ sand times more beautiful; my charms
 ‘ recovered their former lustre; and,
 ‘ arming myself with constancy against
 ‘ the assaults of fortune, I was resolved
 ‘ to bear with courage whatever cala-
 ‘ mities I had still to undergo. I there-
 ‘ fore began to accustom myself to this
 ‘ extraordinary kind of life, and in less
 ‘ than four months understood enough
 ‘ of these islanders language to compre-
 ‘ hend their meaning.

‘ I came then to be informed, that
 ‘ their custom was, in light little barks,
 ‘ to scour along the seas, and to sell all
 ‘ the slaves they could find; and that
 ‘ their first intention was to have used
 ‘ me in the same manner: but, upon
 ‘ the sight of so many charms and graces
 ‘ in my face, they looked upon me as
 ‘ their

their tutelar goddess; and were so far from selling me, that they would treat me as their queen while I continued among them, and would expose themselves to any danger for the preservation of my life and honour.

I was not a little pleased to know the kind intentions of these savages; I desired them to persist in their favourable sentiments of me, and promised to requite them with all the gratitude in my power. From that moment, I endeavoured to civilize them as much as I could, and to teach them my language. I instructed them in our Indian customs, and shewed them how to dress their provisions according to our fashion; all which made these good people look upon me with admiration. When I found myself in the humour, I would sometimes act by myself whole comedies before them, with which they were highly delighted. By these means I not only amused myself, but was continually increasing their affection for me. In this manner I lived with them for a year, until, on a certain day, which they kept as a festival, their enemies made a descent upon the island, and took me away from them. I seem yet to behold the distraction of these poor savages! they raised the most terrible outcries; pursued their enemies with inconceivable fury; and sacrificed to their rage every thing which opposed their valour! But all their efforts were in vain: I was put into a bark, and carried to an island not far distant from thence. But as soon as I was well got on shore, my little fleet of islanders came after me and landed. Never was there a battle fought with so much intrepidity as this! they made a terrible slaughter among my ravishers; and, after they had set their habitations on fire, they carried me triumphantly to a bark, which they placed in the middle of their fleet; and rending the air with acclamations of joy, made the best of their way to their own island. I cannot, my dear Yvam,' continued the sultana, 'represent to you the great satisfaction it gave me, to see the tender assiduities of these poor savages; and I was returning them my thanks in the most affectionate terms, when a terrible storm arose which dis-

persed all our fleet, and drove the vessel I was in to sea, notwithstanding I had ten or twelve savages on board, who used all their skill and dexterity to make the land.

The more the storm increased, the farther we were driven from the island; and it lasted so long, and blew so hard, that in less than four days we were near five hundred leagues from home. At length we were thrown upon a rock not far distant from land, and there went ashore; but we were all so weak with hunger and fatigue, we could hardly support ourselves. My islanders found some turtles, and eat them raw; but I was, for my own part, so afflicted with this fresh misfortune, that my thoughts ran upon nothing but dying. The poor savages were greatly concerned to see me in such dejection; they did all they could to comfort me, with the hopes of recovering their island again; and one of them brought me a large piece of honey-comb which he had found in the cliff of a rock, and intreated me to eat it. This nourishment recovered the strength I had lost; and being resolved to advance with them into the country, we drew our bark ashore, covered it among the weeds, and traversed several parts of the country, without being able to discover whether it was inhabited. We came at last to a high point of ground, from whence we could discern some huts; and then returning the way we had come, we ran our bark out to sea again, and coasted along the shore till we came over-against them; but, just as we were going to land, we were surprized by three brigantines that lay hid behind a rock, and were then putting out to sea. My savages, at first, were for preparing to defend themselves; but I begged them not to venture their lives in such an unequal fight, which they complied with; and so we went undismayed on board one of the brigantines. But how great was my grief, to see these poor creatures immediately loaded with chains! My cries were sufficient to make the most inhuman heart relent; but I was got among a parcel of barbarians, who were more cruel than wild beasts. I understood nothing of their language; they disregarded my tears;

‘ and, as my islanders could not help shewing, by their furious looks, some resentment of their breach of faith, the perfidious villains massacred them before my eyes; giving me to understand, they would treat me in the same manner, unless I dried up my tears. I would gladly have thrown myself into the sea; but, to prevent this, they chained me down: and after a month’s sail, wherein they threatened my honour, unless I would consent to receive nourishment, they sold me to a slave-merchant, who brought me over into China.

‘ I must own to you, my dear Yvam,’ continued the sultana, ‘ that of all my misfortunes, nothing ever touched me so feelingly as the loss of my islanders: I fell into a great dejection of spirit, which alarmed the merchant; and, as my melancholy made great alteration in my beauty, he thought the only way to cure it, was to let me know he designed me for the King of China’s seraglio; that honour, however, did not flatter my vanity, and I came to Cambalu*, just as a victim is brought to the altar.

‘ It is the custom, as you cannot but know, on a certain day appointed for that purpose, to have all the young women who are to be presented to that monarch, appear in a large outer room of the palace; but that there may be no art in the case, they are all dressed alike at the expence of the prime-vizier. The Sultan of China, who you know is very old, and much more homely, had several times gone along the room disguised like a woman, to take a near view and examination of us; after which, putting on his robes all beset with the most refulgent precious stones, he seated himself upon his throne, and making us pass in review before him, gave a sign to the vizier, when any one had the honour to please him, to put us within the rails of his throne. We were above a hundred and fifty in all, but the sultan took only three for himself, whereof I had the misfortune to be one. As to the others, he bought about sixty of them, which he presented among his chief officers, and the rest he ordered to be sent away.

EVENING XVI.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF
THE ADVENTURES OF THE SULTANA ALISCHANK.

‘ THE extreme melancholy which appeared in my looks gave the sultan much uneasiness. “ Dear Alischank,” said he to me, squeezing me very gently; “ the division of such a heart as mine, I perceive, does not please you, and the other two sultanas I have chosen alarm you. Well, then, to shew you how much I love you, I will give them away to my prime vizier.” — “ Ah, Sir!” said I, throwing myself at his feet, this sacrifice is such a proof of your love as I shall always endeavour to merit, by a strict performance of the duty that I owe to so powerful a monarch, whom I will continue to respect along as I live.” — “ It is not respect,” says the sultan to me, taking me up in his arms, “ but it is love that I require of you. You do not answer me, adorable light of my life! are not you mistress of your own heart? Ah! I would die with grief, sooner than put any force upon your inclinations!” I must confess I was sensibly touched with such tender and submissive language. “ I have no affection for any one,” said I, “ and I wish still to continue the same indifference.” — “ Ah! my dear Alischank,” replied the amorous monarch, “ that assurance has restored my life!” What shall I say, Yvam! continued the sultana: ‘ after a great many respectful denials, I at last consented to gratify the king’s ardent desires. As soon as he had received this agreeable intelligence, I was put into the hands of seven old slaves of the seraglio, who are appointed to attend on his favourites. They first conducted me to a bath, and afterwards to the King of China’s apartment, who waited for me with the greatest impatience; and as soon as I entered the chamber, he ran to me, and dismissing the slaves, helped to undress me himself, and intreated me to come to bed. I felt a chilling horror

* Cambalu and Pekin are both the same city, the capital of Cotay, which is in the north part of China.

thrill through my whole frame, and the night-habiliments wherein the sultan lay, made him seem still more ugly in my eyes: I was however obliged to obey, and he the next day proclaimed me Queen of China. So much goodness, one would imagine, must have endeared him to me; but still I cannot endure his embraces, though I am not in a condition to refuse them: I find, however, that my aversion to him every day increases, and am very sensible it proceeds in a great measure from the love which I have for my dear Yvam. Why is not he the Sultan of China? or why may not I live with him out of the seraglio, and be eased of all this grandeur, which is but a burden to me?

This, Madam, (continued Fum-Hoam) is what I heard the beautiful Alischank relate, when I was in the form of an ape: I shall now proceed to inform your majesty of the sultana's farther adventures.

Love ever makes happy lovers blind, as Alischank and Yvam were but too sad an instance. That beautiful person forgot all her melancholy in the arms of my master; but she forgot, at the same time, the laws of honour, and her duty. Adored, as she was, by one of the most powerful monarchs upon earth, she could want nothing that tended to her satisfaction; but she made an ill use of it. The immense riches she had at her disposal, the excessive honours perpetually paid her, and the tender love of her husband, could not all make her enter into herself; she had nothing in her thoughts but her dear Yvam, and how to devote those nights to him which she did not pass with the sultan. My master's chamber was at the entrance of the seraglio; and, to come at it, there were two large galleries, where a number of women and very wakeful eunuchs lay: but the madness of Alischank's passion had such dominion over her, that she prevailed with the eunuch who was to guard her lover, to put an infusion of prepared laudanum into a sort of sherbet which they used to give the women and eunuchs every night; and taking the advantage of their sleep, she went to Yvam. This passed for some time; but, as ill luck would

have it, hitting her foot one night against a parcel of arms which stood against the chief eunuch's door, her fall made such a noise, that it awoke him; he jumped out of bed, and seizing Alischank, who was wrapped in a great cloak, held a dagger to her throat, and so carried her into his own apartment: but was in the highest surprize, when by the light of his lamp he perceived it was the Queen of China. 'Gabao,' said she, 'my going out of the seraglio at this time of night, may give you room to suspect some irregularity in my conduct, which is no ways blameable; for curiosity was my only fault: I request it may be a secret, however, and you may depend upon it, you shall have no cause to repent this piece of service.'

Gabao had time enough to recover his surprize; and seeing the queen in a disguise so inconsistent with her honour, and wherein she discovered so many charms, he could not forbear conceiving desires, which (how inconsistent soever they were) entirely dissipated the terror she was in. The eunuch's rash and indiscreet discourse, some actions in him a little too free, and to which she herself perhaps gave occasion, made her instantly take this expedient to get from him. Having repulsed him with the greatest disdain, she seemed violently enraged at his insolence, and treated him in short with such a haughty air, that he durst no longer hold her in his profane arms: and she, taking the opportunity of this mark of respect to disentangle herself, slipped away nimbly, and recovered her chamber before he perceived she was gone.

It is scarce to be conceived how exceedingly uneasy this accident made Alischank; and how it raised her indignation, to think of having been exposed to the insolent embraces of this eunuch, which she was resolved to revenge by one of the boldest strokes imaginable. The Sultan of China never failed to dine with her, and Gabao used always to be present. As the conversation naturally turned upon the blind obedience which his subjects paid him, she told the king she should be well pleased to try the experiment with one of his eunuchs, upon a slight occasion; but that she desired the eunuch, whoever he was, should be entirely at her disposal. 'You may easily satisfy yourself in that point, my dear queen,' answered

answered the good king: 'chuse you any, even from Gabao to the lowest slave I have; I make you a present of him, and from this moment you have an absolute power over his life or death.'—'Since your majesty has so much goodness,' replied Alifchank, with an air full of joy, 'Gabao himself is the person I make choice of; and the matter of obedience I require of him is this—that from the present moment he begin to be voluntarily mute, insomuch that on any account whatever, even though your august majesty should ask him a question, or order him to speak, he presume not to answer, either by word of mouth, or by any sign whatever, until I give him permission; and that if he obey not this order with the most exact submission, he may assure himself I will have him thrown into the canal in the garden, with a stone about his neck.'

An order of so singular a nature made the sultan laugh heartily; he confirmed to the queen the present he had made her of the chief of his eunuchs, and began to divert himself by asking him a thousand questions about the duties of his office, but could not draw so much as a single word from him. At every question the king asked, the queen cast a furious look upon Gabao, who was sorely vexed at her resolution, but for his heart he knew not what to do. If he opened his mouth to explain to the sultan the last night's adventure, his death was sure; if he held his tongue, and said nothing of it, he saw he must fall into the power of an inexorable mistress, who wanted but an opportunity to destroy one who was witness of the irregularity of her conduct, and could inform her husband of it: he made choice, however, of the latter resolution, in hopes to mollify the sultana's heart by his submission; but in this he was mistaken. As soon as Alifchank retired from the sultan's presence, she found all her hatred against Gabao awakened in her breast; while he lay prostrate upon the ground, not daring to lift up his eyes towards her, with his blood chilled in his veins through fear. 'Rise up,' said she, 'and follow me.' He readily obeyed her, and was two days together exposed to all the questions of the sultana's slaves without speaking a word. On the third day, Alifchank

went into the garden, and staid there till almost night, seemingly very easy and delighted with every thing, when on a sudden she desired to bathe herself in the canal. The water was low; and as soon as a tent was erected by the side of the canal for the purpose, she called Gabao in. 'Come, undress me,' said she. The poor man trembled exceedingly, not knowing where this ceremony would end; he, however, obeyed her commands, till at length, transported at the sight of so many charms, as the sultana maliciously disclosed, he forgot the severe order he had received, and in a kind of extasy, which he could not refrain, cried out, 'Good God! how beautiful she is!'—'Seize him,' said Alifchank, 'immediately; tie a stone about his neck, and cast him into the canal.' The people were not very ready to execute her orders, believing her only in jest; when putting herself into a violent passion, 'I will be obeyed!' said she. At which words the eunuchs fell upon Gabao, tied his hands behind his back, and a stone about his neck; but still supposed the affair would end in some slight punishment, when she commanded them peremptorily to throw the poor man into the canal; and though her orders were executed with some reluctance, yet Gabao was nevertheless drowned in a few moments, and the queen saw him die with a satisfaction so great, that it rendered her an object of detestation even to her slaves.

EVENING XVII.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE SULTANA ALISCHANK.

AS soon as Gabao was dead, Alifchank sent the sultan word of the disobedience and punishment of his slave: he was much surprized and concerned at it, but shewed no signs of displeasure to his wife; on the contrary, he had the goodness to approve of the chastisement she had inflicted on the chief of his eunuchs. But though the king seemed satisfied with this cruel action of the queen's, yet other people were not so for Gabao was well beloved in the seraglio, and used his power with much lenity; so that the great severity of his successor served to render his memo-

ry still more regretted. They endeavoured, therefore, to find out the reason of the queen's taking this vengeance, as she was always before reckoned a sweet-tempered lady; and a certain female slave, who was some relation to Gabao, having observed how remarkably sound herself and companions slept every night, began to think with herself that it must of necessity be the effect of some drug or other being mixed with the sherbet. For several days, therefore, she abstained from drinking any, and by that means soon became acquainted with the queen's treason; and following her as far as Yvam's door, without making the least noise, was presently assured of Alifchank's infidelity. Accordingly, she acquainted the sultan with the discovery she had made, who could at first scarce believe a thing so incredible: but being at length convinced of his dishonour, by his own eyes, he ordered Yvam to be burnt alive, and Alifchank's head to be cut off.

While they were throwing Alifchank's body into the flames which consumed my poor master, I made my escape over the walls of the seraglio, got into the woods, and there continued for seven or eight months, in the deepest regret of my late delicious life; until I met with a company of comedians, and leaping upon the waggon that carried their baggage, was very well received by them. The truth is, I drew a great many people to them by my nimble and active tricks; nay, sometimes I acted a dumb part, and made such grimaces as they taught me, a little before the play began; and it was one of these unlucky parts which cost me my life. One day, as I was in a soldier's dress, to act a sort of bully, and standing at the play-house door, a company of Indians began to quarrel with each other, and in a moment's time twelve or fifteen sabres were drawn. I could not endure to be an idle spectator in this scene, but longed to be in the midst of them: taking, therefore, my sabre in my hand, I laid about me as others did. It was not in my power greatly to hurt those I encountered, because my sabre was but of wood; however, one of these brutes, being violently enraged at a blow I had given him on the face,

made no distinction whether I was a man or an ape, but with a single backstroke of his sabre took off my head. My death occasioned much grief among all the comedians, for I brought them in a great deal of money.

'Ah! what a pity was that!' cried the Queen of Gannan; 'deuce take that hot-headed fellow for his pains! The adventures, however, of the Ape, and the Sultana Alifchank, have been very entertaining; nor should I grudge to hear a farther account of the unlucky pranks of that animal!' — 'They were innumerable, Madam,' answered the Mandarin Fum-Hoam; 'but such frivolous stories would only weary your majesty's patience; for which reason I have omitted a thousand little tricks, such as I, since the time I was an ape, have imitated, and which have nothing remarkable in them: with your permission, then, I will pass on to some new adventures.' — 'With all my heart!' answered Gulchenraz; 'I take great pleasure in hearing you relate them.'

THE HISTORY OF MAGMU, MIDWIFE OF ASTRACAN.

AS soon as I left the body of the ape Moroug, I found myself in a moment transported into Tartary, and animated the body of a midwife's daughter at Astracan*, who had not many scruples about her own conduct, and knew how to employ the first years of my youth much to her own humour and advantage; for which purpose she instructed me perfectly in the art of pleasing. They called me Magmu; and though I was naturally handsome enough, yet I had such art in setting off my beauty, that when I undertook to make a conquest, it was impossible to escape me. Not a word proceeded out of my mouth that was not studied, neither did I open or shut my lips but with design. To know perfectly well how to counterfeit a violent passion; to sigh a-propos; to make an attractive gesture; to trifle agreeably, and collect

* A great city in the Asiatick Tartary, towards the mouth of the Volga; it is the capital of a kingdom of that name.

answered the good king: 'chuse you any, even from Gabao to the lowest slave I have; I make you a present of him, and from this moment you have an absolute power over his life or death.'—'Since your majesty has so much goodness,' replied Alifchank, with an air full of joy, 'Gabao himself is the person I make choice of; and the matter of obedience I require of him is this—that from the present moment he begin to be voluntarily mute, insomuch that on any account whatever, even though your august majesty should ask him a question, or order him to speak, he presume not to answer, either by word of mouth, or by any sign whatever, until I give him permission; and that if he obey not this order with the most exact submission, he may assure himself I will have him thrown into the canal in the garden, with a stone about his neck.'

An order of so singular a nature made the sultan laugh heartily; he confirmed to the queen the present he had made her of the chief of his eunuchs, and began to divert himself by asking him a thousand questions about the duties of his office, but could not draw so much as a single word from him. At every question the king asked, the queen cast a furious look upon Gabao, who was sorely vexed at her resolution, but for his heart he knew not what to do. If he opened his mouth to explain to the sultan the last night's adventure, his death was sure; if he held his tongue, and said nothing of it, he saw he must fall into the power of an inexorable mistress, who wanted but an opportunity to destroy one who was witness of the irregularity of her conduct, and could inform her husband of it: he made choice, however, of the latter resolution, in hopes to mollify the sultana's heart by his submission; but in this he was mistaken. As soon as Alifchank retired from the sultan's presence, she found all her hatred against Gabao awakened in her breast; while he lay prostrate upon the ground, not daring to lift up his eyes towards her, with his blood chilled in his veins through fear. 'Rise up,' said she, 'and follow me.' He readily obeyed her, and was two days together exposed to all the questions of the sultana's slaves without speaking a word. On the third day, Alifchank

went into the garden, and staid there till almost night, seemingly very easy and delighted with every thing, when on a sudden she desired to bathe herself in the canal. The water was low; and as soon as a tent was erected by the side of the canal for the purpose, she called Gabao in. 'Come, undress me,' said she. The poor man trembled exceedingly, not knowing where this ceremony would end; he, however, obeyed her commands, till at length, transported at the sight of so many charms, as the sultana maliciously disclosed, he forgot the severe order he had received, and in a kind of extasy, which he could not refrain, cried out, 'Good God! how beautiful she is!'—'Seize him,' said Alifchank, 'immediately; tie a stone about his neck, and cast him into the canal.' The people were not very ready to execute her orders, believing her only in jest; when putting herself into a violent passion, 'I will be obeyed!' said she. At which words the eunuchs fell upon Gabao, tied his hands behind his back, and a stone about his neck; but still supposed the affair would end in some slight punishment, when she commanded them peremptorily to throw the poor man into the canal; and though her orders were executed with some reluctance, yet Gabao was nevertheless drowned in a few moments, and the queen saw him die with a satisfaction so great, that it rendered her an object of detestation even to her slaves.

EVENING XVII.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE SULTANA ALISCHANK.

AS soon as Gabao was dead, Alifchank sent the sultan word of the disobedience and punishment of his slave: he was much surprized and concerned at it, but shewed no signs of displeasure to his wife; on the contrary, he had the goodness to approve of the chastisement she had inflicted on the chief of his eunuchs. But though the king seemed satisfied with this cruel action of the queen's, yet other people were not so for Gabao was well beloved in the seraglio, and used his power with much lenity; so that the great severity of his successor served to render his memo-

ry still more regretted. They endeavoured, therefore, to find out the reason of the queen's taking this vengeance, as she was always before reckoned a sweet-tempered lady; and a certain female slave, who was some relation to Gabao, having observed how remarkably sound herself and companions slept every night, began to think with herself that it must of necessity be the effect of some drug or other being mixed with the sherbet. For several days, therefore, she abstained from drinking any, and by that means soon became acquainted with the queen's treason; and following her as far as Yvam's door, without making the least noise, was presently assured of Alifchank's infidelity. Accordingly, she acquainted the sultan with the discovery she had made, who could at first scarce believe a thing so incredible: but being at length convinced of his dishonour, by his own eyes, he ordered Yvam to be burnt alive, and Alifchank's head to be cut off.

While they were throwing Alifchank's body into the flames which consumed my poor master, I made my escape over the walls of the seraglio, got into the woods, and there continued for seven or eight months, in the deepest regret of my late delicious life; until I met with a company of comedians, and leaping upon the waggon that carried their baggage, was very well received by them. The truth is, I drew a great many people to them by my nimble and active tricks; nay, sometimes I acted a dumb part, and made such grimaces as they taught me, a little before the play began; and it was one of these unlucky parts which cost me my life. One day, as I was in a soldier's dress, to act a sort of bully, and standing at the play-house door, a company of Indians began to quarrel with each other, and in a moment's time twelve or fifteen sabres were drawn. I could not endure to be an idle spectator in this scene, but longed to be in the midst of them: taking, therefore, my sabre in my hand, I laid about me as others did. It was not in my power greatly to hurt those I encountered, because my sabre was but of wood; however, one of these brutes, being violently enraged at a blow I had given him on the face,

made no distinction whether I was a man or an ape, but with a single backstroke of his sabre took off my head. My death occasioned much grief among all the comedians, for I brought them in a great deal of money.

'Ah! what a pity was that!' cried the Queen of Gannan; 'deuce take that hot-headed fellow for his pains! The adventures, however, of the Ape, and the Sultana Alifchank, have been very entertaining; nor should I grudge to hear a farther account of the unlucky pranks of that animal!' — 'They were innumerable, Madam,' answered the Mandarin Fum-Hoam; 'but such frivolous stories would only weary your majesty's patience; for which reason I have omitted a thousand little tricks, such as I, since the time I was an ape, have imitated, and which have nothing remarkable in them: with your permission, then, I will pass on to some new adventures.' — 'With all my heart!' answered Gulchenraz; 'I take great pleasure in hearing you relate them.'

THE HISTORY OF MAGMU, MIDWIFE OF ASTRACAN,

AS soon as I left the body of the ape Moroug, I found myself in a moment transported into Tartary, and animated the body of a midwife's daughter at Astracan*, who had not many scruples about her own conduct, and knew how to employ the first years of my youth much to her own humour and advantage; for which purpose she instructed me perfectly in the art of pleasing. They called me Magmu; and though I was naturally handsome enough, yet I had such art in setting off my beauty, that when I undertook to make a conquest, it was impossible to escape me. Not a word proceeded out of my mouth that was not studied, neither did I open or shut my lips but with design. To know perfectly well how to counterfeit a violent passion; to sigh a-propos; to make an attractive gesture; to trifle agreeably, and collect

* A great city in the Asiatick Tartary, towards the mouth of the Volga; it is the capital of a kingdom of that name.

the various graces of dumb eloquence into one single smile; were all arts in which I excelled. In short, I had such ambition to surpass all other young women of my age, that I was whole hours before the glass to examine what cloaths gave the greatest lustre to my beauty; what coloured stuffs best became me; which was the most graceful way of tying up my hair, and how a curl might hang loose upon my neck to the greatest advantage; how to open, shut, or move my lips with an air, to shew my teeth without affectation, to appear with a full or side-face, as best suited the occasion, and to adjust my veil with a good grace: in short, Madam, it seemed as if some invisible being gave life to my gestures and actions, and all the constituent parts appeared to have received a peculiar polish from the hand of that able master; and I changed myself into so many different forms, that I sometimes looked upon myself with admiration, and (if I may so say) even adored my own hand, which knew so well how to infuse the soul of every beauty into a body of itself sufficiently defective. These were the snares I spread with so much address, and wherein I caught and retained my admirers. You would be almost astonished, Madam, for instance, to see a lover I had just smiled on tenderly, go out of his senses, and seem as much enchanted, as if he had got into some great magician's circle. I changed one into a lion by my disdain; another into a dog, by his ready obedience to my least motion; another into a hare, by his timidity and dread of displeasing me, or the fear of being roughly handled by his rivals: and almost all, into such unclean beasts as only take pleasure in mire and dirt.

If the love of a beautiful virtuous young lady elevates the hearts of her adorers, making heroes of them, and striking, as it were, the sparks of bravery and generosity out of them; the passion which men entertain for a coquette, such as I was, being widely distant from the path of honour, not only destroys the seeds of virtue, but carries prevailing vices to the greatest height.

My house was the general rendezvous of all the vicious youth in Astracan. Gaming and assemblies every night, under the protection of a cady, furnished them with all sorts of diversions; and I was the only subject of the discourses,

the amorous looks and wanton thoughts, of all those who frequented it.

This monstrous course of life continued as long as I was young; but when my hair began to turn white, and wrinkles appeared in my face, all my lovers, one after another, quickly disappeared; and with them fled the plenty that used to reign in my house. I now found, by experience, that at a certain age one may have new passions, but want new adorers. Far from having preserved in my youth a stock sufficient to maintain me in ease when advanced in years, I had been always too profuse; and must have lived in the utmost poverty, if I had not in my latter years applied myself to the profession of widwifery, which my mother taught me in my youth.

It would fill several volumes, to describe all the adventures wherein I had a part, and how many young women, widows, and unknown persons, applied themselves to me; but I shall pass by these incidents, and relate to you only that which put an end to my life. One very dark night, while I was fast asleep in my bed, two men came and knocked loudly at my door; and calling me by my name, ordered me, in the name of the governor of Astracan, to come quickly to help one of his wives who was then in labour. As my profession obliged me to go out at all hours of the night, I came down in great haste, to go along with the men: no sooner had they turned the corner of our street, but they threatened to stab me, if I attempted to cry out; and covering my eyes with a handkerchief, they made me walk in this manner a full hour; and at length brought me into a neat apartment, where they unbound my eyes, and put me into the hands of a young man about twenty, whose face was covered with a double veil.

EVENING XVIII.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF MAGMU, MIDWIFE OF ASTRACAN.

I Seemed to be in no small concern, when the man assured me I had nothing to apprehend. 'Be not afraid,' said he; 'only make ready to deliver a woman in the chamber to which I shall

'shall conduct you.' This room had only one lamp in it, which gave a very faint light, and by it's glimmering infused a secret horror, which was still more augmented by the complaints and bitter cries which came from beneath a canopy of green cloth. I drew near towards it, and there saw a young person, whose eyes, though drowned in tears, seemed full of vivacity; and the moment I told her who I was, she redoubled her tears, and embracing me very tenderly, conjured me to prevail with her inhuman brother, to save at least the miserable fruit of her frailty: with these words her affliction was so great, that she fainted away; and some few moments after, by the help of a very strong pain, I assisted her to bring into the world a most beautiful boy. But no sooner was the little infant born, than the young woman's barbarous brother, looking stedfastly upon him, found all his rage return into his heart, and taking the child in one hand, and presenting the mother a poniard with the other, ordered her to plunge it instantly into the little innocent's breast. I yet, Madam, tremble with horror, at the recital of so much cruelty! The unhappy woman, not able to bear this horrid proposition, died away a second time; when the inhuman monster, putting the poniard into her hand, directed it to the infant's throat, and so took away his life: then taking the dead body of a young man about twenty years old, all bloody, out of a chest, he set it directly over-against his sister. As soon as this sad victim of enraged fury had recovered her spirits, and seen in what condition the dead body and her son were, she screamed out. 'Barbarous villain!' said she, 'finish thy crime upon me; for after thou hast deprived me of what is most dear to me in the world, without considering it is thy master's blood thou hast spilt, canst thou be so cruel as to let me live? Ah, I will deprive thee of that pleasure! and since thou hast made me, against my will, the murderer of my son, I know how to revenge the crime upon myself; not doubting but that Heaven will punish

'thee for thy inhumanity!' And with these words she plunged the poniard into her heart, and vomited up her indignant soul in streams of blood. I shrieked violently at this last catastrophe; but the cruel villain, not willing to have any witness of his horrid crimes, struck off my head with one blow of his sabre.

'How do I pity the fate of this unhappy person!' said the Queen of China; 'what baseness is there in the whole conduct of this barbarous brother! and how concerned am I, that you cannot relate me the particulars of her misfortune: whose body it was that was set before her, and the true motive of this monster's fury!'—'Above thirty years after this adventure,' replied the Mandarin, 'I was informed of the whole transaction, and will relate you the particulars in it's proper time; but to follow, Madam, the order of things, you must know, that after I ceased to animate the midwife, I went into the mogul's country, and entered into the body of the Sultan of Agra's only son.'

THE ADVENTURES OF MOGIRED-DIN KING OF AGRA, AND OF ROUZ-BEHARI PRINCESS OF PEGU.

MY father Moaggem, Sultan of Agra*, had no other child but me; he called me Mogireddin, and when I was eighteen years of age, I had the misfortune to lose him. I succeeded him, however, in the throne, and after a short time spent in mourning, and the care of my kingdom, had some thoughts of chusing me a wife. I had heard vast commendations of the exceeding great beauty of Rouz-Behari†, the only daughter of the Sultan of Pegu, who at fifteen had eclipsed all the princesses of the East; but being resolved to judge for myself, I left the administration of my kingdom to three of my viziers, and after passing over the mo-

* Agra, is an opulent city upon the river of Gemini, built by Ekebar the great Mogul, and is the usual residence of that prince.

† This name signifies a Spring day.

gul's country, and the gulph of Bengal; I arrived in the city of Pegu*, accompanied only by three persons, amongst whom my governor was one. The princess frequently appeared in publick; and when at any time she lifted up her veil, every one was enchanted with the charms which overspread her face: she played at the *mail*, the day I arrived in the city; and I must own to you, Madam, that from the first moment I beheld her, my liberty was lost; nay, I became in a manner distracted, and when I came into the good woman's house, which my governor had hired for me. I threw myself upon a sofa, and passed the rest of the day, and all the preceding night, in very great disorder. When I had duly considered the matter, I perceived this manner of life could never advance my interest with the princess; and therefore determined to resume my usual temper, and eat that day with a good appetite.

The old woman with whom I lodged was of a very gay temper, and I took much pleasure in talking with her. One day, as our discourse turned upon Rouz-Behari, I was given to understand, to my great concern, that the princess was as whimsical as beautiful, and that the king her father severely repented an oath he had made, to let her dispose of herself in marriage, because more than twenty princes had made their addresses to her, every one seeming handsomer than the rest; and yet, upon some slight reason or other, she had refused them all. The least trifle served for a pretence, and was with her a material blemish. One was too gay, another too melancholy; one had a jealous look, another was in love with himself; such a prince had too small eyes, such a one too large ones; this man had either too flat or too high a nose, and the next either too much or too little wit: in short, Madam, whether it was merely her caprice, a peculiar aversion to marriage, or a natural love of liberty; so it was, that she had never yet met with a man who entirely hit her taste. As soon as I heard what disposition she was of, I was resolved to take a method quite different from that

which had been pursued by all those princes who had failed in their endeavours to gain her affection: they had uniformly treated her with the most servile adoration, and were of course despised; for my part, I proposed to affect the utmost indifference for the whole sex, but more especially for the princess. I went, therefore, to make my compliments to the King of Pegu, and gave him to understand that I was the Sultan of Agra. He pressed me to lodge in a palace adjoining to his own, which was separated only by a *parterre* of very choice flowers. I saw him several times successively, without making the least mention of Rouz-Behari; and being surprized at my little curiosity, in not appearing desirous to see the princess, rallied me on the occasion with a considerable deal of wit. 'Sir,' said I, 'I am not come hither, as other princes do, to admire the charming Rouz-Behari; it was merely the pleasure of travelling which occasioned me to leave my kingdom. Thanks to our great prophet! the most celebrated beauties I have seen could never make any impression on my heart. Besides, I understand the princess has refused the addresses of the most accomplished princes of the East finding some fault or other with every one of them: since, therefore, I who pretend to no beauty, and by hunting and travelling have been far from improving my complexion, (even though I were not indifferent to the sex) cannot compare with the meanest of those whom she has rejected, I must even make the insensibility with which I am blessed, my preservation against the like disgrace.'—'We shall soon see whether you are able to keep your word!' said the King of Pegu to me, smiling; 'to-morrow I invite you to dine with Rouz-Behari, and am extremely apprehensive you will not find your resolution capable of resisting my daughter's charms.'

EVENING XIX.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF MOGIREDIN KING

* The kingdom of Pegu is in India, beyond the Ganges and between Tonquin and Aracan; the capital city bears the same name, and is built upon the river of Caypune or Pegu.

OF AGRA, AND ROUZ-BEHARI
PRINCESS OF PEGU.

THE less eagerness I discovered to see the princess, the more the king pressed me to accept of his invitation; and though I had in reality the most eager desire to behold her, yet I raised many difficulties; nor did I at last consent till it seemed necessary, consistent with good manners, not longer to refuse: on the day following, however, I failed not to be at court by dinner-time.

I chose to be dressed very plain; and though I was enraptured with the princess's charms, I was yet so far master of my actions, as not to discover the least admiration of her. Rouz-Behari, who had been informed of my discourse the night before, spared nothing to improve her natural beauty; she had added every ornament that could increase the lustre of her charms, and was so concerned to see the little notice I took of her, (not so much as saying one polite thing to flatter her vanity) that she was ready to die with vexation. It was a great pleasure to me to see the effect of my precaution: and, as I had a strict watch over myself, I preserved such gaiety and freedom of spirit through the whole entertainment, that the princess was not able to sit it out, but presently withdrew, pretending a slight indisposition. I too rose from the table, apparently as unconcerned as when I came in; but, in reality, the most in love of any man living. This conduct I pursued for a whole month; that is, I all along affected the most perfect insensibility, and by this means brought the princess so effectually to change her manners, that she gave me to understand, notwithstanding all my indifference for her, I was the only prince who had ever yet occasioned her a sigh. It was with much apparent reluctance I was brought to comply; but at length I consented to marry her, with her father's permission, which she readily obtained.

Great preparations were made for celebrating the nuptials, with all the magnificence befitting our condition, and the day drew near; when, one evening, as I was mentioning to the princess the great obligations I found myself under to her for preferring me before the finest princes of the East: 'I cannot well tell, Sir,' said she, 'by what fatality

this came to pass. I had vowed never to be in love, and slighted the offers of all the monarchs upon earth: their passion was only a fatigue to me; but your insensibility gave me an uneasiness, which I did all in my power to dissipate, not having any intention of engaging myself to you; but, in the present situation of our affairs, I shall not blush to own, that had you continued your indifference much longer, I should have fallen into despair. — Ah, beautiful princess!' said I, 'I never was a moment without loving you; your first looks reached my heart, and I only affected an insensibility to your whole sex, in order to inflame you. I redoubled my indifference, in proportion as I saw your love increase; and by this innocent artifice, have arrived at the height of my felicity, since in two days I shall possess the adorable Rouz-Behari!'

This declaration, which was a little too ingenuous, made the princess blush. She was secretly chagrined at having been so imposed on, and fell into a sudden gloom, which it was not in my power to dissipate the whole day. On the morrow I found her somewhat easier, and flattered myself she had forgiven the artifice I had made use of; but I soon discovered my mistake, and how dangerous a thing it is to be too sincere with women.

We were sitting at dinner with the King of Pegu, and I was going to eat the wing of a pheasant; when a bee chanced to sting me on the cheek, which gave me such exquisite pain for a moment, that the wing fell out of my hand upon the princess's robe: she instantly took occasion to quarrel with me; seemed highly offended at the accident; pretended I did it on purpose to affront her; and, without regarding my excuses, rose hastily from the table, and declared to her father she would never be my wife.

You may imagine, Madam, my surprise and the King of Pegu's anger. It was in vain for him to make use of his authority; she regarded it not; and gave him to understand, that she would stab herself to the heart rather than give me her hand. After I had in vain endeavoured for five or six days, by every possible method of submission, to appease her anger, I fell into the utmost despair, and was for making some at-

tempts upon my life, and punishing one folly by another; when my governor, staying my arm, 'Sir,' said he, 'I will revenge you of this capricious princess, and in a short time make her repent severely the treating you with so much cruelty. Let me have but this one night to consult a genius who never fails me, and I will engage for the success of this matter.'

Every thing which flattered my passion, abated my grief. I hearkened therefore to my governor, but had not much rest that night. In the morning he explained to me the reason of Rouz-Behari's unaccountable resentment.

'The motive,' said he to me, 'which occasions the princess to treat her lovers in so haughty a manner, is this: she keeps in her possession a little piece of gold, which a skilful fairy once presented to her mother, and while that continues in her custody, all the efforts of her lovers will be in vain; nor, indeed, can any one become her husband, without incurring the greatest misfortunes, unless she either presents him with this piece of gold, or he gets it from her by some stratagem. It is constantly tied to her girdle with a gold chain, and she does not put it off the whole night long. The genius who has promised me his protection, has engaged to procure it me in a short time; but the better to deceive the princess, it will be proper to take leave of the king, and quit the city; in the mean while depend upon me for the execution of the project.' I followed my governor's advice implicitly; and shall now, Madam, relate to you the method which the genius pursued to revenge me.

Rouz-Behari was accustomed every evening to walk in the gardens belonging to the palace; and sitting one afternoon by the side of a basin, ruminating a little by herself, she saw, when she came to rise, a lizard running upon her. Having an extreme aversion to this sort of reptiles, she screamed out terribly, and tearing her robe in pieces, did her utmost to get rid of it, but all to no purpose. It got between her golden girdle and her stays, and there twisted itself in such a manner, that the princess could think of no other expedient to get quit of the creature, but loosening her girdle, and throwing it with the

piece of gold into the basin near which she was sitting.

When the princess was somewhat recovered of her fright, she looked in the water for her piece of gold; but it was to no purpose, for the gold and the lizard had both disappeared. Never was any person more grieved with an accident than the princess with this. She had the basin emptied to the very last drop, and the pipes which carried the water either in or out of it, broke into pieces; but all their searches proved ineffectual, and her concern for the loss of the piece of gold became so violent, that she retired to her own apartment, and would receive no consolation.

EVENING XX.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF
THE ADVENTURES OF MOGIRED-
DIN KING OF AGRA, AND ROUZ-
BEHARI PRINCESS OF PEGU.

MY governor did not deceive me: the genius, who had taken the shape of a lizard, brought him the piece of gold, which he put into my hands. I then washed my face with a certain water he gave me, which entirely changed my features; and presenting myself, as he advised me, to the king, who wanted a groom, in order to serve him in that capacity, was received into the stables. For eight or nine days and nights I performed the offices of my new vocation, during all which time the princess continued weeping, without once closing her eyes.

The King of Pegu was greatly afflicted at his daughter's situation; he proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that he would give a hundred thousand pieces of gold to any one who should bring the piece that was lost. The next day I presented myself before the king, as I was instructed, and shewed both him and the princess the chain which belonged to the piece; and in ten days promised to procure the piece itself, provided I might, for so many nights, be permitted to lie in the glass-closet at the end of one of the galleries of the palace, which was the only recompence I would desire. I was looked upon as a vain silly fellow, but my proposal was nevertheless accepted, and the princess was

so charmed with the hope of again recovering the piece, that her joy nearly proved as fatal as her grief had threatened. The night came; I was conducted into the glass-closet, where they fastened me in: nor could I well tell what I had to do there; when the genius appeared to me in the shape of a young child. 'I have just now,' said he to me, 'cast the princess and all her slaves into a deep sleep; promise me that you will marry her, and I will conduct you into her apartment.'—'I swear to you,' said I, 'by the gutter of gold*, and by the black stone, which is at Mecca†, that I will not only make her my spouse, but likewise promise never to have any other wife as long as I live.'—'That is sufficient,' said the genius; 'as for the last article of your oath, that I will excuse you.' He then pushed back one of the glasses, which was a kind of private door into Rouz-Behari's apartment; where he made me first go into a bath which had been prepared for the princess, and then led me to her bed.

As soon as it was day, the genius awoke me, and carried me back to the closet; whence, in about an hour, the king's people came and let me out. For nine nights together I went on at this rate: at the expiration of which time, the genius transported me and my three officers into the city of Agra, without suffering me to perform my promise; but, on the contrary, desired me to preserve the piece of gold. I was not a little surprised to find myself in my own palace, at a time when I least of all expected it, and could not forbear upbraiding the genius. 'Be not uneasy about your mistress,' said he; 'she has not yet been sufficiently punished for her caprice; you shall see her again at a convenient time.'

While I waited with impatience the result of these promises, Rouz-Behari was plunged in the deepest sorrow and despair, to find the groom was gone, without returning her the piece of gold; but how greatly was her anguish increased, when at the end of two months she found herself with child, without

being able to account in what manner it could possibly happen. As she was in the glass-closet one day, musing and considering with herself, she accidentally pushed slightly against one of the sashes, which immediately flew open, and discovered the communication between that place and her apartment. How great was her confusion upon the sight of this! 'Heavens!' cried she to herself; 'has a sorry groom been able to obtain what I have denied to the Sultan of Agra? Ah, Mogireddin! you are sufficiently revenged on my capricious humour, did you but know my present shame and dishonour!'

At these words the princess melted into tears; and being for some time buried in thought, she at length resolved to leave the palace. For this purpose she took with her a purse full of gold; and putting on the habit of a slave, went out at one of the garden gates, and walked the whole day without taking any refreshment. About the close of the evening she arrived at the entrance of a village, near a fountain at which an old woman was washing her linen, and desired to have a lodging in her house that night; and to encourage her the more, presented her with a piece of gold. The good old woman conducted her to her cottage, treated her with the utmost tenderness and assiduity, and having prepared a good homely supper, obliged her to make use of her own bed, while herself slept on the straw.

Rouz-Behari was so fatigued with her journey, that she grew exceedingly drowsy, and, when she went to bed, immediately fell asleep, and waked not till the next morning, when she was disturbed very early with the singing of birds. But how great was her surprize, when she opened her eye-lids, to find, that, instead of being in the old woman's house, she was lying on a bed of green turf, in a very agreeable country, and clothed in a peasant's habit, but without her purse! what this extraordinary change meant, she was at a loss to imagine; and the more she considered, the more her surprize and grief increased: but how mortifying was her

* The gutter of gold is on the top of the house which they pretend was built by Abraham at Mecca.

† This is meant in allusion to the large loadstone, by means of which Mahomet's steel scimitar is suspended in the air, in the temple at Mecca.

condition, when she understood from a young man, a taylor, who was passing that way, that she was in the mogul's country, and just at the gates of Agra! This news, though it seemed incredible, made her ready to die with grief; she could not comprehend how it was possible to pass over such a vast track of land in a single night, and was so deeply affected with the thought, that she died away in the young man's arms, whose name was Sabour. But, notwithstanding all her melancholy, she was still exceeding beautiful; so that the affliction she was in raised compassion in the taylor's heart. 'Charming stranger!' said he to her, as soon as she was come to herself, 'your spirits seem to be cruelly agitated: come to my house, which is at the entrance of the suburbs of Agra, where you shall be treated with kindness, and my mother and I will endeavour, by every assistance in our power, to dispel the black cloud of melancholy which sits upon your countenance.'

Rouz-Behari found herself in a condition too deplorable to refuse the taylor's offer. She followed him to a little plain house, but extremely neat, where his mother received her with all possible civility. If the sorrowful princess had not been with child, she might have thought herself happy in this quiet retreat: but this was a misfortune she knew not how to conceal; and Sabour having proposed to marry her, she listened to his offer, more to save her honour than from any inclination for him, and accordingly became his wife in eight days. From that time she began to appear a little more gay, especially in her husband's company: but when she was alone, and began to consider with herself, that after refusing to marry the Sultan of Agra, she had suffered the embraces of a filthy groom, and was now thrown into the arms of a poor taylor, she felt herself most severely humbled, and became very disconsolate. She had, however, all the reason in the world to be content, had she not been born a princess; for her husband was a young man of the foremost rank in his profession, and had a very good reputation in Agra. He constantly shewed an excessive love for her; let her want for nothing she could desire; and, except the time he went to work at his master's, would not be a moment out of her com-

pany: this behaviour, so uncommon in a person of his condition, gained upon the princess's heart to such a degree, that she soon lost the remembrance of her former quality, and came in time to love her husband with the greatest degree of tenderness.

EVENING XXI.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF
THE ADVENTURES OF MOGIRED-
DIN KING OF AGRA, AND ROUZ-
BEHARI PRINCESS OF PEGU.

IT was a little more than six months since Rouz-Behari, who now called herself Lama, had been married to the taylor: she lived very retired, and seemed to be with child much from that time; when talking with her husband one night, he reproached her with her want of curiosity, in not having ever expressed the least desire to see the Sultan of Agra. Rouz-Behari blushed at the reproof. 'What avails it,' said she, 'to see this monarch? an honest wife should have no eyes but for her husband.'—'I agree with you,' replied the taylor; 'but as you were not born for Mogireddin, you may safely see him without exciting my jealousy. To-day he goes a hunting, and will pass by your window; and I am desirous you should observe how well he sits a horse.'—'I will not do it,' replied she; 'for I hate the sultan, though I do not know for why.'—'You hate him!' answered the taylor: 'why, what has he ever done to you?'—'Nothing!' said the princess, rather briskly: 'but I have dreamed he was the cause of all my misfortunes; and I am one, you must know, who have great faith in dreams.'—'A good reason, indeed!' said he. 'Well, Lama, my absolute will and pleasure is, that you stand at the window when he passes by; or, rather I beg you to give me this small token of your obedience: I shall myself be one of the retinue, and will notice whether you obey my orders.' Rouz-Behari at first answered her husband only with tears, which he affected not to perceive. 'You shall be obeyed,' said she; 'and since you require it, I will see the king pass by.'

The taylor went out; and, about an hour

hour after, the Princess of Pegu hearing a great noise in the street, went to the window, just as I was passing by the door. Surprized to see so beautiful a female in such a place, I looked very earnestly at her, and inquired who she was, which threw her into the utmost confusion. She retired from the window full of vexation, and I proceeded on my way. As soon as the first violence of her passion was over, she could not forbear shedding a torrent of tears. 'O Heavens!' cried she to herself, 'had it not been for my unpardonable caprice, I had now been the wife of that powerful monarch. Good God! what a difference! O Mogireddin, Mogireddin! I am justly punished for my contempt of thee!' These words made her tears flow afresh, and she continued weeping and lamenting till her husband came from hunting. 'Well, Lama,' said he to her, 'did you see the sultan?'—'You would have it so,' replied she, 'and I was obliged to obey your orders?'—'Did you not think he was richly dressed?' continued he. 'Yes, surely,' answered she. 'Ah! but this is nothing,' said he again; 'he is shortly to be married; and I intend to take you to court. There are splendid preparations making for that joyful day, and my master and I are to sit on his wedding cloaths, while his wife and you dress the princess he has chosen, and who is to be here in a few days. The robes are now actually making for her.'

Though the princess trembled at this proposition, and made many objections, there was no help for it, she found herself constrained to obey. Nay, the taylor did more; he had the robes of the intended queen brought several times to his house, and assuring his wife she was much of the same size with herself, put them always upon her, to see if any thing wanted amendment. How grieved forever Rouz-Behari might be to see herself dressed in such magnificent robes, and so very unfuitable to her station, she could nevertheless scarce refrain from laughter, when she saw how they shaped the queen's cloaths upon her. 'This princess, if she be like what I am at present, is of a pretty jolly size!' said she to her husband. 'She is very lusty,' said Sabour to her again; 'the king loves to have them so.'

At length the evening preceding the day whereon the sultan's marriage was to be celebrated arrived; and Sabour forgot not, at break of day, to awaken his wife; whom, notwithstanding all her reluctance, he carried with him to court. He was received by an officer of his acquaintance; who conducted them into the apartments, and was every moment extolling the happiness of the princess who was to be married to the sultan, assuring them he was one of the best princes in the world. All this was as so many daggers to the breast of Rouz-Behari, nor could she bear to see such magnificence without many a bitter sigh. She was now in the chamber where the new queen was to sleep, when some messengers brought word the king was approaching, and within a few paces of the door. The poor princess, not being able to bear this without the most violent emotion, fell upon a sofa. 'O Heavens!' said she, speaking to her husband, 'what an imprudent thing was it of you to bring a woman in my condition to such a place as this! I find I shall this moment bring into the world the child with which I am pregnant; yesterday I had a fall, but did not think it would have produced so grievous a consequence.' The taylor seemed to be in great confusion. 'Ah! my dear friend,' said he to the officer who attended, 'what will become of us?'—'Why,' said the man, 'you must even put a good face on it: set your wife upon this cushion; and I will go out of the chamber the way which I know the king comes, and will so hamper the lock, that it cannot be opened. I will then tell his majesty the apartment is not yet set in order, and afterwards run as fast as possible for my wife to help to convey yours home, or give her all necessary assistance; and I hope we shall extricate ourselves from this difficulty without the sultan's perceiving it.' Every thing was done as the officer promised. I went not into the apartment (continued Fum-Hoain;) the woman, who was to assist Rouz-Behari, came in a few minutes after; and, without having time to be removed, she was delivered in the royal chamber of a most beautiful boy. The taylor was in transports of joy hardly to be expressed. 'Faith, my dear Lama,' said he, 'since you are delivered in

‘in the queen’s apartment, the damage will not be much increased if we put you in her bed too.’—‘The man is surely distracted,’ answered Rouz-Behari, ‘to think of such an absurdity.’ ‘Say what you will,’ answered the taylor, ‘the bed is made, and in it you shall lie!’ The princess, notwithstanding all she could say to the contrary, was accordingly carried to the queen’s bed; and though she had a strange perturbation and disorder upon her spirits, for an hour or two, yet it was not long before she fell into a sound sleep, which held her till pretty late the next morning.

EVENING XXII.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF MOGIREDDIN KING OF AGRA, AND ROUZ-BEHARI PRINCESS OF PEGU.

ROUZ-BEHARI no sooner saw the light, than she immediately opened her curtains, and was strangely surprized to find twelve female slaves standing round her bed in the most profound silence, frequently bowing their bodies very low, in token that they attended her commands. ‘I fancy,’ said she presently, ‘the women are mad; or, perhaps, my senses are not yet recovered from the vapours of sleep!’—‘You are not asleep, Madam,’ said the eldest of these women; ‘the sultan of Agra, your husband, and to whom you gave a successor yesterday, waits till your apartment be open, that he may be permitted to wait on you. Shall I inform him you may now be seen?’

Rouz-Behari was so confounded at a request apparently so extravagant, that she made no reply; her silence was therefore interpreted favourably. The old woman ran to the door, and I made my entrance, all shining with precious stones, and sat down on a sofa by the Princess of Pegu’s bed-side. ‘My queen!’ said I, embracing her, ‘it is high time now to put an end to your astonishment, and to restore you to your true husband: since the groom of Pegu, the taylor in the suburbs of Agra, and the sultan Mogireddin, are one and the same person; though

‘a certain genius, who is my protector, had so disguised them, that it was impossible for you to discern the imposture. I have a thousand times intreated him to put a period to your pain; and have represented to him, (but in vain) that your punishment was too great for the uneasiness you gave me the evening before our intended marriage. “Pride and state-
“linefs of temper,” said he to me, “doth well enough become a princess; but then it should be a noble pride, directed by wisdom, and not by caprice: nor shall the queen, your spouse, be restored to you, till self-conviction has made her fully sensible of the fault she committed, in rejecting the homage of so many princes, and refusing to marry you on so trifling an occasion: all that I can do for you is, to convey her into your arms, without her knowing herself to be there; and I enjoin you to compel her to come to your palace, at the time when she shall be ready to be delivered.”

‘I was obliged to obey the sovereign orders of a genius, who in one night transported you to the gates of Agra. I assumed, therefore, (by virtue of a certain water, with which I rub my face when I have occasion) the figure of that young taylor whom you married: but now Rouz-Behari is to take her own name, and quit that of Lama, as I have relinquished that of Sabour, to be for ever henceforward the Sultan Mogireddin only. You know the rest: your punishment is now at an end; and I conjure you, my fair queen, to forget that I was the instrument of it!’

Rouz-Behari was so amazed at the account I gave her (continued the mandarin) that she could not return my caresses; she looked on me with eyes bathed in tears, which joy and sorrow equally occasioned; and as soon as she had recovered her speech, ‘My dear lord,’ said she, ‘what afflictions have I suffered since your departure from Pegu? what shame have I felt, to think myself dishonoured by a groom! what cruel necessity was I under to marry a taylor, to secure my honour, and to rescue me from the miseries of want! and what uneasiness did not yourself occasion me, (while you was under that shape) by obliging

'obliging me to see you pass before my window, to try on the queen's cloaths, and to come to this palace, where I had so terrible an apprehension of meeting you! Ah, Sir! I could not pardon you the many uneasy hours you have cost me, and which the genius has enabled me to sustain, but that you assure me it was not in your power to make them expire when you pleased!'—'Forget all your trouble, thou dearest essence of my life!' said I, interrupting her; 'and think of nothing but the happiness which we are in future to enjoy with undisturbed tranquillity!'

Rouz-Behari, Madam, (continued Fum-Hoam) received my excuses with great tenderness; we lived together in perfect union for almost twenty years; till, as I was one day hunting, I was drowned in attempting to ford a river, into which my horse threw me.

'The history you have told me,' said Gulchenraz, 'is full of marvellous incidents; and I do not a little pity the fate of the unhappy princess of Pegu, till the moment in which Mogireddin assured her that he himself was the taylor. To speak freely, I think your genius was a little too severe, and should not have punished the poor lady's caprice with quite so much rigor. But, after you had lost your life in the water, what became of you then?'

THE ADVENTURES OF THE PHYSICIAN BANOU-RASSID.

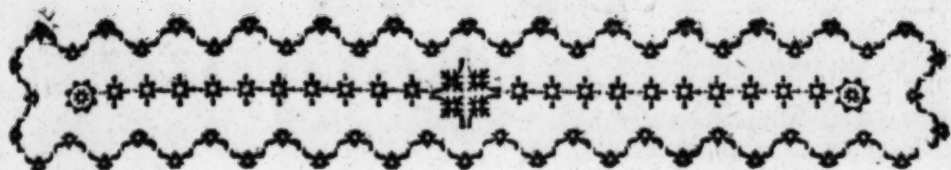
I Entered into the body of a young man, who was born at Astracan, the son of an Arabian physician then in the king's service. My father performed such wonderful cures, that they almost esteemed him as a divinity; and as I had a great fancy for the profession, he took care to instruct me in it. When I came to be about fifteen years of age, 'Banou-Rassid,' said he to me very often, 'there is no acquiring a thorough knowledge of the sciences, without the watchfulness of a crow, the greediness of a swine, the patience of a dog, and the fawnings of a cat. If you know these precepts perfectly,

'you will one day or other become a great man; but if you do not, you will be always groveling and mean, nor ever distinguish yourself in any kind of life whatever.' Enamoured with these maxims, I applied myself entirely to my studies, and in less than ten years made so great proficiency, that after my father's death I was appointed one of the King of Astracan's physicians. I was hardly eight and twenty years old, when I acquitted myself in that employ with infinite success, and had got so far into the sultan's good opinion, that I became his favourite. That monarch, indeed, so greatly esteemed me, that he could not live without my company, and therefore allowed me the peculiar privilege of going into the inner apartments of the seraglio at any hour of the day. The chief reason why he permitted me to enter a place which was prohibited to every man besides, was his knowledge of my strong aversion to the sex, and how I detested the horrid effects of love. I had, indeed, read so much of the disasters that usually attend this strange passion, that I guarded myself against it, and had taken a firm resolution never to let my heart be surprised. When the sultan used to rally me upon my insensibility that way, 'Sir,' said I to him, 'I do not hate women, but I fear them. They may disturb the quiet of my life, and it is for this reason I look upon them with such indifference. God grant that I may persevere in the design I have taken of preserving my liberty!' This, Madam, in a great measure, is the subject of the conversation I often had with the sultan; and one day, as we were talking together much to the same purpose, word was brought him that his Prime Vizier Houssan-Ben-San was fallen into a kind of madness, which several times had seized him very violently; and having a tender esteem for the vizier, he ordered me to hasten to his assistance. The information that was brought the sultan was but too true; I found Houssan-Ben-San so very delirious, that I was obliged to have him tied down. His madness increased every moment, and it was seven or eight hours, after I had let him blood in the foot, before he began to recover his senses. 'Banou-Rassid,' said he to me, 'you see me just going to appear before the tribunal of Almighty God; I feel
I already

‘ already the cold and freezing wind of
 ‘ death, which blows continually at the
 ‘ side of my bed, and all the art of
 ‘ physick is not able to save my life.’—
 ‘ Sir,’ said I, ‘ your distemper is not so
 ‘ incurable as you imagine; only en-
 ‘ deavour to overcome this melancholy
 ‘ humour which gets the better of you,
 ‘ Is there any one in all Astracan, who
 ‘ has more reason to be happy than
 ‘ you?’—‘ Ah, my dear friend!’ said
 he, squeezing my hand; ‘ how deceitful
 ‘ are appearances! There is, it is true,
 ‘ no person who ought, in all human
 ‘ appearance, to be better satisfied with
 ‘ his fortune than myself. I have more
 ‘ riches than a man need desire; my
 ‘ seraglio is full of the fairest Circassian
 ‘ women; and my daughter (the only
 ‘ one I have) is a beauty not inferior
 ‘ to any of the houri. This is the
 ‘ bright outside of my family! but a
 ‘ worm which has been gnawing me
 ‘ above these thirty years, brings per-
 ‘ petually to my remembrance a chain

‘ of crimes that make me even abhor
 ‘ myself. Since that fatal day, I have
 ‘ never once tasted true repose; but have
 ‘ been constantly tormented with the
 ‘ cruel motions of the Suiderez: I see
 ‘ before my eyes the frightful ghosts of
 ‘ a sister and her son, whom I have most
 ‘ barbarously murdered. Their blood,
 ‘ and the blood of one of our sultans,
 ‘ rise up every moment against me. I
 ‘ tremble when I think, that within a
 ‘ few hours they will be upbraiding
 ‘ me with my inhumanity, before the
 ‘ tribunal of God. Ah, my dear Banou-
 ‘ Rassid! what answer shall I make to
 ‘ the Sovereign Judge of all our actions?
 ‘ Can I think (how great soever my
 ‘ contrition may be for my having
 ‘ committed the horrid crimes which
 ‘ yet lie heavy upon me) he will not
 ‘ listen to the just complaints of these
 ‘ unhappy victims of my fury? But
 ‘ these things are so many enigmas to
 ‘ you, which it is necessary that I should
 ‘ explain.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



CHINESE TALES;

OR, THE

WONDERFUL ADVENTURES

OF THE

MANDARIN FUM-HOAM.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE HISTORY OF THE VIZIER
HOUSSAN-BEN-SAN.

‘and was treated more favourably than
‘myself.



Y father, as you cannot
‘but remember, my dear
‘Banou-Rassid,’ said the
vizier, ‘was the favourite
‘of Faereddin, father to
‘the Sultan Mouza-Ca-

‘zem, our present king; but perhaps
‘you do not know that Faereddin had
‘two sons, Mouza-Cazem the younger,
‘and Alacou the elder, of whom we have
‘not heard any thing for more than
‘thirty years past. The former loved
‘me extremely; he raised me to the
‘post which I have enjoyed ever since
‘he came to the throne; and still con-
‘tinues his affection. The latter, jea-
‘lous of the friendship his brother had
‘for me, beheld with pain the little
‘respect I paid him, notwithstanding
‘he was the elder. We are not masters
‘either of our sympathies or antipa-
‘thies; and whatever efforts I made
‘to conquer this aversion, I could never
‘gain so much upon myself as to make
‘my court to Alacou: what likewise
‘increased my hatred to the prince, was
‘his falling in love with a young wi-
‘dow, by which he became my rival,

EVENING XXIII.

THE CONTINUATION AND CON-
CLUSION OF THE HISTORY
OF THE VIZIER HOUSSAN-BEN-
SAN.

‘I Carried my resentment a little
‘too high,’ continued the vizier,
‘not considering the distance which was
‘between a prince and me; and Alacou
‘having complained to Faereddin, I
‘had orders to remove threescore leagues
‘from Astracan, and not to appear at
‘court for six months. This punish-
‘ment filled me with rage; I was in-
‘capable of hearkening either to reason
‘or the remonstrances of my father: I
‘would not so much as make the least
‘excuse to the prince, who required
‘only my submission; and my father
‘took my imprudent conduct so much
‘to heart, that he fell sick, and with a
‘lingering fever at length gave up his
‘soul to the angel of death*.

‘The Prince Mouza-Cazem, in this
‘sad conjuncture, obtained leave of the

* It is a tradition amongst the Jews and Mahometans, (some Christians, too, believe
in) that there is an angel who feeds upon dead bodies, and is therefore called the Angel
of Death; the Hebrew name for him is Azazel, or Azazel.

' sultan and his brother for my return to
 ' Astracan. I took possession of all my
 ' father's effects; and, as he had left
 ' me a sister of exquisite beauty, I ar-
 ' dently wished that Mouza-Cazem
 ' might fall in love with her, and make
 ' her his wife. To bring this about, I
 ' feigned myself sick: he had the good-
 ' ness to visit me; and, as I was in-
 ' formed of his intention, I ordered the
 ' amiable Pehrizad (for that was my
 ' sister's name) to be at my bed-side,
 ' and without her veil, when the prince
 ' should come into my chamber. I
 ' did not expect, my dear friend, that
 ' Alacou would accompany his bro-
 ' ther. This prince, to convince me
 ' he had forgot my insolent behaviour,
 ' was desirous to give me this mark of
 ' his goodness. What aversion soever
 ' I had for him, I must do justice to
 ' truth, by acknowledging he was a
 ' person of uncommon merit. He was
 ' not very tall, but the best shaped per-
 ' son in Astracan; and his face was so
 ' regularly beautiful, it was difficult
 ' to look upon him without admiring
 ' him. I was astonished at this visit;
 ' and if I had been but fore-warned of
 ' the honour he intended me, should
 ' have taken particular care not to let
 ' him see Pehrizad: but the fault was
 ' committed, and I was under the ne-
 ' cessity of putting a face upon it, though
 ' at the bottom of my soul I was ex-
 ' ceedingly chagrined. My sister's beau-
 ' ty had an effect the direct contrary of
 ' my intentions: Mouza-Cazem be-
 ' held her with indifference, and Ala-
 ' cou with such transports as pierced
 ' me to the heart. My grief, too,
 ' was the more sensible, as I thought I
 ' could perceive, in Pehrizad's eyes,
 ' that the prince's passion caused in her
 ' as-much vanity as pleasure. I knew,
 ' however, how to disguise myself, and
 ' feigned not to see what had passed be-
 ' tween these two lovers.

' Accordingly, I redoubled my dili-
 ' gence in taking strict care of my sister;
 ' and entrusted the inspection of her
 ' conduct to an old slave, whom I
 ' thought incorruptible: but what will
 ' not gold and presents bring about?
 ' Alacou, under the pretence of passing
 ' whole weeks in hunting, kept him-
 ' self concealed in my sister's apart-
 ' ment: he had promised to marry her
 ' at his accession to the throne; and
 ' Pehrizad, sensible of the sincerity of

' so amiable a prince, could not refuse
 ' satisfying his impatient desires. What
 ' shall I say, my dear Banou-Rasid? I
 ' was absolutely ignorant of this secret
 ' conversation: but that black fury
 ' with which I was perpetually agi-
 ' tated, and which every moment ex-
 ' cited my resentment against Alacou,
 ' gave rise to a dream which was the
 ' occasion of all my misfortunes. I
 ' thought that in travelling through a
 ' forest, I heard a terrible cry, and fan-
 ' cied it was the sound of my sister's
 ' voice: I ran to her; and found her
 ' in the paws of a ravenous lion, and
 ' Prince Alacou, sabre in hand, hasten-
 ' ing to her assistance. This dream so
 ' disturbed me, that I awoke in great
 ' agitation, and went to Pehrizad's
 ' apartment, without knowing why.
 ' But, O what a surprize was I in,
 ' when I saw her fast asleep in the
 ' prince's arms! I could not govern the
 ' violent emotions of my soul; but,
 ' filled with rage, stabbed the prince in
 ' a thousand places with my poniard.
 ' I rewarded my slave in the same man-
 ' ner; and then awaking my sister,
 ' shewed her the dreadful effects of my
 ' vengeance. She fell into frightful
 ' shrieks at this spectacle; and as I was
 ' afraid she would awake my slaves,
 ' I crammed a handkerchief into her
 ' mouth: and having locked her up in
 ' one great chest, and Alacou and the
 ' old woman in another, I ordered them
 ' to be conveyed in the night time, by
 ' four slaves, to a little house of mine at
 ' the gates of Astracan, without their
 ' knowing what they carried. I direct-
 ' ed them, afterwards, to return to the
 ' city; and opening Pehrizad's chest, I
 ' was about to send her to keep her lover
 ' company; when, throwing herself at
 ' my feet, "Barbarian," said she to
 ' me, "before thou takest away my
 ' life, suffer me at least to bring into
 ' the world the wretched infant I bear
 ' in my womb; he may be, perhaps,
 ' one day thy master, unless the effects
 ' of thy cruelty obstruct his passage.
 ' Let me therefore have the comfort of
 ' leaving, after my decease, an heir to
 ' my misfortunes! I need not recom-
 ' mend to you the concealing his birth:
 ' if thou hast pity enough to let him
 ' live, thy own interest will make thee
 ' grant me this." I could not help
 ' being overcome by her tears; her de-
 ' livery was hastened by the violence of
 ' her

her grief; and as I found she stood in need of some assistance, I ordered two slaves, who always lived in that house, instantly to fetch a midwife, without letting her know whither she was coming. My orders were obeyed; the midwife came in an hour's time; and my sister, with her help, was delivered of a fine boy, being seven months gone, or somewhat more. My first intention was to have placed the child with the midwife, and to have given her a purse of gold, which might be sufficient for his education; but unfortunately casting my eyes upon him, I saw some features so much resembling those of Alacou, that I found all my hate, which was not quite extinguished, revive afresh; and would have prevailed on his mother to have stabbed him. So great was her horror at this proposal, that she swooned away; upon which, O unparalleled barbarity! I put the poniard myself into her hand, and directed it to the throat of her little son! When she came to herself, she no sooner perceived the involuntary crime I had made her commit, than she instantly took away her own life with the same weapon. The midwife thus astonished, would have shrieked out; but I made her head fly from her shoulders with my sabre, and by the assistance of my two slaves, buried all their bodies in the garden belonging to this house. Afterwards, that there should be no witness of so many crimes, I killed my two slaves, and interred them near the others.

The next morning I returned to Astracan, and caused it to be rumoured abroad that my sister had been stolen away. The absence of Prince Alacou occasioned it to be concluded that it was he who had dishonoured me. I complained to the sultan; he was dreadfully enraged, and became the more incensed, when Mouza-Cazem assured him that his brother was passionately in love with Pehrizad. Several years had elapsed without hearing any news of these unfortunate lovers, who were believed to be wandering about the world: and Fa-creddin having paid the common tribute to nature, Mouza-Cazem ascended the throne, to which I had paved the way for him by the murder of his brother.

This prince, who had always given me extraordinary testimonies of his goodness, made me immediately his prime-vizier. I have been possessed of this place, my dear friend, above twenty years; but I am far from being happy in it. I am incessantly tormented with remorse for my crimes, and have endeavoured, by all kinds of good works, to appease the anger of our great prophet. I have founded two caravanfaries, hospitals for the pilgrims of Mecca; I have built three mosques, where forty poor people are daily fed; I have caused prayers to be said, in my behalf, by all the imans of the kingdom; but nothing can drive away this black melancholy which devours me; all my vows are rejected! At last, thus sorely burdened with so many horrors, with which the secret part of my life is blackened, I begged it as a favour of the prophet, that he would take me out of the world. This is the only prayer he seems to have given any attention: he has sent me a most violent fever; madness precedes the fits; and I am sensible I have but a few moments to live. You will find in this casket of sandal-wood, which I desire you will put into the sultan's hands, all my jewels, with my will: I have added to it a particular account of my horrid crimes. I ask him a thousand pardons! he will curse my memory. Ah! I too much deserve it. I regard myself as a monster not fit to see the light: but, however, oblige me thus far, my dear Banou-Rassid, not to carry the casket to Mouza-Cazem till after I am dead!

I left the vizier, (continued the mandarin) after having taken charge of the casket: but scarce had I set my foot out of the chamber, when falling into new fits of madness, he was attacked with such violent convulsions, that in spite of my assistance he was suffocated in a few moments.

EVENING XXIV.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE PHYSICIAN BANOU-RASSID.

NEVER was surprize equal to that of the sultan, upon reading the vizier's memorial, which I presented him.

him. He wept exceedingly, and bewailed the unfortunate Alacou; and, having summoned his privy-council to communicate to them the news I had brought him, it was consulted whether that memorial should be made publick, and possession taken of all the effects the vizier had bequeathed to Mouza-Cazem, for the care of an only daughter he had left behind him, whose name was Semache. As I was charged with this commission, I caused to be brought into the seraglio all the rich furniture of the vizier, and conducted his daughter thither. She was scarce sixteen; but, Madam, what charms were in her face, and how did her tears affect me! I then attributed that to compassion, which I soon found was the effect of a more violent affection; not imagining this beautiful young creature had made so strong an impression on my heart. Afterwards I presented her to the Sultan Mouza-Cazem; and I did not well understand my true sentiments, till I perceived with what surprize he looked at her, and heard him exclaim, that he had never beheld any thing in nature so perfect as Semache. I then discovered my unhappiness; felt in my heart such struggles of jealousy as made me detest the sultan. In vain did I resist, and use all endeavours to subdue the growing passion, which I perceived would be fatal to me. Love triumphed; and, in spite of all my resolutions, I yielded; nor could I see Semache enter the seraglio without thinking I should become the victim of my grief.

Mouza-Cazem was very handsome, but of an impetuous temper; he did not delay a moment to make known to Semache all the violence of his passion. Ambition, and perhaps love, dried her tears in a few days; and I soon found that she was going to give herself up to the sultan's pleasure. I received this information with extraordinary transports of rage; and exhausted myself in reproaches the most extravagant and outrageous against Mouza-Cazem, as if he had stolen away my mistress. I treated Semache as if she had engaged herself to me, and had afterwards proved perfidious and ungrateful: in short, Madam, I so lost my reason, that they were obliged to keep me confined. Mouza-Cazem, surprized at so sudden and extraordinary a distemper, caused me to be brought before him, that he

might be himself a witness of the condition I was in. Semache was with him when I entered his closet; her presence recalled to my distracted mind a thousand extravagant ideas; I cast myself at her feet, I declared my passion, and very probably did it in terms so singular and pathetick, that they reached the very soul of the fair Semache. She comprehended in a moment the violence of my passion, and discovered that it was herself who had reduced me to that deplorable condition; and comparing it, no doubt, with that of the sultan, who shewed to her nothing but an absolute power, to which she was on the point to submit, gave herself up to such a profound melancholy, as astonished Mouza-Cazem: what endeavours soever he made use of to console her, he could never effect it. This beautiful creature was in a little time in the same condition with myself; she talked of nothing but the tender Banou-Rassid; and, in a word, became equally distracted.

This extraordinary situation, which the sultan could not but notice, mortified him exceedingly. He was tenderly fond of the beautiful Semache; but he was at the same time exceedingly nice and delicate in affairs of love; and her condition would not permit him to make her a favourite sultaneß, though he had been less delicate than he was.

For several days, he caused all the ordinary remedies to be applied, and perceived that the whole art of physick was ineffectual to restore her; he therefore determined to apply a remedy which his physicians would never have prescribed, and which, indeed, was wholly of his own invention. Accordingly, he sent for a cady, and ordered us both to be brought into his presence. 'Banou-Rassid,' said he to me, 'I am resolved to make a great conquest of myself. I adore the charming Semache; but, as I am persuaded you were born for each other, I give her to you: live happily together!' Upon this the cady made the contract, and we signed it without well knowing what we did. The sultan then made us go home to my house, where we were served up with a most magnificent entertainment, at which he did me the honour to be present, till the whole company retired, and left me in full possession of the adorable Semache.

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Our spirits, Madam, were too much disordered for me to explain, by what means they returned to their former situation; to which, it is highly probable, the felicity I experienced with my fair bride did not a little contribute. This only I know, that in proportion as my reason returned, my charming spouse likewise recovered, and that the sultan found himself infinitely pleased in having furnished so simple and natural a remedy as that which so effectually restored us.

These great benefits, however, did not suffice the great heart of Mouza-Cazem; he restored her all her father's estate, and made me prime-vizier. I lived with my wife in perfect union, and had a great many children; and it was not before I was extremely old, that I left a much-decayed body, and passed into a new world, unknown to all mankind before.

‘I own to you,’ said Gulchenraz, ‘that I think the conclusion of your history is very pleasant, particularly your cure; and has very well made me amends for the relation of the unfortunate Pehrizad, whose catastrophe was so tragical. All the physick in the world put together could never have formed a remedy like Mouza-Cazem’s; and I believe one may cure, in the beginning, all kinds of folly and madness, by remedies proportioned to the causes which produced them. But continue, I beseech you, your adventures, and tell me what you were in that obscure part of the world you mentioned.’

THE ADVENTURES OF KOLAO THE WILD MAN.

I Animated a young savage, named Kolao, who lived in the island Misamichis*, so called from a certain ri-

ver, to which some of my ancestors gave that name; but I cannot tell you, Madam, in what part of the world it is situated; I have scarce an idea of the religion we professed: I only know that we adored the sun at his rising, and that every morning, turning our faces to the east, we saluted him three times, crying, as loud as we were able, ‘Ho! Ho! Ho!’ after which, making profound reverences, we prayed him to preserve our wives and children; to give us strength to conquer all our enemies; and to grant us fishing and hunting in abundance.

You may easily imagine, Madam, (continued Fum-Hoam) how the first years of a life so plain and simple passed away. I was taught to use the bow, and when I had attained eighteen years, I chose me a wife. I loved her tenderly, and had by her six girls and boys. My daughters were no sooner of age than they married; and my son, whose bravery was respected throughout the whole island, was also going to be married, when a violent distemper carried him off in four days. This loss went so near my heart, that having committed several extravagances, I was going to plunge an arrow into my breast, when one of my companions arrested my arm. ‘Why will you die,’ said he to me, ‘Kolao, since there is still a remedy for your misfortunes? Only hear me with attention.’

‘I have often heard my father say, that one of the most considerable ancients of our nation was one day so dangerously ill, that he lost the use of all his senses, and fell into such violent convulsions, that for a long time he was imagined to be dead: he came, however, to himself again; and being asked by the people, who were in the hut with him, where he had been all the while he lay so senseless, he told them he was just come from the country of souls; that by an extraordinary favour, never indulged to any person but himself, the sovereign of the kingdom, whose name was Pat-

* By this account of Kolao, it is very likely that he was born in Canada, towards the mouth of the River of St. Laurence: Father Christian le Clerc, a recollet missionary, says, that in the neighbourhood of Quebec, is a country called Gaspé, situated amongst mountains, woods, and rocks, near the River Misamichis, inhabited by savages, or wild people, called Porte-croix, or Cross-bearers, because they were cured of a pestilential distemper by their adoration of a cross, which a man of excellent beauty shewed them in their sleep; and who ordered them to wear this sign of salvation in their hands, or upon their flesh or cloaths.

‘Koot-Parout, had permitted him to return to his own island, to bring back an account of a country, which till then had never been discovered; that the country, moreover, was not above a hundred leagues distant from them; that the ready way to it lay by the north side of the island; and that, after wading and swimming through a lake of about forty leagues breadth, which was full of sea-weed, one might arrive at the kingdom of Pat-Koot-Parout; and that, if he would but agree what present to carry him, he might have leave not only to converse with the souls of his old friends, but even to bring away such as he pleased, provided their bodies were not yet corrupted.

EVENING XXV.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF KOLAO.

‘THIS,’ said my comrade, ‘is the account which our ancient related to those who were about him in the hut; and he would have been more particular in it, and told them the conversations he had had with the souls of his friends, had not our most cruel enemy, Death, closed his eyes that very moment. The tyrant was, doubtless, jealous of Pat-Koot-Parout’s favour to him, and feared that, at one time or other, he would undertake to rescue some of his relations; and therefore snatched him from among us so suddenly.

‘Your son is but just dead. Do you think you have courage enough to undertake so difficult a journey as that to the country of souls? I will bear you company, and we will either bring back your son’s soul, or die in the attempt.’

I accepted this proposition very gladly; we were joined with three more of our comrades; and having made a great feast of all our friends, we took our bows and arrows, bracelets of coral, and some tobacco, to make a present of to Pat-Koot-Parout, and began our journey by break of day. We took our route by the north side of the island, and came in a few days to the lake which our ancient had mentioned; where we

cut ourselves poles to sound the ford, and so went into the water, and waded at a great rate, but with vast difficulty. When night came, we struck our poles into the bottom of the water, and tied some cotton-filleting to the tops of them, in the nature of hammocks, and there slept till sun-rise. After two days travel in this manner, we at length got over the lake, landed in the country we so much wished for, and at our arrival were very agreeably surprized with an infinite number of spirits of bows, arrows, and clubs, which flew about before our eyes like so many little clouds; and, by a certain unknown language, gave us to understand that they had formerly been in the service of our fathers and companions. But not long after, we were almost terrified to death; for as we drew near a hut, much like these in our island, except that it was prodigiously lofty, we perceived a man, or rather a giant, armed with a bow and terrible club, who looking upon us with eyes sparkling with rage, spoke to us in these words: ‘Whoever you are, prepare yourselves to die, for daring to pass this river, and come into the realms of the dead! I am Pat-Koot-Parout, the keeper, and master, and governor, of all the souls!’

The giant had already brandished his club to destroy us, when throwing myself at his feet, I conjured him, both with tears and words, to excuse the rashness of an enterprize which justly merited his wrath. ‘Empty your whole quiver of arrows upon us,’ said I, ‘or crush us with one blow of your mighty club; our breasts and our heads are bare to you, and you are the sovereign arbiter of our life or death: but if you have any sense of compassion in you, pardon our boldness, on the account of an unhappy father, who has only offended you, out of too great tenderness for an only son he has lately lost; and vouchsafe to accept of the presents we bring you from the country of the living, and to receive us among the number of your friends.’

These humble and submissive words touched the heart of Pat-Koot-Parout: he seemed sensible of my grief; received my presents; bade me take courage; and, to compleat his favour, and my consolation, assured me, that before my departure, he would give me my son’s soul

soul again. In the mean time, he was pleased to regale me and my companions with an excellent liquor he had in his hut, and we drank it with the greater pleasure, because in a moment it restored us to the full possession of that strength we had lost in so laborious a journey.

While we were thus rejoicing, and refreshing ourselves with him, the soul of my son came: I knew the voice, and was ready to die with joy; but while I was requesting the giant to give it me to carry back to his body, it grew in an instant as big as an apple. He then took it in his hands, and thrusting it into a little leather bag, which he tied with a packthread, he hung it about my neck, and gave us audience of leave; with a strict injunction, as soon as we arrived in our island, to lay my son's body along in a quite new hut, and to open the little bag at his mouth, and so let in his soul; but to take particular care that the bag was not opened till then, lest it should slip out, and return to his kingdom again; which it did not leave, as he told us, without some reluctance.

After I had received the bag, with all the transports of excessive joy, we were, by the order of Pat-Koot-Parout, shewn the dark and dismal place where the souls of the wicked are confined. It was covered over with nothing but branches of dried box, irregularly placed; whereas, the huts of the virtuous were beautifully adorned with an infinite number of evergreens, both within and without, through which the sun continually came to visit them, and to refresh the branches of box and cedar, whereon they repose themselves. Around their huts we saw the spirits of the bows, arrows and clubs, wherewith they diverted themselves in the same manner as when they were in the land of the living.

After we had considered these things with admiration, we drank each of us two cups more of the same liquor he had given us before, and so set forward on our journey. We entered the lake, fixed our poles, slung our hammocks, and slept very soundly; but whether it was the pleasure of the great Pat-Koot-Parout to have it so, or some natural effect of the liquor we drank, but so it was, that when we awoke, we all found

ourselves in our own island, and within a hundred yards of my hut.

It is no difficult matter to conceive the joy of our comrades to see us get back, and to hear the strange accounts we gave of our journey and return. They could not believe that I had really got my son's soul in the bag which hung about my neck, and were very impatient to see it enter into his body again, in order to convince them of the truth of what we related. For this purpose, we immediately built a new hut, and carried my son's corpse into it, which his mother and three other women had kept fresh by driving away the flies with large feather-flaps; and I was preparing to execute the orders Pat-Koot-Parout had given me, when an unexpected accident plunged me into the most cruel grief.

While I was employed in making the new hut, I left my wife the bag, wherein my son's soul was inclosed: she had been present at the relation of the history of our journey; but the prohibition not to open the bag raised her curiosity; and though I had given her a strict and repeated charge not to meddle with it, yet she would be untying the packthread: when out flew the soul of my son, to the country from whence we had brought it with so much difficulty, and I found the bag empty.

It is impossible to express (continued the mandarin) the rage and fury I was in. In the first transport of my passion, I gave my wife such a terrible blow on the head with my club, that I scattered her brains in the air: then taking my knife, the point and blade of which were of flint, out of a kind of sheath, I plunged it into my own heart, and fell down dead on my son's body; leaving my comrades in great tribulation at so sad a catastrophe, which had deprived them of the pleasure of knowing, with more certainty, the news from the kingdom of souls, and the state and condition of those of their own kindred.

'In good truth, these poor unhappy creatures,' said the Queen of China, 'had a great loss; for that young man would doubtless have told them many a pleasant story. But, when you left that body, what afterwards became

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‘of you?’—‘I passed into a slave,’ replied the mandarin, ‘named Iloul, who was sold to the daughter of the Great Mogul’s first physician, who dwelt at Agra. In this condition, there were no particular events that personally concerned me; my life was simple and uniform: but those wherein my young mistress had a part, and such as I heard while I was in her service, may possibly amuse your majesty for some moments.’—‘You will do me, then,’ replied Gulchenraz, ‘a singular pleasure in relating them.’—‘If so, Madam,’ continued the mandarin, ‘I will endeavour to satisfy your curiosity.’

THE ADVENTURES OF DARDOK;
TOLD BY HER SLAVE ILOUL.

MY young mistress’s name was Dardok: the fine and sprightly air of her face pleased infinitely; and at fifteen, she so far excelled all the young ladies of her age, both in the graces of her person, and vivacity of her wit, that she became the admiration of all who beheld her.

Takfur, first physician to Prince Filu, sultan of the Indies, had made several voyages to Agra, and contracted a firm friendship with my mistress’s father; and persuading himself that he could not but be happy with a person of so much fine sense and beauty, he desired her in marriage, claimed her for his wife, and carried her to Mazulipatan*, where the sultan his master had his usual residence. Thus tenderly beloved by his new wife, and highly respected by the sultan, who shewed him every mark of royal favour and confidence, he wanted nothing to complete his happiness; when a certain fakir, named Barzalu, who through all degrees of fortune had raised himself to be prime-vizier, grew jealous of the kindness the sultan had for him. The fakir, in every step he had taken for his advancement to that high station, had always

distinguished himself by some new artifice; and therefore you may well imagine, Madam, that it could not be long before he would contrive some plan for the removal of my master: (for I went with Dardok to the Indies.) But, to let your majesty into the vizier’s character, it will be necessary to trace him from his first original.

EVENING XXVI.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF DARDOK.

BARZALU, was born in the territories of Cabul†, of a very mean extraction, and brought up a cook; but being weary of an employ so unsuitable to his genius, he quitted it, and turned fakir‡. After he had the whole day long wandered about the streets of Cabul, he used to retire, at night, to a little hut he had made himself in the suburbs, not far from a mosque. As Barzalu one day came into the place where Prince Meisdöüen resided, who was then upon his travels in the Mogul’s country, the prince had compassion on his poverty, and threw him some pieces of gold, ordering his slaves to keep him to dinner. The fakir, who had always a good appetite, went into the kitchen, where he found enough to satisfy his hunger; and then bethinking himself of his former trade, began to assist the prince’s officers in dressing the dinner.

Meisdöüen, who loved good eating, and soon perceived that the ragouts, and especially an excellent dish of partridge with coleworts, was not after the manner of his cook’s dressing, had him called up; and understanding that the fakir had dressed part of his dinner, he proposed to take him into his service. Barzalu, who was already weary of the profession of a fakir, accepted the prince’s offer; and as he wanted no wit, he soon insinuated himself into his good graces, was made privy to his pleasures,

* Mazulipatan, is a city in the kingdom of Golconda, in a peninsula of the Indies, on this side the Gulph of Bengal; whence vessels set out for Pegu, Arracan, Bengal, Cochinchina, Mecca, and Ormus.

† A city and kingdom in the dominions of the Great Mogul, bordering upon Persia, Zagathay, and the kingdom of Cachemire, on the Levant.

‡ A name usually given to such as profess poverty in the Mogul’s country.

and sometimes even admitted to sit at his table. 'Sir,' said he one day, 'I do not confine my talents to the kitchen only; I am capable of something greater. This, if you please, is *A Treatise of Politicks*, wrote by me, which I would beg your highness to read, and then favour me with your opinion of it.' The prince had the complaisance to read the fakir's manuscript; he found all his maxims very excellent, but oftentimes dangerous; and making every day farther trials of his capacity, (as soon as he arrived at Mazulipatan) he introduced him to the Sultan of the Indies, whose near relation he was, and recommended him as a man of very great merit. The sultan was mightily pleased with him, found he possessed a superior genius, raised him by degrees to be prime-vizier, and at length blindly committed to him the administration of the whole kingdom.

The more humble and abject Barzalu was before he was raised to this post, the more fierce and arrogant he became when he beheld himself sole favourite to the Sultan of the Indies. He soon forgot his birth and first benefactor; who, to be revenged, failed not, on every occasion, to remind him of the story of the coleworts and partridges. These reproaches mortified the insolent vizier not a little; but he dissembled his resentment, and carried it so very submissively, that to see him in the prince's house, one would have really thought him still in his former condition of a fakir. Mesdouiën himself was deceived by him; and forgetting the maxims which Barzalu had laid down, was imprudent enough to trust himself, without reserve, in the power of this perfidious villain. They frequently joined together in their debauches; and one day, after an entertainment which had lasted ten or twelve hours, Mesdouiën was seized with a violent fit of the cholick; which the physicians treating as if it had been an indigestion, carried him off in two days, notwithstanding all their endeavours to relieve him. Barzalu appeared in publick extremely afflicted for the death of this prince; but from this time became more powerful with the sultan than ever, and got such an entire possession of that monarch, that without his assistance and introduction there was no approaching the sultan.

In this disposition of affairs, you may easily conceive, Madam, (continued Fum-Hoam) with what eye he looked upon the late favours conferred on Takfur: he was indeed resolved, by all manner of means to ruin him, and was restrained only by the passion he had conceived for Dardok, whom he had often seen making her court to the sultana. He knew not well, at first, how to begin a declaration of his love; he was satisfied she was virtuous, and very much dreaded her wit, lest she should turn his professions into ridicule: he had therefore several private conversations with her, affected to impart to her what passed in the divan, and frequently consulted her about matters of state. He perceived that she listened to him with pleasure on these occasions; but that alone did not answer his intended purpose: at length, therefore, he gave her to understand, that being absolute master of the sultan's will, he had nothing more to desire in the world than the possession of her heart; that he was in a condition to expect the favours of the most beautiful women in Mazulipatan, but was insensible to all their endearments; and that no person in all the Indies could have the honour of captivating him, except herself. My mistress, who always put on her grave airs to Barzalu, could not avoid laughing aloud at the conclusion of this discourse, and this piece of levity highly affronted that vain minister. 'You are not then in the humour, beautiful Dardok,' said he, 'to receive the proposals of one who means to adore you, even in the high station wherein you see me!'—'No, truly, Sir,' said she, with louder laughter than before: 'no one but my husband has a right to my heart; it is all his own; and I know no person, how high soever his condition may be, who shall attempt my virtue with impunity! I will that moment be revenged of him!'—'And what will you do to him?' replied the vizier, with some warmth. 'Not only receive him very scornfully,' answered the other with great seriousness, 'but immediately publish his infamy throughout all Mazulipatan, and even demand justice of the sultan himself for the insult: and that virtuous monarch is too much an enemy to seduction and adultery, to suffer the author of such an

'outrageous attempt to go unpunished.' ed.

The blood flushed in Barzalu's face at these words; he bit his lips almost through, to prevent his spleen from rising; and that grand politician, defeated by the brisk air and lofty repulse of my young mistress, pretending it was time to be at the divan, bursted from her presence, mad with rage at a conversation from which he had expected such very different success. For some months, however, he dissembled the concern this affront gave him; but the sultan happening to be one day a little disordered with some physick which Takfur had prescribed him, this vile minister had the baseness to insinuate that his enemies might have corrupted the physician, and that a post, whereon his master's life depended, ought not to be entrusted with a stranger, (for Takfur, Madam, was born in the Mogul's country;) and then proceeded in his discourse with so much malignity, that Filu, who put a blind confidence in him, ordered his physician to depart out of Mazulipatan in four and twenty hours, and entirely to quit his dominions within a month.

EVENING XXVII.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF DARDOK.

THE blow of a thunderbolt would have less surprized Takfur, than so positive an order; he was with Dardok, when a vizier of his acquaintance came to inform him of his disgrace; and was at first overwhelmed with grief: 'What have I done,' cried he, 'to be treated with so much rigour? It was but yesterday the sultan gave me a thousand tokens of his goodness; and under the shadow of his favour, have I lived honoured and respected in Mazulipatan. Peace and plenty reigned in my house; but now he withdraws his munificent hand from underneath me, and leaves me, like a slender reed, which the least blast of wind can easily bow to the ground.'

Dardok, who was present at these complaints, as soon as the sultan's messenger

was gone, embraced her husband very tenderly. 'Light of my life!' said she to him, 'why do you afflict yourself for so light a matter? Know ye not that the favour of princes is as inconstant as the sea, and that courtiers have the same power over them, that boisterous winds have upon that perfidious element? nor are the best-built vessels secure from storms? Believe me, my dear Takfur, instead of being concerned at your disgrace, you ought rather to praise and magnify the great prophet, who hath inspired your secret enemy to be content with our banishment; for I well know the hand from whence the poisoned arrow is lanced that now pierces your heart. The base Barzalu takes this method to revenge himself for the fruitless attempt he made upon your honour. But it will not be long before this outrage will draw upon him the indignation of the sultan of the Indies. That monarch will in time open his eyes, and punish the miserable fakir, who is the cause of our present woe.' Takfur listened to the consolation of Dardok, and their minds were restored to their former tranquillity. 'Let us then be gone, soul of my life!' said he; 'you are to me instead of every thing, and we have wealth enough in Agra to compensate for the loss of these honours and preferments, of which we are unjustly deprived. The sultan will one day be made sensible of my innocence, and perhaps be concerned for having treated me with so much severity!'

After they had thus ended their complaints, Takfur and Dardok went into their palanquin, attended by their slaves, whereof I was one. We had some difficulty in passing over the high mountains which lie between Mazulipatan and Golconda, but we afterwards came into a beautiful vale in the kingdom of Oriza*, where we beheld above a thousand tents, placed in lines like so many streets. One might easily perceive a vast bustle in this little camp; and joy was painted upon the countenance of every common soldier. As we came to a large pavilion of blue velvet, fringed with gold, which was surrounded by fifty guards clothed in blue sattin embroidered

* The city of Oriza, situate on a mountain, is on this side the Ganges, and gives name to a kingdom of Golconda, which is likewise called the kingdom of Oriza.

ed with gold, we alighted out of our palanquin, to take a nearer view of this gay fight, when the person who seemed to have the command of the guards came up to us, and desired Dardok and her husband to come into a most elegant tent; where, having presented them with all sorts of refreshments, he addressed himself to my mistress in terms to this effect.

THE HISTORY OF CORCUD AND
HIS FOUR SONS.

YOU seem astonished, Madam, at the magnificence you behold in this country; and therefore you are to know, that the beautiful Mouarrakh, Princess of Orixá, and only daughter to the Sultan Mohædin, is lately married to one of my sons, whose name is Amrou; and it is to celebrate that illustrious day, designed as a splendid festival, that these soldiers and people are assembled together. As for myself, my name is Corcud; and, by the grace of the holy prophet, fortune at length is grown weary of persecuting me, and has lately declared in my favour, since I have the honour of entering into an alliance with the sultan my master. Before this happy day, there was not an inhabitant in the whole kingdom so unfortunate as myself: if I had shares in several ships, they all perished at sea; if I ventured to game, I was sure to lose my money; if I bought any merchandize, the goods decayed upon my hands for want of sale, and I was obliged to throw them away; if I fell in love, my rivals, though inferior in merit, were either preferred before me, or I was jilted by my mistresses; in short, it was enough for me to undertake any thing, to make it unsuccessful. "Under what unlucky planet was I born," said I to myself, "thus to be always exposed to the cruel shafts of Fortune? or is it wrote upon the table of light, that I shall never succeed in any project I undertake?" Quite dejected with these melancholy reflections, I fell asleep on a sofa, and had a very remarkable dream. I thought there appeared to me a little

old man, dressed wholly in white. "Corcud," said he to me, "I have a mind to put an end to your misery: take this basket; go to the Mountain of Gerahem*; stay one night in Eve's Cave, and there you will find a remedy for all your misfortunes." I awaked full of this dream, and was astonished to find, that there was in reality a basket of a moderate size close by my side. I obeyed the little old man in white; embarked on the Indian Ocean; and, having passed the straits of Babel-Mandel, entered the Red Sea, and arrived at Mecca. I thence went to the Cave of Gerahem, where I obtained permission to lie all night: but, as I was going to fall asleep, the little old man appeared a second time. "You complain of your misery," said he to me; "but behold, Corcud, where the wife of the Sultan Adam dwelt, after she had disobeyed God: is not your house more pleasant, and more commodious than this cave of her's? and yet you are not contented. It is the nature of man to be dissatisfied with his condition: if it be possible, however, I will alleviate your sorrows; follow me." I obeyed the old man; he carried me to a corner of the cave; and pulling out of his pocket a book, wherein he read some cabalistical prayers, I that moment saw a door open, and just at the entrance perceived a black marble stair-case adorned with a balluster of gold. A young infant, with a torch of aloes-wood in his hand, lighted us, while we went down above three hundred steps. We then came into a large room, all shining with rubies; and there found, upon a table of one entire piece of emerald, a little statue of a woman holding a ring in her hand, which she seemed to present to me. "Take that ring, Corcud," said the old man; "it is composed of six different metals, and was made under such favourable constellations, that every thing succeeds well with him who is the possessor of it. While you have it on your finger, misfortunes shall fly from your house, and nobody shall be able to hurt you. But it is on this one condition, that all this good fortune is annexed to it, that when you have

* This mountain lies within a league and a half of Mecca.

“ chose you a wife, you have no knowledge of any other woman as long as she lives, unless you are willing that moment to lose your ring. So that your good fortune now depends upon yourself: only take heed of this particular; and see that you plunge not yourself again, by your own fault, into the miseries from which you are now rescued!”

“ I thanked the old man very heartily, took the ring, and put it on my finger, as he bade me; and after I had filled my basket with pieces of gold, which he took out of a large vessel of agate, and my pockets with several very beautiful diamonds, I was carried in an instant to Orixá, and set down at the door of my house.

“ The day was far spent; I knocked hard at the door, and an old slave whom I had left in the house came and opened it to me. I went into a lower room, and while she was getting me something to eat, emptied my basket, which was very heavy, and carefully locked up my new-gotten treasures. The next day I got myself a suit of very good cloaths, sold my diamonds, began to merchandize again, and in less than three years gained so considerably, that I hardly knew the end of my riches. The young ladies, who had despised me in my mean circumstances, were now indefatigable in trying every allurement: but in my turn I slighted them all; and, having made choice of one about fifteen years old, whose name was Zobeyad, a mirror of beauty, and a pattern of goodness, I made her my wife.

“ In all my acquaintance with other women, I never experienced half the charms that I found in my new wife. The enjoyment of my beautiful Zobeyad did but augment my love; and I passed nineteen years with her in such perfect satisfaction, that the condition so much insisted on by the little old man, gave me no kind of uneasiness. I had four very beautiful sons by her, and saw them brought up in my house like so many young cedars that carry their heads to the clouds. The eldest was called Mammoun,

“ the second Amrou; the third Caraguz, because he had large black eyes; and the fourth Gedy*, because he was very nimble.

“ So happy an issue increased my fondness for my wife; and never did any of those illustrious lovers, celebrated so much in Persian romances for their fidelity and constancy, (such as Megenoun and Leilah†, Khosrou and Schirin, Gemil and Schamba) love with such ardour, as Zobeyad and I felt for each other. Nothing, in short, was so much talked of through the whole kingdom, as our perfect union; and I could have sworn it would have lasted for ever: when my ill stars led me one day by the gates of the publick baths of Orixá.

EVENING XXVIII.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF CORCUD AND HIS FOUR SONS.

“ ONE evening, as I was passing by the baths, without any idea of what was to befall me, I was stopped by an old woman, who had formerly been my nurse, because my mother was too weak a woman to suckle me herself. “ Corcud no longer knows his beloved Mohiar,” said she to me; “ he walks by without taking the least notice of me.”— “ Ah, my dear Mohiar!” said I, embracing her, “ how glad am I to meet you! I did not see you at first. But why do you not come to my house; for, you must know, I have been this long while prodigiously rich.”— “ I am persuaded, my dear child,” said she, “ that you have still the same love for me; but I am now settled in a way which I would on no account quit. It is I who have the care of all the women, both young and old, who come hither to bathe; and since you know what a cheerful disposition I possess, you cannot but think I am now in my proper sphere. In short, you do not imagine half the fooleries which are committed

* Gedy, signifies a little kid.

† The history of these lovers is wrote in Persian verse; it informs us that they were Arabians, and lived under the reign of Abdalmaleck, caliph of the race of the Omniades.

“in this house; for here it is that the most reserved of the sex put off, for some hours, that austere modesty they seem so attached to at home, and enjoy themselves for most part of the time at their husband's expence; and then amuse them with some fine story when they come home. No, nothing can be pleasanter than these conversations!”

This discourse of Mohiar's raised my curiosity; I expressed an earnest desire to be a witness of these curious particulars; and, notwithstanding the danger of a discovery, prevailed with the good woman so far, that she promised to carry me into the bath, if I would but disguise myself like a Jew^{ess}; and bring a box full of toys, and such curiosities as women usually buy. I did as she bade me; and the next day, in this disguise, was admitted into the place where the women bathe.

I found every thing Mohiar had told me to be true, and was never in my life so highly delighted: but my curiosity cost me exceeding dear! The cursed old woman thought it not enough to give me this diversion, but must needs be procuring me another, which was the source of all my misfortunes. “Amine,” said she, for that was the name I took upon me, pray come and help me to attend this young woman, who is just come out of the bath.” There was no refusing her request, so that I went into a little room, where she shewed me one of the most charming creatures that ever eyes beheld. I swear, Madam, continued Corcud, “by the camel which carries the book of glory * to Mecca, that the daughters of the paradise of Eden † cannot be more beautiful than the adorable Barud. She was scarce sixteen years old, and the sight of so many charms intoxicated my senses in such a manner, that for some time I forgot my Zobeyad, and thought no more of the wholesome advice which the old man in the cave of Gerahem had given me.

As soon as I quitted the bath, I learned from Mohiar the condition of this young woman; that she was a native of Cachemire, and belonged to a merchant who dealt in slaves. I therefore ran immediately to his house,

and giving him his own price for Barud, immediately conveyed her to a small house without the gates of Oriza, where my wife never came, and where I gratified my violent passion for this divine woman. But no sooner, Madam, had I transgressed the old man's injunction, but the ring fell off my finger and broke, and the pieces vanished, so that with all my searching I could not find the least bit of it.

This unlucky accident gave me some little uneasiness at first; but being then intent on my pleasures, I took no farther notice of it, and spent five entire months with Barud, drowned in pleasures, without once perceiving the effects of the old man's threats.

Nay, I even smiled in secret, at the strong faith I once had in his prediction; when my wife fell dangerously ill, and as I was expressing all the grief imaginable for her, spoke to me in these words. “You no longer love me, my dear husband! I have for some time perceived your indifference, and in vain endeavoured to discover by what means I have had the misfortune to displease you! Heaven is my witness, there has not a minute passed wherein you have not been equally dear to me; and it is this tenderness ill requited that now causes my death. Azrael is at my bolster; I now hear him call. Adieu, my dearest love! I wish that Barud may be happier than me, and less sensible of your infidelity. You see I am not unacquainted with your new amour, but I never mentioned it, lest it should interrupt your happiness. You have it certainly in your power to make as many partners in your love as you please: I have nothing to say against the established customs of the east; but my heart is too much in love to bear such a partnership, and it is my delicacy in this respect which now costs me my life!”

These, Madam, were the last sensible words that Zobeyad spoke: she grew soon after very delirious; and sinking under the violence of her woes, expired in my arms.

I had not, till this misfortune, made any serious reflection on my manner of living with Barud. “How

* The Alcoran.

† The Houris.

"weak a creature is man!" cried I, melting into tears. "O Heavens! that ever my infidelity should cause the death of my dear Zobeyad! a woman of such uncommon merit deserved to be immortal. Unhappy man! this is the beginning of the afflictions that fortune is preparing for you, and which you draw down upon yourself by your own ill-conduct." To be brief, Madam, I did so many extravagant things, I was obliged to be tied down for four days. But how great was the increase of my sorrow, when, upon the recovery of my senses, I was informed that the ungrateful Barud, during my wife's sickness, had got her another lover, and carried off a casket of jewels of very considerable value! This news nearly cost me my life; I became quite distracted; and had it not been for my friends, who never quitted me, should have stabbed myself a thousand times. From this period, Madam, I found myself hourly sinking by a reverse of that fortune which before had been so propitious to me. My debtors became bankrupts; my vessels were shipwrecked; my stores and dwelling-house took fire; and in less than a year, of all the riches I had obtained with so much ease, I had nothing left but the little house where I had kept Barud, and my four children, the eldest of which was not more than fourteen.

"My sorrow had made so strong an impression upon me, that I was perpetually weeping; when, one day, my children employed their eldest brother to speak to me in these words.

"We are, Sir," said he, "a very great expence to you, who have scarce enough to maintain yourself; let us then go and seek our fortunes: we will return in a year's time, from this very day, and hope to make you the partaker of our acquisitions." I could not tell how to deny them what they requested; and embracing them, with tears in my eyes, "Go, my dear children," said I, "since you think there is a necessity for our parting! But whatever fortune betides you, fail not to have the fear of God continually before your eyes; let nothing alter your faith; and omit no opportunity of relieving the distressed."

—A good turn is never lost.

"My sons, Madam, departed; and every day, during their absence, I intreated the holy prophet to favour their undertakings, and not impute my iniquities to them. At length the time of their return drew near; and I was sadly tormented between hope and fear. "Ah!" said I, several times, "I shall not be so happy as to see my children again! they doubtless have perished through want, and I have been the cause of all their sufferings! O that I had followed the counsel of the old man in the cave of Gerahem!" While I was thus tormenting myself, the day appointed for my sons return came; and as soon as the morning began to appear, I went into the street, sat me down on a stone-bench at my gate, and ran to meet every soul I saw coming towards my house, in hopes it was some of my sons. I waited all day to no purpose, until the time of evening-prayer. I then went into my house again, quite oppressed with grief, and was giving myself up to despair, when I heard somebody knock at my door. I ran with all haste; and fancy to yourself, Madam, how great was my joy, when I beheld my four sons perfectly well dressed, and in good health!

EVENING XXIX.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF
THE HISTORY OF CORCUD AND
HIS FOUR SONS.

THE sight of my children renewed my faith, which was pretty nigh exhausted by the grief which their absence had occasioned; I hung for above an hour about their necks, without power to speak a word, and several times fainted away. At length, when I asked them if they had reason to be satisfied with their journey, Mammoun was the first who spoke, and he answered me thus.

"For six months together, Sir, I rambled about, without much caring which way I went; when one day, on the bank of a river, I perceived a soldier pursuing a serpent, which seemed to implore my assistance. It was to no purpose that I opposed the man's intentions; he cut it in four pieces

"pieces with his sabre, and threw one of them into the river. But, remembering your last words, *that a good turn is never lost*, "Let me see," said to myself, "whether in this instance it will have its reward." So laying the three pieces of the serpent close to each other, I saw, with great pleasure, how they joined together. I then immediately undressed, and plunged into the river; where, after many times diving, I found the tail of the animal, and joined it to the rest of its body. The serpent, soon after this, threw itself into the river, and in a moment's time I saw a beautiful woman rise out of the water. "Mammoun," said she to me, "I owe my life to you; for without your assistance I should have been exposed to death: I will therefore acknowledge the service, and demonstrate to you, *that a good turn is never lost*. Just as you saw me, when I was a serpent, join again without the least sign of any division in my body; so may you, by only pronouncing my name, join every thing in nature that is broken or divided. I am called the Fairy Gialout; and whenever you want my assistance, you shall always find me ready to serve you." And in truth, Sir, ever since that time, I have had daily experience of Gialout's goodness: all my desires are fulfilled, so long as they are but reasonable; and to convince you of this, here is a purse that every week supplies me with a hundred pieces of gold."

Mammoun had no sooner finished his story, but Amrou spoke in his turn. He told me, that in crossing a forest, he found a white bitch ready to die, with an arrow shot in her gut; that he pulled out the arrow, and bound up the wound with a piece of the linen of his turban, and then carried her, with much difficulty, into a thicket, where he laid her upon a bed of leaves, and laid down by her himself all night: but when he awaked, was not a little surprized to find by his side an old fairy of a majestic countenance; and who, in gratitude for his compassion to her, had given him the nimbleness of a deer, and the gift of divination besides. So that, with these talents, wherever he came, he had got whatever he pleased, and

had turned his money into diamonds. With these words he pulled out of his bosom a little leather bag, and shewed us a parcel of jewels, worth above twenty thousand pieces of gold.

I was transported with joy at this strange relation, when Caraguz informed us, that one night, as he was going to lie in an old ruinous house, in an open field, he was surprized and affrighted with very doleful cries; and that as soon as it was day, he perceived they came from an owl, which had been caught in a snare: that having compassion on the creature, he set it at liberty; but no sooner was the owl let loose, than it called him by his name, and bade him go down into a vault; that he did as he was ordered, and there found a trap, which he took away; that the owl and he went afterwards down into a grot, covered all over with gold; in the midst of which there stood a basin full of rose-water, into which the bird threw itself, and immediately there rose up a venerable old man, who called himself Morg; that this old man, by pronouncing certain cabalistical words, infused into his eyes such a brightness in the night-time, as would disperse all darkness for half a league round him, wherever he was; and that over and above this, he had given him power to discover all hidden treasures, that he was capable of enriching the most powerful monarchs upon earth.

Gedy heard his brothers with great admiration, "I am not so powerful," said he, "as you are; but as you will probably not let me want for any thing, I content myself with one only talent which I have acquired in my journey. As I was returning home, much dissatisfied with my fortune, and without meeting with any remarkable adventure, I went one day into a poor peasant's house to beg a little water; which he not only gave me, but bade me go into his garden, and eat some excellent figs. I did as he told me, and was taking my leave of him, when observing in the kitchen a trap stand, wherein there was a vast great rat, I asked him what he intended to do with it?" "I was just going to burn it alive," said he, "when you came in; this devilish creature has, for these eight days, made such havoc among my
L figs,

"figs, that this is the least punishment I can inflict on it."—"Let me beg of you, my good friend," said I, "to give me this rat."—"Why, what will you do with it?" said he.—"I will spare it's life," answered I; "for a good turn is never lost; and will take care to carry it so far off, that it shall never do you any more damage."—"I will not deny you so small a matter," said he: "take the rat, and the rat-trap too; but release it not until you are got far enough from this place." I did as the peasant desired me, carried the rat-trap a day and a half, and then set the rat at liberty, and went on my journey. The night came upon me in the fields, and I was going to lie down at the root of a tree, when I perceived a light in a great house not above a hundred yards from me. I went and knocked at the door, which was presently opened; and I was conducted into a spacious hall, where supper was brought in. A young man remarkably beautiful then drew near, and addressed me thus. Gedy," said he to me, "*A good turn is never lost.* I am the sage Zulzul, whose life you saved under the figure of a rat, when the country-fellow would have taken it from me. Here are two poniards, which I present you with, by the help of which there is neither tree so high, nor tower so steep, but what you may easily climb; I give you, moreover, the power of being invulnerable for any two hours of the day you shall chuse."

"I could hardly believe, Madam, these strange stories that my children told me; only the purse and the diamonds were a plain demonstration that they had met with some extraordinary adventure. I took therefore three pieces of gold, in order to make them a great entertainment; and after we had spent good part of the night at table, and the conversation came to turn upon their several talents, I seemed to be a little doubtful of what they had told me, unless I were convinced by my own eyes! "To prove, Sir," said Amrou, "that I have advanced nothing but what is true, I prophesy that a magpy, which has built it's nest upon the great tree at the bottom of our garden, has this morning laid an egg which she does not

actually sit upon!"—"Well, then," said Gedy, "if my brother Caraguz will but lend me the light, which he tells us proceeds from his eyes, I will this moment climb the tree, and bring you down the magpy's egg."

"I took them at their words: we went into the garden, which Caraguz enlightened very wonderfully; and Gedy, by the help of his two poniards, climbed up the tree like a rat, to the very top of it, which was above a hundred feet high. He took the egg, and was bringing it down, when unluckily treading upon a branch that was rotten, he fell to the ground with such violence, that I thought he was dead. I gave a terrible shriek at his fall, and swooned away; but as he was invulnerable, he immediately jumped upon his feet, and shewed me he had got no harm, which rejoiced me exceedingly. As for the egg, it was broke into more than twenty pieces; but as soon as Mammoun pronounced the name of Gialout, the pieces of the egg came together again. It was filled and joined without the least appearance of a crack; and Gedy putting it into the nest again, at the end of the appointed time it was hatched.

"I must own, Madam, I was not a little rejoiced at the sight of so many miracles: plenty was restored to my house again, and I no longer felt the misfortunes which had hitherto persecuted me. In this manner my sons and I lived for above a year together, in all tranquillity, when there happened a most surprizing accident at the court of Orixia.

"Our Sultan Mohzedin was one day a hunting, with his beautiful daughter Mouarrakh, and it was as fine weather as could be wished, when all on a sudden the air was darkened, and a frightful hurricane arose. The lightning dazzled all the huntmen, and the thunder roared with such fury, that the princess was sadly terrified; and alighting from her horse, in hopes of being safer near the sultan, went to throw herself into her father's arms, (for the violence of the storm had dispersed all her attendants) when she perceived with the utmost horror and surprize, that she was in the arms of a little old man, almost naked, and as hairy as a bear, who carried her

through the air, in spite of her cries and her father's menaces, who in the same moment found himself bound fast to a tree with his hands tied behind him.

The huntsmen, whom the storm had dispersed, returned at the voice of their sovereign: they found him in great tribulation, untied him, and carried him home in a condition sufficiently distressful to raise compassion in the most obdurate heart.

EVENING XXX.

THE CONTINUATION AND CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF CORCUD AND HIS FOUR SONS.

THE Sultan Mohædin gave himself up to black despair, when his prime-vizier advised him to make proclamation through the kingdom of Orixa, and in the Indies, of the loss of his daughter, and to promise her in marriage to any one who could rescue her out of the hands of a horrible magician, who had carried her away; and, in case the princess could not fulfil this promise, that he would give him half his kingdom.

As soon as my son Amrou heard of this news, continued Corcud, he was not a little rejoiced. "Father," said he, "I know where the princess is; and, if my brothers will but assist me, I will restore her to her father again." Gedy, Mammoun, and Caraguz, all promised never to forsake him. Being introduced to the sultan, Amrou told him, that Mouarrakh was in the power of a magician, called Marzouk; that for a whole year he could make no attempt upon her honour; but that she was to submit to his infamous desires, if she were not taken out of his hands before the expiration of that time. He then assured the king, that he knew where the princess his daughter was confined, and that he would bring her back in less than six months.

Mohædin, transported with joy at these tidings, embraced Amrou and his brothers, and furnished them with every thing they required. After they had travelled a hundred and fifty leagues, they came to the Gulph of Cambay, where they embarked in a

vessel the sultan had ordered to be prepared for them. The pilot, observing Amrou's directions, coasted along the Gulph of Indus; and sailing by Ormus, entered the Sea of Ballora, and came to an anchor behind some frightful rocks that surrounded a little island, called the Blue Island. It was not far from this island that the magician Marzouk had, by the force of his art, built a tower of steel, two hundred feet high, which had neither door nor window in it, except in the dungeon, which stood towards the sea. There it was that he had shut up Mouarrakh; and this fair princess spent her days and nights in perpetual weeping, when my son's vessel drew towards the shore.

They held a consultation for some time; and being informed by Amrou, that Marzouk had not power to be in the tower at night, they resolved upon that time for the execution of their design. Accordingly, they came to the prison where Mouarrakh lay, in the dead of the night, and while it was very dark, without making any noise. Caraguz let Gedy have as much light as was necessary for him to climb up to the top of the tower; and he, by the help of his two poniards, having got to the dungeon, without any noise, surprized a dragon (which Amrou had told him was asleep) set to guard the princess, and gave him such a terrible blow on the head with his sabre, that he laid him flat on the ground. But as soon as the dragon was dead, it looked as if the destruction of the whole world depended upon it's life. The heavens were all on fire; the flashes of lightning seemed as if they would set the universe in a flame; and a furious clap of thunder split the ship, wherein were my sons, into a thousand pieces! but without hurting any who were in it. It was now Mammoun's secret stood them in great stead; for he only pronounced the name of the fairy Gialout, and all the pieces of the ship came and joined themselves together again, without the least fracture to be seen. The mariners found themselves at their respective posts; and my children, with infinite pleasure, saw the thunder and lightning end in a very still night. Gedy took this opportunity to go into the dungeon, where the princess was

‘inclosed; informed her, in a few words, of the execution of his designs; and having drawn a rope and pulley from the ship, (by a cord, the end of which he carried in his hand to the top of the tower) let her down therewith, in a rush basket, into the ship, where she was received with exceeding great joy. But while others were paying the princess the honours that were due to her, Gedy was ransacking the apartments of the tower; and having found a little plate of gold, whereon were several unknown characters engraved, fixed up in the dungeon, supposing it to be the talisman by virtue of which the tower was built, he came down in all haste into the ship; but being told by Amrou that the life of the infamous Marzouk depended upon that plate of gold, he ascended the tower again, and having taken down the talisman, waited for the break of day, and until the ship was got behind the rocks, where it might come to an anchor.

‘The morning had scarce begun to appear, when the magician went into the dungeon; but my son, who had hid himself without the door, had no sooner pushed it to, broke the talisman, and thrown it into the sea, than the whole steel-tower, and the magician in it, sunk down at once; and Gedy, when he saw it was level with the water, threw himself in, and swam till he was taken up by the ship; which immediately set sail for Cambray, and from thence returned with the princess to Orixia, without any manner of danger.

‘You cannot conceive, Madam, how joyful the Sultan Mohædin was to see the beloved Mouarrakh again. Amrou, who is a very handsome man, had informed the princess of the offer the king her father had made, and as she seemed not averse to marry one she had so many obligations to, our illustrious sultan has just performed his promise to my son; and it is in this place that his subjects are met to celebrate their joy, by a thousand feats of gallantry, for his daughter’s return and marriage. Judge you then, whether I have not abundant reason to be highly pleased with my good fortune. Amrou is designed for the throne; the sultan has given me the post of the prime-vizier, who died about eight

‘days ago; and my three sons have the chief employments in the government.’

Corcud had but just ended the adventures of his sons, when we heard the shrill sound of trumpets, declaring the arrival of the Sultan Mohædin, and the new-married couple; all the soldiers put themselves under arms, whilst they passed through the camp, amidst the loud acclamations of the people of Orixia, who were come together to view this fight. Nothing was heard but expressions of gladness on every side, and the air rung with the names of the sultan, of Amrou, and of Mouarrakh, on whom the people bestowed a thousand benedictions. The bride and bridegroom were conducted to a pavilion of blue velvet, where the sultan himself placed them on a throne of massy gold: there they received the compliments of the chief nobility and officers of state, and afterwards passed into another contiguous tent, where they were served with a very sumptuous entertainment.

Corcud had recommended us to an officer of the sultan’s, to take care of us, and we were situated in a very commodious place to see the ceremony. As soon as the entertainment was over, the sultan’s subjects began to shew their address and activity in a thousand different races, both on foot and horseback; and at last, this remarkable day ended in a play, which pleased the sultan and the princess wonderfully, as it represented to the life the adventures of the beautiful Mouarrakh with the magician Marzouk, and the manner of her deliverance by Corcud’s sons.

After we had spent great part of the night in all these diversions, Takfur and Dardok retired to a tent, which Corcud had ordered to be prepared for them. We stayed eight days to see all the magnificence of Amrou and Mouarrakh’s nuptials; and then proceeded in our way to Agra, where we arrived, after a long and tedious journey. Not far from this city, Takfur had a very stately house, where he usually resided, and at this happy place he enjoyed such tranquillity of mind, in the upright conversation of his beloved Dardok, as he had never known at Marulipatan. I, too, found my servitude so very easy

with

with them, that I was scarce sensible of it. The truth is, I was not willing to leave them till death; which happened to me about five or six years after we came into the Mogul's country.

‘I must own, illustrious Fum-Hoam,’ said Gulchenraz, ‘these adventures are very entertaining; nor am I in the least fatigued with hearing you.’—‘If not, Madam,’ replied the mandarin, ‘I will go on, and relate to your majesty what became of me afterwards.’

THE ADVENTURES OF ALA-BEDIN.

AFTER I left the body of the slave, I passed into one of the honestest men in all Armenia. I was born at Erzerum*, and son to a cady of that city; my name was Ala-Bedin. I had no great dependance on my father's high station, and therefore made it my endeavour, by bravery and great exploits, to advance my fortune; and was so successful therein, that I became a favourite to the Sultan Uram, who then reigned in Armenia. But before I had the honour to be known to that monarch, I used to spend some idle hours in hearing my father try causes.

One day there came an old woman who sold figs, holding a young man fast by the hand, all trembling; he seemed not above sixteen, but was extremely beautiful. ‘Sir,’ said she to my father, ‘I demand justice of you against this impudent young rascal; and judge if I have not sufficient reason. This morning he came to me, to know how much money I would take for as many figs as he could eat. I began to make my computation: “Per-haps,” said I to myself, “he may be able to eat a hundred, or a hundred and fifty at most.”—“Well,” my pretty youth,” said I, “you shall give me a silver sultanin.” We struck the bargain; and he began, and swallowed in a trice fifty before my eyes. I trembled to see him; but, what was more surprizing, about two hours after, he came again, and eat up a hundred of the finest I had. This

made me almost mad; but thinking it would be his last time, I was sitting quietly in my shop, when he came the third time, and gobbled up all I had in my panner, ordering me to get him more, for that he would be there again in half an hour. I was so amazed, that I could make him no answer, and had hardly recovered my surprize, when behold my gentleman comes again, and insists positively that I shall supply him with more figs.’

EVENING XXXI.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF ALA-BEDIN.

THE cady could hardly forbear laughing at the old woman's story. ‘Why would you,’ said he to the young man, ‘cheat this good woman? is it not enough that you have emptied her whole panner, without desiring her to find you more? There is no justice in this procedure.’ The young man made no answer, but stood mute, like a criminal going to punishment; on which my father assumed a more lofty tone. ‘I see,’ said he, ‘by your not making any reply, that you are one of those vagabonds who go sharpening about, and disturb the publick peace. To teach you to live honestly for the future, I order you to have fifty bastinadoes upon the soles of your feet.’—‘Ah, Sir!’ cried the young man, hearing him pronounce this sentence, ‘I am not what you take me for; suspend, I beseech you, the execution of your orders, and permit me the favour to speak with you in private, and I am persuaded you will revoke this severe sentence.’

My father, who only intended to frighten the youth, carried him into his closet, and took me along with him; but we were both in the utmost surprize, to find, in man's clothes, one of the most beautiful young ladies in all Erzerum, and whose father was a vizier. ‘Sir,’ said she to the cady, ‘I am rightly served for my curiosity; I have two brothers, who are twins, exactly like one another; and, though we were not all born at a birth, people tell me I have all their features. Now

* The capital city of Armenia.

‘one of these, for a little pastime, and to teaze this old woman, made a bargain, as she has told you; and contriving to relieve each other in eating the figs, they thus alternately emptied her basket. I too had a mind to see the farce, and therefore desired one of my brothers to lend me his cloaths, which he did; and I, coming to the fig-woman’s shop, who took me for him, teazed her so long, and carried the jest so far, that at length she raised a mob, and has brought me to you, Sir, to have satisfaction for the cheat she imagines I have put upon her. I hope therefore, Sir, you will not make me suffer the punishment you have imposed; but must intreat you to let me go home as soon as possible, lest my absence should be known in the family.’

‘Fair young lady,’ said my father to her, ‘I will not be so severe upon you; but let not your curiosity again put you on such rash adventures, which you may not always so easily get rid of as at present. Do you not know it was this cursed curiosity which ruined our mother Eve? Go home! and, for fear of any accident, my son shall attend you.’

You cannot imagine, Madam, (continued the mandarin) what a joyful matter this adventure was to me. The lady was so beautiful, so charming a creature, that she captivated me in a moment; but as her situation in life was far superior to mine, I thought it improper for the present to discover my love to her, any otherwise than by my looks and respectful carriage. In process of time, the beautiful Zaleg (for that was her name) was not indifferent to my passion; but used sometimes to heave such sighs, as convinced me of the sensibility of her heart. This gave me courage to declare my passion; and I had the pleasure to find she did not disapprove of my love, but gave me leave to employ all my interest in obtaining her father’s consent, who was then gone with a friend a small journey of about thirty or forty leagues. But how great was my grief to find, at his return, that he had disposed of his daughter to his friend’s son! Zaleg, notwithstanding the aversion she had to the person who was to be her husband, was obliged to obey, and my loss of her made me so uneasy that I was resolved to leave Er-

zerum. The Sultan of Armenia happened then to be at war with a very powerful neighbouring prince. I went, therefore, and asked an employment of him; which he had the goodness to give me: and, in a short time, my superior officers reported so many advantageous things in my favour, that in two years he raised me to the dignity of a vizier, and I had every reason to be contented with my fortune. But all this while I had not forgot Zaleg, and was perpetually sighing to think she was in another man’s arms. Having imparted my grief to a brave young Armenian in the army, who was one of my aid-de-camps. ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘since Zaleg cannot be yours, you must endeavour to forget her. I have a sister at Erzerum, not above seventeen years old, who is a perfect beauty; and if you will do me the honour to be my relation, there is no doubt but my father will be very glad to consent.’ The young man told me so many advantageous things of his sister, that he raised my curiosity; and as soon as the campaign was over, (which ended to our sultan’s honour) I returned to Erzerum, and went directly with my aid-de-camp to his father’s house; but was informed, to my great sorrow, that about eight days before he had married his daughter to an old infirm man, but so very amorous, that he had always three lawful wives and several concubines in his house.

EVENING XXXII,

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF ALA-BEDIN.

I Was so discouraged at being thus disappointed of two of the most beautiful women in Armenia, that I resolved never to marry. Zeinabi (for so was my aid-de-camp’s sister called) understood, with true concern, the occasion of my journey. She doubtless would have thought herself much happier with me, than with her aged husband; and as, by her brother’s means, she had frequent opportunities of seeing me, she felt arising in her heart that sweet sympathy, which grows up into love from the first sight. Her husband, who was very much in years, she foresaw could not live long. The excesses where-

whereinto the old dotard plunged himself every day, soon made good her expectations; and the moment she was a widow, her brother hastened to tell me the news.

Notwithstanding the resolutions I had made never to engage myself in marriage, I could not refuse to pay Zeinabi one visit; and I found her then so very beautiful, that all my protestations vanished. I would have married her that very moment, for fear of being disappointed by some happy rival; but the custom of widowhood, which is limited to four months and ten days, made me wait with no small impatience till that term was expired. But this was not the only obstacle to my marriage. Zeinabi set before me some other difficulties, which had almost discouraged me. 'My spouse,' said she to me, 'left three young widows of us, who have no inclination to part; and as you are both rich and handsome, you must marry us all three. One of them I love, because she comforted me in the sorrows of matrimony; and the other I hate, because she sometimes exasperated my old husband against me. I should be glad, therefore, to have the pleasure of living with her I love, and of revenging myself on her I hate; who will have no objection to continue with me, because I have hitherto concealed my aversion.'

The proposition of three wives at once almost turned my brain. Protest what I would to Zeinabi, that she was the most beautiful woman in the world in my eyes, and that, had I ten wives, I would sacrifice them all to her, it availed nothing, she grew obstinate in her resolution. 'I will confound,' said she, 'the haughtiness of my rival! One day she had the assurance to tell me, every man living would leave me for her; and I am very contemptible indeed, if you do not think me deserving of a thousand tokens of your love, even in her presence, purposely to upbraid her!' Her charms prevailed with me to comply with her desire: and I prepared myself to play the cruel part with this unknown widow, whom I did not desire to see, any more than the other, before I came to marry them. The day came at last; and I was never more surprized in my life, than to find that the object of Zeinabi's hatred was the charming Zaleg; who being left a

widow by her former husband, had been married again to Zeinabi's old one. This incident was matter both of great pleasure and delight to me; our former love was renewed with more eagerness than ever, and my first thoughts were how to avoid the designs of my aide-camp's vindictive sister. I took care, however, not to let Zaleg know the snare her companion had laid for her; and praised our great prophet, both for defeating her malicious intentions, and making her the instrument of putting into my hands so much good fortune at one time: for the third widow was likewise a very beautiful woman.

I proposed, at first, to have lodged them in three different apartments in my seraglio; (for since I was become vizier and favourite, I lived in great state;) but the unjust Zeinabi would not let me remove Zaleg out of her sight, that she might have the pleasure of being an eye-witness of the slights I was to put upon her. I was, however, too sensible of my former love, and too fond of my own ease, to let Zaleg perceive the least coldness towards her, nor had she any cause to complain on that account. My whole study and dexterity was, indeed, pretty well employed, to make my wives live peaceably together; and I was one day almost at a loss to accommodate a small difference which happened between them. Zaleg was always very curious in her dress: it was her passion to be fine; and accordingly she had made herself a suit of brocade, so very rich and splendid, that all Erzerum could not produce the like. This I easily foresaw would give the jealous Zeinabi no small uneasiness: she always affected to be distinguished from her two companions; would bear no equality; but in every thing expected the preference; and therefore when she saw her rival dressed so splendidly, it vexed her to the heart, and she gave me some severe reproaches on the subject. It was in vain to tell her, that Zaleg's mother had sent her the cloaths for a present; I was therefore obliged to have recourse to another expedient. Accordingly, I took Zaleg aside, and spoke to her in this manner. 'You cannot conceive the joy I feel, to see the uneasiness your cloaths have given Zeinabi; I am displeased with her haughty behaviour, and if you pursue my advice, there are ways enough to mortify

'mortify her pride. If by a malicious
'generosity you wish to triumph still
'more over her, make her a present of
'those cloaths she so much envies you,
'and see whether she has the meanness to
'wear your cast-offs. In the mean
'time, for your own honour and her
'disgrace, persuade yourself they are old
'things which you have no farther occa-
'sion for, and therefore give them to
'her as a proof of the contemptuous
'light in which you behold her.

Zaleg was quite delighted to hear me thus flatter her vanity, and offered the cloaths with pleasure. After I had thus secured her, I went to Zeinabi. 'I cannot bear, my dear sultana,' said I, 'that so splendid a dress should increase the pride and haughtiness of your rival. It shews, however, that she has nothing very agreeable in herself, but borrows the little beauty she appears to have merely from the richness of her dress; and as I am resolved her fine cloaths shall in future be yours, when she comes to see the admirable effect they have upon you, she will be ready to die with vexation.' Zeinabi was pleased with this discourse, and believed I acted agreeably to the protestations I made of despising Zaleg for the love of her. Another, perhaps, in her place, would have been nicer about the matter; but, in short, though Zaleg sent the cloaths that very evening, as the despicable refuse of her wardrobe, Zeinabi received them with an air of the greatest triumph.

I should tire your patience, Madam, (continued the mandarin) were I to relate the various schemes I was obliged to make use of, in order to preserve any tolerable peace and civility between these fierce rivals. I found out the secret, however, of making them live quietly together, and continued this conduct between them, till about seven or eight years after, when I was killed at the head of the king of Armenia's army.

'It required no small skill and address,' said the Queen of China, 'to maintain so long an union between two rivals in the same house.'—'I did it, however,' replied Fum-Hoam; 'and was as much lamented by my three wives, as if each of them had lost a particular husband.'

EVENING XXXIII.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE DER-
VISE ASSIRKAN.

AFTER I had left the vizier, I entered into the body of a young man whose name was Assirkan. Having spent my early years in a licentious course of life, I threw myself at last into a convent of dervises at Candahar. I had a hard time enough while I was a novice, but soon took care to make myself ample amends when I arrived to the dignity of the order. I applied myself incessantly to study, and attained a knowledge that distinguished me from the rest of my companions, and raised me to the honour of being superior of the convent; insomuch that nothing was done therein without my orders, which were looked upon with as much respect as if they had been the decrees of Heaven.

One day, as I was walking before the gate of the convent, there came a young man of a very good appearance, who addressed himself to me thus. 'Holy dervise,' said he, (with a very agreeable air) 'how happy and contented you appear!'—'And so I am,' replied I; 'being free from those cares which attend the men of this world. Here we live in a state of tranquillity, undisturbed by tumultuous passions. We never go to court, have no law-suits in our house, no women come near our convent, and we content ourselves with a little: what is there, then, that can possibly annoy our quiet? for these, if I mistake not, are the rocks whereon the generality of mankind suffer shipwreck.'—'Ah! how happy are you!' said the young man to me, with a sigh. 'And are all dervises so?'—'I believe they are,' replied I; 'at least, I have not perceived, for these fifteen years which I have had the honour to preside over them, that any one has repented his embracing this holy condition of life.'—'Ah! that I had been one of them!' cried the stranger; 'my life had not then been dashed with all that bitterness, which has so frequently interrupted my repose.'—'It is not yet too late,' replied I; 'come, and bury all your sorrows in this house; they dare not abide under the habit of our order.'—'Alas!

—‘ Alas!’ said he, with tears in his eyes, ‘ a man should have his heart free to engage therein; whereas mine has been pierced with many a cruel dart, for the space of thirty years, in which I have been wandering about the world!’—‘ How! thirty years!’ said I, smiling; ‘ you seem not to exceed five and twenty at most.’—‘ My looks deceive you then,’ answered the stranger: ‘ how young soever I appear, I can assure you I have lived above an age. But you will perhaps cease to be surprized, when I inform you farther who I am.’—‘ Ah!’ replied I, ‘ do not then keep me long in suspense; you raise my curiosity to such a degree, that I would give the world to have it gratified. If you will please to go with me into the convent, we can be more at ease in my chamber; and I swear, by the holy prophet, that I will keep every secret inviolate, with which you may be pleased to entrust me.’ The stranger then looked steadfastly upon me. ‘ Whatever danger,’ said he, ‘ may accrue to me by imparting to you the adventures of my life, yet will I venture, holy dervise, on the confidence of your oath, to satisfy your curiosity.’ He then went with me into the convent, and from thence into my chamber, where seating himself on a cane sofa, he began, as near as I can remember, in these words.

THE ADVENTURES OF AB-DAL-MOAL.

IT is something more than an age since I was born a subject of the King of Ormuz, and was an officer to his body-guard, when there came to his court a philosopher, who had not only the secret of transmuting metals into gold, but had likewise an elixir which contained in it an universal medicine, and had the same power and property with the water of the fountain of Elias*. This philosopher’s name was as much a mystery as his elixir; he called himself an inhabitant of the whole earth, travelled every where without an interpreter, and was as learned as the great Sultan Solomon in the knowledge of nature.

With such talents as these, this great man had little occasion to make his court to kings; he was, indeed, superior to them: and led by his destiny to Ormuz, he so filled the town with his fame and wonderful cures, that the sultan sent for him. Upon this he went to court; and having had the honour of being with the king for two hours, he so pleased him with the charms of his conversation, and the marvellous things he did in his presence, that he presented him with a diamond of inestimable value.

EVENING XXXIV.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF AB-DAL-MOAL.

AS courts are usually the residence of envy, the prime-vizier could not behold his master’s liberality to this philosopher without jealousy. “ Sir,” said he, when he had an opportunity of speaking to him in private, “ do not confide too much in this mysterious man; there is not so much of capacity as imposture, I am inclined to believe, in what he does.” “ Such men as him are commonly great cheats, and the more your majesty confides in him, the more you expose yourself to dangers of the most alarming consequence: for who can assure you, Sir, that this pretended philosopher is not an emissary from some of your enemies, and waits only a favourable opportunity to poison or stab you? Ah, Sir! let not a person of whom you know so little, dare to approach your majesty! for what would become of our wives and children, if by any such horrid attempt (the very idea of which makes me tremble!) we should have the misfortune to lose you?”

The King of Ormuz was moved with the discourse of this perfidious vizier, aided by the deceitful tears which he perceived running down his cheeks. “ You are in the right,” said he: “ make therefore some enquiry into this man’s proceedings; and if you find in them any shadow of suspicion, let him that moment be

* The fountain of immortality, or youth, so famous in Eastern romances, and placed by them in the region of darkness.

“ sent to the tower where prisoners of state are confined.” This was just what the vizier wanted; and in a few days he made the philosopher’s conduct appear so very odious, that I received an order from the king’s own mouth to go and seize him. I executed his commands very punctually; but never was man more enraged than my prisoner, when I told him whither I was to carry him. He imagined the king had caused him to be shut up on purpose to make him work at the grand secret; and was much surprised when the vizier came, and threatened him with the most severe punishments, unless he would communicate to him the art of making gold. But his most cruel threats and torments did not shake the philosopher, who continued intrepid amidst such tortures as I could not bear to look upon without trembling. As I was appointed to be his guard,” continued Ab-Dal-Moal, “ I endeavoured, by every consolation in my power, to alleviate his sufferings; and for the most part did indeed but badly execute the cruel vizier’s orders, who had enjoined me not to let him have a moment’s rest. “ Ab-Dal-Moal,” said the philosopher to me one day, “ I see that you compassionate my condition: my body is indeed but one wound, and my limbs are all disjointed. Perhaps it may be by the king’s order, that I am treated with this cruelty; but, ah! my dear friend, I rather impute my misfortunes to the vizier’s insatiable avarice. It is in vain, however, for him to apply violence and torments; and I would rather cut my tongue out of my mouth, than discover the least secret to that monster!”—“ Sir,” said I to him immediately, “ though it is as much as my life is worth to speak to you in the manner I am now going to do, yet I am too sensible of your sufferings, not to relieve them if I could; tell me only what I can do, and I am ready to execute it.”—“ Ab-Dal-Moal,” said the philosopher, “ set me at liberty; it is in your power, and you may rest assured that I shall not prove ungrateful.”—“ But how will you get away?” replied I: “ you are not able to stand upon your legs.”—“ No matter for that,” replied he; “ I will find

“ means to follow you.” In short, after we had concerted measures together, I made use of this expedient to set the philosopher at liberty. I had a slave much about his size, who was fallen very dangerously ill; and when he came to die, mangled his body till it appeared like the philosopher’s. I then made the guards drunk; and taking advantage of their situation, carried, in the night, my slave’s body into the prison; then dressing it in the philosopher’s cloaths, took him on my shoulders, and carried him to my own house, without any one’s perceiving the exchange I had made. As the guards had been in general intoxicated, I was presumed to have made one among them, and it was pretty late next morning before we went into the dungeon. When we entered, I feigned to believe he was asleep, and gave him a severe kick with my foot, as if to awake him; but seemed not a little surprized to find him dead. Immediately, I sent to inform the vizier, who came that moment to the prison: and after he had beheld the body miserably disfigured, and all over wounds, which he took for the philosopher, he was not a little mortified to find he had lost by his cruelty the possibility of ever knowing the prisoner’s secrets; but, as there was now no remedy, he treated it as lightly as he could, and hastened to the king with an account of his death, giving him to understand, that he had split his skull against the prison walls, in order to avoid the punishment of his crimes.

“ While the vizier was regretting the loss of the philosopher, I concealed him in a secret apartment of my house, where he ceased not to thank me for having saved his life. At the end of eight or ten days, when he had a little recovered his strength, “ Ab-Dal-Moal,” said he to me, embracing me very tenderly, “ what I would never have granted to the vizier, in the most cruel tortures, I am willing to give you in return for your kindness. In a short time you shall be among the number of the adepts; but take warning by the fault I have committed, in shewing myself too openly at the court of Ormuz: and as neither of us shall be long safe in this place, buy a camel, on which you may carry me in a covered cradle, “ such

“such as women have when they travel; I will put on their dress, and you may pretend that we are both going together on a pilgrimage to Mecca.”

EVENING XXXV.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF AB-DAL-MOAL.

I Did as the philosopher desired me. At the end of eight days all things were ready; and after I had obtained the king's leave to go and visit the tomb of the holy prophet, it was not long before we departed. We had scarce got out of the kingdom of Ormuz before the philosopher began to teach me his secret; he ordered me to bring him all the drugs he wanted for the preparation of what was his chief master-piece; and after he had wrought several days in my presence on the *real matter*, which so few people understand, he convinced me at last, that in the mercury of the philosophers are inclosed all the four elements, though itself be no element; that it is a spirit, but invested nevertheless with a body; that it is a male, and yet does the office of a female; that it is an infant, and yet has the arms of a man; that it is the most subtle poison, and yet cures the most stubborn leprosy; that it is life, and yet kills every thing; that it is a king, though another possesses it's kingdom; shuns fire, though fire be drawn from it; is water, but water that wets not; and, in short, is air, but nevertheless lives upon water*.

This, continued Ab Dal-Moal, was what the philosopher so plainly demonstrated, that in a few hours I comprehended the whole secret of the *grand work*; and did such miraculous things, as I myself could hardly credit. The transmutation of metals was the least of my wonderful performances; the universal medicine, and the elixir of life, (that is, the water of youth) whose composition he taught me, was of a much greater

value. To be short, my good devise, I never left this great man so long as he lived. For though the elixir of health had restored him to the bloom and vigour of a young man, yet he was so crippled in all his limbs, by the cruel tortures which the vizier had inflicted upon him, that he was soon weary of the uncomfortable life he led; and taking no more of the salutary balsam, in about ten or twelve years he ceased to live, because he was determined not to live any longer, and left me overwhelmed in the utmost sorrow.

Notwithstanding the natural manner, and the air of truth and sincerity with which Ab-Dal-Moal recounted to me this part of his adventures, (continued the Mandarin Fum-Hoam) I had some difficulty in believing him. Although it be possible, said I, that by the help of your elixir, you may have lived a whole age; yet, I own, I should like to see the experiment tried. It is easy to do that, answered Ab-Dal-Moal, if you have any creature in the convent worn out with old age.—We have, continued I, an ass, which can hardly stand upon it's legs; and which, for these two years, we have kept without labour, merely from a principle of charity, because it has belonged to the house more than twenty years; if you will please to make this wonderful experiment upon it.—With all my heart! replied he. Whereupon we went down into the stable, where he made the ass swallow ten or twelve drops of his elixir in a glass of water. I locked the door close, took the key with me, and we returned to my chamber; where, after a light collation, I desired Ab-Dal-Moal to continue the relation of his adventures, which he did in the following manner.

After I had lost my dear philosopher, I spent a great many days in sorrow, and then proposed to travel; having first made myself a sufficient quantity of gold to defray my expences. I went through several countries, till at length I came to Damascus†; where I found the people

* This mysterious and unintelligible jargon is most commonly in the mouths of such as pretend to have the secret of the philosopher's stone.

† A large city well situated, not far from Mount Libanus; whose inhabitants drive a great trade in raisins, prunes, perfumed waters, and steel; in which last article they work to a very great perfection.

in the utmost consternation. The sultan was just dead, without issue, of a malignant fever; and his spouse, the queen, to whom the throne belonged, was at the point of death by the same distemper. The physicians had applied all their remedies in vain, and the angel of death was making his advances to seize upon her soul, when I desired permission to see her majesty. It was the general opinion, that there were no farther hopes of her life; and therefore they made no scruple to introduce me into her apartment. Having obtained leave to give her some drops of my elixir, it had so quick an effect, that the queen, who was before surrounded with the horrors of death, saw in a moment the mist which had hung over her disperse; her looks, which were wild before, became composed; she began to know her women and physicians; and having been informed that I was the person, to whom she was indebted for her life, she gave me her hand to kiss: a favour never heard of before, and which gave some room to think she would not stop there with her acknowledgments. In an hour after, I gave her a second dose of my remedy; and it was with extreme joy, I soon found that it quite expelled the malignity of the fever; her pulse came to be regular again; and in four days she was restored to perfect health.

EVENING XXXVI.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF
THE ADVENTURES OF AB-DAL-
MOAL.

I Was looked upon with admiration in the City of Damascus, and the queen having engaged me with the most endearing kindnesses, to tell her who I was, and the nature of my remedy, I could not refuse to satisfy her curiosity, though I had always before my eyes the adventure of the philosopher. But very fortunately for me, the thing happened quite otherwise, for as soon as she was informed of my wondrous talents, she resolved not to lose the opportunity of making her kingdom one of the most flourishing in all Syria. She was young, and perfectly beautiful; and therefore

doubted not but she could secure my affection at her pleasure; and in truth, I was so overcome with her goodness, and her charms had made such an impression on my soul, that it was not long before she perceived my situation. To be short with you, then, my good dervise, she made me King of Damascus; and notwithstanding the malevolence of some of the grandees of her kingdom, I knew how to maintain myself on the throne, and to gain the love of my subjects. As I was master of all the treasures in the world, (for gold grew under my hands, and I could make as much of it as I pleased every day, without fear of any law to punish me) I presently eased my people of their taxes, heaped presents upon the nobility, enriched the poor, adorned the city with edifices and stately mosques; and became as formidable to the enemies of the state, as I was beloved by my own people, who had never experienced so much happiness as under my reign.

I lived with the queen in a state of the most perfect felicity, without either of us growing older, by means of my elixir, and saw all the subjects of my kingdom continue young, without any apprehension from old age, or from sickness. The queen was extremely beautiful, and for above fourscore years I loved her, without having been once guilty of infidelity to her bed: when losing my way, one day, as I was hunting some leagues from Damascus, I found myself alone at the foot of the Mountain Libanus, and almost choaked with thirst. I perceived, not far off, a little neat house, whither I hastened, and alighting from my horse, tied it to the gate, which I pushed open, and saw the master of the house, with his wife and three children, sitting under the shadow of a large tree in the court-yard. The two sons were about twenty years old, and the daughter near fifteen. As soon as they saw me, the mother and daughter ran and hid themselves in the private apartments of the house; and while I was asking for a little fresh water to quench my violent thirst, one of the young men, looking stedfastly on me, fell with his face to the ground, and kissing it with much reverence, "God is great!" cried he: "we are now under the shadow of the king"

“ of kings. Let us humble ourselves
“ before the Sultan of Damascus, who
“ honours us with his presence !”

“ At the name of sultan, the father,
“ who was a man of quick parts, im-
“ mediately conceived great hopes for
“ the advancement of his fortune —
“ The sultan here !” cries he ; “ thanks
“ be then to our prophet ! We shall
“ soon know whether it be in reality
“ our illustrious monarch, since he will
“ not, I am persuaded, refuse my
“ daughter his pardon.” — “ What
“ crime, then, has your daughter com-
“ mitted ?” said I, in some astonish-
“ ment. “ She has been audacious
“ enough,” replied the father, “ to love
“ the august sultan, whom God pre-
“ serve ! and yet she has now power to
“ fly from his presence. Some few
“ days since, she beheld, in these plains,
“ the supporter of the world ; and the
“ heart of this young aspiring creature
“ had boldness enough to raise itself to
“ the majesty of the king of kings.”

“ I had in my disposition a great deal
“ of clemency for crimes of this nature,”
continued Ab Dal-Moal, “ and could
“ not therefore forbear smiling. I or-
“ dered him, however, to call his wife
“ and daughter ; and, as they approach-
“ ed, was dazzled with the charms of
“ the beautiful Doulzagar, (for that
“ was the name of this young peasant.)
“ Happy slaves !” cried the father ;
“ now is your poor cottage become the
“ magnificent pavilion of the king of
“ nations. Here is he, who is as high
“ as heaven ; and this poor cottage now
“ equals the proudest and most stately
“ palace. Let Doulzagar shew the most
“ private apartments of the house to the
“ support of monarchs*.” The mother
“ and daughter stood trembling, and
“ out of veneration and modesty hung
“ down their heads. The charming
“ Doulzagar, in particular, seemed to be
“ filled with the great ideas her father
“ had given her, and was in the utmost
“ confusion to find herself in my pre-
“ sence. It appeared as if she were ask-
“ ing herself, “ What is become of that
“ austere virtue of the Eastern damsels,
“ who always secluded from the com-
“ merce of men, cannot forbear tremb-
“ ling when any one approaches them ?”

“ She stood immovable; without once
“ thinking to withdraw her fair hand
“ from mine: and, my thirst still con-
“ tinuing, I went with her into the
“ cherry-orchard, and there refreshed
“ myself very agreeably with the fruit
“ which offered, while the rest of the
“ family remained in the court.

EVENING XXXVII.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF
THE ADVENTURES OF AB-DAL-
MOAL.

“ **T**HE branches of the trees hung
“ down so exceeding low, that
“ we wanted nobody to help us gather
“ the fruit. In this delicious place I
“ satisfied the old man’s intentions ;
“ and if I quenched my thirst by eating
“ the cherries, I kindled, on the other
“ hand, so strong a flame in my heart
“ for the fair Doulzagar, that I had not
“ power to leave her, though I had al-
“ ready spent more than two hours in her
“ company alone.

“ In the mean time, night came on ;
“ and hearing the noise of some of the
“ huntsmen, who were in quest of me,
“ I called two of my most favourite
“ eunuchs, and gave them charge of
“ this charming creature. I then pre-
“ sented her mother with a large purse
“ of gold, which I usually carried in my
“ saddle-bow, and wrote an order to my
“ grand treasurer, to tell out for her fa-
“ ther a hundred thousand pieces of gold,
“ which I put into his hands.

“ The old man, transported with joy,
“ threw himself that moment at my feet.
“ This day,” said he, “ is doubtless
“ our jubilee ! since my king, whom
“ Heaven preserve in health, and make
“ victorious over his enemies, the in-
“ vincible Sultan of Damascus, un-
“ doubtedly leaves me a grandson, who
“ will one day become the felicity of
“ the nation of the prophet : may the
“ Lord of the Alcoran confirm and
“ give a blessing to my hopes !” I em-
“ braced him with a smile, and having
“ charged him, as well as the rest of
“ the family, to keep this adventure se-
“ cret, I ordered the two eunuchs, who

* What, according to our custom would appear a very infamous thing, is in the East looked upon in a quite different sense ; for there the people think it an honour to supply their sultans with women.

“ had the sole custody of Doulzagar, to change her lodgings every day, that the queen might not discover my new amour.

“ Sometimes this beautiful creature was, by my order, kept in a peasant’s cottage; at other times in a grove, whose shade defended us from the heat of the sun; but most commonly, in some cave or other, at the bottom of Mount Libanus; and this intrigue was carried on for above three months, without the queen’s having the least suspicion. I knew the delicate sensibility of her heart, which had never been accustomed to any division of my love, and that a discovery of this kind would kill her with grief; the rather as we never had any children. My going so frequently a hunting, gave her, however, some uneasy apprehensions, which made her place spies in the country; by which means she obtained the knowledge of my secrets, and wounded herself with a most tormenting jealousy. I saw in her countenance all the anguish of her heart, without seeming to perceive it; and as I was going one day to caress her, in order to dissipate the gloomy thoughts which continued to prey upon her mind, she pushed me from her with some disdain. “ You mistake yourself, Sir,” said she; “ you certainly imagine yourself with your new mistress! She has now the entire possession of your thoughts: and that you may know I am not unacquainted with your amours, tomorrow you will meet her in the suburbs of Damascus. Perhaps there are few women in my situation who would not have kept this to themselves, that they might have surprized you together; but as such a discovery would pain me too much, I chuse rather to acquaint the king with my own lips, that I am not ignorant of the measures he pursues for the destruction of my peace, thereby hoping to prevail on his prudence to forsake them in time, and spare me by that means the anguish which I must experience from a fuller conviction of his infidelity.” Then, lifting up her eyes to heaven, “ O holy prophet,” continued she, “ great Ambassador of God! preserve my honoured sultan from the malice of men! Perhaps, it is not his own in-

clination which leads him to violate the faith he once gave me, for he is of the number of the just; but some base slave has wrought upon his heart, and excited his resentment against me. If then there be any such traitor, O make thou their bed in hell, and let the fire thereof be their covering!”

“ I was sensibly affected with these remonstrances,” continued Ab-Dal-Moal; “ and had it been in my power to relinquish Doulzagar, and make the queen easy, I certainly should then have done it; but this amour had got too much dominion over my soul. I did, however, all I could to soothe her; and changing the place of meeting, ordered Azouf, one of the eunuchs who attended my mistress, to bring her the third day after this conversation to a very hollow cave, in the Forest of Cedars. I had myself arrived at the place appointed, and impatiently waited for Doulzagar; when the queen, changing her resolution of going elsewhere, and perhaps instructed by her spies, came with a design to surprize me. She was followed by her eunuchs, and made towards the place which I had appointed for the rendezvous of the huntsmen and dogs; but when she was got about half way, the sky grew prodigiously dark, and the thunder and lightning raised such a tempest as had not been seen for a long time: this obliged the eunuchs to carry the litter just under the broad trees that grew at the entrance of the cave, where I was waiting for Doulzagar; and where, being fatigued with hunting, I had fallen asleep upon a kind of seat that nature had formed in the rock, and which one of my eunuchs, who attended me, had covered with herbs and green leaves.

“ When the queen was informed by some of her eunuchs, sent out for that purpose, that I could not be found, her grief was redoubled. “ Where can the sultan be?” said she to one of her women: “ alas! if the bare pleasure of hunting is enough to make him despise the badness of the weather, the raptures he promises himself with my rival will make him, no doubt, venture his life, without once considering how dear that life is to me.” But, alas! while I am
“ thus

“ thus idly complaining, he is perhaps
 “ rioting in the arms of his beloved
 “ mistress! The day, however, will
 “ probably arrive, when I shall there
 “ surprize him: that happy day, alas!
 “ which seems at present so remote,
 “ when, O when will it arrive!”

EVENING XXXVIII.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF
 THE ADVENTURES OF AB-DAL-
 MOAL.

“ **W**HILE the queen was thus
 “ lamenting, the faithful A-
 “ zouf, both to save Doulzagar from the
 “ storm, and relieve my impatience,
 “ brought her behind him on horse-
 “ back, and made the best of his way
 “ to the cave; but, his horse chanc-
 “ ing to be unshod, it stumbled and
 “ fell lame, when he perceived a com-
 “ pany of the queen’s eunuchs about
 “ five hundred paces from the cave, be-
 “ fore he could reach it. In these sad
 “ circumstances, nothing could be more
 “ unlucky, than to be found in such a
 “ place as this, with a strange young
 “ woman so beautiful as Doulzagar.
 “ He therefore advised her to conceal
 “ herself beneath a thicket of bushes;
 “ and giving her a lesson, in case she
 “ should fall into the queen’s hands, he
 “ made off from the place; when my
 “ mistress was unfortunately discovered
 “ by the eunuchs, who carried her im-
 “ mediately to the queen.

“ The queen, who was surprized at
 “ Doulzagar’s extraordinary beauty, and
 “ the extreme neatness of her dress, and
 “ who was not a little uneasy to find her
 “ in such a suspicious place, began to
 “ have a thousand jealous thoughts; and
 “ haughtily asked her who she was, and
 “ what she did there alone. “ Alas,
 “ Madam!” said she, pretending not
 “ to know her, “ I was going to Da-
 “ mascus, to implore the queen’s pro-
 “ tection against certain Guebres*,
 “ who shelter themselves in these moun-
 “ tains, and among whom I was brought
 “ up, though I am by extraction a Ma-
 “ hometan. They carried me away
 “ when I was about six years old, into
 “ a little village about three leagues off,
 “ and I could never yet find my pa-
 “ rents, having forgotten their names;

“ but shocked at their religion, I have
 “ now made my escape from these ido-
 “ lators, to return to the law of our
 “ holy prophet, well knowing there is
 “ but one God. Save me, therefore,
 “ Madam, from these worshippers of
 “ fire, who will doubtless sacrifice me to
 “ their idol, if I should have the mis-
 “ fortune to fall into their hands.
 “ Grant me therefore your protection
 “ and favour with the queen, that I
 “ may be again reckoned among the
 “ number of those who seek for the true
 “ light. A secret voice has reached my
 “ heart; it tells me, that the sultana is
 “ the supporter of religion, that she will
 “ deliver me from the persecution of
 “ my ravishers, and restore a pure and
 “ innocent soul to the ways of heaven!”

“ The queen, though she piqued her-
 “ self on her piety, and was thus artfully
 “ attacked on her weak side, did not
 “ yet banish all her suspicion. She was
 “ grieved that the interest of religion
 “ thwarted and controuled her jealousy,
 “ and had determined nothing, either
 “ for or against Doulzagar; when A-
 “ zouf, who had, at a distance, beheld
 “ the queen’s eunuchs carrying off that
 “ amiable person, and for my interest or
 “ my mistress’s safety, was resolved to
 “ run all hazards, came up, and called
 “ to them, either to retire, or put them-
 “ selves in a posture of reverence, for
 “ that the invincible Sultan of Damas-
 “ cus was coming. The queen, at these
 “ words, fearing to let me see this new
 “ profelyte, ordered one of her most
 “ faithful slaves to take her up behind
 “ him, and carry her to the old seraglio
 “ of Damascus, while she advanced to
 “ meet me.

“ This order Doulzagar had reason
 “ to dread was upon the point of being
 “ executed; when, as they were passing
 “ by the cave, where she knew I was,
 “ she let herself slide from the horse, and
 “ pretending to have hurt her leg, cried
 “ out with so much vehemence, and in
 “ a voice so pitiable, that I ordered the
 “ eunuch, who attended me, immediate-
 “ ly to run out. But how great was his
 “ astonishment, on seeing the beautiful
 “ Doulzagar in the hands of one of the
 “ queen’s slaves, and unaccompanied by
 “ Azouf! Without the least hesitation,
 “ however, he drew his sabre, and threa-
 “ tened to take off the slave’s head, if
 “ he made the least opposition: telling

* The Guebres are those ancient Persians who worship the sun.

him that I was in the cave; that what he did was by my direction; and that the least resistance would cost him his life.

The queen's eunuch obeyed; and after they had brought me my dear mistress, they both retired, with the horse in their hand, to a corner of the cave, and left me to my liberty. Ravished with the enjoyment of my adorable Doulzagar, I gave myself no concern about any other person, and was reflecting how I should exert my authority over the queen, in case she attempted to disturb my pleasures: but, alas! how short was their duration!

Ab-Dal-Moal, (continued the mandarin) could not restrain his tears; but, after a short pause, he went on again with his adventures in this manner.

The queen was not a little pleased with her good fortune in having the fair Doulzagar in her power; but while Azouf conducted her away from the cave, under pretence of meeting me, another violent storm, bursting just over her head, she was obliged to return to the shelter of those trees she had just before quitted; and as the thunder was very dreadful, she was going to step into the cave, when one of her women pulling her by the robe, represented the danger she might expose herself to, in a place that might be a retreat for wild beasts; and advised her, at least, to send some of her slaves to visit the cave, before she ventured in. "You are in the right," said the queen; "but, without giving themselves that trouble, they need only discharge their arrows in every part of the cave." This order was no sooner given than executed; above sixty slaves let fly all at once, on every side, and I was in the utmost surprise to find myself wounded with three arrows, and to hear Doulzagar cry out, embracing me, "Ah! my dear prince, I am murdered!"

EVENING XXXIX.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF AB-DAL-MOAL.

THE cries of this beautiful dying person and myself," continued Ab-Dal-Moal, "made the queen order

her people to retire; and her slave and mine, who were both likewise wounded, calling out to tell them, that the Sultan of Damascus was in the cave, a dead coldness seized her, and she fell down in a swoon, while she was ordering somebody to run immediately to my succour. They found me, alas! holy dervise, all weltering in my blood! but would to Heaven, that Doulzagar's wounds had been no more dangerous than my own! That adorable creature had received one arrow, among many others, that pierced her heart! and the condition wherein I saw her almost distracted me. Wounded as I was, I drew my sabre, and made a horrible slaughter among those unhappy slaves, who were no otherwise culpable, than by executing the queen's commands; and in the first transports of my passion, was about to cut off her head, and afterwards to stab myself. But I had not strength to execute this cruel design; instead of which I fell down with weakness, and my eunuchs put me in the queen's litter, and carried me back to Damascus. My surgeons drew the arrows out of my body, and the wounds were not mortal: I permitted them, however, to dress them just as they thought fit, not thinking it worth while to make use of any of my infallible remedies; so much was my life become a burden to me.

The queen durst not appear in my sight for some time; but when she had allowed my grief as much time as she thought was proper, at the end of fifteen days she came to my bed-side. I could not bear her looks without trembling. "Ah! Madam," said I, "this is what your destructive jealousy has exposed me to; but I wish to God I had shared the same fate with Doulzagar; I should then have thought myself much happier than at present! You have raised me to a throne, indeed; but I have put your kingdom in such a flourishing condition, as acquits me, in a great measure, of the obligation I have to you upon that account. You had it not, I suppose, in your intention to destroy your rival, but she is not the less dead; nor can I impute the loss of her to any thing but your jealousy?"—"It is true, Sir," replied the queen, melting into tears, "I de-

serve

“serve these just reproaches; but, being accustomed for so many years to possess your heart alone, I could not bring myself to share it with another. But why did you not exert your authority? why did you not plainly tell me your intentions? I should then have sighed in private, but submitted to your will, and Doulzagar might have still been alive. Forget, my lord, that I am the cause of her death, being innocent; and pardon an involuntary crime, which I would willingly expiate with my own blood, if I could thereby restore the person who was so extremely dear to you. Look no longer on me with those angry eyes, which embitter all the pleasure of my life!” I made the queen no answer, continued Ab-Dal-Moal, but by the tears I shed in memory of my mistress, for whom I erected a most stately monument: poor relief of my lasting sorrow, and what will never be able to diminish it! From that time I have been the prey of the blackest melancholy, and can find pleasure in nothing. The queen too was so grieved to see my indifference to her, that, without suffering her life to be prolonged, she sunk under her affliction.

“After all these losses, my life, in the possession of a throne, became a burden to me. I envied a thousand times the condition of every private person; and after I had taken a firm resolution, I assembled the grandees of Damascus, abdicated the throne in their presence, and desired them to chuse for themselves a monarch worthier of them. But they would not readily consent. “You!” said they, bursting into tears, “are our common father; why will you forsake us?” I would not, however, suffer myself to be shaken by their prayers and tears, though I was sensibly affected with them. At length I agreed to nominate a viceroy for six years, who should then become their lawful monarch, if in the mean time they heard nothing of me. It is now, alas! above seven and twenty years since I left them; during which time I have been wandering about the world without any fixed place of residence; and though I have learned, by a kind of philosophy, which enables me to bear all the bitter afflictions of life, to despise

“the grandeur of a throne, yet I have nevertheless but too much weakness at the bottom of my heart. And thus, holy dervise, I think I have reason to say, that your quiet life is preferable to what I have hitherto led; and that I find I have not virtue enough to embrace it, since above thirty years have not been able to wear off the loss of my dear Doulzagar, whom I shall always lament to the hour of my death.”

THE CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE DERVISE ASSIRKAN.

SCARCE had Ab-Dal-Moal finished the history of his adventures (continued the Mandarin Fum-Hoam) when we heard my ass bray in such a manner, as gave me reason to believe the elixir had performed it's operation. We went, therefore, instantly into the stable, and I was in the most astonishing surprize to see the creature so much changed, that I could not have known him again. For, whereas, his skin was before as bare as a drum-head, it was now covered with hair as fine as silk; and his eyes, which but some hours before seemed almost extinct, had now a surprising vivacity. In short, there was no room to doubt but that the ass was in reality made young again. “Well, then,” said Ab-Dal-Moal to me, “is this enough to satisfy your incredulity?”—“Ah! Sir,” replied I, “I am sufficiently convinced of the efficacy of your secret; nor was there any need for this trial to confirm my faith, the bare recital of your adventures, which are as affecting as they are singular, was sufficient.”—“That is too complaisant,” replied Ab-Dal-Moal; but I knew from your looks that you was a person whose secrecy might be relied on; and, indeed, you are the only one, except the Queen of Damascus, in whom I have had this confidence, the example of the philosopher having taught me not to put myself inconsiderately in the power of men: but that you may be still better assured of the facts I have related to you, take this paper, wherein is a powder to make gold, and these two phials; this phial restores health to sick persons who are deemed incurable, and the other may properly be

N

called

‘ called the elixir of immortality ; since,
 ‘ by a prudent management of it, you
 ‘ may live more than an age, provided
 ‘ you be not surprized by any of those
 ‘ unforeseen accidents, against which
 ‘ there is no remedy.’

EVENING XL.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF
 THE ADVENTURES OF THE DER-
 VISE ASSIRKAN.

AFTER Ab-Dai-Moal had made me these valuable presents, notwithstanding all the persuasion I could use, I could keep him no longer ; and therefore having conducted him to the gate of the convent, I saw him mix among a crowd of people, which was pretty common before our house, and so lost sight of him for ever.

The paper and two bottles that Ab-Dal-Moal left me, made me think myself richer than the King of Candahar. To make an experiment of his elixir of immortality, I took a few drops of it going to bed ; and rising at break of day, next morning, found myself as young as a person of twenty, though I was near fifty years old. But if I was pleased with this change, I was, on the other hand, under some apprehensions that my youthful appearance might be noticed and disapproved by our dervises, who would thereupon deprive me of my superiority in the convent, and make known the circumstance to the king himself. ‘ Perhaps I shall have ‘ the same fate with Ab-Dal-Moal’s ‘ master,’ said I ; ‘ and therefore let me ‘ depart from hence!’ As soon as I had taken this resolution, I put up some pieces of the convent’s plate, and going into the stable, mounted my ass, who was in full vigour, and with the keys, which were every night brought up to my chamber, I got out of the convent, and travelled almost all day, very little concerned about what they would think of my departure. I put up at the first inn I came to, and there bought provisions for myself and my ass. I passed the night very quietly, and the next day, having quitted the habit of a dervise, pursued my journey.

It is, to no purpose, Madam, (continued the mandarin) to enter upon a detail of my journey ; I will only relate to you the principal passages thereof. One day, among others, then, as I came to a pleasure-house, belonging to the King of Zamorin*, and was going to take up my lodging in one of the outer galleries, the king returned from hunting ; and seeing with what tranquillity I was settling my abode for that night, in a place which was not designed for publick reception, was somewhat surprized, and ordered me to be brought before him. ‘ How comes it that you ‘ have so little discernment,’ said he to me, ‘ as not to distinguish such a place as mine from a common inn?’ ‘ Sir,’ replied I, ‘ will your majesty vouchsafe to permit that I ask you ‘ one question? Who lodged first in ‘ this house, after it was finished?’— ‘ Some of my ancestors,’ answered the king. ‘ After them, who inhabited it?’— ‘ It was my father.’— ‘ And after ‘ your father,’ said I, ‘ who was the ‘ possessor of it?’— ‘ Myself!’ replied the king ; ‘ and after my decease, I ‘ hope it will descend to my posterity?’— ‘ Ah! Sir,’ cried I, ‘ a house that ‘ changes so often it’s inhabitants, is ‘ certainly an inn, and no palace! And ‘ it is for this reason, that the Persians ‘ have no term to shew the difference ; ‘ intimating thereby, that men are ‘ vellers upon earth, and that they all ‘ arrive, some sooner, and some later, ‘ at the same common end, which is ‘ death.’

The king, with whom I had this discourse, was satisfied with the truth of it. ‘ You are in the right,’ said he to me ; ‘ and it is with very great justice ‘ that one of our poets has elegantly ‘ compared all kind of men to the pieces ‘ wherewith we play at chess : some are ‘ the kings, the queens, the knights, ‘ the fools, and simple pawns. There ‘ is a vast difference between them, ‘ while they are in motion ; but when ‘ once the game is over, and the chess-board shut, they are all thrown promiscuously together into the same box, without any sort of distinction. Death ‘ does the very same thing : kings, emperors, merchants, slaves, warriors, ‘ men of the robe, and of the revenue,

* This kingdom lies in the peninsula of the Indies, towards the point, and extends along the mountains as far as Goa.

'all then become equal; and there is nothing but our good works, and charity towards our neighbours, that will give us the superiority. Let us, therefore, always be doing commendable actions; for they bring with them an inward satisfaction, which the wicked never enjoy.'

The king, with these words, returned into his palace, and ordering me to stay where I was, sent me likewise a plentiful repast, and cloaths convenient to cover me during the night. Next morning I went to thank him for his kindness, and departed. After several days journey upon my ass, I came one night to Negapatan*, where I went to lodge with a good old woman. I took care of my ass, and put him in the stable; and as there was still some hours to night, I purposed to take a turn about the city. However, my roving thoughts carried me into the suburbs, and thence I wandered so far, that night came upon me while I was yet in the country. There was no doubt but that the city gates were shut; I therefore endeavoured to find some place where I might retreat with security; and after searching for some time, came at length to the bottom of a hill, where I found a kind of cave, and by the light of the moon perceived at the entrance of it a sort of niche, into which I got, and was settling myself to pass the night quietly therein; when I saw a young damsel of exquisite beauty entering the place, seemingly with the utmost dread. Behind her came an old woman, bending under the weight of years, who took her by the hand, and encouraged her to advance farther.

EVENING XLI.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF
THE ADVENTURES OF THE DER-
VISE ASSIRKAN.

AS soon as the old woman, who had in her hand a kind of dark lantern, was got about the middle of the cave, she took out of her bosom a little horn, which she blew; and immediately there spread, towards the mouth of the cave, such a smoke, or rather such a thick cloud, as quite intercepted all hu-

man sight; nay, as even hindered the light of the moon, which then shone very bright, from entering therein. At this instant, a horrid dread seized all my senses; and the young woman who accompanied her was so terrified, that she could scarce keep her feet. 'What are you afraid of?' said the old woman: 'since I have been overcome by your persuasions, to endeavour to grant that to you, which I have refused to so many others, ought you to be thus terrified? Be as courageous now, (since this is only done to obtain what you desire) as you were before to request it of me. In a short time, that ungrateful man, who now despises you, shall be in this place; and you shall soon see him at your feet, begging you to grant him but one favourable look to ease his aching heart.' After these agreeable promises, the young woman seemed in some measure to recover her spirits. 'But, good mother,' said she, 'can nobody know what passes here?'—'Do not you see,' said the old woman, 'the bar I have put upon the door? The earth shall sooner open before us, and shew us the bottom of it's abyss, than any person enter here against my will.' After this, she bound her temples with vervain and rue; and stooping down to the ground, wrote thereon certain characters with the point of a poniard; then she bound the young woman's thumb with a red thread, and pricked it with the point of a needle till it bled; and at last, pronouncing aloud certain imprecations, which made me tremble, ordered her correspondent to come and speak to her.

I expected no other, (continued the mandarin) than to see some frightful spirit appear; and my fear redoubled, with every fresh conjuration the old woman made; when I beheld coming out of the earth a monster much like a bear, who at first fell to licking his mistress's feet with great submission, and then rearing himself on his hinder paws, muttered some ill-articulated words in her ear, and so vanished suddenly away in smoke, as did also the vapour which filled the cave's mouth. 'Ah! I am betrayed!' cries the old woman; 'there is somebody hid in this place: but it shall not be long before he shall bear

* A city in the province of Coromandel, upon the Gulph of Bengal.

‘ the punishment of his curiosity!’ Then coming straight towards me, she touched me with a hazel wand, which she had in her hand, and I was that moment transformed into an ape. But how much was I astonished at this extraordinary change! I threw myself at her feet, and embraced them with respect; shewing by my gestures that my fault was involuntary: but when I found nothing would avail me, I fell into such a violent fury, that without considering what she might farther add to my punishment, I flew in her face, tore out both her eyes, and then made my escape into the country.

In the first transports of my grief, I fell into the utmost despair, and was a thousand times going to beat out my brains against a stone; but, at length, putting my hopes in our holy prophet, I made to a tree, which stood nearest the city, and hid myself under it’s branches till break of day. As soon as the morning began to appear, I clambered over the walls of Negapatan; and without being noticed by any one, came to the old woman’s house, where I had left my ass, and a pair of little bags, containing the valuable presents which Ab Dal-Mool had given me. I then found means, from the top of the house, to get into the chamber which was designed for me, and throwing myself on the bed, waited till the people were got up.

Some hours after, the woman who was to have lodged me, came into the chamber, and was not a little surprized to see a fine ape sleeping very quietly. She made much of me, and I, returning her kindness in the best manner I could, took up my bags before her, and carried them to a little press, where I locked them up; and giving her the key, intimated, by my gestures, that she was to take great care of it. Her surprise every moment increased; and, as I afterwards carried her to the stable, to let her know that I recommended the care of my ass to her likewise, she began to be afraid, and imagine that I was some wizard; but observing the tears gush from my eyes, she doubted whether I might not be her guest, who was some way transformed by witchcraft, and thereupon testified all possible concern for the lamentable condition in which she beheld me,

EVENING XLII.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF
THE ADVENTURES OF THE DER-
VISE ASSIRKAN.

THIS good woman had but one daughter, who was a widow, about thirty-five years old, and dwelt in a house next adjoining. Her husband had left her with many young children; and among the rest, she had a daughter of uncommon beauty, hardly fifteen, to whom my landlady carried me, and gave me for a present; hoping, by this means, to dissipate the extreme melancholy I was in. But for the first days of my metamorphosis, I was so little sensible of the care that good woman took of me, that I scarce made any return to the fondnesses which the amiable Gehun (for that was the name of her grand-daughter) shewed me. Besides, I was uneasy about my bags; and therefore in a few days went back again to the old woman’s house, and gave her to understand, that she would do me a singular pleasure in returning them, and might sell my ass if she pleased. My bags I took with me to my new habitation, and having locked them up in a garret where no one came, was resolved to bear my misfortune with patience, and to wait till Providence should think fit to deliver me out of my wretched state. I have already told you, Madam, (continued the mandarin) that Gehun was a perfect beauty. As she was every moment giving me a thousand innocent caresses, it would have been difficult for me not to have conceived an extreme tenderness for her. In this manner I passed away a whole year; nor did I perceive the violence of my love, until I was on the point of losing this beautiful creature for ever, by a most dangerous fit of sickness. I was so sensibly afflicted to see her become a prey to such acute pain, that I dissolved into tears at her bed-side, and was perpetually feeling her pulse, as if I had been an able physician. But perceiving, that in spite of all the remedies they gave her, she still grew worse and worse, I bethought myself, at last, of my elixir; whereupon I ran up into the garret, and soon returning to my amiable mistress, took a cup full of water, poured some drops of the elixir therein,

therein, and presented it to her, who made no scruple to receive it at my hands. Gehun soon felt the effects of this wonderful remedy, which reduced the humours to a just equilibrium, and diffused through her whole mass of blood such a balsamick unction, that at the end of three days she found herself perfectly recovered, and looked more beautiful and healthy than before her illness.

Never was greater surprize, than what the mother and grandmother of my charming mistress experienced; she, too, every moment, gave me fresh proofs of her acknowledgments, though sometimes she could not but wonder with herself, how she came to feel such a tender esteem for an ape, without being able to understand the cause and original of it. One day, however, as she was looking very steadfastly at my nails, she observed they were covered with a thin skin, which was unusual in creatures of my species: whereupon she acquainted her mother with this discovery, and (my old hostess having never disclosed the suspicions she had of my metamorphosis) her mother told it, next market-day, together with the wonderful cure I had done upon her daughter, to an old negro-woman, who expressed, upon this occasion, an earnest desire to see me. She had no sooner examined me thoroughly, but she confirmed Gehun and her mother in their idea of my being a man, whom she supposed had felt the displeasure of some great magician; and promised to restore me to my former shape. 'The day after to-morrow,' said she, 'is the new moon; be sure then that you provide, against that time, a large tub full of black goat's milk, and leave the rest to me: I'll answer for our success in this affair.'

I thanked her in the best manner I could, (continued the mandarin) and made signs that I would requite her pains: and Gehun and I both waited with the utmost impatience for the appearance of the new moon. The negro-woman's orders were punctually executed: the tub and black goat's milk were ready at the appointed hour; and after the woman had put into the bath such herbs and powders as we knew not, and plunged me thrice over head in it, pronouncing over me certain barbarous words, I that moment resumed my former appearance.

Gehun's modesty would not permit her to be present at this operation; but she was in the mean time making ready her father's cloaths for me. When I came out of the bath, I threw myself at the negro-woman's feet, desiring her to come again in three days, and promised her a reward answerable to the service she had done me.

Gehun came in as soon as decency would permit; and what joy did I see sparkle in her eyes, when she perceived that I seemed not above twenty, and tolerably handsome too! 'Beautiful Gehun,' said I to her, in the presence of her mother and grandmother, 'will you now refuse the offer of a heart that adores you? You, who have had some esteem for me, while I was under the form of an ape, will you not confirm it now I am in a condition to answer you? I restored you to life by a wonderful liquor, which few people possess, and have riches enough to content the most ambitious minds; but I should be still much concerned to owe your heart to gratitude or interest, I would only be indebted to love for that valuable possession.'—'Sir,' said Gehun's mother, embracing me, 'have compassion on my daughter's modesty; the declaration you desire would cost a young person too much. The generous blush, which at present overspreads her face, is a sufficient indication of the love she feels for you, and her silence is the best proof that she accepts your proposals of marriage; but, not longer to delay two lovers whose union is so dear, I will myself run to the cady's-house, and bid him get ready the contract; and within an hour at farthest, will be here with an iman, who shall join your hands.'

EVENING XLIII.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE DERVISE ASSIRKAN.

I Could not well tell how to express my joy and gratitude to the mother of my dear Gehun: she left us, and at the appointed time returned with the cady. We signed the contract, and soon after the iman came and performed his office; so that after a great repast, they left me alone with my new spouse,
in

in whose arms I met with more pleasures than ever I had known while a dervise. The next morning I purchased thirty pounds weight of lead, which I immediately changed into gold. I made a present of an ingot of gold, that weighed three pounds, to the negro-woman who restored me to my true shape; the rest I sold to the Jews, and put my beloved Gehun in a condition to vie with the richest women in Negapatan, where I lived with her many happy days, without any thing to disturb our serenity. We had a numerous family, which I intended to have established by the means of my elixir: but it was written in the Book of Fate, that we should both die on one day; for there happened at Negapatan a terrible earthquake, when we least of all expected it, which buried us both in the ruins of a magnificent mosque which joined to our house.

‘These, certainly,’ said the queen of China, ‘are very odd and whimsical adventures; they have, however, given me extreme satisfaction. But what became of you afterwards?’

THE HISTORY OF PRINCE KADER-BILAH.

I Went, Madam, (answer’d Fum-Hoam) into the body of a young child, in the kingdom of Delli*; and though I was born in the poor cottage of a labourer, yet I was nevertheless descended of illustrious blood; for my father, who was reduced to this deplorable condition, was the son of the deceased King of Tigris†. But to make this history intelligible to you, we must trace it a little higher.

My grandfather, who was called the Sultan Alfumi Garbachi, died suddenly, about sixty years old, without naming his successor, as usual. My father, who was called Abadaraman, was the eldest of forty-six sons and twelve daughters, which he had by different women, and was also the best-beloved: but as he was abroad in the wars against our enemies when the king died, four of his brothers confederated together. They seized on the throne; filled the kingdom

with blood and slaughter; massacred all the rest of their brothers; and, after many battles with my father, reduced him to the necessity of avoiding by flight a similar fate.

My father had only with him the wife he had most affection for, and with her he retired into the kingdom of Delli; where, as he was resolved to live a private and retired life, he bought a small piece of ground, which by the help of slaves, whom he likewise purchased, might serve to maintain his family.

I was in this place born to that prince, who named me Kader-Bilah; and by the time I was ten years old, I began to take a prodigious delight in hunting; and this violent exercise rendered my body so strong, and so well inured to fatigue, that at eighteen years of age I was able to encounter lions, bears, tigers, or any other wild beasts.

One night, as I sat dozing by the fire-side, I heard my father and mother, who imagined me asleep, discoursing of their misfortunes. It was then I first understood, with no small surprize, that my blood was answerable to the greatness of my spirit, and that my uncle’s cruelty had made my father leave his country. This was sufficient to make me determine to take my way towards the kingdom of Tigris: I departed, therefore, without saying any thing to my father; and after I had passed the sea, and undergone a thousand perils in my journey, I arrived at last at the court of the King of Dabila, who (as I understood) was at war with Abgarou, the only surviving uncle of the four, and who then reigned, having poisoned the other three that he might have no competitors.

On a certain day, when there was to be an engagement, I entered myself a volunteer in the Sultan of Dabila’s troops; and performed such gallant actions, that the king distinguished me among those brave men, who had contributed to gain him the victory, and soon after gave me the command of a body of troops. I formed them all, by my example, to be so many heroes; and became the terror of my enemies, for the whole three years during which the war continued; and wherever I fought, was sure to draw victory after me. Nay, I did more, for I killed Prince Abgarou with my own

* Delli is a great city upon the River Gemini, in the Indies.

† The chief kingdom of the Abyssinians, situate near the Red Sea, is so called.

hand; and having thus put an end to the war, which had lasted a long while between him and the Sultan of Dabila, I thought it then a proper juncture to declare myself. In short, I had no sooner caused the chief lords of Tigris to be assembled, and notified to them that I was the son of Prince Abadaraman, than they immediately proclaimed me king. Not at all exalted with this title, however, which was no more than my due, I went immediately to wait on the Sultan of Dabila; and having acquainted him with my origin, he not only approved of my ascending the throne of my ancestors, but offered me likewise his only daughter in marriage: and as I had heard great encomiums both of the beauty and merit of that princess, I gladly accepted his offer, and married her at the head of the camp, with a magnificence proportioned to our condition. Having thus established myself in the empire, I deputed two of my principal officers of state to my father, with a letter, wherein I informed him of all my adventures; the news of which was the more agreeable to him, as my absence had caused him much grief of heart, and given him reason to believe that I had been devoured by wild beasts. Upon his return to his kingdom, I obliged him to assume the throne, notwithstanding his resistance, and became myself his first subject.

While the Sultan Abadaraman, my father, who was the model of an accomplished monarch, expended all his time and pains in the government of his kingdom, I went with my spouse through the principal cities of Abyssinia, to restore that justice which had been banished by Abgarou and his three brothers; and one day, as I was in a castle, not many leagues from Tigris, I went into a closet, wherein were some books, and having opened one, I found it to contain a very remarkable passage.

EVENING XLIV.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF PRINCE KADER-BILAH.

I Read in this book, that near Ispahan there was a building, (according to

the tradition of the country) called the Tower of the Forty Virgins*, because it is haunted with spirits resembling young girls, and is therefore uninhabited. I could not forbear smiling at so ridiculous a fancy; but reading farther in the same book, I found that for above a hundred and fifty years, several gallant Persians who went to stay all night in the place, were never after heard of. And the origin of this tradition, whether true or false, is thus related, viz.

' About two hundred years ago, the
' people of Ispahan were sadly tor-
' mented with a prodigious quantity of
' rats, insomuch that they had not a
' grain of corn but what was damaged
' by them. And when several people
' were endeavouring to find out an ex-
' pedient to deliver themselves from this
' scourge, there appeared, all on a sud-
' den, a little dwarf not above two feet
' high, and frightfully deformed; who,
' on the payment of a large sum of mo-
' ney, which he contracted for, under-
' took to drive away all these vermin in
' an hour's time. No sooner had Giouf,
' (for so the dwarf was called) made
' the agreement, than he took out of
' his budget a tabor and pipe, and by
' whistling and drumming about the
' streets of Ispahan, there was not a rat
' or mouse in the town, which did not
' come out of its hole and follow him
' as far as the river Zenderou; where
' they all went into the water, and were
' drowned. As Giouf disappeared with
' the rats, they imagined they should
' hear no more of him; but the next
' day he came again to demand the mo-
' ney he had agreed for. They paid
' him indeed the sum; but the people
' were so base and covetous, as to give
' him several pieces deficient in weight;
' this he soon discovered, and upbraid-
' ing them with ingratitude, threatened
' to be revenged of them if they did not
' perform their bargain. They, how-
' ever, treated his threats with disdain;
' but next morning the whole city was
' in a terrible consternation, to find, on
' a sudden, an old black woman, above
' fifty feet high, standing in the market-
' place, with a whip in her hand. "Un-
' grateful people of Ispahan," said she,
' "know that I am the genius Mergian

* Sir John Chardin, in the eighth volume of his Travels into Persia, p. 148. tell us, that he saw some remains of this tower, and that it was called the Tower of the Forty Virgins for the reasons here given.

"Banou *! You have falsified your word to my son, and I am come to punish you, and to convince you of my power: observe, therefore, what I am about to do." No sooner had the genius cracked her whip, than the thunder began to roar, enough to terrify the most undaunted; the air grew black, and a thick darkness overspread the city for six hours; at the end of which time, and when scarce any one was recovered from his fright, Mergian Banou appeared in the same place again. "People of Ispahan," said she, with a very terrible voice, "if you wish to appease my wrath, bring me hither forty of your most beautiful daughters, under fifteen; otherwise they shall die this night." Though the prodigies which this genius and her son had performed were enough to have taught these ungrateful people more wisdom, yet they made no haste to obey her; but, on the next morning, how great was the grief of the principal men of the city, to find their daughters strangled! Nothing was heard among them but sighs and bitter groans. Mergian Banou, however, not in the least moved to pity them, for four days successively made the same demand, and four times punished them for their disobedience. At length, on the fifth day, they were resolved to resist her will no longer; but brought out all the young women in Ispahan, that were under fifteen; and when she had chose out forty of them, these unhappy victims of their father's perfidy, at the sound of a large leather trumpet, which she began to blow, were obliged to follow the genius as far as this tower, which no one had ever perceived before, and which was apparently raised that moment by art magick. Thither they all went in with her, and were never seen any more; only every night there was a frightful noise heard in the tower.

Though this history seemed somewhat singular to me at that time, yet I paid no farther attention to it; and several years passed without my once thinking on the book. But when the Princess of Dasila, my wife, by an unavoidable fatality died in child-bed, without leaving me any issue, I was so full of grief on the occasion, that for six weeks together I shut myself up in the palace without seeing any person whatsoever. After which time, in some measure to dissipate my sorrow, I retired into the castle where I had read the history of the Tower of the Forty Virgins; and calling for the book, found the circumstances of this strange story attested by so many contemporary authors, of undoubted authority, that I began to be a little less incredulous of the facts contained in it. I read it over again, therefore, with attention, and having found, at the end of the book, a prophecy, which people assured me was legible not above twenty years before on a plate of gold fastened to the bottom of the tower, and which had a good deal of reference to me, I was resolved to make a journey into Persia, and go in search of this adventure, at the risque of my life, as many a brave Persian had done before me.

The words, Madam, (continued the mandarin) that were upon the golden plate, were these.

'The sun, under whose shade and influence all nature moves, is but a faint ray of the brightness of the girdle of the master of this place. If Cordat † keeps in the bowels of the earth, forty virgins, more beautiful than the houri, Isfendier ‡ shall preserve their chastity, until a prince descended from the blood of Melilek § arrives, and to whom the words which one of our poets puts in the mouth of a discontented father cannot be applied:

'My tender heart's upon my son,
'But my son's heart is on a stone.

* These words, in the Persian language, signify a female genius.

† The angel of the earth.

‡ The guardian angel of chastity.

§ This Melilek, from whom are descended the Kings of Ethiopia, (according to the tradition of the country) was the son of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba; whom some call Balkis, and others Macheda, or Nicania. They tell us, that this princess, charmed with the renown of Solomon, went from Sheba to Mefva, a port in the Red Sea, and thence passed to Mount Sion, and afterwards, in eight days, arrived in Jerusalem; that she there had a son by him, who was called Melilek, and that from him sprung all the kings who afterwards reigned in Ethiopia and Abyssinia.

‘ Prince, whoever thou art, who hast
‘ the great Solomon for the head of thy
‘ family, enter this tower without fear,
‘ where thou wilt find a charming ob-
‘ ject, who shall replace in thy heart
‘ the princess whom thou lamentest.

‘ He that would fish for pearls, must
‘ throw himself into the sea.’

This prophecy surprized me the more, because it seemed addressed to me alone; for I was descended from the Sultan Solomon and the Queen of Sheba: I had lately placed my father on the throne, and was sadly afflicted for the loss of the Princess of Dafila. All which reasons confirmed my resolution of going to try the adventure of the Tower of the Forty Virgins. Accordingly, I acquainted the king my father with it; and, notwithstanding his remonstrances to the contrary, set forward on my journey, and arrived in Persia without the least accident befalling me.

EVENING XLV.

THE FARTHER CONTINUATION OF
THE HISTORY OF PRINCE KADER-
BILAH.

WHEN I had rested myself some days at Ispahan, after the fatigue of my journey, I left my officers in a house which I had engaged for my use, and went alone to the bottom of the tower; where I read on the golden plate the same words as I had found in the book. Without the least hesitation, I went directly into a porch, which had no light but from one sky-light; and where I could see a little door that seemed to lead into some subterraneous place, whose darkness startled me not a little; and just as I was about to enter, casting my eye upon the porch-wall, I perceived in a niche, a sword and buckler, to which was hung a roll of parchment, wherein were these words. ‘ The place
‘ where thou art going to descend is so
‘ dangerous, that it would frighten a

‘ lion into a lions; but this sword and
‘ buckler of Gian-Ben-Gian*, which
‘ have passed through the hands of my
‘ ancestors, will enable thee to do ex-
‘ ploits equally marvellous with theirs,
‘ who have gained themselves renown
‘ over the whole earth. Go down,
‘ therefore, without fear, into these dark
‘ and gloomy recesses, putting thy whole
‘ confidence in him, who only with
‘ these words, *there is no other God but
‘ God*, overthrew Lat and Holizy†.

This was encouragement enough for me to pursue my design: I therefore took down the sword and enchanted buckler, which as soon as I had put on my arm, and was entering upon the stairs that were to lead me to the deliverance of the forty virgins, I found that it gave a bright and shining light, sufficient to dispel all the darkness of the place. After I had gone down a thousand steps, I came into a large marble hall, the roof and sides of which were all beset with diamonds of a prodigious size. The chief door of this hall opened into a delicious garden; but the only way into it was over a foot-bridge, where a monstrous giant held two crocodiles in a leash, to hinder any one from passing; so that I saw it was time for me to prepare myself for the combat. I advanced, therefore, with all imaginable intrepidity; but had I not received on my buckler a blow which the giant made at me with his club, I must have certainly been crushed into a thousand pieces. Having happily, however, evaded it, I gave him such a terrible back-blow with my enchanted sword, that I cut off both his legs; and his body, in falling into the water that ran under the bridge, dragged one of the crocodiles along with it. All that I had then to do was to encounter the other, which I attacked with great courage; but as its skin was harder than any diamond, I was obliged to make several strokes at it before I could send it after its companion. As soon as I saw the passage clear, I went immediately into the

* The buckler of Gian-Ben-Gian is very famous among the people of the East. It was (according to their tradition) in the possession of three Solomons successively, who were accounted by them the universal monarchs, not only of the whole earth, but even of the genii. It was a very mysterious piece of armour, and made by the talismanick art; so that it dissolved all the charms and enchantments that either dæmons or elementary spirits could produce.

† Mahomet overthrew two idols thus called, which before his mission were adored at Mecca.

garden, and walked along a parterre adorned with white marble statues, fixed upon pedestals; only I took notice of a pedestal without one. After I had ranged over the garden almost twelve hours, fighting and conquering new monsters, and destroying all enchantments that I met with, I came at last to a little mosque, into which I entered, and was struck with the most profound veneration at the sight of a Persian, who was reading aloud in the Alcoran; and after he had shut the book, cried out, 'O great prophet! Friend of God, the commendation of thy glory is perfect, in the verse Toulak, and of thy great goodness, in the chapters Faha and Jesim*.—Prince, dearly beloved by Mahomet,' said the venerable person, turning towards me, 'praise the Sovereign Creator of the world, because it is he alone who has opened to thee a way unknown to all mankind besides. You see in me Mahomet-Mehdi †, the twelfth and last iman of the great prophet, though my enemies falsely report me to be dead; because, in the battle which I fought with the Caliph of Babylon, for the support of the true religion, God was pleased to take me from the midst of it, and to translate me to this enchanted place, where I am to continue until the time appointed for my return upon earth; not only to restore the race of imans to the imperial throne, but likewise to kill Dejal, who by his impos-

tures would destroy the wise precepts of the book which God, by an angel, dictated to his ambassador.'—'Is it possible,' cried I, in a transport of joy, 'that I should live to behold the ornament of the servants of God? that great iman who, to the end of the world, is to illustrate those truths which his cruel enemies, in vain endeavour to obscure?'—'Yes, without doubt,' answered the iman, 'it is I who am reserved for these wonders; and, after several ages, expect the great day, in which God is to be glorified by my means.'—'But when will that day arrive,' said I to the iman; 'that day of consolation to true Mussulmen, and of confusion to their enemies?'—'I am going to shew you,' answered he, 'how far distant we are from it.' Then taking me by the hand, he carried me to the top of a quadrangular tower, from whence he shewed me a city, that he told me was twelve thousand parazanges‡ in circumference, in which were twelve thousand gates, over which were as many granaries full of mustard-seed for the sustenance of one single bird, which was to eat no more than one grain a day ||. 'The world will not end, my dear child,' said he, 'until this seed be entirely consumed; but when that day will be, no one knoweth but God.'—'And how do you call that fine city?' said I. 'It is called Giauhér-Abad §,' replied he, 'and very justly, because it

* In the verse Toulak, and in the chapter Faha and Jesim, God is introduced praising Mahomet.

† There is a tradition among the Persians, that this iman will appear again towards the end of the world, at Messala in Arabia, whence they believe that he was taken away; and for this purpose they keep, day and night, in a consecrated stable, certain camels, which are never rode; one of which is always saddled and bridled, with arms affixed to the saddle, and led out on Fridays and great festivals. The same is practised at Ispahan, in one of the sultan's stables, which is called Taville Saheb el Zaman; (that is, the stable of the king of time;) to denote that this iman is not dead, but will come to fight the Dejal, or Daggeal; that is, the impostor, or Anti-Mahomet. It is very probable, that the Persians have invented this fable from the prediction of an Anti-Christ, and the translation of Elias.—There are different accounts, however, in Persia about this iman. Some say, that when he was nine years old, his mother shut him up in a cave, and there keeps him with great care until the end of the world: others say, that he stayed there only till he was sixty-four years old, and then was translated in the battle he had with the Caliph of Babylon, and is not to appear again till the time that God has appointed for his manifestation.

‡ A parazange, contains four thousand geometrical feet.

§ This is a tradition which Vaheb-Ben-Monnabeth says he received from Mahomet himself.

§ That is, the city of precious stones. This fabulous city is celebrated in the Persian romances, and made to be the capital of Schiadoukadier, which carries some appearances, by their relations, of being what we have imagined in our country of Cocagnia.

has





* has immense treasures in it: all Persian historians speak in it's praise; but few people have the honour to see it, even at a distance, as you do; and none ever entered into it without passing the Poul-Serrha*, and giving an account of their good actions.

EVENING THE LAST.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY OF PRINCE KADER-BILAH.

IT is in this stately city,' continued Mahomet-Mehdi, 'that true Mus-fulmen, after their death, go and chuse for themselves the women who are for ever to continue virgins†, which Mahomet promises them; and carry them thence into the Garden of Eden‡.—When a person is once convinced of this truth, can he give himself up to the world? Consider what the world is, O man! and you will find it to be nothing but a phantom, and a dream; and since it is only able to yield you sorrow and affliction, why are you so earnest after goods that perish, and so very negligent of what are immortal! How deplorable is your condition, when you forsake the voice of justice, and the laws of our holy prophet! "Make not yourself," said he, "tents upon earth, that can only be fixed for a while; and incumber not yourself, to no purpose, with baggage that must always be packed up and ready for a march."

I was extremely ravished (continued the mandarin) to hear this sublime discourse of the iman, when we heard the most delightful musick at the bottom of the tower. 'Prepare yourself,' said he, 'for the last combat you are to engage in. This is the Genii Mergian Banou, the old woman who, to please her son, brought into the gardens

'belonging to this place forty of the chief lords daughters of Isfahan, and there turned them into stone.'—'Oh; Heavens!' cried I, 'are the figures, which I took to be marble, as I passed by them, the beautiful virgins of Isfahan?'—'Yes,' said Mahomet-Mehdi, 'and those which represent the men, are so many gallant Persians, who have attempted to rescue them out of the tower.'—'But why is there one pedestal,' cried I, 'which has no statue upon it?'—'That is designed for you,' said he, 'if you suffer yourself (as other heroes have done before you) to be seduced by the artful impostures of the genius; for then both you, and those you attempt to deliver, shall continue in this state of insensibility until the end of the world. Nor must you think that you can attain your end without Gian-Ben-Gian's puissant buckler; which will shew you the genius such as she really is; that is to say, very ugly, and in the same figure wherein she appeared at Isfahan; whereas your enchanted senses will represent her as the model of all perfection. Be sure you fall upon her, then, with your sword and buckler; pursue her to the bottomless pit; and when she and Giouf, and all her retinue, retreat thither, cover the top of it with the wonderful buckler the prophet has sent you, and leave it there, as a trophy of your victory; which all the elementary powers will never be able to remove, without the permission of him, who with one breath created the world, and can with the same dissolve it into nothing.

I did very readily what the iman ordered me, (continued the mandarin;) I went down to the bottom of the tower, where I beheld one of the most beautiful persons I had ever seen. But when I was a little more than ten paces from her, and held up my buckler against

* Poul-Serrha signifies the half-way bridge. For, according to the Mahometan tradition, when the day of judgment shall come, after a strict examination of their deeds, men's bodies are to pass over a bridge, under which is the everlasting fire designed for the wicked, and here it is that there will be a separation between the good and evil. The Persians, more especially, so firmly believe in this bridge, called Poul-Serrha, that when any one suffers an injury, and can have no redress, he comforts himself with saying, 'Well, by the living God, you shall pay me double at the last day, as you are going over Poul-Serrha; unless you make me recompence, I will stick to your skirts, and trip up your heels!'

† The Houri.

‡ Mahomet's paradise.

her, both she and all her company seemed so exceeding hideous, that I made no hesitation, but fell immediately upon her, sword in hand. When she perceived that her wiles and stratagems were of no avail, she cried out most lamentably, and betook herself to flight. I pursued her close; drove her across the parterre where the white statues stood; and when she had endeavoured to escape me, but in vain, she and all her genii were forced to throw themselves into a kind of pit, and I covered the top of it with my buckler.

Immediately hereupon proceeded from the bottom of the pit horrible groans; and the violent tossings of the evil genii so shook the earth, that I could not stand upon my feet, but fell down, holding still my sword in my hand; and after a short swoon, found myself in the open field, not far from Ispahan, surrounded with forty young damsels, more beautiful than the moon when at full; and nine and thirty fine gentlemen, who fell down at my feet, to thank me for the liberty I had procured them. 'Sir,' said one of these brave Persians to me, 'some one of these beautiful young ladies is designed for your spouse; when you shall have cast your eye upon her whom you are pleased to honour with your favours, we will intreat the others to chuse whom they like best among us, and will each be content with his lot.'

I knew perfectly well it was the intention of the prophet, that I should comfort myself for the loss of the Princess Dabila; and therefore, after I had surveyed all these fair persons with attention, I gave my hand to one among them, whose sweet looks, and shining beauty, were not inferior to those of our first mother, the wife of the Sultan Adam. After all the rest had chosen them husbands, we were preparing to make our entrance into Ispahan, when a vast crowd of people, who came out of the gates, informed us, that the Sultan of Persia, and all his court, were coming to admire an event so extraordinary, that had happened not far from the gate of his palace. The violence of the earthquake, and the fall of some part of the Tower of the Forty Virgins, had made too great a noise in the neighbourhood not to be carried to his ears. I therefore put myself at the head of my little company, and went to meet a mo-

narch, whose personal merit was renowned over all the east. After I had paid him the civilities that were due, while my Persians, and their new wives, lay prostrate at his feet, I acquainted him who I was, and in what manner I had accomplished so extraordinary an adventure. The prince heard my story with admiration, hugged and caressed me very tenderly, and desired that I and all my retinue would lodge in his palace.

There was nothing after this, but feasting and sporting for above a month together; in which time the king conferred great wealth and benefits upon the thirty-nine Persians whom I had restored to their liberty. As to myself, I was sensible that my absence would make my father very uneasy, and therefore made preparation to return into his kingdom. Wherefore, after I had received all the civilities which it was proper for me to accept from the King of Persia, I took my leave; and having a very prosperous journey, soon arrived in the kingdom of Tigris. Abadaraman, highly satisfied to see me returned, after so long an absence, and the more so, because I brought with me a spouse fit to be the queen of the whole earth, conjured me to leave him no more. I fulfilled his request; and, at his death, succeeded in the throne, and governed the people with so much equity, that I make no doubt they lamented my loss, when I came to pay the common tribute to nature, in extreme old age, and continued to my children the same love they had shewn me in my life-time.

'These events,' said the Queen of China, 'are very curious; the moral they include pleases me much; nor can you do me a greater favour, than to continue them.'—'With all my heart, Madam!' answered the mandarin: 'but they begin now to draw to a conclusion; for after I left the body of Kader-Bilah, I entered into that of a young infant, who was born at Gannan, in the house of a mandarin of letters, learned in the law, and was called Fum-Hoam, the name which I now actually bear. My father, who was a man well skilled in all sciences, spared no pains for my promotion, and in a short time so far improved me in
the

the study of our law and religion, that at twenty years old, or something more, the sultan who reigned before our august monarch, (whom God preserve!) made me a mandarin of the first order; and by a particular privilege, I administered justice at Gannan*, the place of my nativity.

I applied myself very diligently to the most sublime sciences, and had the good fortune to contract an acquaintance with a philosopher of profound erudition, who communicated to me the power he had over genii; and it was by their help that I restored the Sultan Malekalfalem to the throne of Georgia!—I will always remember that service, answered Gulchenraz; and must conjure you to continue to my father your protection, which is so necessary for his return to Teflis; and not fail coming to-morrow at this time, because I am desirous to reason with you about the different adventures of your life; which, instead of persuading me that your religion is better than mine, have only confirmed me still stronger in the belief of the laws of Mahomet.—We shall see that to-morrow, answered the mandarin, smiling. I hope, however, that the Sultan of Georgia, the King of China, your majesty, and myself, shall agree about that point.—I doubt it very much, replied the queen. But I am pretty certain of it! answered the mandarin with a smile.

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF TONGLUCK AND GULCHENRAZ GUNDOGDJ.

THE two monarchs and Gulchenraz had a great deal of discourse about the different adventures of Fum-Hoam; and after supper, each retired to his own apartment, where they passed the night very quietly. As soon as the morning appeared, Malekalfalem went into the Sultan of China's chamber, which was parted from his only by a rich closet, where the shutters and curtains were not yet open. Are you asleep, Sir? said he. No, answered Disalem: Gulchenraz, whose head is filled with Fum-Hoam's stories, has

awakened me, to tell me a pleasant dream. She told me, that she dreamed we three were that night carried into Georgia; and that your viziers, accompanied by the mandarin, were waiting with impatience until it was time for them to come and testify their joy for your happy return.—That's very strange, replied the Sultan of Georgia; I have had exactly the same dream, which made me awake so suddenly; and what is very astonishing, I protest I find a change in the palace; my chamber, as I was getting up, looked to be the very same with that in which I used to sleep at Teflis; the closet that parts us seemed, in the dark, of different figure than usual; and I think much fault may be found with the situation of things even in this room.—It is an easy matter to convince you of your error! cried Disalem, laughing, and running to the window.—But how great was his surprize to find himself in a place he knew nothing of! and how great was the joy of Malekalfalem and his daughter, on finding themselves in their palace at Teflis! Scarce could they believe their own eyes. Gulchenraz got up with the utmost expedition, and going with her father and husband into an anti-chamber that led into the guard-room, heard a confused noise. As she opened the door, Fum-Hoam appeared at the head of the viziers of Georgia, who threw themselves at their sultan's feet, and expressed more by their tears than they could in words. Malekalfalem was moved with tenderness and compassion; he embraced each of them separately, and ordered them to distribute a hundred thousand pieces of gold among the people. The return of this good king spread, in a few hours, an exceeding great gladness over all Teflis; nothing was heard but acclamations of joy, and the people who were doubtful of their happiness, begged the sultan to shew himself in publick. He was too well pleased with their zeal, to deny them that small token of his love: he appeared for above an hour upon a terrace that looked into the square; and shewed them, at the same time, the Princess Gulchenraz, and the deserving husband Heaven had provided for her.

* This was esteemed a particular privilege, because mandarins were commonly sent to governments at a great distance from the place of their birth.

After the first transports of joy were over, and the two monarchs were at liberty, they embraced the mandarin a thousand times. 'Is all this that we see real?' said Malekalfalem to him: 'Is it possible that we can be at Teflis? Is it not rather an illusion, and the result of a dream which my daughter and me both had last night?'—'No, Sir,' replied Fum-Hoam; 'you are really in Georgia. The genii, who are under my direction, have executed their orders punctually: they carried us into this country in less than three hours; and you are not, I hope, fatigued with the expedition.'—'No, indeed,' said Gulchenraz, 'I never slept better in my life; and had such pleasant dreams, that I was not desirous to awake.'—'You have not told the king your husband all, then,' added the mandarin. 'That is true,' continued the queen, with a blush; 'but since you can enter into the bottom of my thoughts, I will tell him. I fancied, Sir,' said she to the Sultan of China, 'that I was with child, and delivered of a most beautiful prince. As soon as he was born, your majesty was for having him carried to the pagode royal, to return thanks to the gods for giving you a successor. I was sadly concerned to see that you refused, even though I requested it with tears, to have him brought up in the religion of our holy prophet, when, some-how or other, the mandarin Fum-Hoam was in my chamber. "Mighty monarch," said he to you, "our gods are nothing but monsters, to which the fear and credulity of the Chinese have built temples. There is but one God in the universe; he is the first mover of all things, and his great prophet is Mahomet." Whereupon you looked upon the mandarin in the strangest confusion, and said, "What! is it you who talk at this rate to me? You, who have always been the support of the religion of your fathers; you, whom our gods account one of their chief sacrificers; you, in short, who have promised to engage my wife to live with me in the same faith!"—"I once made you that promise," answered Fum-Hoam; "but I must now discover to you my real sentiments, and cast off the mask which conceals a true friend of the great prophet."

After that, by a train of extravagant imaginations, such as sleep usually produces, this illustrious philosopher seemed in a moment stripped of his old skin; the wrinkles which were indented on his face, and made it so venerable, were all smoothed; and instead of him, I thought I beheld a young man, much about two and twenty years old, dressed in a Persian habit. I embraced him with much tenderness, nor could I tell why; only my father, and you, Sir, did the same. "It is time to depart to Teflis," said he to us: and then giving us his girdle to take hold on, we flew through the air with incredible swiftness, and arrived at this palace.

'This, Sir, was my dream; and Fum-Hoam must give us the explanation of it.'—'That, Madam, I will gladly do,' said the mandarin, 'and I hope that you will all be soon satisfied: but I must first of all ask pardon of Difalem for the imposture I have put upon him. I never really was, nor am I at present, the mandarin Fum-Hoam; he is actually at Gannan, and I only assumed his shape as often as I had occasion for it.'—'Not Fum-Hoam!' cried the King of China: 'who are you, then?'—'I am a Persian, Sir: I was born at Teflis; and in this palace, even in this very chamber, first saw the light.'—'In this chamber!' replied Malekalfalem; 'ah! how is that possible?'—'It is easy to conceive, Sir; since I am Prince Afroamat, your son, who at two years old was taken away by the corsairs: but, to convince you of this, I will presently appear to you in my own natural form.' Upon this, some part of Gulchenraz's dream being accomplished, the old man disappeared, and in his place came a person like him she had seen in her dream; and now they beheld a beautiful young Persian, who had in his face all the lines and features of the King of Georgia.

This surprizing adventure put the two kings and Gulchenraz into an inexpressible astonishment. 'What!' cried out Malekalfalem, embracing the young Persian, 'do I see again my dear Afroamat, that beloved son, whose loss cost me so many tears? Is it him who has restored me to my throne? Is it him whose life has been such a chain of wonders?—Ah, Sir!' continued

tinued he, addressing himself to Disaleem, 'it is Alroamat! I am convinced by the emotions of nature, my heart tells me it is him; and his extreme likeness to my daughter, is a certain confirmation of the voice of nature. He was taken from me on the coast of Guriel; I made every possible inquiry after him; but in vain; I could hear no tidings of him; and, alas! believed he was buried in the sea; but now I have met with him again, invested with more power than all the kings upon earth put together. What consolation is this to my old age! what extravagance of joy!' The good father then renewed his embraces; Disaleem and his spouse almost smothered him with their caresses; which, after he had returned, with a great deal of tenderness, 'I will now,' said he, 'acquaint you with my adventures, without any manner of disguise.

THE HISTORY OF ALROAMAT, AND
THE CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY
OF TONGLUCK, AND OF
GULCHENRAZ GUNDOGDJ.

I Was brought up in a castle by the sea-side, not far from Guriel, where the sultan, my father, at that time resided; when a fancy took my nurse one day, that she would go out walking; and, as the weather was fine, she had strayed half a league from home, without ever minding where she was: in her return, however, she was intercepted by six corsairs. Her cries made the slaves who followed us come up; but as none of them were armed, they soon ran away, and the corsairs carried me and Sady (for that was my nurse's name) into a small boat, that soon ran us aboard a vessel, which immediately put to sea. The wind, which was favourable at first, presently changed, and there arose so furious a tempest, that we thought a thousand times we should have been lost. However, after we had borne the violence of the sea, and been tossed about for some time, the storm at last ceased, and we arrived at Kafa*, the place

where the corsairs who took me away usually live. They sold me, as they did the others they had taken; and I fell to a rich jeweller, named Naddhan†, who designed me for a companion to his only son, much about my age. As the richness of my cloaths gave him reason to believe I was a person of no mean condition, (which my nurse confirmed, without discovering what blood I was descended from) he took all imaginable care of me; and little Alazizi, his son, was not treated with more tenderness than myself. Sady was in the utmost grief, at not having an opportunity to acquaint the sultan, my father, where I was, and thereupon she fell into so deep a melancholy, that at the end of six months she died, and left me alone, abandoned and ignorant of my parentage.

Alazizi and myself began soon to have the use of our reason, and the young man was so charmingly good-humoured, that I loved him with the utmost tenderness, which he was not backward in returning. This friendship increased with our years, and we were become inseparable; when Alazizi unfortunately conceived a passion for a jeweller's daughter of Kafa, named Zehir, whom, to his great sorrow, he soon understood was promised to a cady's son, for whom she had an invincible aversion. Okilan‡, the cady's son, was not only very ugly and insolent, but a mere brute in his temper; and so confident of the agreement he had made with her father, that he gave himself no trouble to gain the young lady's consent. Alazizi was informed of Zehir's sentiments, and having found means to bribe one of her slaves, was introduced into the house, and declared his passion to her in such affectionate terms, that she was charmed with his merit; and even intreated him to rescue her from Okilan's tyranny, and prevail with her father to break off the match. Alazizi made me the confident of his love; and we imparted it to his father Naddhan. The honest jeweller, who loved his son very tenderly, went immediately

* A peninsula of the Black Sea, belonging to the Sultan of Azak, who is the King of Little Tartary.

† This word signifies a string of pearls.

‡ The word Okilan, signifies a flying serpent, or scorpion.

“ to confer with the father of Zehir.
 “ My dear friend,” said he, “ I understand that you design your daughter for the cady’s son; but have you thoroughly considered the matter?
 “ for, to say nothing of the young man’s ill qualities, reflect a little on the engagement into which you are about to enter. The cady will despise you; his son, who is a mere debauchee, will soon be weary of Zehir, and return her on your hands again to your great disconsolation. Now, I have one expedient to avoid all these inconveniences; you know Alazizi, nor is it proper for me to remind you of his merit: he adores your daughter; I have no other child but him; I have above fifty thousand pieces of gold, and as much or more in jewels; my house is my own, and few people have a greater number of valuable slaves than myself: all this I offer you, if you will break off your engagement with the cady. Consider, therefore, of my proposal.”

“ Zehir’s father was a little startled at this proposition, but as he could not promise himself near the advantage in matching his daughter to Okilan, he readily accepted Naddhan’s offer; desiring, however, that the engagement might be secret, until he should find an opportunity to get quit of the cady’s son, which was no very difficult matter to accomplish; for he scarce ever opened his mouth without uttering some rudeness or other: nay, that very night he made use of several, which Zehir, in pursuance of her father’s order, sharply resented; so that the quarrel grew high, and the jeweller coming in, took his daughter’s part with some warmth, and desired Okilan to go home about his business. The young brute, who valued himself on his quality, took this affront in very great disdain, and went out in a violent rage.

“ The jeweller went immediately to Naddhan, and after they had agreed together, they determined to have Alazizi and Zehir married the day following. When Okilan understood this, he was in a great fury, and vowed to revenge himself: and it was not long before he put his design in execution. As Alazizi and myself were one evening coming from his mistress’s house, we were attacked by the cady’s son at the

head of eight ruffians. We had happily time to put ourselves on our defence, and had killed three of them before we received the least wound; but as my young master was no very expert swordsman, he received from Okilan a blow with his sabre, which cleft his head asunder. I was now left alone against the six assassins, and growing mad and furious at the sight of Alazizi’s death, resolved to perish, or revenge his fall. I forced my way through the villains who kept me from Okilan, and at length stabbed him to the heart with a poniard which I held in my left-hand, while I defended my life with my sabre in the right. After this I fought only to secure my retreat: for I was wounded in five or six places, and it was with much difficulty that I reached Naddhan’s house. His grief for the murder of his son was inexpressible; and the surgeon, whom he instantly sent for, was about to dress my wounds, when about forty officers, with the cady at the head of them, broke open the door, and tore me from the arms of that unhappy father. They then beat me most unmercifully, and carried me to a frightful dungeon, where they threatened me with the most infamous punishment. It was to no purpose for me to protest my innocence, or remonstrate against the cady, who ought not to be both judge and party. I had certainly been condemned to the most cruel death, if Naddhan, notwithstanding the weight of his affliction, had not instantly applied to the governor of Kafa, and related to him, with floods of tears, the murder of his son, and the revenge I had taken of the murderer. But all the natural eloquence, which sorrow dictates, availed nothing. It was not in the power of words to move the heart of that governor: his greedy eyes were fixed on a very fine diamond which the jeweller had on his finger; and Naddhan perceiving the object which engrossed all his attention, offered to give it him, provided he would save my life.

“ I accept of your present,” said he, “ for the love I bear you: for, you know, I have always esteemed you, though it is not in my power to determine this affair. Your best way will be, to present your petition to
 “ me,

“ me, wherein you appeal to the Sultan
 “ of Azak*. I will then order your
 “ slave to be removed into some of the
 “ prisons of this castle; but I cannot
 “ dispense with his being in a dungeon.
 “ I will be responsible, however, for
 “ his life, till your return from Azak,
 “ whither I would advise you imme-
 “ diately to hasten, if you would de-
 “ feat the cady’s violence. This, my
 “ dear friend, is all that I can do for
 “ you.”

“ Naddhan did as the governor advis-
 “ ed him. I was removed by virtue of
 “ his petition; he went over to Azak,
 “ and at length obtained (but not with-
 “ out warm solicitations, and a present
 “ of two thousand pieces of gold to the
 “ prime-vizier) my liberty, and the ca-
 “ dy’s recal. After about four months
 “ absence, during all which time I was
 “ languishing in prison, Naddhan return-
 “ ed from Kafa, with a new cady, who
 “ had the sultan’s orders executed re-
 “ lating to me. I was therefore releas-
 “ ed out of prison; but O in what a
 “ sad condition did my master find me!
 “ So little care had been taken of my
 “ wounds, that some of the wounded
 “ sinews were quite shrunk; my face
 “ was bent down to the ground, and
 “ the dampness of the dungeon had given
 “ me the rheumatism all over my body.
 “ In this deplorable condition, I was
 “ carried to my master’s house, who
 “ could not forbear weeping at the sight
 “ of me. The ablest physicians, with
 “ all their medicines, were unable to
 “ restore me; and thus I continued till
 “ my master’s death, which happened
 “ about three years after, when he be-
 “ queathed me his whole estate. The
 “ first thing I did, was to give freedom
 “ to all the slaves who had served along
 “ with me, and to purchase others;
 “ and as my life, considering the la-
 “ mentable condition I was in, was ve-
 “ ry irksome to me, I passed my time in
 “ reading good books: and meeting
 “ with one among the rest, which treat-
 “ ed of the great Solomon’s excellence,
 “ by means of a ring that enabled him
 “ to do every thing, I read with great
 “ eagerness the principles of that noble

“ science, which, by a way unknown
 “ to the vulgar, conveys us to the know-
 “ ledge of the most sublime truths.

“ I was grievously vexed, that I could
 “ not readily enter into the sense of this
 “ science, which seemed to be concealed
 “ under a too mysterious cover. I saw
 “ with admiration, that, by pronounc-
 “ ing certain words, after a peculiar
 “ manner, one might remove the hea-
 “ vens and the earth as easily as one’s
 “ lips; that, at the pronunciation of
 “ these words, the genii, both good and
 “ evil, stood aghast, and enquired of
 “ one another, why the world was in
 “ such disorder; that other words made
 “ them come round the person who pro-
 “ nounced them, just like soldiers about
 “ their general; and that, by the force
 “ and combination of particular letters,
 “ all the powers of the air and earth
 “ might be bound up, in the same man-
 “ ner as they were once subjected to the
 “ will of that sage, who was such a fa-
 “ vourite with Heaven as to attain this
 “ profound knowledge.

“ The more I perused this book, the
 “ more I lost myself in deep medita-
 “ tions: and one day, as I was musing
 “ on these things, and pronouncing, all
 “ manner of ways, the different words
 “ which the Sultan Solomon made use
 “ of to command the genii, I was not a
 “ little surprized to see before me, on a
 “ sudden, a young man, who seemed
 “ not more than fifteen, and of a more
 “ than mortal beauty. “ A part of
 “ thy vows is heard,” said he; “ I am
 “ one of the genii of the air, whom
 “ thou hast invoked in terms, of which
 “ thou dost not, as yet, thoroughly
 “ comprehend the force; but as thou
 “ possessest the qualities requisite to be
 “ initiated into mysteries which are
 “ above the comprehension of the vul-
 “ gar, see that thou go (how great
 “ soever the expence may be) into the
 “ province of Kistag †, to a little vil-
 “ lage called Sargultzar, because of the
 “ great plenty of roses which grow
 “ there: thou wilt there find a famous
 “ physician, named Koda-Behdé ‡,
 “ whom thou must address in the words
 “ which make all the wicked intelli-

* The capital city of Little Tartary, the frontier of Circassia, and the residence of the sultan.

† Kistag, is a province situate in the north part of the Indies, which the Sultan Magmoud Sabekteghin conquered, as he did all the other countries of the Indies.

‡ The servant of the Lord.

“gences tremble in their profound caverns, Alla-Illa Eha, Akebar-Alla*,” (for this is the manner of salutation among the sages;) and tell him, that Aralim desires him to fill thy brain with the dew of a rose that is white, and as clear as chrystal.” And no sooner had Aralim uttered these few words, than he immediately disappeared.

“You cannot imagine, my dear sister,” continued Alroamat, turning to the Queen of China, “what satisfaction I felt at the apparition of this genius. I lost not one of his words, but wrote them down for fear of forgetting them; and so preparing for my departure, caused a palanquin to be made, and bought me two camels to carry me to Sargultzar, where I arrived after a very tedious journey. My first care was to inform myself where Koda-Bendé lived; and they told me, not far from a fountain, that wrought every day the most extraordinary cures. In short, I was informed, that people from all parts of the world came thither for their health; that the paralytick recovered the use of their limbs, and those of a bad digestion, stomachick heat enough to concoct their food; that old people seemed there to grow young again, and women to add new charms to their beauty and comeliness: in a word, there was no malady so old and obstinate, but it might be washed away in this fountain; and that Koda-Bendé, who had the direction of the waters, ordered them to be taken different ways, according to the age and constitution of the patient.

“As soon as I had rested myself a little, I was carried to this famous physician’s house; I saluted him as the genius commanded me; and no sooner had he heard these divine words, than repeating them with a marvellous transport, “Praise and magnify God,” said he, “young man, for vouchsafing to make choice of you to be instructed in so sublime a science as that of which the great Solomon was master; and to deliver you from the misery which man is ordinarily subject to, by giving you the command over all intelligences. For, indeed, what is man? and how does

“he enter upon this scene of life? May not one properly enough say, that he is a poor mariner, whom the sea has cast ashore, after it has made him the sport of its waves and fury? Nature, when she looses him from the bands of his mother’s womb, only exposes him upon the earth, destitute of those succours which she usually affords to other creatures. He cannot sustain himself; he is born naked, and fills the place of his nativity with his cries: which, indeed, are the most just and natural of all his actions; for how can he too much bewail that almost unavoidable train of infelicity which seldom fails to attend him.

“This is the condition of a common man; but the true philosopher, and the sage, is of a quite different nature. His knowledge raises him as much above the ordinary level of mankind, as the heavens are above the earth. He suffers not his passions to govern him; he is greater than kings and princes; he commands the elements; all nature is subject to him; the genii obey him; and nothing but what is unjust, is too difficult for him to accomplish. This is what you are about to become: your patience under your afflictions, your continual application to the study of virtue, and your constant inclination to that which is good, has obtained you that favour which is granted but to few; take then especial care, that the many benefits which the goodness of Heaven bestows, make you not proud; and be sure to conceal all the knowledge I am going to communicate, under a plain and modest appearance, and such as may not draw upon you the envy of the wicked: this is the method which I take to be perfectly happy. There are few sick people who come here, that do not return in health; but think you it is the water which they drink, or bathe in, that has this operation upon them? No, no, my dear friend; I have a sovereign remedy of a very different kind for all their maladies: and, to convince you of this, smell only to the elixir inclosed in this small phial.” I opened it,” continued Alroamat, “and put it to my nose; but no sooner had I smelt the vapour that issued

* God is great, God is great.

from it, than I felt a strange disorder in every part of my body; and, instead of being crooked, as I was before, raised myself as upright as it was possible to be. "This," said Koda-Bendé, "is what I could easily do to all who come to Sargultzar; but then these miracles would soon draw upon me the envy of the physicians. I chuse therefore to heal my patients gradually, and to make them believe they owe their respective cures to the water of this fountain. Nay, I must even desire you not to seem as if you were healed till some few days are past, during which time I will thoroughly instruct you in our mysteries. Assume, therefore, the posture you just now used, and call in your slaves, and desire them to go to the place where you first alighted, and there wait till they are sent for." I did as Koda-Bendé desired me, and in the five days time, wherein I pretended to be drinking the waters of Sargultzar, that famous philosopher disclosed to me all the secrets of nature; so that I became as able a proficient as himself in a science which may be justly esteemed divine. At the expiration of that time I left Koda-Bendé, and my slaves were astonished to see me as straight and upright as if I had never been otherwise; and at my return to Kafa, every one looked upon my cure as a miracle.

As soon as I got home, I ordered the genius Aralim to attend me; and, according to Koda-Bendé's instructions, consulted him about my birth. He surprized me very agreeably, by informing me that I was the son of Malekalfalem, and that my name was Alroamat. He informed me likewise of the manner in which I was stolen away by the pirates, and of the death of my nurse. It was with the most inconceivable grief I learned that the Sultan of Georgia was banished from his kingdom by the usurper Dilsenghin; and after having, for a considerable time, wandered about the East, was at length obliged to seek for protection under one of the King of China's subjects.

On receiving this information, I immediately passed over into the dominions of Tongluck, where I saw Malekalfalem and Gulchenraz, without being in the least known by them.

I then took upon me the form of Fum-Hoam, whom I conveyed to my house in Kafa, where I caused him to remain in a deep sleep, while I personated his appearance. With the rest, Sir, you are perfectly acquainted. It was by my means Disalem was informed that Holonja had in his house a lady of Georgia, who excelled the very houri in beauty; that this monarch resolved to see her under an assumed name; that he fell in love with her; that he cut off the traitor Dilsenghin's head; and, in short, that he was joined to my dear sister by bands, which will continue sacred and inviolable as long as they both shall live.—Only, Sir, continued Alroamat, addressing his discourse to the Sultan of China, if I have pretended to be a zealous follower of the religion of your ancestors, it has been to engage you, by an irrevocable oath, to live with the queen your spouse in the religion she professes; and a little reflection, I hope, will easily determine you. For, in truth, is there any thing more contrary to good sense, than the transmigration of the soul from one body to another? To accommodate myself, in some measure, to the extravagant accounts of your mandarins of the law, I have told you some histories much to the taste of what they are every moment relating, and some of which have really happened in the world; but not to me, who never was any other than what I am now; except when I thought proper to make myself appear to your eyes under another figure, by virtue of some cabalistical words with which I am acquainted. How can they, according to their own principles, remember in one body, what was transacted in another? But suppose they could, upon the supposition of the soul's passing from body to body; how miserable must it needs be, to be always subject to the prevailing inclinations of the form it inhabits? For, in short, all wild beasts have a sad and cruel tincture of their own species: fraud and malice are hereditary to the fox and monkey; flight and timidity belong to does and harts; and it is greatly, indeed, villifying the soul, to imagine it has not sufficient power to alter the habitude of any body in which it resides. According

' cording to the accounts propagated by
 ' some of your mandarins, men are
 ' often irrational, while the most savage
 ' and ferocious animals are frequently
 ' endowed with the most exalted un-
 ' derstandings. Ah, my dear lord! you
 ' have surely too much good sense, to
 ' be the dupe of such ridiculous fables;
 ' but seduced by the prejudices of edu-
 ' cation, have never once reasoned about
 ' the religion of your forefathers. Is it
 ' possible, that you can persuade your-
 ' self, (as the vulgar believe) that the
 ' immortal nature of our souls is sub-
 ' ject to a body, which is only the nour-
 ' ishment of worms; and that among
 ' an innumerable multitude of souls,
 ' there should be so fierce an emulation
 ' who should first enter into the body
 ' that is lately formed, and not rather
 ' agree among themselves, that the first
 ' comer be the first received into the
 ' body which wants it? According to
 ' this way of reasoning, Death will be
 ' nothing more than a frightful name,
 ' all it's methods of approaches will be
 ' indifferent to us, and it will be the
 ' same thing, whether we do good or
 ' evil actions, which is a position ab-
 ' horrent to nature. You will tell me,
 ' perhaps, according to the system of your
 ' mandarins, and the Indian brachmans,
 ' that in proportion to their merit or
 ' demerit, souls pass into baser or no-
 ' bler bodies: but what sort of bodies
 ' do your doctors and the brachmans ac-
 ' count superior to the rest? A cow,
 ' they say, is a superior animal, be-
 ' cause this creature has something di-
 ' vine in it; the soul which resides in
 ' that creature, hopes shortly to be pu-
 ' rified of all the sins wherewith it was
 ' polluted in the world, by being pre-
 ' sented to their gods: and what are
 ' these gods themselves, but monsters,
 ' or imaginary beings, invented by the
 ' knavery of your first sacrificers, and
 ' supported by the licentiousness and in-
 ' dependence of those who have succeed-
 ' ed to their places? a cow; one of the
 ' clumsiest animals, next to a hog, which
 ' you make your finest dishes of, and
 ' which we hold in abomination! And
 ' do you really believe such idle stories?
 ' No, Sir! no; I am persuaded to the
 ' contrary, and that my sister has al-
 ' ready shewn you the difference be-

' tween so ridiculous a religion, and
 ' that of Mahomet; whose great truths,
 ' as they are contained in the Alcoran,
 ' deserve admiration. This venerable
 ' work, extracted out of the great book
 ' of the divine decrees, was set aside at
 ' the creation of the world, to be de-
 ' posited in one of the seven heavens
 ' under the firmament, and was thence
 ' brought, verse by verse, to our (ove-
 ' reign prophet, by an angel * of the
 ' first hierarchy, in the space of three
 ' and twenty years, according to the
 ' exigencies of mankind. So that none
 ' but persons of the purest hearts dare
 ' touch this book; which was sent him
 ' from the King of all Ages! that God,
 ' who with the breath of his mouth
 ' made the heavens and earth, and every
 ' living creature! And of this truth,
 ' both wise men and angels are fully
 ' persuaded, viz. that there is no other
 ' God but him, and that Mahomet is
 ' his ambassador. This precious book
 ' contains the history of all that is past,
 ' infallible predictions of what is to
 ' come, and just and righteous laws for
 ' the time present. It enjoins us to do
 ' good actions, not to fail repeating
 ' five prayers every day, and to make
 ' the legal ablutions regularly. What
 ' can be more beautiful, than this verse
 ' in the chapter of Araf? "Be ready
 ' to forgive," says he; "do good to
 ' all men, and have no contest with
 ' the ignorant." What can be more
 ' eloquent, than what is couched in the
 ' chapter Houd; where, to assuage the
 ' deluge, God is brought in, saying
 ' these sublime words: "Earth, drink
 ' up thy waters; and, heaven, draw
 ' thou up those which thou hast pour-
 ' ed out?" whereupon the water im-
 ' mediately retired, the rainbow rested
 ' upon the mountain, and these words
 ' were heard, "Woe to the wicked!"
 ' This, Sir, is the religion which we
 ' profess; these are the laws which it
 ' imposes: it consists not (like yours)
 ' in the adoration of monsters, and rebel
 ' angels; we worship God only, whose
 ' power is infinite, and who (as our
 ' prophet teaches us) needs but a few
 ' grains of dust to overthrow his adver-
 ' saries, and punish the wicked in a ter-
 ' rible manner. For was it not him
 ' who, to chastise the pride of Caica-

* Mahomet pretends that it was the Angel Gabriel who brought him his Alcoran, and that the original of it was written upon a table which is kept in heaven.

ous*, sent a gnat to penetrate his very brain, and to give him such exquisite torments, that he was obliged to be destroyed! Was it not him, who made the body of Ferraoun† float upon the sea, with his iron breast-plate on; to let his people see how he had delivered them from so formidable an enemy, with whose death they were unacquainted? Was it not in favour of Mahomet, and to preserve him from the fury of the Goraischites, that while he was reposing himself in a cave on the mountain I'hour, an Acacia tree grew in one night at the mouth of the grot, wherein a pair of wild pigeons built their nest, and the rest of the entrance was covered over with a spider's web, which made his pursuers believe that no person had lately entered there? Does he not tell you farther, in the Chapter of Elephants, that God sent against his enemies flying squadrons, who pelted them with stones that were marked with every man's name, and scattered them like corn in the field, which the birds eat up‡? Do not pretend then, Sir, to compare your religion with ours. You have promised Gulchenraz, that if I prevail not with her to embrace the worship of your gods, you would trample under foot the idols you have now the weakness to adore. That time is happily come; and I have an incredible satisfaction, to perceive that my discourse has made some impression upon you. Yes, Sir, you are already a Mussulman in your heart, and by your example your whole people will embrace the religion of Mahomet, and not eat of the fruit of the tree Zacon§, which only grows in hell. You and your posterity shall in that great day, which will make the stoutest tremble, hold the book, containing an account

of your actions in your right-hand, be placed in a new-planted apple-orchard, refresh yourselves with the fruit of the tree of Muze||, and our prophet's virgins of paradise will all strive who shall please you the most.'

'Yes, my dear Alroamat,' said the Sultan of China, 'this instant I am a Mussulman, nor can I too soon perform the exercises of that religion: I shall therefore have an infinite obligation to you, if you will acquaint my subjects with my resolution.—'I will engage for success in this affair,' answered Alroamat, 'and for the blessings which our prophet will bestow upon the worthy infant which Gulchenraz now bears in her womb. He shall, in his generation, be as illustrious in the cabalistical sciences, as the most renowned philosophers; and, to the end of your days, be a consolation to you both.'

Disalem kept his word with Alroamat. He abjured his errors, and became a good Mussulman; and, by the marvellous assistance of Alroamat, returned with Gulchenraz into China; where, under the figure of Fum-Hoam, Alroamat destroyed the various idols, and established the religion of Mahomet; and the queen was soon after delivered of a son, who fulfilled all his uncle's predictions, and became his worthy successor. As for Alroamat, after his father's decease, he reigned in Georgia with so much wisdom, that his memory is, to this day, held in equal respect with that of the first heroes of Persia; and performed things in general so far above the ordinary course of nature, as will for ever be thought incredible by all those who are not instructed in the *profound mysteries* of the CABALA.

* According to the oriental history, this person was Nimrod.

† According to the same tradition, this was Pharoah. The people of the East have disfigured all the Old Testament both in it's names and facts.

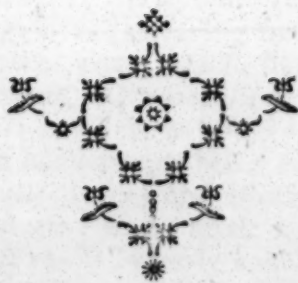
‡ The Alcoran is full of such miracles, which Mussulmen, believe very submissively.

§ According to the fabulous tradition of the Mussulmen, the fruit of this tree will be dragons heads. But there is likewise a real tree of that name, bearing a very bitter fruit, which gave rise to the fable.

|| The tree of life. See the chapter of the Alcoran, entitled the Judgment.



THE
S I S T E R S;
OR, THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
LUCY AND CAROLINE SANSON,
ENTRUSTED TO
A FALSE FRIEND.
IN TWO VOLUMES.
BY THE REV. DR. DODD.



L O N D O N:
Printed for HARRISON and Co. No. 18, Paternoster-Row.
M DCC LXXXI.



P R E F A C E,

B Y T H E E D I T O R.

TO recommend virtue, and decry one species of vice, so universally predominant in our country, seems to be the Author's single intention in this work. Though formed upon the plan and manner of our modern historical romances, it will be found, in it's whole conduct and mode of writing, perfectly different from them: and will necessarily afford every reader more satisfaction, as it is founded on real facts, and characters that once existed. The Author, retired far from the busy world, and escaped from the tumultuous sea of pleasure and libertinism, determined to hang up this votive tablet to Neptune*, and to erect a light-house for the benefit of future mariners. His desires are only, that it may be attended to; and he assures, by me, the female reader more particularly, that if she steers by it's light, she may avoid many shelves and quicksands in that dangerous ocean wherein she is embarked.

Fallen as we are, among evil times and evil men, it requires no small caution to guide ourselves aright, and to pass through life, our virtue unshaken, and our principles uncorrupted. We cannot peep out, and receive no damage: we find so little to strengthen us in goodness, so much to establish us in evil, that the best heart, the more it is conversant with the world, by degrees dissolves into luke-warmness, and at length totally relaxes the reins to the furious drive of passion and pleasure. These are maladies which corrupt the very root, and which must indubitably level the proud oak with the ground, unless immediate remedies be applied, the causes of the disorder removed, and proper refreshments given to the languid and decaying tree.

Amongst the many other vices, which, like a torrent, overwhelm and bear down all before them, reigns *adultery*, notoriously prevalent, and triumphant in it's power: which, as being the violation of every sacred and human tie, must of consequence bring along with it a train of evils, desperate and destructive. Injury and injustice, cruelty and dishonesty, are it's constant attendants; every noble and virtuous, every pure and religious sentiment must vanish, utterly vanish, from the bosom where it is found; the names of husband, father, friend, brother, and every dear and social relation, be given up, and relinquished: lust, mighty lust, only, is father, husband, friend and brother, every thing dear, and every thing sacred, to the heart of the adulterer!

* This alludes to the following passage in Horace—

—*Me tabulâ sacer
Vorivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisâ potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.*

Tragical enough are it's consequences; too tragical, indeed, one would conceive, for a little momentary pleasure to out-weigh and over-balance, (which, as the poet observes,

The beasts enjoy so very much above us ;)

yet the tears of innocence, and the heart-rending agonies of the parent, the miseries of the unfortunate and ruined virgin, the horrors and lamentations of the wife, and the sufferings of every friend, are weak, too weak, to restrain the man of pleasure, and to hold him from the arms of a delusive and deceitful mistress! How inconsistent is man! pride and vanity constitute his very nature: yet so abject is he, that a vile and shameless prostitute causes him to give up both! so very mean, that unbridled passion renders him a dupe to a wanton harlot, whose fondness is all dissimulation, and who rejoices solely in the power and art of cajoling him! Son of Reason, exert thyself, and be wise! reflect, and be abashed! scorn her wiles; break from her chains; forsake the falsely-smiling mistress; and be blessed, truly blessed, in the bosom of a virtuous wife!

But, I fear, in thus speaking, the bounds of my office are exceeded, and I presume too far upon the province of the author; who hath indeed so strongly represented to us the miseries attendant upon this crime, that we must either have utterly divested ourselves of humanity, or be sensibly affected by it. The colouring is lively and strong, the description is tender and pathetick; and there runs through the whole so noble and elegant a strain of morality, as must indisputably recommend the work to every serious reader; for whom it is no less calculated than for the young and sprightly: nay, the most religious may find something to admire and approve; lessons worthy to be treasured up, truths meriting a place in the heart and memory. I cannot help urging all parents to a sober and careful perusal of this little history: it's design seems to be particularly for their emolument and advantage; and I am persuaded it will prove greatly so, if they give it that attention which it deserves, and attend to that counsel which it so generally and carefully inculcates. But, above all, I would recommend it to the men of pleasure, by whatever other name or title dignified or distinguished; I would by all means entreat them to read it again and again, carefully and conscientiously applying those parts which affect them to their own breasts, and in sincerity asking their own hearts, whether these things ought thus to be, and whether they would wish to be the authors of such consummate misery. 'Surely, no!' one and all will reply: and if they are sincere in this declaration, they will not fail to recollect, that every unlawful amour, every criminal indulgence in this shameless vice, may be, and probaby is, attended with a train of consequences, equally affecting and horrid with those related in this history; and possibly much worse, and more fearful, may sometimes ensue. The consideration, indeed, of a future reckoning, and dreadful account to be hereafter given, is so antiquated and out of fashion, that I fear little stress can be laid upon it: our divines must be left to press home that important doctrine; but I should conceive, however we may endeavour to think freely on the point, and to persuade ourselves of the *nothingness* of eternity, that at least the *very certain* and *clear* proofs, which we have even to *mathematical demonstration*, of our departure from this scene of *happiness* and *pleasure*, would arouse us to some thought, and make us willing

P R E F A C E.

willing to procure in this unknown hereafter, as good an interest as possible: for the old argument is still as forcible as ever; if we are mistaken in our notions of a future state, and find, contrary to our belief, that there really is an avenging God, who will distribute to every one according to his works, the infidel and impious will be most shamefully and sorrowfully disappointed; the good and virtuous will then be envied by them, and their happiness no small aggravation of the other's misery; but if it proves, as the infidel hopes, and *would fain believe*, he is still no gainer, more than the virtuous man, each sink alike into silent non-entity. But whatever the scorner of religion may in his gayer hours pretend, the truth, in the dark moments of thought, cuts deep, and he is fearfully and terribly afraid.

Let us hear, then, no more of their proud boasting; away with their insulting madness! tell them only of their still and private hours; appeal to their hearts, when darkness, danger, or death, approaches; and the lion will soon be shaken off, displaying the coward ass, the mean, the dastard, trembling infidel!

It is not to be admired, that such persons abound in these times; nor is there any hope that the general malady should be remedied by any such accidental applications as these: it is possible a work like this may strike a heart or two; and drive them to reflection; and he who once seriously reflects, cannot be far from amendment. The Author's only view in it, is, if possible, to do good to some: he earnestly desires it, and the work appears to me calculated well for that end. The best preface to any work is it's own native excellence: if it be really good, it wants none; if it be bad, no preface can possibly recommend or establish it's character. I shall therefore urge no more in it's behalf, than that it is highly pleasing, affecting, and instructive: and he who hath gained these three things in such a work, hath gained it's eminence.

I would only farther observe, that what the Author so frequently and earnestly presses upon parents, is the only means ever to revive true virtue in this land: that is, an early care of the minds of youth, and a diligent training them up in the paths of religion; a duty greatly neglected even by parents themselves, far more unhappily omitted in most of our schools and places of instruction; where, I am sorry to declare it, trifles, and insignificant learning, so much employ the minds of the young gentlemen, that nobler and more important things are wholly passed by; and the precepts of religion esteemed unnecessary to be taught, and too *well-known*, or at least too impolite to be inculcated. This is a notorious truth; it is within the observation of us all, and requires the utmost attention of our governors to remedy. I heartily wish they may by some means or other be awakened to a due consideration of this matter, and a serious application to the proper relief and care of it. In the mean time, I shall conclude this little, and I fear fruitless effort, with a few lines on this subject, from the manuscript poem of an ingenious friend of mine, who is well known to the great world, and who hath shone there with no small lustre.

From education all our ills arise,
Quick from the cradle the babe grows in vice.
The foolish parent, when his darling son
Can hammer Greek, thinks all his business done:
So the fond mother spreads her daughter's fame;
Her dancing, musick, wit, and work, her theme!

But neither ask, how far they're in the road
 To virtue, truth, humility, and God.
 These, by some instinct, in their breasts may spring;
 If not——' Religion's no such mighty thing!

Fools! yet with care, yon flower-bed they tend,
 Pluck up each weed, and warping tulips bend;
 With studious zeal the welcome stream supply,
 Shield from the summer's sun, and winter's sky;
 And when the big carnations lively blow,
 Boast their own care, and triumph in the shew!

Why should the father wonder to behold,
 In every vice, the son that hates him, bold?
 Why the fond mother tenderly complain,
 Her best lov'd daughter kept in Drury Lane?
 With bleeding hearts, ah! why the crime pursue?
 Unhappy parents, all proceeds from you!
 Why then, ah! why, the forming soul forsake;
 The wax of youth will each impression take!
 From first ideas all our tempers spring;
 These form the clown, the courtier, and the king;
 Join'd as the objects by our minds are seen,
 And busy thought associates the train.
 Her early votaries Virtue kindly guards;
 Obtain'd, forsakes not; and sincere, rewards;
 Peace, honour, wealth to each possessor brings,
 And pleasures—found not in the breasts of kings!



THE S I S T E R S.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

THE FOLLY, DANGER, AND MISFORTUNES OF FAMILY-PRIDE. MR. SANSON'S FAMILY; THEIR GREAT EXPECTATIONS AND DIFFICULTIES.



IN the north of England lived Mr. Sanson, a gentleman of good character, small fortune, and large family; he had many virtues, which procured him the esteem of his neighbourhood, but was unhappy in one great foible, which the wife observed with pity, and the judicious foresaw might probably be the occasion of many misfortunes to his children: it was family-pride; a foible as common as absurd; for what, vain man! are the virtues or greatness of thy ancestors to thee? what merit or what glory can their good deeds reflect on thee, their descendant, unless thou treadest in the same steps, and, like them, wilt nobly toil up the steep of virtue; which alone can ennoble, and which alone makes a man truly great, and truly illustrious?

' For who will call those *noble*, who deface,
' By meaner acts, the glories of their race;
' Whose only title to their father's fame,
' Is couch'd in the dead letters of their name?
' Long galleries of ancestors, and all
' The follies which ill grace a country-hall,
' Challenge no wonder, or esteem from me;
' Virtue, alone, is true nobility *."

The thoughts of his family's great splen-

dor and magnificence for many generations, so totally engrossed Mr. Sanson's heart, that though he saw his finances very small, and his children yearly increasing, he could not bear the reflection of placing a son to a mechanick trade, or giving a daughter any notion of those branches of business, by which an industrious young woman may support herself with credit. His wife, a good and amiable woman, was also born of parents equally renowned for pedigree; yet her education had been so excellent before she married, that she never once had heard of families and descent; though by long conversing with her husband, whom she tenderly loved, she, as usual, imbibed all his notions, and became as great a bigot to the grandeur of her forefathers as he; and would entertain you many days with the glory of her great grandfather, the fame of her great uncle, the illustrious feats and celebrated prowess of her third cousin's, first cousin's uncle's son-in-law, and trace her lineage, through lords, knights, champions, and squires, down from William the Conqueror to the present generation. No wonder, when she found herself the mother of four fine young ladies, soon as they were able to distinguish, she informed them of their rank, place, and pre-eminence; instructed them in every branch of female eminence and polite behaviour, and instilled into their minds chimerical notions of grandeur, and coaches, titles, honour, diamonds, and brocades: ' For these, ladies,' would she often say,

'were what your mother should have enjoyed, and which no doubt will soon be in your possession, particularly as Heaven has blessed you all with so many beauties, and so many graces.'—And to say truth, Britain could scarcely paragon the two eldest, Lucy and Caroline; they were of a most delicate frame, formed for love, and what the most perverse old maid, grinning horribly a ghastly smile of applause, would have acknowledged compleat beauties. It is no wonder, when such tales were perpetually sounded in their ears, that the young girls grew vain, foolish, and affected; Cassandra, Cleopatra, Heywood's novels, and above all, the works of the inimitable Fielding, with a thousand more romantick books of the same kind, (wherewith the present age so happily abounds) were the constant employment of their days: pleased with the wordrous relations, and magick scenes of joy, success, and transports, found in these charming entertainers, each began to despise the addresses of rude villagers, and to sigh for enchanted raptures and delightful scenes, with which they had heard the great metropolis so nobly abounded. But insurmountable difficulties rose to their view; mountains on mountains; Ossa on Pelion, and Pelion on Ossa: money they had none; and what can be atchieved without all-powerful money? Friends likewise they knew not of, none at least from whence they could expect any particular favour. However, at length, one of them bethought her of a distant relation living in town: soon as the remembrance shot into her mind, she communicated it to the family, and prevailed on her father to write: the old man feared a denial, having no reasonable ground to expect so mighty a boon; which, as he observed, might be the making of Lucy, and of consequence, the whole family; nevertheless, he wrote in as complaisant terms as conceivable, and Lucy with her own fingers, while the little tyrant in her bosom panted midst hopes and fears, committed the dear important letter to the post.

C H A P. II.

THE MISERIES OF SUSPENSE. THE SEEMING FELICITY OF MR. SAN-

SON'S FAMILY. THE MISCHIEFS OF HIGH EXPECTATIONS.

OF all the states upon earth, none is so distracting as that of suspense; how dreadful are the long, long hours of expectation; how tedious, how heavily the moments drag along, till the wished-for time approaches?—Every thing then is disgusting, every pulse beating the alarm, and the blood flowing with wild agitation through the veins, and firing every part with restless anxiety and pungent impatience.

In the utmost misery of this most uneasy state, lived, or rather breathed, Mr. Sanson's whole family, from almost the very moment the letter was delivered, to the hour an answer arrived; and that answer was a full fortnight before it came to hand: every night they watched the post, and every night, alas! disappointed, went with eyes over-loaded with tears to bed: so blind are we to futurity, so little knowing of what here will tend to our sorrow or success!

O learn hence, ye sons and daughters of perseverance, never to be solicitous for the future; rest contented in the hands of an ever-wise and watchful Providence: so shall ye inhabit the delightful vales of serenity, and dwell at ease amidst the fertile plains of peace and safety!

At length, the letter came; Lucy received it, the mother caught it, the father snatched it from her; and the whole souls of each of them were tiptoe on the keen point of expectation. Mixed with tears, the poor old man presently burst out; 'Well, my Lucy, Heaven begins to be kind to us—and thou art going, I trust, to where fortune and felicity await thee!—Oh, good, good man—hear his letter. I remember when he and I—' 'For Heaven's sake, dear Sir,' said Lucy, eagerly, 'no remembering now; pray read.'—'Oh, pray, my dear,' cries the mother—'don't keep us any longer in suspense.'—'Dear papa!' says this—'Good Sir!' the other; and all with one united voice, stopped the progress of the old man's tale, and obliged him to read the long-expected epistle.

'DEAR SIR,

'I Should be glad, by any means in my power, to add to the happiness of your family more especially, though



Plate IV.

Published as the Act directs, by Harrison & Co. July 28 1781.



‘ though I have not a greater satisfaction, than the doing good to any of my fellow-creatures. I spoke to my friend the Earl of —, and he has promised me to receive my Cousin Lucy into his family, as a companion to his eldest daughter; and if you please to send up Miss Caroline, I will take such care of her, as respect to your family deserves I should, till I can get something reputable and proper for her. I hope soon to see the young ladies; and am, with all esteem and due respects to your family, dear cousin, yours most sincerely,

‘ JOSEPH DOOKALB.’

‘ There is a sincere friend now!’ said the fond father: ‘ oh, good man, how shall I repay him!’ And all with him grew very loud in the praises of their Cousin Dookalb; Lucy congratulated Caroline, and Caroline Lucy. ‘ And who knows, my dear,’ cried the mother, ‘ but my lord’s eldest son may take a liking to you, and marry you, and then you will be a countess; and so Caroline being with her sister, and getting into good company, I dare say, will marry a nobleman too; and then we will come to town in one of your coaches and six; and you shall provide for us and for your brothers and sisters, and then how great and happy shall we be! how much like ourselves! — And indeed, my dear,’ said she, to her husband, ‘ no lord need be ashamed of marrying from such ancient and honourable families as ours.’ — ‘ Sure not,’ replied the old man; ‘ I believe there are few of our nobility, my children, better descended than you, as you may have often heard me say — Let me see — William the Conqueror’s daughter’s husband’s nephew — stay — fetch me the pedigree, Lucy.’ — ‘ Oh, no papa,’ quoth she, ‘ no pedigree now — we’ll send for it when we are married; and our names, the *countesses* of such a place, and my *lady* such a one, will add no small lustre to it.’ — ‘ What if they were to take it to town, my dear,’ said the father? — ‘ I think it might be very proper,’ replies mamma. — ‘ Yes,’ says Lucy, ‘ to be sure it will — but how will the little envious folks here stare and gape at us, when we come down with our chariots and our footmen — and all our grandeur —

and how shall we then be able to shew Mrs. Gibson a proper contempt for her pride and affronts to us? — Oh, the pleasure! — well — sure never were people so lucky!’ Such were the fond reveries of this deluded family: all were equally buoyed up; all of the same opinion with mamma, and none of the girls had a thought of obtaining less than a lord or duke, as the boys too of marrying ladies, countesses, and so on.

Who would ever give a loose to the wild follies of luxurious fancy, and the extravagance of pride and self-opinion? Heaven fills the fond brain with such chimeras, such air-built notions, only to bring us to a better knowledge of ourselves; but when our imaginations have been strongly heated with the sight of visionary blessings, the loss of them is scarce less afflicting than the loss of real ones: a reflection that ought to inspire us with true humility, the best and most christian-like virtue, and which is of all the most probable to make us happy; by which never mortal yet knew ruin, and by which many have rose to the noblest pitch and truest excellencies of earthly glory.

CHAP. III.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE WORTHY AND AMIABLE PERSONAGE MENTIONED IN THE LAST CHAPTER.

BEFORE we enter any farther on our little history, it will be requisite to inform the courteous reader, who and what this so friendly man, this good Cousin Mr. Dookalb, was; for sure a character so amiable as this appears to be, cannot but engross every attention, and engage every heart. But, alas! appearances are too often deceitful; and actions which seem truly generous in themselves, spring from motives the most mean, villainous, and interested. Such was the case with this person.

He was born of poor parents in Scotland, who brought him up hardly amidst the bleak mountains, making the snow his pillow, and the star-bespangled sky his canopy. The laird of his clan observing the boy of an active, acute disposition, took him into his family; where he lived a year or two, till the wickedness of his temper, and his proneness



‘ though I have not a greater satisfaction, than the doing good to any of my fellow-creatures. I spoke to my friend the Earl of —, and he has promised me to receive my Cousin Lucy into his family, as a companion to his eldest daughter; and if you please to send up Miss Caroline, I will take such care of her, as respect to your family deserves I should, till I can get something reputable and proper for her. I hope soon to see the young ladies; and am, with all esteem and due respects to your family, dear cousin, yours most sincerely,

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He was born of poor parents in Scotland, who brought him up hardily amidst the bleak mountains, making the snow his pillow, and the star-bespangled sky his canopy. The laird of his clan observing the boy of an active, acute disposition, took him into his family; where he lived a year or two, till the wickedness of his temper, and his prone-

ness

ness to mischief, so notoriously indicated itself, that he was obliged to fly; and having procured a small sum of money, with another of the same stamp with himself, he made the best of his way to England, of which he had heard much from a servant in his laird's family, who had lived in London; a place he more than commonly longed to arrive at, as there, he was assured, his countrymen seldom failed of good encouragement. Accordingly, amidst various adventures, too numerous and too unworthy to detain us here, by begging, stealing, and the like, they arrived at the great city; but when there, they knew not how to gain subsistence. At length, Dookalb hearing of a Scotch nobleman, determined to apply to him; and making himself as smart as he possibly could, and being in reality a very well-made personable young fellow, he waited on Lord ****, and pretending a recommendation from the laird he had left, by his good appearance, nice hypocrisy, and well-managed fraud, he so far gained my lord's affection, as to be put by him into a place in his own family, and soon after to be made his valet de chambre.

is unhappy companion not meeting with so good success, and being entirely neglected by his false and ungrateful friend, was forced to steal for subsistence, and in a session or two was condemned to the gallows.

Dookalb now became a perfect valet, remarkable for his vanity, impudence, and impertinence; amidst all which, he still retained the most supple method of engaging esteem; and having a good deal of the gentleman in his outward appearance, by that and an abundant stock of flattery and dissimulation, he constantly insinuated himself into the good graces of his master and his friends, and was as much esteemed by them as he was detested by the servants beneath him. His lordship was a man of great gallantry, and besides two mistresses which he kept unknown to his wife, very frequently took up with the very refuse of the flesh-boxes; a term which perhaps may want explaining to some, but which for the credit of our nation, and the honour of our law-givers, we think much more prudent to pass over than dwell upon; particularly, as, agreeable to the usual vanity of authors, we expect this our performance will live to the very end of time, a monument, like the vain old Ro-

man's *ere perennius*, (that is, for the sake of the English reader, 'more durable than brass;') and therefore, we are not willing to perpetuate, but desirous rather to draw a veil over, any matter that might chance to obumbrate the bright glory of our country. Here we are greatly inclined to shew our *learning*, as well as our *patriotism*; but knowing, how severely some eminent authors are censured for their digressions, we judge it more expedient to go on with the history.

Dookalb was the prime confidant in all his master's amours, and the principal means of carrying on the secret of his mistresses; he it was who attended, served and assisted them, and by a dutiful and obsequious behaviour to them, as much acquired their easy esteem as he had done his lord's. No wonder if, for such services, he grew every day more and more in favour; and, after being promoted to the high honour of his lordship's gentleman, was at length placed in a noble house, not far from his lordship's, by whose interest he procured a considerable place, and by whose recommendation he set up as connoisseur in fine girls, and proveditor-general to great part of the nobility. He had by some means acquired, or pretended to have acquired, a taste in paintings; and as the great men looked upon him as a true judge, they gave any money for pictures bought by him. Pieces frequently which cost him five or ten guineas, he with the utmost reluctance, and as the greatest favour done to the purchaser, would modestly and generously sell for four or five hundred. By means like these, one would have thought he should have acquired money enough to rest easy, and more particularly, as the expences of near twenty kept ladies passed through his hands; but though thus in a capacity of procuring an immense fortune, he still continued indigent. At last, after he had long sought for one, a widow lady of very large possessions fell in his way: he visited, wooed, and won her. But, alas! her possessions were for life only; and as she soon after died, he was compelled again to take up his old way of living. His marriage gave him a farther capacity of extending his trade, as his wife, a woman of rank, had introduced him to many families of the first distinction. To him every nobleman who wants a mistress applies, and

and he kindly procures them of what sort, size, or complexion soever, the innamorato chuses; and makes the possessor pay according to the merits of his fair-one. By an amazing assurance, he creeps even into the affections and esteem of those very ladies whose husbands he procures for, and has *now* some places under several, who, if they knew how *black* a fellow they employed, would detest themselves for ever having had him near them, and tremble when they behold that man who has the office opposite to St. Peter—

And keeps the gates of hell. OTHELLO.

CHAP. IV.

PREPARATION FOR THE YOUNG LADIES DEPARTURE.—THE LITTLE FAMILY'S SOLICITUDE.—A CAUTION AGAINST PRECIPITATION.

SUCH was the man into whose hands these unhappy girls were destined to fall. Such was the man who made no conscience of ruining the good and virtuous, and spreading confusion and horror, despair and agony, amongst miserable and worthy families. My tears almost prevent my pursuing the fatal story; yet as truths horrid and shocking as these, may warn the inexperienced, and teach the unwary how cautious they ought to be, I shall with some degree of pleasure make my own heart bleed; nay, I shall do it with transport, if thereby I may be so happy as to save even one young helpless creature from misery and destruction.

The poor fond mother had now scraped together for her beloved daughters, all the little trinkets, caps, laces, and finery, she had long been in careful possession of, and sedulously sought for every little piece of gaiety which she thought might adorn the two charmers of her fond bosom; and the careful good father stripped himself of all the money he had, and left pinching poverty at home, to give his lovely ones, his dear departing children, all he could, which at best was but a scanty pittance: each little brother, with tears in his half-rejoicing eyes, gave his dear sisters the fine money he had received as gifts from his kind god-fathers or relations; and the lisping sisters brought in their mite of glittering

ribbands and splendid bugles. All deprived themselves of what they before wholly rejoiced and were happy in, and all, with one consent, were glad to give their sisters what they could; for they were to be great, and to make them so. Unhappy parents! miserable children! you are binding wreaths of flowrets, you are decking with triumphant garlands, and with all the pomp of sacrifice, harmless lambs, destined speedily to fall victims, destined speedily to be led through the temples of ruin, and to bleed on the altars of iniquity.

Plead softly for them, ye whose hearts overflow with tenderness, and whose gentle bosoms are the seats of pity and compassion; softly entreat the muse or genius, which ever it be, that presides over tales like these, to spare and protect them, to preserve the wretched parents from sorrow and sighing, and the hapless little family from deep woe and lamentation! But, alas! what have muses to do with tales like these? Truth lights up her splendid torch, the cruel force of facts demands us closely to follow, and fable and fiction can have no place in the melancholy story.

The day fixed for their journey was come; and they slept not the night before the appointed morning, lest they should be so unhappy as to lose their places in the coach: however, they, with all the family, were at the inn two hours before the coach set out; which they entered with all the life conceivable, and with as much transport, as if hurrying to scenes of the most certain felicity. On the other side, the scene was affecting; soon as the coach moved out of the yard, the poor old father's heart misgave him, and he burst into tears; the mother wept too, and began to regret the loss of her daughters: soon after the dangers of the town recurred to her sickening fancy, and the face of pleasure never more appeared in that unfortunate family. Necessity sat on their brows, and poverty pressed close at the door; the little children as they heard their parents lament, sat weeping around them, and every hour and every moment was uneasily distracted by fears, and the dire terrors of uneasy fancy.

And such always must be their fate, who are precipitately hurried on an undertaking without duly weighing the advantages with the dangers, and who vainly enough delude themselves with

looking at any scheme proposed only in a favourable and pleasing point of view. Who would be happy, should be cautious—

Wifely and slow; they stumble that run fast.

CHAP. V.

A DESCRIPTION OF LONDON, BY A MOROSE OLD MAID. THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES OF MASQUERADES.

IT would be tedious and disgusting to our readers, to give a particular and minute account of the little accidents and trifling circumstances which befel our heroines on their journey; however, we cannot help relating the conversation that passed between them and a lady they took up the last day at Stevenage, as it seemed to have much effect on the mind of Caroline particularly. From her admission into the coach, and first appearance, they conceived no very favourable opinion of her; and could not help tittering a little at the quaintness and peculiarity of her manner; which the old gentlewoman perceiving, gave no small signs of disapprobation, by the over-clouding her face, already sufficiently gloomy. She seemed of the old-maid kind, from a certain stern and dissatisfactory moroseness scowling on her brow; naturally not formed to please, never the seat of rosy love and dimpled smiles: her forehead was exceeding low, and deep furrowed with ten thousand wrinkles; her hair was grey, but covered over with black curls, which being by some accident displaced, served only to increase the horror of the scene beneath, where the grey bristles, like stiff stubble, cut to make way for the youthful lock, stood staring and frightfully an-end; her nose was not of the *aquiline sort*, but to say the truth, rather inclined to flatness, inasmuch that two fierce glass-coloured eyes seemed to peer over it, as if to flash furious and blasting glances at each other; two large black teeth, dreadful to behold, seated themselves in warlike array, in each scurvy-eaten gum; and a bristly beard, like that of the witches in *Macbeth*, nipped in the bud all desire of gentle kissing on the lips of those who beheld her. Such was her countenance; her dress was

equally striking, whimsical, antiquated, and unbecoming; so that one would naturally imagine, no beholder could entertain any great prejudices in her favour at first sight. When she was seated, she gave the fullest idea of *Spencer's Envy*, whom he represents as *gnawing her malign and cankered gall*; for the old lady, darting keen looks around her, mumbled, and muttered, and murmured to herself. At length she thus began, after a long interval of silence, addressing herself to the fair sisters—‘ So, you are going to London to sell your beauty I warrant! these are fine times; it was very wise of your parents, if you have any, to permit you I think! but parents are no parents now-a-days: my papa and mamma would never let me go to such dangerous places without them; and perhaps I had as much prudence, and as much beauty too, as other folks.’—‘ There is nobody here, Madam, I dare say, that disputes your prudence, much less your beauty,’ replied Lucy; ‘ and as to ourselves, we are so unhappy as to be obliged to come without our parents, though not without the protection of a near relation.’—‘ So much the better, Miss,’ rejoined the old lady, somewhat softened by the genteel compliment paid her; which seemed to have the same effect on her, that the sop thrown by *Æneas*, the pious Prince of Troy, had on *Cerberus*, the wicked dog-porter of the infernal regions. Accordingly, in a more inviting manner, she enquired into their place of abode, their relations, name, and residence, and their business in town; in all which circumstances having her curiosity satisfied, she went on thus: ‘ Well, I wish you good success; but, believe me, you are going to a place, where you will certainly be surrounded with innumerable dangers; a place full of houses, and full of people; where there is every thing to charm and captivate the heart, and at the same time to deceive and ensnare it: think every woman you see fatter than ordinary, whether in coach or on foot, a bawd ready to entrap and betray you; think every young female you set your eyes on, a trader, a wretch that lives by her iniquity; either the property of some married wicked man, some cruel devilish bawd, or else cast out on herself, with diseases loath-
some

‘ some and infectious. Be sure, every man you behold in lace or embroidery, is a debauched rake, without humanity or one good principle; be certain, if he fixes his eyes on you, he already in his heart has committed fornication with you, and would run through every subtle artifice to accomplish his hellish purposes: look upon none of them; they are all deceivers, wretches, and debauchees. Judge no person of any sex or age, great or wealthy from their appearances; the good and worthy you will meet generally in a plain, or perhaps a tattered garment, while the gilt chariot and Flanders mares draw usurers, extortioners, spendthrifts, whores, bullies, and infidels. Fear every body; but more especially those who speak you fairest: they are hypocrites; wolves in sheep’s cloathing. Never speak freely to any man: above all things, never go to plays, much less to masquerades; at both the devil reigns high emperor.’ At these last words, a lady who sat very silent, and seemingly much afflicted, in a corner of the coach, burst into tears; and all being anxious to know the reason, interrupted by deep sighs, she said—‘ The mention of masquerades has renewed all my anguish; I am a most unhappy mother, ruined by them in the destruction of the loveliest and most dutiful daughter. Oh! young ladies, all who saw her, were big with my Emily’s praises, and esteemed me most blessed in a child so good, so kind, and virtuous. In an unhappy hour, I consented to her seeing London with a female relation, with whom she got acquainted with a man of the town; with him she was persuaded to see a masquerade; he, wretch as he was, took the fatal opportunity, carried her to a bagnio, and forced my poor, poor helpless child. Oh! how can I go on? pity my sorrows; how can I see her? how can I live? The anguish of her soul was so great, that she lost her senses; and, miserable mother that I am, I am now going to visit a daughter, the joy of my heart, and flower of all my hopes, debauched and ruined, robbed of her virtue! and, oh, the dreadful consequence, robbed too of her senses, and now in a mad-house! A violent fit of tears succeeded her truly piteous story, and there was not a dry

eye in the coach; which gave the old maid, after some time for recollection, no small matter for triumph, as she observed this story proved the veracity of her description of London; which, indeed, the young ladies began now to give more regard to, having before looked upon it only as the effect of malice and disappointment, the odious representation of an old maid, devoured with spleen, discontent, and dissatisfaction.

C H A P. VI.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE YOUNG LADIES IN TOWN. SOME NEW CHARACTERS INTRODUCED ON THE STAGE. THE MEANNESS OF BETRAYING A YOUNG PERSON. AN ASSIGNATION.

THEIR thoughts chiefly engaged on this melancholy story, they arrived in town, the wonders of which soon totally engrossed the young ladies’ fancies as they passed along; till arriving at their inn, they found their cousin Dookalb waiting for them, who received them with all the complaisance and affability imaginable, and straightway ordering a coach, took them to his house in Henrietta Street. Though they were a good deal fatigued with their journey, yet the agreeable company they found at Mr. Dookalb’s raised their spirits to the utmost flow, and gave every thing around them an air of enchantment and supernatural delight. Their company consisted of two ladies, and with them three gentlemen; the first was the blythe Mrs. Searchwell, a laughter-loving, merry-hearted dame, whose engaging politeness soon won over unwary maidens, little dreaming of the destruction that basked in her smiles, and the miseries that waited on her friendship. The other female was Miss Charlotte Repook, a young girl of fine features, delicate frame, and amorous complexion. She passed at present for Mrs. Searchwell’s niece, but was in reality mistress to one of the worthy gentlemen here present, who for sundry reasons and causes assumed the name of Mr. Wilson. The other two were men dignified with titles: the first father of several children, and husband to a most worthy lady, once the triumph of his adoration, now the disregarded ob-

ject of disgusted indifference. The two fair sisters were destined to the arms of these gentlemen, if their persons should chance to hit their fancy, and the sum agreed upon for their possession was already deposited in the hands of Dookalb. The names they chose to be known by on such occasions, were Captain Smith and Captain Thomas. Such was the jovial band the glad some sisters now sat laughing with. At first their native modesty covered them with blushes whenever they spoke, and rarely it was they ventured to speak; but when the glass was briskly put round, and the god of wine began to hail the god of love, when the mother's tongue entered into the realms of luscious talking, and wanton Charlotte threw her snowy arms around the neck of her fond lover, imprinting kisses warm with transport, then it was the two young inexperienced lasses gave a loose to love themselves, and were pleased to find the young noblemen pressing their heaving breasts with glowing hands, and sucking from their unpolliuted roseate mouths ten thousand and ten thousand sweets, and swearing, amidst the warmth of furious passions—

That the air passing through the Arabian grove,
Yields not so sweet an odour as their breath.

In short, they had no remembrance of the old lady's description and advice, or of the story that lately so much affected them; and there seemed to want but little inducements, even then, to pluck the rose, and break the virgin knot; for, oh! what maiden can withstand the torrent of impetuous desires! or how, when strong passion so pressingly pleads, can feeble woman resist, if man dare seize the golden opportunity, be villain enough to triumph over human weakness, and ruin the love-sick maid, because he finds he may? Yet what numbers are there who daily act so inhumanly? who soothe the tender believing fair to love and softness; and when opportunity, long and studiously sought after, presents it's inviting hand, destroy all those hopes of innocent pleasures a young creature had indulged in, and perhaps plunge her, and a family that placed their chief comfort in their promising little charmer, in anguish inexpressible, and everlasting perdition?

But though honest Dookalb was fully fixed this should be the case with these two deluded sisters, and was rejoiced to see the poison work as he could wish, he was determined to delay their destruction one day longer; and now assuming an air of modesty, and seeming much displeased with the too great familiarity which the captains took with his cousins, he observed to them, it was not so well; that the ladies were fatigued, and that it was two o'clock. Upon which, chairs were ordered, and the pair of turtles with the old mother withdrew. The young noblemen wasted half an hour more in gentle dalliance, swore and promised an endless transport and perpetual constancy, and appointed to-morrow for another meeting, happy as the present; and each clasping his beloved fair-one's warm and yielding hand, thus parted, with Shakespeare's famed assignation—

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves;
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow, truly, will I meet with thee.

CH A P. VII.

SERIOUS REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE, ACCORDING TO THE POLITE TASTE; OR, A SILENT APOLOGY FOR KEEPING.

WHEN the company was gone, Mr. Dookalb, in short, set forth the merits of each, and observed to the ladies, if they were kind enough, they need not doubt of taking in these gentlemen. 'Men, I assure you,' continued he, 'of very great worth, and as great fortunes, whom you may easily win over by a condescending behaviour, and submitting to what their love desires; for the world, cousins, is greatly mistaken in it's notions of things; and indeed, to say the truth, the multitude, for the most part, judges wrong: young ladies are apt to imagine a prudish reserved behaviour the likeliest method to obtain a fortune; and having heard from antiquated aunts and mothers, I know not what foolish tales

tales of virtue, coyness, and stuff of that sort, resist the addresses of men of quality, who, disgusted with their shyness, immediately relinquish them, and leave them to low-life and poverty; whereas freedom and good-nature, which costs nothing, engages all hearts, and makes every one's fortune who properly manages it. For, suppose a young girl of no fortune admits a man of quality to her bed, and binds him thereby in the strongest cords of affection, everlasting love and happiness is the consequence, and riches flow into her lap like full rivers. Priests and blockheads, for their own advantage, and to swell their own coffers, have invented an idle ceremony, which ignorant people look upon, through long custom, to be of wonderful effect; as if, cousins, a fellow in a black gown, mumbling over a few words, could have any sort of influence over the heart, where love must be rooted, and which, to be sure, is the only just tie in the sight of Heaven. Marriage has some shew of advantage, but if a man and woman of honour mutually pledge their troth to each other, and live together faithfully, where is the difference in the sight of God? Are they not as much and truly husband and wife, as if a musty parson had pretended to join their hands in inseparable union?—But I beg pardon for keeping you up; I am always so moved by this subject, I can scarce know where to end: the maid waits to attend you in the next room.

This curious speech concluded, the good man withdrew, as did the ladies, immensely delighted with their situation.

And, O what a charming man is Captain Smith! says this; And what a sweet creature is Captain Thomas! says the other, and how merry Mrs. Searchwell! and how agreeable Miss Charlotte! and what a sensible man is our cousin! for my part, I shall doat on him so long as I live, and I am sure will follow his advice in every thing; for he talks the most wisely, and the best, I ever heard a man in my life.—And yet, said Caroline, there is something in his last discourse to us, which I must own did not give me so much pleasure. He seemed to hint, did he not, sister, as if matrimony was a matter of little consequence, and to be

disregarded, if two people mutually should consent to live together? I think something particular appears in that, and not quite agreeable to my way of thinking!—Poo! replied Lucy: what he said, to be sure, was all very true; but as for your part, you are continually raising doubts and scruples, and full of foolish fancies about whims and chimeras, that exist nowhere but in your own brain! And pray, is it not most certain, that love alone can make marriage firm and acceptable in the sight of God? Pray what good can a priest's words do? It is only custom, as Mr. Dookalb observed.—Well, well, sister, rejoined Caroline, I would not, to be made a queen, be married, as you may call it, without that custom, idle as it may seem; and believe me, I can never think so many good people would submit to such a custom, if there were no tie farther in it. Marriage, doubtless, was ordained of God, and whoever lives with another without this bond commits the greatest sin!—Pr'ythee, Caroline, no more of your finning! I dare say those sweet gentlemen we have just parted from, would not be so mean as to do any thing wrong or sinful; and I am sure I have conceived so great and good an opinion of them, that I could safely trust myself to their care and honour: for did you ever see men so genteel and charming! such persons! Then their dress, how gay and becoming! Lord, what a striking difference is there between them and those poor creatures we have left at Winstrop! Well, God be praised, that we are thus happily delivered, and thus likely to be made what we at first scarce dared to dream of.—Indeed, my dear, quoth Caroline, one must be a stock or a stone not to be sensible of these gentlemen's personal as well as other merits; and in our circumstances especially, since my cousin Dookalb assures us they are men of worth and fortune, we should be mad, not to shew all becoming freedom, if we may be so lucky as to gain them by it; but, to be sure, we can't be too cautious!—Oh, never fear that! replied Lucy; you know, sister, the power of beauty, and you know too who are in possession of that beauty—I say no more; and so, recommend-

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ing pleasant thoughts and dreams to 'you, I wish you a good night.' Having thus mutually eased their minds, and charmed with the promised Elysium now before them, they dropped into the arms of gentle slumber.

CHAP. VIII.

A SUMMARY OF THE LIFE OF MISS CHARLOTTE REPOOK.

AS the reader of a history can neither sufficiently enter into the spirit thereof, nor understand the several events therein recorded, which often depend on the nicest accidents, and the minutest part of a character, unless he is first acquainted with the several persons who are actors in it, we judge it not improper to set before those, who will condescend to handle these humble volumes, a short account of the young lady who appeared a jovial guest at the late banquet. As to the merry-hearted Mrs. Searchwell, we shall a while omit saying any thing concerning her, seeing those whom we most would chuse to please, the gay and young, will not be over anxious after her, having been once informed she was fat and old, and because we shall have future occasion, more than once, perhaps, to pay our compliments to her at her own house; but Charlotte being young, gay, sprightly, and charming, no wonder the heart burns to know more of her, and the bosom pants for a nearer acquaintance.

Charlotte was the daughter of a humble basket-maker; or, as some hold, a bottomer of chairs; at one of those places of resort, where the polite, like birds of passage, fly in gilt chariots to trifle away the summer, as they have lately trifled away the winter season. It was her business, when in her infant years, to attend on the company, and receive their generous contributions, which were greatly excited by the pleasing appearance of the child, it's sportive vivacity, and diverting sprightliness. The ladies universally commended the beautiful red and white of it's innocent cheeks, the gracefulness of it's auburn and naturally-curling hair, it's eyes black and lively, the snowy pureness of it's skin, and the fine turn of it's little tender limbs; and the gentlemen smilingly observed, Charlotte would

make a most delicate creature by and by; destining her, even in her infancy, to their shocking purposes, and looking on her spotless purity with the eyes of cruelty and desire; to which, in short, she speedily fell a prey: for, before she was fifteen, horrid gold, the spring and fountain of all evils, tempted her miserable parents to yield her up a prey to the arms of a man, who now has the high rapture to boast, 'I have introduced Charlotte to sin, sorrow, shame, and eternal misery.' Hear that, and tremble, reflect and gnash thy teeth, son of perdition! Thou hast deflowered a virgin, and spread a blighting mildew over the fair flourishing gardens of innocence!

Thus entered into the court of shame, and enrolled in the long list of the undone, she abandoned all remorse; and having no advantage of knowledge from her education, felt no pungency from her present circumstances. She rejoiced to be clad in silk and gold, to ride in a chariot with her beloved, and to be gazed at and admired (foolish vanity!) wherever she appeared. No wonder she grew doubly proud, and doubly vain, on hearing the sighing adulations of every man that approached her, and on finding herself the triumphant mistress of every heart. No wonder presents or caprice would entice her to favour others with the same freedoms her lover enjoyed; no wonder she preferred others, or at least variety, and by this means disgusted him, quarrelled, parted, and became the mistress of, and a trader for, herself. She had been the admiration of every eye, at play-houses and gardens, operas and balls. Nay, so amazing was her influence, or rather tyranny, that the ladies of reputation, hearing continually her praises from the gentlemen, were anxious to appear like Charlotte; and therefore, in whatever dress she adorned herself, however peculiar, the virtuous followed, as desirous also to please; and she became, nay, and, wonderful! still is, the grand leader of female fashions.

It was not long before she again entered into keeping, in full lustre, and in full possession of every extravagance her heart could wish for; but even this did not long continue: in a furious passion one morning with her lover, (like the gentle fair-one whom the humorous son of fancy and satire * hath so ele-

gantly displayed) she kicked down, with her angry foot, the whole tea-table; and the mean rascal with whom she had to do, and threw at his head the paltry settlement he had made her; called a chair; and, full of indignation, withdrew. Speedily, however, she again enlisted herself in the service of a cavalier, who knew no happiness equal to the boast of having this pride of beauty, this flower of excellence, in his possession. She was no stranger to her ascendancy over him, and therefore reigned wholly despotick. Had she an inclination to shew her power, she perhaps would drop a ring, or some other female trinket, in the largest of his ponds, and immediately order the waters to be drained off, and the mud to be cleared through the fingers of a thousand workmen, to find the lost and darling relick. Had she a desire to shew her superior soul, and greater influence than the boasted Queen of Egypt, she would enclose bank-notes* of considerable value between slices of her bread and butter, and tell to her admiring slaves how many hundreds she had swallowed at a breakfast. She wished only to possess jewels like Cleopatra's, to shew how much more profusely than the Queen of Egypt she could squander them away in expressing her unbounded affection to her admirers. So notorious were her extravagances, and still so prevailing her charms, that though every man condemned the foolish possessor of this powerful lady for his absurd condescension, yet every man wished and wanted to be him.

So, to compare small things with great, when the footy god of fire had trepanned the god of war and queen of beauty, and entangled them in his subtle and well-devised net, the whole inhabitants of heaven came down to gaze on their shame, and to be witnesses of their guilt; and though every power put on the severity of virtuous resentment, Mercury, the sovereign disposer of wit, was bold enough to speak their sentiments, in honestly proclaiming his own.

Thus serious they. But he who gilds the skies,
The gay Apollo, thus to Hermes cries:

* We would not have the reader imagine this circumstance true of Charlotte only, since we could now produce four, at least, who have excelled and gloried in the very same notable feast.

† Pope's Homer's *Odyssey*, Book viii. ver. 372.

' Would'st thou enchain'd, like Mars, oh!
' Hermes, lie!
' And bear the shame, like Mars, to share
' the joy?—
' Oh, envy'd shame!' the smiling youth
rejoin'd.
' Add thrice the chains, and thrice more
' firmly bind;
' Gaze, all ye gods, and ev'ry goddess
' gaze;
' Yet eager would I bless the sweet dis-
' grace*.'

Charlotte was one night at a masquerade, and as her heart was very susceptible of love, whenever an agreeable object presented, she was particularly struck with the figure and fine appearance of the gentleman in whose possession our history found her. He was ever remarkable for the peculiarity and elegance of his dress on these occasions, but on this happy night was adorned with uncommon *charms*, inasmuch that the fair *incog.* using the liberty allowed in these blessed scenes of freedom and unreserve, joined herself to his side, and made a way into his heart. They parted not any more that evening: why should I add the rest? they were missed from the company; and, we presume, retired to some dear retreat, formed for love and rapture; where, indulging together, they so mutually pleased, that each determined never more to part with the other; but, like fond turtles, not only in life, but even in death, to be united. Her former, and now deserted, lord and master grieved, as is easy to imagine, deeply for her loss; but time and absence, those fatal murderers of love, at length eased his swelling heart, and his passion now began to melt into a tender and endearing remembrance of his charmer.

CHAP. IX.

THE LOVERS IMPATIENCE. A HINT
TO GUARD AGAINST THE FIRST
APPROACHES TO VICE. LUCY'S
REMOVAL AND ENTRANCE INTO
A NEW SITUATION.

THUS have we filled up the interval, while our young ladies were locked in soft repose, with a few hints that may explain any future

appear-

appearances in this fair excellency's conduct; chiefly, that if hereafter any chronologist should be desirous to settle precisely and exactly the time or æras of this our history, he may not be at a loss, even from any the least interval, nor to be left (as is too usual with many cruel historians) to torture himself for conjectures, and to perplex his subject with hard guesses and dry probabilities. We might, by simile (the best way of illustrating) more fully explain our meaning; but out of mere humanity refuse to do so, lest, by giving instances, those worthy gentlemen, who pay so deep for copies, should be hindered in the sale of much valued authors; lest the whole band of booksellers, armed with folios, should rise up against, and destroy us. *Peace*, therefore, to all such! say we, with the late excellent Mr. Pope; and intreating the farther influence of the muse, who hath thus far led and inspired us, we proceed in our story.

Early in the morning, before either the ladies or their kind cousin were up, he was roused by an epistle from the passionate lover to whose arms Lucy was destined, in the warmest raptures expressing his approbation of her person, and ardent desire to possess the dear angel; earnestly wishing and entreating that Mr. Dookalb, if possible, even that night, would bless him; and, as a farther incitement thereto, promising to give him a *cool hundred* more than they had agreed for; vehemently and strongly protesting, his very soul was on the points of ten thousand spikes, his heart burnt with more flames than hell could hold, and every pulse now ready to burst through his glowing skin in eager expectation of clasping the panting, struggling, dying charmer, and rioting in the rich spoils of her virginity. Dookalb, as he knew they were now in his power, stood not greatly in his own mind upon niceties; and therefore resolved to obtain the other hundred, and to grant the fiery lover's request: accordingly, after ordering the servant to wait on the young ladies, he himself soon attended to drink chocolate by their bed-side. With much railery, he enquired into their dreams; prettily touched upon their longing looks; and merrily hinted at the mighty pleasures each might expect, so young, so blooming, in the arms of a fine sprightly lover: for it is

ever the art of deluders to usher the mind gradually into an approbation of the wickedness they are about to recommend. None can be too careful of the first approaches of vice; loose conversation, or at least innocently gay, as it is falsely called, accustoms us to hear of things, which at first, or in their native colours, would appear highly shocking: the ear being used to hear without dislike, too soon begins to hear with pleasure! Guard well, therefore, O reader! thy mind while pure; carefully struggle against the first, however slight advances to guilt; nor dare to hear, much less to speak, but with horror and indignation, the corrupt delusions of the vicious and deceitful!

When they had drank their chocolate, he told them to prepare themselves for the gentleman, whom he soon expected, and particularly his Cousin Lucy, whom, he said, he that day intended to shew the situation she was going to be happily placed in. Their little hearts beat high, and they were soon plumed out with all the elegance of female vanity, and descended to breakfast. Every moment seemed tedious till the lovers arrived; but dinner came, and still no lovers: how then began their hopes to sink, and their frightened fancies to form imaginary distresses. The night began to come on, and still their fears increased: at length Mr. Dookalb, who well enough knew no lovers would really be there, told them he would wait no longer, but begged Caroline would amuse herself as well as she could with his books, while he and her sister went to her new place of abode: 'where, my dear,' says he, 'very soon you may visit her; but at present, you know, it would be improper.' Caroline readily acquiesced, particularly as she still hoped the dear captain might be with her, and a coach was at the door to take Miss Lucy and her cousin, who very soon arrived at the place appointed. A footman in elegant livery opened the door, and two maids stood at the stairs waiting. When they entered, 'Well, John,' said Dookalb, 'here is your new mistress. Madam, I wish you joy of your house; for this, and all you see, calls you the lady and possessor.' Lucy did not at all understand this language, but being conducted up stairs, she found an elegant entertainment preparing. And Mr. Dookalb, seating himself

himself by her, informed her of her abundant happiness, as follows.

CHAP. X.

DOOKALB'S SINGULAR FRIENDSHIP TO MISS LUCY. HER RUIN, AND INTRODUCTION TO HER FUTURE MISERIES.

THE great affection I have for your good family in the country, induced me to attempt any difficulty that might be subservient to your happiness; and believe me, dear Miss Lucy, I have run through much fatigue to procure this desirable situation for you. When your father first wrote to me concerning you, I immediately thought Captain Smith, the gentleman you saw last night, a person formed to please you, and never ceased, when in his company, commending your beauty, and extolling your charms; this so far excited his curiosity, that at length he desired to be known to you, which I promised he should, on condition he would fix you in this house, which you must know was his. After much persuasion he consented, and being highly pleased with you last night, sent me orders to convey you hither, and put you in possession of all that here belongs to him. There is every thing you can wish or desire, and you are to be his wife *in private*, to enjoy all blessings this earth can afford, and only for a little time to submit to seclusion. You may to-morrow look over your furniture; to-night will be better employed; for I expect the captain every moment, who pants to fly into your embraces. Lucy was like something enchanted, and lost in an amazing dream; she knew not how to believe herself mistress of so elegant a place; she knew not what to think of being so soon made a wife; and had some odd scruples about going to bed without any of the *sanctimonious ceremonies*. However Dookalb suffered no doubts to arise in her mind, still plying her with fresh arguments of her felicity, as well as every now and then with some of the most intoxicating liquor which designing lust could procure. But he had not long time to

keep her in this airy vision before the captain arrived, who flew to her arms with more than common rapture, and met from her panting bosom equal transport, which heaved up and down with wild and wishing throbs, tears of pleasure meanwhile overflowing her artless eyes. He, though with new delight, told her again the siren tale which Dookalb had before sung in her ears, and to crown all, threw a large purse of gold into her lap to provide her proper necessaries, enough of which he promised she should never want, if she could love, and live, and doat on him. They scarce permitted the supper to come and go, (so eager were both for a more delicate repast) before the maid was ordered to help her mistress to undress; and she, covered over with blushes, retired into the next room, destined for love, and her undoing. The captain could scarce stay a few short minutes before he flew to her, and finding her half undressed, her charms half concealed and half displayed, the most inviting and delicious situation! with his own glowing fingers he freed her from her other incumbrances, and locking the doors, put a stop to all her virgin fears; and, in a luckless hour, for a momentary pleasure, gave up the thoughtless and deluded girl to eternal horror!—Dreadful introduction to sin and sorrow! fatal beginning of misery and destruction!—Thus fell the unhappy daughter of an unhappy father, from her state of innocence and joy; like our first mother, seduced and betrayed, who fatally *plucked and eat*,

—Her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the fruit!
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her
seat,
Sighing, thro' all her works gave signs of
woe,
That all was lost.

The guilty pair lay bathed in wanton shameful luxury, till late the next day; when fully sated with the luscious banquet, the captain arose, hastily took leave,

—And left the nymph
To think of what was past, and sigh alone.

The high raised extasy in her lover's arms had been so great, even yet Lucy

D was

was a stranger to reflection on any thing but delight; she lay after his departure to indulge her glowing fancy: but when the tide of passion began to ebb, dreadful thought assumed it's empire, and wild remorse began to dart her serpents through her bosom. Determined, however, to give no harbour to tortures of this kind, she rung for her maid; and chatting with her, and looking over her fine furniture, well enough beguiled the painful time till the agreeable Miss Charlotte Repook came to visit her. She entered with all the air of social familiarity. And, 'So, my dear,' she began, 'I give you joy! Very pretty apartments, truly! Well, I heartily congratulate you on being one of us! for I suppose you are now enrolled in our splendid list.'

Lucy, amazed at her discourse, asked what she meant. 'Ha, Miss,' replied Charlotte, 'why so strange? What do I mean? why, pr'ythee now, are you not entered into keeping with Captain Smith, as they call him?'—'Keeping!' returned Lucy, angrily; 'no, be assured, Ma'am, I'd never consent to that! I am his wife.'—'Wife, indeed! O fine!' cried Charlotte, laughing: 'would you now, be that dull household thing? Go, you little fool! there is ten thousand times the pleasure and profit in being a mistress: for here we are paid for what pleases us; and when our keeper is away, can bilk him, and indulge our genius, child, with any favourite young gallant we will. O, there is something so delicious in bilking a foolish keeper! Lord bless me! I'll put you into a way, never fear. Who would think of being a wife? Besides, let me tell you, though the law allows concubines, it does not allow two wives; and your owner is already tagged to one plague for life, who has brought him five or six little brats into the world, and he hates her worse than a toad—and so, faith, I believe all men do their wives. And I'll tell you another secret by the bye; his real name is not Captain Smith, but Lord —, eldest son to the — of —, and heir to an immense estate; so that you have a man with money enough, and you are to blame, my girl, if you don't fleece him well, and make him pay dearly for the use of your household; ha, Lucy!'

CHAP. XI.

THE DISTRESS OF LUCY. MISS CHARLOTTE'S AND DOOKALE'S CONSOLATION. THE FORCE OF VIRTUE. A GENERAL ADMONITION TO THE READER.

MISS Charlotte's speech had by no means the desired effect; for she had scarce finished before Lucy's colour faded, her eyes closed, and life seemed fluttering at her lips; for though she had a large share of vanity, yet virtue was not altogether so obscured and dissipated by it, as to let her look on vice with an indifferent eye. Charlotte, but little moved, (for her heart, habituated to sights like these, was no more affected by them than the hardest rocks of adamant by the dew-drops distilling adown their rugged sides) called the maid for hartshorn, by the assistance of which she soon brought the young lady to herself, who, opening her languid eyes, burst into tears, and exclaimed, in words which would have moved a stone, that she was lost, undone, and ruined for ever. 'Oh! miserable daughter,' she cried, 'of the most miserable parents! Dear, fond, wretched mother, where art thou?—Oh! my father, must I see thee no more?—Thy once loved, once—Oh! dreadful remembrance!—What am I now? let me die!—My sister, my sister! how shall I tell thee of mine, and how save thee from the same undoing! Poor deluded parents! vain, foolish child! dreamt we not of every blessing, and behold every horror is fallen to my lot!' Though thus pathetically breathing forth her complaints, Charlotte little regarded her, but smiling observed, these were only the first qualms of conscience, which as commonly seized people first entering on her state of life, as sickness those who first go to sea. 'But never fear, child,' says she; 'have a good heart, and all will go well! Lord bless thee, my poor, dear, foolish girl! I made just as much *puling* and *wewling* as you do; but it was soon over—and when I thought on t'other affair—you know what, my dear—I laughed on one side my mouth, and cried on the other; exactly like the showers in sun-shine, when the good honest folks, called cuckolds, are hoisting by bass

'kets full to heaven!' She was going on; when, in a lucky minute, approached our good Cousin Dookalb—whom Lucy permitted not to speak, but immediately upon his entrance interrupted with sobs and tears, crying out, 'Dear cousin, did you not tell me, I should be Captain Smith's wife: that I was so in reality, but must submit for a little time to keep it secret?' Dookalb, a little startled at such a question, particularly as Charlotte was there, hesitated—'Wife, child!—aye, child—but what of that?—What's the matter, pray? what occasions all this?—Wife!—aye, to be sure!'—'My fears arose,' replied she, 'from Miss Charlotte, who has informed me of strange things; and that I am not really his wife, but his mistress.'—'Well, my dear,' said Dookalb, 'and where's the difference, I pray you? wife and mistress are but two names for the same thing; only mistress is preferable to wife, as you enjoy all the blessings without the torments of an eternal confinement. Don't you remember, cousin, an argument we once had, wherein I proved to you, that marriage was but a thing devised by priests to keep fools in awe? that there was no such thing in former ages, when the world was less mercenary, and far less wicked than now? Marriage consisteth only in the will. Have you not read your Bible, cousin? don't you remember that those people, who were God's peculiar favourites, were by him permitted to have concubines, which are no other than what we call mistresses now; concubine and mistress is the same. Don't you remember Rebecca's permitting her husband to lie with his concubines? and likewise the account we have of David and Solomon, men most approved by Heaven, how they kept great numbers of mistresses? Indeed, my dear, it is all nonsense to be uneasy at any foolish scruples: you are to all intents and purposes Captain Smith's wife, and he will give you all this world can afford to make you happy: riches, pleasures, and delights in abundance; insomuch that you ought to thank God for being thus kind to you.' These arguments to a weak female mind carried full conviction, and she began to feel comfort returning; yet a certain heaviness hung over her thoughts, and many things she

had heard of kept-mistresses recurred to her mind, which would have pinched, had she been left to reflection. But Charlotte and her cousin so plied her with agreeable chat, devised pleasures and schemes, and formed various parties, that her fancy now again began to be afloat, and she seemed to sail with fortunate breezes most joyously along the silver sea of prosperity. Dookalb having thus far set things right, whispered in her ear, she might expect the captain at six, and withdrew. Charlotte then reminded her of various things she wanted, and accordingly two chairs were called, and they travelled from shop to shop till three, and returned loaden with abundance of trinkets, the food of female vanity. An elegant dinner was ready for them, of which Lucy eat sparingly, having her mind solely fixed on the fine things in which she designed to appear before her lover. She was scarcely trimmed out, before he came and met his beloved fair-one flushed with vanity, and glowing with fond expectation. The reader may imagine it was not long before they hurried to their guilty pleasures: where, when a dull pause succeeded, Lucy leaning on her elbow, sighed out, 'Alas, Sir! I find you have deceived me, and are not to be my husband, having already a lady; how could you be so cruel?' Startled at this, the captain began: 'What! perdition seize the rascal! did Dookalb tell you so?'—'No,' said she, 'it was Miss Charlotte.'—'Mind not that, my angel, my dearest girl!' replied he; 'I have a wife, 'tis true, but she hates me, is false to my bed, and disagreeable to me as death and hell: you I love; I doat, I die for you! and will make you in every sense my wife, and give you all things to consummate your happiness. But why this foolish chiding? Loveliest creature, let me kiss those lips, sweeter and more red than cherries; and indulge on this soft bosom, whiter than snow, and smooth as monumental alabaster—Oh! my life; my best-loved, my delicious Lucy!' When could not adulation and blandishment soothe a female mind, warm with rapture, and but now tasting of the sweet forbidden fruit; youthful blood swelling in every turgid vein, and scenes of delight hovering every where around? The fair-one forgot her fears; the lover

that honour he had long since pawned; and Cupid and pleasure reigned lords of the banquet. Thus was the unhappy young girl fully initiated into the school of wickedness, and properly entered into the fashionable mystery of keeping. Already had virtue took her wing, and left her a prey to imprudence and desire, whose attendants are misery, remorse, and despair. Pleasure got fast hold of her heart; and pleasure once rooted there never loses her hold, till spread all over the body, it introduces insensibility, and yields the sway to sleepy and inactive stupidity. Then even desire itself dies and is no more; every faculty is lost, and every power of the soul drowned and sunk:

Till even insensibility gives way,
And yields to tortures and disease the prey:
For tortures and diseases ever gain
Whole power, where wild desire and lawless
pleasure reign.

When her lover was gone, Lucy, though better reconciled to her new situation, yet could not help feeling some certain informations from within, which whispered to her, that it was not quite good and unexceptionable: and though she represented it to herself in the most favourable light possible, as knowing, having thus far advanced, she could not well retreat: like those illustrious sons of Mars, (if I may dare to liken a weak female to such thunderbolts of war) who being now about to face the fiery-mouthed engines of the enemy, know not of any methods of retreat, yet secretly wish to be walking free from danger in the pleasing Mall, or to be seated with locks well-powdered in the gay side-box, while the inimitable Garrick thunders through the crowded theatre—Though, like them, Lucy could not at present greatly approve her circumstances; and, like them, tacitly wished for her former situation, her lost innocence, and wonted serenity; yet, finding no possibility to emerge, she was determined, if Heaven would permit, to deliver her sister at least from the same sorrow, and the like fatal necessity. Accordingly she wrote, informing her of her present situation, and what, alas! she was become; and advising her, (though she feared her advice would be of little avail) to take the utmost care of herself, and to avoid the misery into

which her poor undone sister had been fatally seduced: greatly by her own imprudence, vanity, and folly; more by her unwariness; and most of all, by her absolute confidence on her cousin Dookalb. As the deeply-affected sister wrote, the remembrance of her parents and her family recurred to her sad thoughts, and heavy drops of tears fell plentifully from her eyes: so strong is the force of virtue; so irresistible, spite of all art, the power of truth!

Gentle reader, whosoever thou art, stop here a while with me, and let us seriously commune together! Think not these pages, how inconsiderable soever they may appear in thine eye, are written solely to amuse and divert thee. I would labour to attain a nobler end; and, as my heart burns with love to thee, —treat me as a friend, and answer me as such; for with the voice of friendship only do I call upon thee. Art thou a parent, blessed with a rising and a beautiful family? and hast thou never fed thy fond heart with airy hopes and vain imaginations—delusive as these which thou hast already condemned in the parents of these unhappy daughters? Consider well, fond father, that on thy children's virtue depends their felicity.—Vain mother! reflect, religion and goodness are the only beauty. Carefully then watch the first dawns of their infant years; water them well with instruction: so shalt thou behold them daily expand, like the gayest flowers, their full colours to the sun; open at length with the freshest bloom; and dispense around their chearing odours to you, and to all who delight in virtue.

Young man—believe me, thy situation is dangerous! Vice in every alluring form besets thee—thy friends and thy companions entice thee with them, and thou must either be contemned of them or of thyself! Try, then, for a while, their ridicule. To-day it will be painful; to-morrow it will be less so; the next it will sit more easily on thee; and, in fine, give thee no uneasiness at all! but if thou art to-day contemptible to thyself, every hour will increase it; and to avoid recollection, thou wilt fly still to that false friend, Vice, to screen thee; still becoming more despicable at home, till either total insensibility or despair seize thee! Think then of eternity, for which alone thou wast born! think, and dare for once to be *one* of a million!

And

And thou, bright daughter of innocence, still spotless, and still happy, walk as if adders lurked in every foot-fall: be wary, be wise, be circumspect! Hast thou not heard of Ulysses; how he stopped his companions ears, and caused himself to be confined, while passing the syrens, whose voice none could hear, and not be persuaded; whose persuasions none could obey, and not be undone? Alas! such too frequently is the voice of love; which is, for the most part, the voice of adulation—such ever is the voice of vanity; thou can'st not listen, and be safe. Learn, therefore, the graces of Humility, and let her attend thee as thy counsellor: for she is fair and lovely; her ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths ever lead to the dwellings of peace. Let no false shews—no gilded promises—no air-built hopes—delude thee: guided by humility, make the invincible power of virtue thy firmest friend; walk hand in hand with modesty and seriousness. So

shall impudence and levity fly from thy presence; so shalt thou at length be happy in the husband of thy wishes, the son of truth and tenderness; so shall thy days be crowned with serenity, and thy life be calm and chearful, as the summer heavens, brightened by the glorious sun, and cleared from every cloud!

Hark, mortals!—Vanity from yonder dome,
In sounds of sweet persuasion bids you come!
She calls, and shews ten thousand joys at hand:

But, mark! her house is founded on the sand.

Soon as the storms shall beat, and rains shall fall,

One general ruin must envelope all!

Built then on rocks, that nobler fane survey,

Where beams immortal Virtue's living ray:
Tho' storms and time, and every foe assail,
No power shall shake it, and no force prevail.
Haste thither—haste—and bow before the shrine

Of Virtue—so eternity is thine!

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE



THE SISTERS.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

CAROLINE'S SITUATION. THE
FORCE OF HYPOCRISY. A DE-
SCRIPTION OF AN UNSUCCESS-
FUL GAMESTER.



HE left Caroline at home, in expectation of her beloved captain, in a situation as likely to fall as Lucy; and indeed it was as much designed she should do so by her kind cousin: his intentions to her were no less friendly than to her sister, and his resolution no less amiable. The captain came not that night; and the lady, a good deal chagrined, went to bed. The next morning her cousin told her much of her sister's delectable situation, harangued on his old argument, the folly of matrimony, and dropped some obscure hints to Caroline, that, if she would yield, she might be made for ever. Though these unhappy sisters had abundance of female vanity, and through a mistaken turn in their education, had imbibed many strange and airy notions, yet they had ever been accustomed to hear the dictates, and listen to the lore of virtue. Their mother was a thorough good and faithful wife, and from her example they had seen nothing to encourage wantonness and guilt; but, on the contrary, every thing to recommend sobriety and chastity. And the judicious reader, doubtless, must have observed, that Caroline was of a much less

precipitate temper than her sister; far more cautious and wary, greatly more susceptible of fears and dangers; and though perhaps equally vain, yet firmly resolved never to gratify her vanity at the expence of her innocence. Hence it happened, that when Mr. Dookalb talked of yielding, Caroline, dreading she too nearly guessed at what he meant, desired him to explain to her, by what method it was she could *be made*: 'for so much indebted as I and all our family are to you,' said she, 'dear cousin, there is nothing consistent with virtue and honour I would not gladly embrace, to make you amends for your kind offices to me, and to reward the tenderness and care of the best of parents.'—'You speak like a sensible young woman, Cousin Caroline,' replied he, 'and I doubt not but that your goodness will be sufficiently rewarded; for the Scripture promises temporal rewards to nothing more certainly than obedience to parents. It promises length of days and happiness; and surely it is the first law of nature: doubtless, then, it is and ought to be the chief concern of every good child, to endeavour, by all means in their power, to do what may advantage themselves, and consequently bless their parents; for your happiness is theirs, and to see you or any of their children in felicity, would be equally the same to your father and mother as to be so themselves.'—'Without doubt,' rejoined she; 'and Heaven

‘Heaven is my witness, there is no-
 ‘thing I would not attempt, however
 ‘difficult or dangerous, if so be it were
 ‘honourable, to make them happy.
 ‘Your advice can and will direct me,
 ‘I am sure; and a person, led by such
 ‘goodness as yours, can never err.’
 Such and so great is the power of hy-
 pocrify: this poor girl was deluded in-
 to a belief of her cousin’s really being
 one of the very best of men, by his ap-
 pearance of being so; and his seeming
 goodness wrought a firm assurance in
 her that there was no deceit in him,
 but that his purposes were all just,
 friendly, and pure. And no wonder that
 he, whose hypocrisy passed undiscovered
 by many far wiser, could conceal his
 soul from a poor weak woman:

For neither man nor angel can discern
 Hypocrisy, the only evil that walks
 Invisible, except to God alone,
 By his permissive will, thro’ heav’n and earth:
 And oft, tho’ wisdom wakes, suspicion sleeps
 At wisdom’s gate, and to simplicity
 Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks
 no ill,
 Where no ill seems.’

And it is the very perfection of falsity,
 and a practice too common, to introduce
 a bad cause with a good argument, that
 the appearance of truth and probity
 may set a gloss on the subsequent guilty
 purpose.

‘Mark you this, Bassanio,’ [says Shake-
 speare]
 ‘The devil can cite Scripture for his pur-
 ‘pose:
 ‘An evil soul, producing holy witness,
 ‘Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
 ‘A goodly apple, rotten at the heart.’

Alarmed by a loud thundering at the
 door, their conversation was interrupt-
 ed, and Dookalb’s presence desired by a
 gentleman in another room; where, as
 soon as he entered, a figure well known
 to him, and no other than the very wor-
 thy Captain Thomas, to whose arms
 Caroline was destined, presented itself to
 view. His face was ghastly, pale and
 horrid; his eyes sunk in his head, and
 staring from their fiery hollowness with
 wild confusion; his hair, of late so ele-
 gantly crisped, trimmed and powdered,
 hanging over his forehead, and beside
 his cheeks, lank and uncurled, squalid

and frightful; his ruffles were half
 torn off, his waistcoat wholly unbut-
 toned, his sword turned before, his
 stockings unrolled, and his whole frame
 and oeconomy in disorder. ‘Oh, Doo-
 ‘kalb!’ he began, ‘help me to curse to
 ‘the lowest pit of hell, all gaming and
 ‘gamesters, all fools and madmen, my-
 ‘self, my soul and body! Perdition,
 ‘damnation, and ruin, to the whole uni-
 ‘verse!’—‘Good, my lord!’ rejoined
 Dookalb, calmly, ‘why this sudden
 ‘start of passion? I hope nothing amiss
 ‘has happened: pray be cool.’—‘Talk
 ‘of coolness to me!’ replied the cap-
 tain, (stalking around the room, and
 stamping with all the frantick fury of
 madness;) ‘bid the fire, that roaring in
 ‘it’s rage, consumes all before it, stop
 ‘at thy command!—Bid the devil!—
 ‘Why do I talk of bidding? I am ruin-
 ‘ed—my whole estate is gone, and I
 ‘want nothing now, but thee, to be
 ‘friendly enough at once to free me,
 ‘and drive me headlong into eternity!
 ‘I have all this night been engaged
 ‘with sharpers and villains; and buoy-
 ‘ed up by a run of luck, ventured my
 ‘all, and have lost it. You had five
 ‘hundred pounds of me the other day
 ‘for a d—d w—e, whom now I
 ‘shall never have. Return me the mo-
 ‘ney instantly, that I may never see
 ‘the face of family or friend, but fly
 ‘to the utmost part of the globe, and
 ‘die like a dog as I am, unknown and
 ‘unnoticed!’—‘You are far too pre-
 ‘cipitate, Sir!’ quoth Dookalb: ‘I am
 ‘apt to imagine your brain is some-
 ‘what intoxicated with wine; perhaps
 ‘things may be better than you repre-
 ‘sent them. Let me advise you to re-
 ‘tire home and sleep, and in a little
 ‘time I’ll wait upon you: you are not
 ‘cool enough to talk or reason. Be-
 ‘lieve me, Sir, I have no five hundred
 ‘pounds now: but we’ll talk of that
 ‘hereafter.’—‘Nay, but, good Doo-
 ‘kalb,’ replied he, ‘dost thou think I
 ‘am only drunk and mad? Do you
 ‘really believe I have not lost my all?
 ‘I shall be mightily obliged to you, if
 ‘you can so persuade me. Let me go
 ‘to bed here—pr’ythee now do—and
 ‘when I awaken, perhaps I shall re-
 ‘member better; and, as some encou-
 ‘ragement, let me have the girl we a-
 ‘greed upon. Ha, ha! what is ruin
 ‘to love?’

‘Clasp’d

‘Clasp’d in the folds of love I’d meet my
‘doom ;
‘And act my joys, tho’ thunder shook the
‘room!’

Dookalb, as we may imagine, was not willing thus to resign the golden prize; for, as he very prudently recollected, ‘if such should be the case with this very worthy and good friend of mine, as is not at all improbable, I may keep his five hundred pounds, and possibly acquire as much more on the same conditions:’ therefore he kindly and pressing advised him to return home, and promised to visit him as soon as would be convenient. Persuaded by his friendly solicitations, the gentleman withdrew; and Dookalb, a good deal satisfied with the appearance, began to revolve in his mind who would be most likely to pay the highest for the cousin now under his protection; and how he might render most happy the daughter of that father for whose family he had so great an esteem.

CHAP. II.

A VISIT TO MRS. SEARCHWELL
FROM MISS CAROLINE AND MR.
DOOKALB. THEIR RECEPTION.

ACCORDINGLY, as soon as the worthy personage before mentioned withdrew, Mr. Dookalb returned to his cousin, and after having made many apologies for his long absence, and the like, proposed, if it were agreeable to Miss Caroline, to make a short excursion, to see what was doing abroad, and to try if they could meet with any thing that might divert them. Caroline readily consented; and after having looked in at several auctions, and two or three milliner’s shops, where, the more to engage the young lady’s esteem, he made her some pretty and polite presents, they paid Mrs. Searchwell a morning visit. At their approach, they were conducted by a fellow, whose leer bespoke him a descendant of Pandarus, into a room furnished with all the elegance and grandeur conceivable; but were greatly surprised at their continuing there near a quarter of an hour before any person made their approach: at last a loud volley of oaths thundered in their ears, the door opened with great violence, and Mrs. Searchwell presented herself

to view. Her cap was pinned aloft upon her head, her face glowed with the deep red of the ruby, her eyes flashed with fury and indignation, and into the room she waddled, grumbling and frowning, uttering imprecations and curses, and darting looks terrible as those of the basilisk. In one hand she held a glass, in the other a bottle; a long brocaded sack was tied over her flabby dewlaps, which sunk below her waist without the support of stays; a pair of long ruffles dangled dirtily down to her fingers; and on each side hung a large bunch of keys, not unlike those which grace the venerable turnkey of Newgate. Without preface or compliment, such as Caroline vainly imagined her presence in some measure required, she began with a horrid oath, ‘I assure you, Cousin Dookalb, there is no business upon earth so fatiguing as ours; for what with the squeamish stomachs of some b—s, and the plaguy impudence of others, the profit they bring in scarce pays for the trouble they give. But come, here’s my service to you; no thing like this to drown care.’ Upon which she swallowed down a dose of her cinnamon; and, smacking her lips, assured the young lady it was as good as ever was *tipped over tongue*. She then presented it to Caroline, who refused it, observing she never drank in a morning. ‘Well, well, as to that,’ says she, ‘I never force ladies—but she’ll be wiser, Cousin Dookalb, by and bye; ha! Here’s to you then.’ Dookalb knew it was not for his purpose to let Caroline see this, so that he sat, perhaps, as much on thorns as ever he did in his life; however he was obliged not to appear over nice, and to pledge the mother, who went on with a voice enough to make the hearer tremble; ‘Would you believe it, cousin, I have spent fifty guineas on a country wench, remitted to me by a friend of ours some time since, to improve her, and make her fit for a man of quality; and when I told her last night that she must consent to *see company*, the ungrateful vixen refused me the profits of her maidenhead, and pretended to fall into fits, and I don’t know what nonsense and folly? however, fits or not fits, I had her conveyed to bed, and put her parmour to her, a good friend of yours and mine; and a fine girl she is, and worthy of him, plump, round, moist,

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and juicy, and will curl, I warrant her, by and bye, like a vine round her man. Well, this morning all the house was alarmed with news that Madam was dead, in good truth. Up I got, and there was she at her old trade, in her fits. I called my nieces about me, and gave her all the drams I could think of; and no sooner did we recover her, than she fell to her usual exclamations against me, that I had ruined and undone her, and such stuff, as you know I have heard so often as to take no notice of at all; then into fits again; and I am almost afraid that she will never turn out a trader, and that I shall be all my money out of pocket by the obstinate young devil! She was going on with this fine tale, when one of her nieces entered with a face wonderously sedate, and assured her, with a very composed countenance, that Sally was dead now. Up started the old beldame in a furious passion, and cursing and swearing, made the best of her way out; when Caroline, half fainting and dead with fright, begged her cousin to depart instantly from this fearful place; to which he seemed readily and gladly to consent, and full of pious observations, and piteous remarks, conveyed home his almost lifeless cousin.

CHAP. III.

THE DELUSION OF COUNTRY GIRLS. A WORD TO PROFFESSED RAKES. THE CONSEQUENCE OF THE VISIT TO MRS. SEARCHWELL.

NOTHING could have been more unlucky for Dookalb, or more cross to his purposes, than this interview with Mrs. Searchwell; for there wanted no sagacity to inform any person that had been present, what and who she was: no wonder, then, that Caroline was abundantly shocked and astonished; and, at her return, was in nearly the same condition with the unhappy girl mentioned above; who was the only daughter of an honest country farmer, and had been enticed to London by the offers of a fine place, and preferment, which she was vain enough to think reserved for her, as some gypsies had promised extraordinary good luck to her,

and had told her she should ride in her coach, and wear silks and fattins before she died; a practice very common with an idle set of vagrant wretches, who haunt the country, and infuse notions into the heads of credulous girls, easily imposed on, and glad to believe what they esteem fortunate, which are often the means of their ruin, and the first steps to their destruction. At her coming to town she fell into Mrs. Searchwell's hands, who had now employed some time and expence in fitting her for her devilish purposes, and had contracted, for a large sum, with a certain lord, for the first enjoyment and the ruining of her! Unthinking men! can passion so much blind their reason, can lust so much destroy humanity, as never to indulge them one reflection on the horrid miseries they occasion a wretched woman to undergo, and the unknown sorrows their guilty pleasures introduce? What man, if he would seriously consider, would have the curses of a tortured woman, miserable beyond expression, perpetually thundering round him, as the execrable cause of her sufferings, the detested beginner of her woes! Who is so much hardened in guilt as to stand the shock of self-accusing reflections, when he beholds the woman whom he first ruined, and embraced in all the gaiety of wanton joy, after some time, and a series of guilt into which necessity plunges her, half naked, and lost to shame, in the streets! those fine features he once was pleased with, now deformed, disfigured, and discoloured, the objects of his hate and disgust; her tongue, that once charmed with soft murmurs of love, roughly growling out oaths and impudence; and every vice, disease, and horror, in possession of that metamorphosed wretch, whom his conscience terribly assures him he first introduced to so shocking an acquaintance! Sure a man must tremble at thoughts like these! Sure thoughts like these, if duly weighed, should deter any man from running into the same evils, and sharing the same poignant and self-tormenting accusations here; and, alas! he knows not how much worse hereafter.

But, to return. Nothing perhaps on earth could equal the anxiety and agitation of mind which Caroline felt at this juncture; every suspicious word and dark hint of Dookalb's, before little regarded, returned to her affrighted

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thoughts

thoughts with uncommon horror, and her imagination gave reality to every dreadful conjecture: her sister then became the object of her dread; she feared she knew not what, and trembled through the terror of that which yet she scarcely dared to think of. Dookalbendeavoured to soothe her, and said a thousand plausible things, but in vain: he appeared no longer in his former friendly character. She suspected his intentions, and conceived a double meaning in all his words and fair speeches: in short, a dreadful fever seized her, the violence of which threw her into a delirium, which lasted nearly to the time that her sister's letter came to hand; the contents of which, we may easily conceive, could not contribute to the alleviating her distemper; they added fresh fuel to it, and augmented her already well-nigh insupportable agonies. The interval of the fever suffered her to feel all the pungent reflections with which the sense of her undone sister's condition pierced her, together with the fearful apprehensions of what must befall her miserable parents on hearing the woeful tale. Every thing that can be imagined a tender and loving sister, a compassionate and dutiful daughter, must suffer on such an occasion, she suffered; and it may well be said the madness of the fever, which took away all sensation of herself from her, did her the kindest office: so great was the burden of woe that over-pressed her heart; so deep the torrent of anguish that overflowed her breast. And great, indeed, must be their sorrows who wish for madness as a relief, who think it well and happy to be lost to themselves, and a blessing to be distracted!

Such was the situation of Caroline after the sight of Mrs. Searchwell, and the receipt of her sister's letter. The fever held her long, and her life was for some time despaired of. However, by the strength of a good constitution she again recovered her health: but, as there was very little happened during her illness to amuse or entertain the reader, fears and plaints being the general companions of her mournful hours, and her whole desire to see, and hear from her sister's mouth an account of her undoing, let us return to Lucy, and observe how she spent her time, and became better reconciled to her situation during the interval of Caroline's illness, and to the time of their once

more meeting; their meeting—*no longer like the former*: unhappy sisters! no more meeting in love and innocence, in spotless purity, and spotless affection!

CHAP. IV.

MISS LUCY PAYS THE PARK A MORNING VISIT. IS INTRODUCED TO THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE CELEBRATED BEAU LEICART. THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.

LUCY had scarcely finished the letter we left her writing to her sister, ere Miss Charlotte, with two other young ladies of fashion came to visit her, and desired her company into the Park; where they no sooner arrived, than four or five gentlemen thronged to our bright groupe of fair-ones, and whispered very anxious enquiries after their companion, whom they immediately perceived to be a fresh face; for the gentlemen of the town in an instant distinguish a new *bona roba*, as they make it their perpetual business to know all in the list of good-natured ones, and haunt (or, I may rather say, *infest*) publick places, solely to pick out and remark unhappy women, destined to satiate their vile lusts and unruly passions. Amongst the rest of the gentlemen that joined these well-known ladies, eminently distinguished by their careless air and dress, their long, white, pearly ear-rings, and quaintly-cocked (or, as they have been perhaps not improperly called, Fanny-Murray'd) hats, was the celebrated Beau Leicart; a man not less remarkable for the goodness of his person than the badness of his manners; whose outside is no less glittering and gay, than his inside is dull, dark, and dreary; fond of idly sauntering in every place of resort, and as fond of ruining any woman that shall fall in his way; little regarding the ties of honour and virtue, and esteeming them, like many more of his fraternity, as a mere dead letter, idle names, and empty sounds.

He was no sooner informed by Miss Charlotte, who our heroine was, than he made his whole court to her, offered her his snuff-box, talked of the fineness of the day and place, observed there was a good deal of company there, that the town was very full, that the Mall was a fine morning's amusement, that Gar-

rick

rick was a good player, Woodward an excellent harlequin; but Queen Mab, upon the whole, a very *la, la*, entertainment, a mere bagatelle. Charlotte observed to Mr. Leicart, these were subjects to which Miss Lucy was yet an utter stranger, having never seen Mr. Garrick, or either of the play-houses. At which, expressing the utmost astonishment and pity, he begged she would no longer deprive herself of one of the most noble amusements, the greatest pleasures possible; but give him leave to have the honour that very evening of introducing her to an acquaintance with that soul of fire, that wonder of wonders, that child and ape * of nature, the inimitable Garrick! 'Let us see, to night,' continued he. 'Oh, how excessive fortunate!—D—me, Madam, if he does not play Romeo!—Miss Charlotte, intercede for me with this charming and most agreeable friend of yours, that I may have the high honour of attending her to Drury Lane.' Charlotte kindly enough complied with his request; and, at her desire, Lucy as kindly consented to partake with them the diversion of the evening; especially as Mr. Leicart so pressingly entreated her, who in his person and manners appeared to her amazingly charming, and in his every accomplishment superior to all the men she had ever before seen.

The more polite company now retiring from the Park, our party, no less polite than the best, thought fit to do so too; but being mutually pleased with each other, they were unwilling to part for even the short interval to the time of the play, and therefore the ladies accepted an offer made by the gentlemen of dining with them at the Bedford-Arms tavern; and each taking a chair, hastened home to dress, again to meet their companions, and to burst on their sight with new charms and double splendor. Lucy's heart fluttered as she dressed, with the gladsome thought of having made a conquest of so fine a gentleman as Mr. Leicart; she used all her little endeavours, and exerted her utmost sedulity and niceness to appear as beautiful and enticing as possible, the more to attract his eyes, and through

them convey to the seat of fondness the delicious poison of love. And wonder not, my fair reader, that with so large a stock of vanity she was fond of flattery and conquest, and very proud to think she had power to win so pretty a fellow, and to hold in her chains so gaudy a captive. I say, wonder not; but rather ask your own heart, whether at some time it may not have indulged the same vanity, the same secret, flattering, and pernicious pleasure. If it has, remember it's folly, reflect upon it's mortification, consider it's fatal consequences; then correct the growing weakness, and learn with all your study to be humble and lowly in your own eyes!

The hour appointed for dinner elapsed before she was dressed; impatience flushed her cheeks, and gave them a new glow of uncommon elegance: in short, dressed as she was, and so sweetly adorned, she looked another Venus, and appeared like beauty itself. Thus attired, she hastened to the delicious place, where she found all the company waiting, and all plumed in their finest feathers, to attract each other's eyes and admiration; for (shame to our sex!) these men abounded with as much, and with the same kind of vanity as the women. The beaux, soon as they beheld the maid advance, 'with all her bravery on, and 'tackle trim,' rushed with uncommon ardour to her arms, and each imprinted a thousand and a thousand kisses, swearing with oaths, as terrible as common, and denouncing all death and damnation on their own souls, (a horrid practice, too notorious!) if she was not the finest girl eyes ever beheld on the face of the whole earth. Such encomiums, not at all unpleasing to Lucy, elevated her to an uncommon pitch of mirth, and every thing was joy, rapture and enchantment. The repast over, the table was covered with a rich collation of fruits, and with wines of every sort; the glass was briskly put round, the ladies became alive and jocund, their eyes languished, their bosoms heaved, their lips grew dry and athirst for kisses, and love most importunately craved for admittance. Though the other gentlemen much desired, and much envied his

* We thought it necessary to advertise the less learned reader, that Mr. Leicart meant this as the highest compliment possible to Mr. Garrick; and that he seems to have aimed at Mr. Pope's celebrated eulogium of the no less celebrated Sir Isaac Newton.

situation, yet Leicart stuck close to Miss Lucy, and ventured at length (what will not vice and impudence venture!) to thrust his glowing hands into her snowy panting bosom; which freedom she neither did nor could deny, as she perceived Miss Charlotte and all the other ladies indulged the same to their lovers; nay, and many more, which those who have been present on such occasions will very easily recollect; but which we shall smother in silence, and only, with a dull moral, observe how great the force of example is, and how pernicious the conversation of the bad, the lost, the depraved, and abandoned.

What could a person of less warmth and caution than Lucy have done in such a situation and in such society? What would they not have done, if, as was the case with her, the freedoms proved not displeasing? For being yet but a novice in love, and highly transported with what she had felt of its raptures, every touch thrilled through her veins, and inspired her with the most killing delight. She was exalted too with more wine than perhaps she had ever drank; and, above all, mightily fond of the dear sweet man who took these charming and alluring liberties with her! Why should we add the rest? The experienced will soon read the consequences; from the raw and ignorant it may, not improperly, be concealed: suffice it therefore to add, they entered not into the play-house till Juliet was preparing to drink the fatal draught, and silence sat closely attentive to the plaintive voice of piteous Bellamy.

CHAP. V.

A HINT TO KEEPERS. WHAT HAPPENED AT THE PLAY. LUCY'S DISSATISFACTION IN HER PRESENT STATE.

MARK, reader! and more especially if thou shalt happen to be one of the fashionable followers of the vices of the age, how uncertain a thing the favour of a mistress is, and how little assurance the foolish keeper has of ever retaining the woman, whom he so dearly hires for his lustful purposes, to himself! A reflection, one should imagine, that would make men of sense abhor the practice, and scorn to be the dupes of a

poor wretch, unsecured by the least principle, for a moment of unlawful transitory pleasure, when they might enjoy all satisfaction in the arms of a woman, the object of a prudent choice; whose love, sense, and duty, would encrease, and reason, religion, and honour, join to strengthen and improve. For let the libertine boast how much soever he will of the joys of a debauch, the transports of variety, and the rapture felt in the embraces of a mistress, every man, the least experienced, must and does know, that this is all but boasting; and the banquet so much talked of, always palling to the appetite, for the most part nauseous and distasteful: whereas the full possession of a good and virtuous woman has every true bliss in it, and the endearments of a nuptial-bed are to be paralleled by no other earthly felicity; every pleasure attends the embrace, every transport smiles round and augments the joy, and every blessing sheds its benign influence on the tender, fond, and love-united pair.

Some such reflections as these, perhaps, arose in the mind of Captain Smith, when he beheld from a side-box, where he sat with his lady, Mr. Leicart, that formidable rival, handing into one of the flesh-boxes his beloved, his last-found, his dear, delicious Lucy! But what were her reflections we shall not presume to guess, when the very first object which presented itself to view was Captain Smith! Conscience accused her; and spite of all her fondness for her new admirer, spite of his kind endeavours to point out all the beauties and elegancies of the place, the performance and the spectators, she could not find any satisfaction, but sat in great anxiety, as dreading the displeasure of him, on whom at least her maintenance depended. Her blood too began to run a little cooler in her veins, the fever of passion no longer reigned, and she could not help reflecting on herself; which, for a moment, drew a silent tear from her eyes, and a secret sigh from her bosom, expressive of her guilt and wretchedness. During this struggle, a billet was presented her by the hands of one of the orange-girls, the contents of which was,

I Shall be with you soon as the play is over. Be at home.

‘SMITH.’

There

There appeared much anger in this, which still encreased her uneasiness; and when the play was done, communicating it to Leicart, a new scene of disquietude succeeded. What pain, alas! it was to part. So lately blessed—so soon to be divided—so quickly from each other to be torn—unhappy pair—oh, cruel destiny!—‘Rather,’ said Leicart, fondly clasping her, ‘rather tear my fluttering heart from out my bosom—rather tear each throbbing pulse from out its warm abode—rather—in short, rather tear my expiring soul from my body, than tear thy dear self from me; my better soul, my better self—my heart, my life, my love, my every thing!’ But, alas! to what purpose were these warm exclamations? Part they must, and part they did, with the firm and often repeated assurance of quickly, very quickly, meeting again—of soon, very soon, enjoying consummate raptures, perfect happiness, in each other’s arms!

It is no wonder, that when Captain Smith came, he expressed great resentment at seeing Miss Lucy in such a place, and with such company: but she excused all with many tears, and many protestations of innocence; laid the whole blame on Miss Charlotte, at whose sollicitations and earnest desire, though an utter stranger to the rest of the company, she had consented to see a play; and mixing much endearing blandishments, and many very alleviating circumstances, (as, when did woman in such a case want an advocate?) the fond captain was soon softened, and won over, like our first father:

Against his better knowledge; not deceiv’d,
But fondly overcome with female charm.

And as he too, on Eve—

Began to cast lascivious eyes, she him
As wantonly repaid; in lust they burn.

So was it with our no less fallen, lost,
and miserable couple: they burnt with
lust; their eyes darted contagious fire,
and their wanton purposes were not
long unexecuted—

They their fill of love, and love’s disport

Took largely; of their mutual guilt the
seal,

The solace of their sin; till dewy sleep
Oppress’d them, wearied with their am-
orous play *.

It would be needless and unentertaining to inform the reader of the many little artifices, and numberless stratagems, Lucy after this was forced for some time to employ, that she might continue to herself the possession of her beloved Leicart, and still retain her present maintenance. It will be enough to say, Captain Smith became not only disagreeable, but odious and disgusting to her; and indeed she was so wholly captivated by her other adorer, that she found no happiness when absent from him; especially as she began to conceive, what she did not at first in the least suspect, that none of the ladies in the neighbourhood ever visited or came near her, but seemed to fly and avoid her house, as if some pest or infectious disease reigned there; an observation which created her great uneasiness, as it could not but cause her to descend very severely into her present dreadful state, and was highly mortifying to her pride, as well as contrary to her inclination, to be wholly cut off from, and deprived of, the company and acquaintance of the virtuous of her own sex. For some time she lived in this uneasy round of bilking the captain, and submitting, through hard necessity, to his desires and commands whenever he thought proper to see her; obliged to counterfeit, and dissemble pleasures which she never felt, and to feign strong raptures which she never experienced; for many wearisome hours left to her lonely, desart, and uncomfortable self; and for the remainder compelled to the slavery of lust and unbounded appetites, till the following accident happened—which, as it occasioned no small disturbance, so it seemed to threaten some change in her situation.

CHAP. VI.

CAPTAIN SMITH’S JEALOUSY, AND
IT’S GROUNDS. THE REVENGE-
FUL SPIRE OF LUCY’S MAID,

* The reader, to enter the more fully into this passage, will do well to consult Milton’s 9th book of *Paradise Lost*, ver. 999.

IT'S CONSEQUENCES, AND MR. LEICART'S SUFFERINGS.

A Variety of circumstances had coincided to raise the jealousy of Captain Smith, and to convince him that he stood not so high in Lucy's favour, as the envied object of her own free choice. Though he had frequently forbidden it, he had frequently seen them together in private parts of the play-house; he had likewise seen them dance together at the masquerade, and at no great distance from each other in a morning at Ranelagh: but an unlucky mistake of the lady's in the direction of a couple of letters, the one for Mr. Leicart, the other for the captain, above all things augmented his suspicion, and blew up the coals of jealousy into a raging flame. Mr. Dookalb was employed as the messenger of his wrath, to inform her of the captain's high displeasure, and his fixed resolution to cast her off, unless she immediately abjured all correspondence or acquaintance with Mr. Leicart. Lucy, by no means moved by his threats, boldly and hardily enough asserted her innocence, fidelity, and constancy; insisted on the pureness of her intention in this so blameable a letter, which she protested was only (nay she appealed to it with the utmost fervour) a genteel reply to a gentleman's friendly enquiry after her health, as he had seen her not very well the foregoing evening; and all this the letter well enough countenanced, as it was couched in the coldest terms, and luckily contained nothing which could justify any malicious insinuations. To crown the whole, she burst into a flood of tears, proclaimed aloud to her dear cousin, much more than her innocence, her unbounded love for Captain Smith, and on her knees, begged of him, her only friend, protector, and guide, to make up the affair, and clear her to her dear, dear captain, or she could not live another day. Dookalb himself was deceived; as poison conquers poison, so art was victorious over art; and accordingly he promised to soothe the captain, and assured her that his violent warmth proceeded from nothing but his most violent affection for her, which was so unbounded, that he could not bear to think of having a corner in the thing he loved. All thus far passed very well, but an unlucky quarrel with her maid plunged Lucy again into a sea of troubles; for Dook-

kalb was not long gone before Leicart came at the appointed hour, and after having toyed away the time till the usual season of Captain Smith's visits was elapsed, according to custom, *they sought soft transport in a bed of down*. Her maid, who was resolved to be revenged for some great affront she had received from her mistress, and thinking herself full as good, full as handsome, and full as fit for her station, thought this as convenient a season as could offer for wreaking her revenge, for driving Lucy from her master's arms, and jumping into them herself. Full fraught with this glorious scheme, she sent the following billet by a trusty instrument of her's to the captain, directing the person to the places where he was most likely to be found.

'ONURRD SURRE,

'O U is bagd too cum too Mrs
'Sanesones has soone has tymeas
'will paremet ou has is erninsale dasurd
'for oure proffat bye oure dewful Sar-
'vante

'OI Cloke nite MARY STEELE.'

'Prae onurrd Surre sai has I no noethen
'of hit.'

Amidst a set of jovial companions, at the King's Arms in Pall Mall, this elegant billet recommended itself to the hands of the captain: to which he sent no answer, but that it was very well; though resolved in his mind to obey the summons. After having briskly, for some time longer, put about the glass, and being *hot with the Tuscan grape*, and very high in blood, he staggered into a chair, and gave the requisite orders. When arrived at the appointed door, the chairman gave the necessary alarm, and the watchful Mrs. Steele, who, to prevent any suspicion, went to bed, heard it with all imaginable joy, and arose to see whether it was him whom her heart desired. But what tongue can express, or pen describe, the mutual agitation and surprize of the awakened lovers, who lay happily locked in each other's arms; who, folded in each other's embraces, were peaceably resigned to downy rest! When they heard the loud thundering at the door from the brazen, hated, and sonorous rapper, each started, each trembled, each asked the other what was to be done; and in the mean time a louder and

and a louder summons still, cut off all time for deliberation, and compelled poor Leicart to secure his cloaths, and creep, as the best retreat, beneath that bed whereon, alas! he had but even now been so happy!—There awhile solace thyself, O lover! and recollect that the mighty Agamemnon offers it to the father of his beloved mistress, as no small token of his esteem for his daughter, and respect to the father, that she should be permitted to deck and adorn that bed which she once enjoyed.

Mine she shall be——
Till time shall rife every youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace:
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or *giv'n** to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.

HOMER'S Iliad, B. 1.

Soon as Mrs. Steele was assured all was right, and that in very deed Captain Smith was at the door, she descended to her lady's chamber with all imaginable precipitation, and advised her for God's sake and her own to get up. 'Lord, Lord, Madam!' said she, 'here's the captain! who would have thought it! But sure, if you have any body with you, we are all ruined and undone. For my part, I dare not stay any longer.—Take care of yourself!—Oh! what shall we do?—Take care of yourself! I must go down and let him in.' On which she hastened to the door; and meanwhile Lucy endeavoured to adjust her head-cloaths, the bedding, and all other matters, and the prisoner beneath lay, as we may well imagine, in no less uneasiness of body than mind. Soon as the door was opened to him, supported by his friends the chairmen, in entered the reeling hero. 'And where the devil's your mistress—you, Madam—' quoth he—'Why—hold, I can walk well enough—where is she—ha? Where's Lucy?' Being informed she was up stairs in bed, he required the good men's assistance a little farther, and at length gained the lady's chamber; where he no sooner beheld her, than he grew wondrous fond, and uttered all the sweet things which love and drunkenness could inspire, greatly to the dissatisfaction of Mrs. Mary, who began to fear mightily for

herself, and to dread that in this fit of violent affection he would discover all. And, indeed, her fears were not ill founded; for soon as, by the help of Lucy and her maid, he was hoisted into bed, 'My dearest, dear angel!' said he, 'I—I am greatly obliged to your maid for this night's happiness!—I am greatly obliged to your maid, my dear!—indeed, my love, Lucy, sweet Lucy—tell me, am't we both greatly obliged to your maid?'—'In what, my dearest!' replied she; 'pray tell me, that I may join with you to thank her?'—'Indeed, my love, Lucy, upon my word, we are greatly obliged to poor Mary: I'll remember poor Mary Steele—Yes, yes—I should not have lain in these precious arms to-night, if it had not been for your maid!—Upon my word, it was very kind!—What, then, she sent for you, my sweet captain, did she? Oh, kind creature!—She was unwilling, I suppose, her poor mistress should lie one night, alone—and so sent for thee, my dear—') 'Oh, good-natured girl!'—'Yes, yes! to be sure, it was very kind: I'll shevar you her letter to me, my dearest—I, feel in that pocket. I shall ever love her for it, my Lucy.' According to his directions, Lucy found the letter, and read it. (Cavil not, reader, saying it was night; the experienced know at such times a candle is always burning, since to see the beautiful object enjoying, doubly augments the rapture of enjoyment.) She read the note; and reading it, the whole wickedness was too plain. However, at present soothing the captain in his own way, she endeavoured to lull him to sleep; which taking effect, the dreadful situation of her dear Mr. Leicart recurred to her thoughts, and she stole softly from bed, opened the door, gave a significant hem, and laid herself down to slumber. He was not such a novice in these things as to misunderstand her design, and accordingly gathering himself and his cloaths together as well as he could, he crept softly from beneath the bed, and sorely sighing, left the room, and his beloved Lucy, to the arms of a drunkard. Dreadfully shocked with this reflection, and wholly meditating thereon, the disappointed gallant ac-

* *Giv'n* suits us better than *doom'd*; the original word will bear either. *Tanaquill.*
Faber. F. S. T.

IT'S CONSEQUENCES, AND MR. LEICART'S SUFFERINGS.

A Variety of circumstances had coincided to raise the jealousy of Captain Smith, and to convince him that he stood not so high in Lucy's favour, as the envied object of her own free choice. Though he had frequently forbidden it, he had frequently seen them together in private parts of the play-house; he had likewise seen them dance together at the masquerade, and at no great distance from each other in a morning at Ranelagh: but an unlucky mistake of the lady's in the direction of a couple of letters, the one for Mr. Leicart, the other for the captain, above all things augmented his suspicion, and blew up the coals of jealousy into a raging flame. Mr. Dookalb was employed as the messenger of his wrath, to inform her of the captain's high displeasure, and his fixed resolution to cast her off, unless she immediately abjured all correspondence or acquaintance with Mr. Leicart. Lucy, by no means moved by his threats, boldly and hardily enough asserted her innocence, fidelity, and constancy; insisted on the pureness of her intention in this so blameable a letter, which she protested was only (nay she appealed to it with the utmost fervour) a genteel reply to a gentleman's friendly enquiry after her health, as he had seen her not very well the foregoing evening; and all this the letter well enough countenanced, as it was couched in the coldest terms, and luckily contained nothing which could justify any malicious insinuations. To crown the whole, she burst into a flood of tears, proclaimed aloud to her dear cousin, much more than her innocence, her unbounded love for Captain Smith, and on her knees, begged of him, her only friend, protector, and guide, to make up the affair, and clear her to her dear, dear captain, or she could not live another day. Dookalb himself was deceived; as poison conquers poison, so art was victorious over art; and accordingly he promised to soothe the captain, and assured her that his violent warmth proceeded from nothing but his most violent affection for her, which was so unbounded, that he could not bear to think of having a corner in the thing he loved. All thus far passed very well, but an unlucky quarrel with her maid plunged Lucy again into a sea of troubles; for Dook-

kalb was not long gone before Leicart came at the appointed hour, and after having toyed away the time till the usual season of Captain Smith's visits was elapsed, according to custom, *they sought soft transport in a bed of down*. Her maid, who was resolved to be revenged for some great affront she had received from her mistress, and thinking herself full as good, full as handsome, and full as fit for her station, thought this as convenient a season as could offer for wreaking her revenge, for driving Lucy from her master's arms, and jumping into them herself. Full fraught with this glorious scheme, she sent the following billet by a trusty instrument of her's to the captain, directing the person to the places where he was most likely to be found.

‘ONURRD SURRE,

‘O U is bagd too cum too Mrs
‘Sanesones has soone has tymeas
‘will paremet ou has is erninsale dafurd
‘for oure proffat bye oure dewtful Sar-
‘vante

‘oi Cloke nite MARY STEELE.’

‘Prae onurrd Surre fai has I no noethen
‘of hit.’

Amidst a set of jovial companions, at the King's Arms in Pall Mall, this elegant billet recommended itself to the hands of the captain: to which he sent no answer, but that it was very well; though resolved in his mind to obey the summons. After having briskly, for some time longer, put about the glass, and being *hot with the Tuscan grape*, and very high in blood, he staggered into a chair, and gave the requisite orders. When arrived at the appointed door, the chairman gave the necessary alarm, and the watchful Mrs. Steele, who, to prevent any suspicion, went to bed, heard it with all imaginable joy, and arose to see whether it was him whom her heart desired. But what tongue can express, or pen describe, the mutual agitation and surprize of the awakened lovers, who lay happily locked in each other's arms; who, folded in each other's embraces, were peaceably resigned to downy rest! When they heard the loud thundering at the door from the brazen, hated, and sonorous rapper, each started, each trembled, each asked the other what was to be done; and in the mean time a louder and

and a louder summons still, cut off all time for deliberation, and compelled poor Leicart to secure his cloaths, and creep, as the best retreat, beneath that bed whereon, alas! he had but even now been so happy!—There awhile solace thyself, O lover! and recollect that the mighty Agamemnon offers it to the father of his beloved mistress, as no small token of his esteem for his daughter, and respect to the father, that she should be permitted to deck and adorn that bed which she once enjoyed.

Mine she shall be——
Till time shall rise every youthful grace,
And age dismiss her from my cold embrace:
In daily labours of the loom employ'd,
Or *giv'n** to deck the bed she once enjoy'd.

HOMER'S Iliad, B. 1.

Soon as Mrs. Steele was assured all was right, and that in very deed Captain Smith was at the door, she descended to her lady's chamber with all imaginable precipitation, and advised her for God's sake and her own to get up. 'Lord, Lord, Madam!' said she, 'here's the captain! who would have thought it! But sure, if you have any body with you, we are all ruined and undone. For my part, I dare not stay any longer.—Take care of yourself!—Oh! what shall we do?—Take care of yourself! I must go down and let him in.' On which she hastened to the door; and meanwhile Lucy endeavoured to adjust her head-cloaths, the bedding, and all other matters, and the prisoner beneath lay, as we may well imagine, in no less uneasiness of body than mind. Soon as the door was opened to him, supported by his friends the chairmen, in entered the reeling hero. 'And where the devil's your mistress—you, Madam—' quoth he—'Why—hold, I can walk well enough—where is she—ha? Where's Lucy?' Being informed she was up stairs in bed, he required the good men's assistance a little farther, and at length gained the lady's chamber; where he no sooner beheld her, than he grew wonderful fond, and uttered all the sweet things which love and drunkenness could inspire, greatly to the dissatisfaction of Mrs. Mary, who began to fear mightily for

herself, and to dread that in this fit of violent affection he would discover all. And, indeed, her fears were not ill founded; for soon as, by the help of Lucy and her maid, he was hoisted into bed, 'My dearest, dear angel!' said he, 'I—I am greatly obliged to your maid for this night's happiness!—I am greatly obliged to your maid, my dear!—indeed, my love, Lucy, sweet Lucy—tell me, am't we both greatly obliged to your maid?'—'In what, my dearest!' replied she; 'pray tell me, that I may join with you to thank her?'—'Indeed, my love, Lucy, upon my word, we are greatly obliged to poor Mary: I'll remember poor Mary Steele—Yes, yes—I should not have lain in these precious arms to-night, if it had not been for your maid!—Upon my word, it was very kind!—What, then, she sent for you, my sweet captain, did she? Oh, kind creature!—She was unwilling, I suppose, her poor mistress should lie one night alone—and so sent for thee, my dear—Oh, good-natured girl!'—'Yes, yes to be sure, it was very kind: I'll shew you her letter to me, my dearest—feel in that pocket. I shall ever love her for it, my Lucy.' According to his directions, Lucy found the letter, and read it. (Cavil not, reader, saying it was night; the experienced know at such times a candle is always burning, since to see the beautiful object enjoying, doubly augments the rapture of enjoyment.) She read the note; and reading it, the whole wickedness was too plain. However, at present soothing the captain in his own way, she endeavoured to lull him to sleep; which taking effect, the dreadful situation of her dear Mr. Leicart recurred to her thoughts, and she stole softly from bed, opened the door, gave a significant hem, and laid herself down to slumber. He was not such a novice in these things as to misunderstand her design, and accordingly gathering himself and his cloaths together as well as he could, he crept softly from beneath the bed, and sorely sighing, left the room, and his beloved Lucy, to the arms of a drunkard. Dreadfully shocked with this reflection, and wholly meditating thereon, the disappointed gallant at-

* *Giv'n* suits us better than *doom'd*; the original word will bear either. *Tanaquill.*

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courted himself, and execrating the swinish captain, unbarred the door, and departed undiscovered from the house. But Lucy did not escape so easily; the lover was quickly aroused from his dozing, by the strongly operating power of the wine: miserable was his sickness; and Lucy, unacquainted with such matters, was incapable of relieving him. Mary, good Mary Steele, was summoned to attend and assist, but all in vain; the poor man was peevish, fretful, and wretchedly torn; Lucy, in every respect, shocked, dissatisfied, and disgusted; and the whole night, a night of filth, uneasiness, and perplexity. How then began she to detest her horrid situation, how to curse the hour that ever she was thus wretchedly enslaved, and to cast on herself every stinging and opprobrious reflection! It was not very early in the morning that he was able to depart; and no sooner was he departed, than she threw herself on the floor, agitated with ten thousand various and struggling passions; meditating revenge on her maid, on herself, on her brutish keeper—full of sorrow, shame, conscious guilt, and boiling indignation.

CHAP. VII.

THE MEETING OF THE TWO SISTERS.

ON this very morning it was that Caroline came to visit her sister, and in this very situation it was that she found her. Imagine, reader, if thou canst, the pungent sorrow each felt at the dreadful interview! 'Well, Caroline,' Lucy began, (hastily arising from the ground where she lay, her hair dishevelled, her eyes swollen with tears, her lips pale, and trembling with the sore afflicting sense of her shame) 'you are come, I suppose, to triumph over me in my melancholy undoing, and to sting me with the severe upbraidings of a sister. Begin, then: let me hear all—all the severest things you can say—for my mind is in the right disposition to hear them.' Caroline, far from replying, burst into a flood of anguish, fell on her sister's neck, who again closely embraced her, and not a word, for several minutes, passed between them, but—'Alas! my sister! my sister.' At length, interrupted by deep sobs, the

tender-hearted Caroline began. 'Oh! think not, dear Lucy, I am come with any other purpose than the kindest intentions of the fondest of sisters, to see and know the worst, to join my tears with thine, and to consult, if possible, for means to rescue you, and deliver me from the hands of that most barbarous man, into which we have been so fatally drawn and deluded; that at least our poor parents—' 'Oh, Caroline!' said Lucy, 'mention not parents to me: I have no parents—I am no child.—Oh! speak not of them to me—say not I have a father—tell me not of the fondest, best of mothers. Oh! hide them, thyself, and my own wretched self from me—and I will then thank and acknowledge thee for the kindest of sisters. Thou seest—thou knowest the worst—I am lost, undone, and abandoned. Seek to know no more; but leave me, leave me, and forget me—Farewell, farewell, dear Caroline—never let me see thee again.'—'Think, O my sister!' replied Caroline, 'think how we have grown up together from infancy in love and affection; think how we have lived in peace and tenderness together: one bed has held us till this fatal separation; one table fed us till this shocking division; in heart and mind we have ever been united—and do you bid me forget you! Do you think it possible for me to raze the remembrance of you from my mind, or do you think it possible for me to bid you, in these circumstances, farewell? Do you think I can forget the sister of my love? But, alas! we mutually want each other's assistance. I stand in need of yours no less than you of mine; and let us join, if possible, to deliver ourselves, and mutually to give and bring consolation.'—'Most unhappy parents, indeed!' cried Lucy, hastily; 'most miserable of all upon earth! I dreamt but of half your sorrows. Alas! I imagined, one only was fallen into the fatal snare; I did not suppose the cruel destroyer had blighted all your hopes. I did not fear but that Caroline was safe, though I was lost: and yet what ground had I for such vain hopes, when both were alike under the power of the deepest villain, in the hands of the most subtle and most cruel among men. Oh, my sister! those pale, wan cheeks, lately so blooming

‘ blooming and fresh with innocence,
 ‘ those eyes, red and sunk with sorrow,
 ‘ all—all proclaim the dismal truth,
 ‘ and assure me that Caroline is lost as
 ‘ well as Lucy. Alas! when, sunk
 ‘ beneath a sense of my guilt and shame,
 ‘ I never dared to offer a prayer to
 ‘ Heaven for myself—I never expected
 ‘ to be heard—but, indeed, have often
 ‘ dared to sigh for thee, and my whole
 ‘ prayer to God has been, “Preserve
 ‘ but my sister, and I am contented to
 ‘ suffer thy wrath!” But how could
 ‘ I, guilty as I am, how could I expect
 ‘ to be heard more for thee than myself?
 ‘ how could I imagine the prayers of a
 ‘ wretch so lost would be of any the least
 ‘ avail?”—Your apprehensions, my
 ‘ dear sister, are, Heaven be praised!
 ‘ ill-founded; I am yet secure from
 ‘ that cruel destroyer, who hath so
 ‘ dreadfully deceived us, but under
 ‘ every terror, the utmost distress and
 ‘ perplexity, to know how still to be
 ‘ preserved, how to rescue you, and
 ‘ how to answer this.’ On saying which,
 she gave the following letter to Lucy.

‘ MY DEAR CHILDREN,

‘ **Y**OU should have considered,
 ‘ when you parted from me
 ‘ and your poor mother, you left a
 ‘ family at home whose happiness en-
 ‘ tirely depended on yours: and you
 ‘ should have also considered, that every
 ‘ day and every hour must seem heavy,
 ‘ long, and tedious to us, while in con-
 ‘ stant expectation of hearing from you.
 ‘ Why then have you been so very un-
 ‘ kind, as never to have acquainted us
 ‘ with your present situation, or with
 ‘ any thing more than your kind recep-
 ‘ tion from that good and best of men,
 ‘ Mr. Dookalb, to whom let me return
 ‘ the most grateful thanks, as I shall
 ‘ ever think myself bound to bless and
 ‘ love him. Why should I, my dear
 ‘ children, damp your present joy?—
 ‘ But surely those parents who have
 ‘ lived only for and in you, deserve
 ‘ to be remembered by you? And
 ‘ though you, perhaps, never cast one
 ‘ thought on us, or your dear little
 ‘ brothers and sisters; yet we and they
 ‘ never talk or think of any thing but
 ‘ you. Indeed, my children, the face
 ‘ of happiness or pleasure has never been
 ‘ seen in our melancholy dwelling since

‘ your departure. You know, for my
 ‘ own part, that I stripped myself of all
 ‘ I had, of almost every penny, that
 ‘ I might not prevent your happiness.
 ‘ —Oh, my daughters! remember the
 ‘ smallness of my income, the largeness
 ‘ of my family, and the many distresses
 ‘ I have had to struggle with, and for
 ‘ God’s sake do not you increase my dif-
 ‘ ficulties! You, the fond objects of
 ‘ all my hopes and wishes, do not you
 ‘ become the means of enhancing my
 ‘ grief, and bringing my grey hairs
 ‘ with sorrow to the grave! Your good
 ‘ and tender mother sits by me while I
 ‘ write this to you; and, with her eyes
 ‘ flowing with tears, entreats me not
 ‘ to say one word that may occasion the
 ‘ least uneasiness to her beloved chil-
 ‘ dren, that may chance to throw the
 ‘ least damp on the happiness we trust
 ‘ you enjoy; and yet, kind as she is in
 ‘ seeking to soothe and alleviate my
 ‘ fears and apprehensions, (the fears,
 ‘ perhaps, of old age only, my dears)
 ‘ yet, good woman, she cannot conceal
 ‘ her own. Oh! my Lucy, my dear
 ‘ Caroline, why have you been so cruel,
 ‘ thus long to forget and neglect us?
 ‘ Tears, poverty, sorrow, and dread,
 ‘ are the only companions of our soli-
 ‘ tary hours; and the cruelty of some
 ‘ insulting neighbours is still more in-
 ‘ supportable than these. Weak, in-
 ‘ firm, and distressed as I am, be assured,
 ‘ if we do not speedily hear from you,
 ‘ I shall set forward, and wearily la-
 ‘ bour to walk up to you; for money,
 ‘ alas! I have none sufficient to procure
 ‘ me a passage. Think of these things,
 ‘ my daughters, and if you have any
 ‘ love, any regard, any reverence for
 ‘ your parents, or your family, deliver
 ‘ us from this melancholy situation, and
 ‘ inform us of your own. Your dear
 ‘ mother joins with me in every prayer,
 ‘ that whatever we suffer, you may know
 ‘ nothing but perfect peace. Poor little
 ‘ Patty is constantly asking and crying
 ‘ for you; and when she sees the big
 ‘ tears trickling down mine or your
 ‘ mother’s cheeks, the pretty innocent
 ‘ wipes them away, or mingles her own
 ‘ with them, and lisps out some of the
 ‘ most tender, and at the same time, most
 ‘ affecting speeches to us. Oh, my
 ‘ children! as at present never sorrow
 ‘ was like our sorrow; so will never
 ‘ joy, when we hear of your felicity,

F. be

'be like the joy of your most affectionate
'parents,

'J. and M. SANSON.'

'Answer it, indeed!' said Lucy.
'How can this be answered, Caroline?
'Mistaken father, rather than prayers
'and blessings, let yours and mine,
'and the curses of the whole world fall
'on the head of that monster! that
'cruel barbarian! that instrument of all
'iniquity! that foe to innocence and vir-
'tue! that most accursed of all wretches,
'Dookalb! Yet why do I rave against
'him, when I ought rather to rave
'against and detest myself?—Sister!
'there is no possibility of my recovery;
'I am lost—look upon me as such—
'leave me—forget me—never see me
'again—leave me to my own horrid self,
'and to the sure consequences of my
'present misery—Oh! never, never,
'my dear Caroline, let me again see
'thee—learn to be happy from thy
'sister's distress—go and be a comfort
'to those parents I must never hope to
'behold again—blot me out from the
'volume of your memory—never more
'recollect, that such an undone out-
'cast lived to destroy herself and afflict
'you!'—A long pause of tears suc-
ceeded, and neither the one was able to
proceed, nor the other to reply; till at
length Lucy went on: 'But tell me,
'Caroline, what is to be done—though
'there is no hopes of my alleviating the
'sorrow of my parents, tell me, for I
'will be guided by your better pru-
'dence, what is your resolution and
'advice?'—'My resolution is,' replied
she, 'to fly from the house of that base
'wicked man, and to continue no long-
'er under so dangerous and detestable
'a roof; but how to provide myself
'with money sufficient to place me in
'a small lodging, and to support me a
'little, I am utterly at a loss, as you
'know our expences to town wasted al-
'most the whole of our small pittance.
'A good and tender woman, who has
'been my nurse, during my late sick-
'ness, hath kindly informed me of a
'proper place, and given me much
'wholesome and friendly instruction;
'which, I hope, will turn out to my
'advantage, as it hath fully informed
'me of all the snares and dangers of
'this wicked city: and, after having
'thus resolved for myself, if I can by

'any means procure sufficient barely
'for my subsistence, I would most ten-
'derly intreat of you to forsake the
'dreadful situation you are in, to fly
'from this horrid place, to come to
'me, and recover your lost happiness;
'that so we may deliver ourselves into
'the hands of Providence, and advise
'together how best to proceed, so as to
'remove the fears, and give some com-
'fort to our dear, distressed parents.'
—'Your resolutions, my sister,' rejoined
Lucy, 'are good and noble, and I pray
'sincerely you may have strength to go
'through, and to meet with no pre-
'venting obstacles: and I thank God,
'that amidst all my sorrows it is yet
'some little in my power to assist you in
'your most laudable designs. I have
'here some money, more greatly than
'I want, which let me entreat you to
'accept; but as for myself, never ask
'me to come to you, or to return from
'the darkness which I am in, to light:
'it cannot be; I can never bear it, so
'strong is my detestation, so absolute
'my abhorrence of myself and my pre-
'sent guilt. Do you think I could bear
'to stand amidst the virtuous; do you
'think I could support the taunting sneer,
'the cruel mockings of my own sex; the
'rudeness, indignity, and shocking in-
'sults of the other? No, Caroline, I
'never can, nor will; lost as I am, lost
'I will continue! sorrow and pun-
'gent reflection will, I hope, quickly
'bring me to my grave.' So saying,
she offered a purse of gold to her sister;
who, though greatly necessitated, and
vehemently pressed to receive it, abso-
lutely refused: gilding her refusal with
many kind and obliging pretences; but
in reality determined not to handle that
money which was the price of her sister's
innocence, and the hire of lust and ini-
quity; fearing that nothing would pros-
per with her, if this was her support,
and resolved to procure her bread rather
by the labour of her own hands, and by
honest industry, than by the gold of
adultery, and the silver of prostitution.
She informed her sister, that the little
she had would serve for her present ne-
cessities, and she hoped, by means of
the good woman before mentioned, that
she should be enabled to keep herself
from want. She farther pressed from
every tender and persuasive considera-
tion, but more particularly from the
deep scene of woe it must cause to their
parents,

parents, the absolute need of her relinquishing this state, and doing all in her power to recover her fall. She plied her no less with temporal than religious motives to cleanse herself from such pollution; and having baffled every argument which Lucy could use, and brought her down to a due sense of herself, she at length gained this promise from her, that if Caroline would go and provide herself with a proper, convenient, and retired lodging, as soon as she was fixed in it, Lucy would immediately come and continue with her. Caroline urged home the necessity of doing it now from the danger of a relapse, and the chance of her altering her resolution: she very earnestly entreated her now to go, but in vain, and the whole she could obtain was, the absolute assurance of her sister's immediate presence the moment she was settled; with which, after having spent the best part of the day in this and the like conversation, she retired, fully fixed not to lose one moment; and resolved, if possible, to snatch her sister, ere she was wholly consumed, from those flames which burnt all around her, and were now ready to devour her.

CHAP. VIII.

A SCENE BETWEEN LUCY AND HER MAID. THE INTERVENTION OF MR. LEICART, AND THE CONSEQUENCES THEREOF.

HER sister was scarcely gone before the reflection on other matters began to take place in Lucy's head. The miseries of the last night quickly recurred to her, and no wonder the occasion of them was as quickly remembered. Grief and sorrow gave way instantly to rage and resentment, and her thoughts immediately turned from the grating subject of herself, to the consideration how she might most properly be revenged on her ungrateful maid, the perfidious, base, wicked, Mary Steele. She read her note over and over, bit her lips, and burst into tears with indignation, and yet could think of no proper way sufficiently to punish the detested creature. Wearied at length with meditating revenge, she rung her bell with no small fury, when up nimbly stepped Mary, and with the utmost familiarity and complaisance possible, begged to know of her ladyship what she would be pleas-

ed to have. Lucy trembled with passion; her colour changed from white to red, and from red to white alternately; her heart panted with hasty throbs; every pulse beat the alarm; and her whole frame was shocked and disordered. She endeavoured two or three times to speak, and passion stopped her tongue; but at length, holding the note before the criminal, 'Pray, Madam,' said she, 'is this your fine writing? An excellent hand, indeed, are you at composing a billet-doux; a charming writer, in good truth; very kind, very dutiful, and very complaisant, Mary Steele!'—'Well, Madam,' replied Mary, (for, seeing this, she had no hopes at all of mercy;) 'and now you may do your worst: to be sure, as to my part, I think myself as good as other folks, and to be sure it's a shame, I say it is, and I know all honest folks will say so too, as you should behave as you do to my master; and if I was so honest, and my conscience would not let me see him wronged, why no body can say as how I am to blame; but howsomever, it's the way of the world, they that have the most honesty are least looked upon now-a-days. If I had a mind to wink at some folks, and to have been as bad as they, I might have been looked upon as well as some folks; for no disparagement neither, I think myself every way as good, may be, I might not say false, if I said better; and I know some, mayhap, that may think some folks as handsome as other some—but no matter for that—' 'Hold your impudent tongue, you saucy hussey,' said Lucy, 'do you think it becomes your place to talk in this manner? Let me see what your demand for wages is, and get you immediately out of my house.' Mary accordingly made her demand, and was immediately paid; muttering, mean time, that it was none of her house, and that the mistress was as liable to be turned out and blown up as her maid. A reflection which Lucy over-hearing, could not bear; her passion subsided, and a flood of tears gushed from her eyes, sufficient matter of triumph for the cruel and insulting wretch who occasioned them; but just in the instant an alarm was given at the door, the usual and appointed alarm of the late suffering, and now infinitely more beloved Leicart, whose presence was as cheering to her as the sun to the snow-

girt Laplander, and reviving as the sight of shore to the weary mariner, who many tedious months, out-bellowing storms and tempests, hath beheld nothing but one wide waste of roaring seas, and one wide expanse of black, gloomy, and over-clouded heavens.

Hast thou, reader, never beheld, and beholding admired, in one of those inimitable prints found in the late beautiful edition * of *Paradise Lost*, the struggling passions of envy, malignity, hatred, malice, and fury, strongly and speakingly expressed in the face of the grand adversary, Satan, while he rolls his livid eye-balls on the happy pair in *Paradise*? where our general mother,

——— with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unrepov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father: half her swelling breast
Naked met his, under the flow'ring gold
Of her loose tresses hid. He in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,
Smil'd with superior love, and press'd her lips
With kisses pure—Aside the devil turn'd
For envy: yet with jealous leer
Ey'd them askance—&c.

I say, gentle reader, if thou hast beheld this expressive countenance, thou may'st then form to thyself the best and fullest idea possible of the countenance of Mary Steele, when beholding Mr. Leicart, in all the tenderness of love, rushing to the arms of his beloved Lucy; she, mean time, leaning her gentle head on his bosom, and sighing out the most complaining and bewitching softness. The creature was ordered instantly to leave the room and the house: which, with growling threats, and muttering imprecations, she obeyed, and left the fond lovers mutually to rehearse their mighty sufferings, sadly to condole together, and to commiserate each other's wretched misfortunes. Lucy largely related to him the scene of her distress with the drunken monster, whom she now abhorred; nor did she dwell less conspicuously on the torture of soul which she had felt from the interview with her sister; and, upon the whole, she pathetically assured the dear man, that he was the only comfort left her upon earth; and that unless he would pro-

vide some means to rescue her from such extraordinary misery, she would never more see the face of comfort, of joy, or satisfaction. Leicart, though he had much rather feed on another man's pasture, and was not so over and above nice, as to dislike a lady because another had portion in her; though he had no great notion of being at the expence of maintaining a mistress, as his finances were but barely sufficient for himself, as he knew women enough were at his command, and as variety was highly agreeable to him; yet finding the lady thus resolved to throw herself upon him, and thus trusting in him solely for protection, according to his elevated principles of honour and generosity, he thought himself obliged to receive her, and to become her sacred guardian; and therefore, in the most pathetick, the most tender terms conceivable, he thanked, he adored, he blessed the dear angel for this proof of her love, this striking expression of her kindness; and begged her not to delay one moment informing him what she would command, that, *swift as meditation, or the thoughts of love*, he might instantly *sweep* to the performance of her request. She replied, the whole desire of her fond heart was to live and die with him, the dear object of all her wishes; and therefore she begged of him only to take her from hence, and every thing would be well. He promised so to do; but very prudently counselled her to pack up all her valuable matters, and to leave nothing of any use or importance behind; which he advised her to defer to the morning: but Lucy's temper was ever too precipitate for the least delay; accordingly, she collected together every thing of consequence which she could easily carry off, saw Mrs. Steele safe departed, and dismissing the servants different ways on different errands, procured a coach, and trusted herself to the steerage of her soul's delight; picturing the triumphs of her delivery as great, important, and glorious, as ever poor lady did, confined in a strong enchanted castle, and rescued from the dreadful archi-mago by her knight, the pink of prowess, and flower of chivalry.

* The reader will not be at a loss to know, that the edition meant is that of Doctor Newton's; and the cut, that prefixed to the 4th book; though, perhaps, he may not have heard what we have credibly been informed, that the great master of expression in the face, Mr. Garrick, sat for it.

CHAP. IX.

MRS. STEELE'S COMPLAINT. MR. DOOKALB'S CONFUSION AND FURY. HIS LETTER TO MR. SANSON.

MRS. Steele made the best of her way to Mr. Dookalb's, but finding him not at home, she was obliged, to her no small mortification, to defer her business till the morning; when, as early as was convenient, she was introduced to her good and worthy master; and, with the most rueful countenance, and melancholy accent, related to him the whole of her disastrous affair, her own great and untainted honesty, and the barbarous, shocking, cruel, and unkind behaviour of her mistress; and all, she protested with flowing eyes and deep sobs, was occasioned solely by her concern for the worthy captain, and her dear old master, whom, as she frequently declared, her conscience would not let her stand by and see injured. Dookalb very gravely and solemnly commended the goodness of her heart, over and over repeated his thorough approbation of her fidelity, and dried up all her tears, with assuring her she should not be any loser by the bargain: and, in order to set matters right, he immediately went away to Miss Lucy's. But how abundant was his surprize, when the servants informed him she had not been at home all night; and how much more abundant was it, when, walking up stairs, he found the chief part of her cloaths, linen, &c. wanting, and every thing around plainly manifesting a retreat! To be thus outwitted by a raw young country girl, was galling enough to him; and more especially, as he was under no small apprehensions that the noble captain might transfer the whole of his resentment upon him. To prevent which, however, he determined instantaneously to put his cousin Caroline in her sister's room, hoping by this means to make up matters very well, and not yet despairing to recover Lucy. Full fraught with this purpose, he hastened home again; and, enquiring after Caroline, whom he did not usually see in a morning since her late illness, was informed by his servants, that they sup-

posed she was at her sister's, as she acquainted them soon after he left home, that she was going thither, and as they had not seen her all night. How then began he to rave, and utter every imprecation on them, his servants, and himself: condemning his so careless watch and little heed of these girls, over whom he never dreamt of setting any regular guard, from whom he never expected any fraud or circumvention; free and unsuspecting, strangers and unbefriended, open and unguarded as they were! Wild with rage, impatience, and madness, he hurried one servant this way, another that, a third he sent and called back, bidding each rather jump into the hottest hell than ever dare to look in his face again, unless they brought tidings of these she-fugitives. The maids trembled, and run backwards and forwards, neither going one way nor the other; and the men, staring with terror, tumbled over one another, in their violent hurry to get first out of his sight. In the midst of all this confusion, trembling and tottering, hemming and fetching her breath hardly, sorely affrighted, and yet mightily desirous to speak, poor Mary Steele presented herself before him. 'Speak, then!' says he, in a wild hurry; 'tell me—' 'you come, I suppose, for that purpose—tell me where they both are, or 'dare not to open your lips!' Mary hesitated, and strove to utter something, yet could not recover her breath to say more than, 'Sir—indeed, I know—' when he, apprehending she was going to say, that she knew where they were, in an instant grew calm, and very coolly said, 'Well, my good Mary, you always bring me comfort—You know, you say, where they are—Be assured you shall not lose your reward for the information.'—'Indeed, Sir,' replied she, 'I know that Madam Caroline went from our house a great while before my mistress did, but I don't know any more.'—'Death and hell!' quoth he, 'is that all you know, with your long parade, and fuss, and folly! Get you from my sight! fly! seek and find them, or never look me in the eyes again!'—That timorous and gentle knight, Sir Joseph Wittol*, is not more glad to get out of the fan of the thundering Captain Bluff's threats, than

* See Congreve's Old Batchelor.

Mary was from the voice of her master : in her violent precipitation to do which, her unwary foot slipped, and down the kitchen stairs she fell ; when so loud a scream echoed through the house, so dreadful a cry issued from the alarming throat of the unfortunate maiden, that Dookalb's attention was awhile torn from the present accident ; which, though very prejudicial to the poor woman, as she was sorely and grievously wounded, yet brought this advantage along with it, that it answered the end of cool water thrown on the burning furnace of Mr. Dookalb's passion.

Matters being a little composed, he himself sallied forth in quest of the ladies : but his search was no less unavailing than that of his servants ; every enquiry proved fruitless, and their whole labour abortive. A tiger caught in the toils, a lion roaring with hunger, a bull enraged, and beset on every side, are none of them worthy to compare with the frenzy and mad impatience of Dookalb ; he stamped, he tore, he raved, and meditated vengeance. But at present could think of nothing better than to stab, with severest grief, the wretched parents for these offences of their children, which to him appeared so ungrateful, wicked, and dreadful. Wherefore he immediately sat down, and, with his usual friendship, wrote and sent the following letter to Mr. Sanfon.

‘ DEAR COUSIN,

‘ I Must inform you, that contrary to all my advice, your daughters have left me : whither they are gone, with whom, or on what design, I know not. I thought myself, in honour and duty, obliged to inform you of this, and am sorry to be the messenger of what most probably will occasion you some uneasiness ; but it was necessary for me, though no very agreeable task, to be the messenger of ill news, since your daughters were entrusted to my care, from which, as they have withdrawn themselves, (and I'll be bold to say, from their only friend) they must look to the consequence. For my own part, I have exonerated my conscience, and were I in your case, should esteem children thus disobedient to my commands, (as, doubtless, your commands were that they should be directed by me)

‘ wholly strangers and aliens to me. I am, dear cousin, with hearty good wishes for your family's welfare, yours most affectionately,

‘ JOSEPH DOOKALB.’

CHAP. X.

CAROLINE'S REMOVAL AND HAPPY SITUATION. THE BENEFICENT FRIEND SHE MAKES. HER VISIT TO HER SISTER, AND ITS DREADFUL CONSEQUENCES.

CAROLINE, the moment she left her sister, made the best of her way to the honest nurse, on whose friendship and assistance was her sole reliance. The poor good creature informed her that a worthy gentlewoman in the next street had a small and convenient apartment to let, which she would by all means recommend ; since there she would have the benefit of an agreeable companion, and a proper example. ‘ Mrs. Stevens,’ said nurse, ‘ is the widow of a worthy clergyman, who left her, some years since, with four small children, utterly unprovided for, and in no way of procuring her bread : however, her blameless conduct created her many friends, who have kindly assisted her in the support of her family, which is now almost wholly off her hands ; and, by great industry, she has kept herself above want. She has always taken in creditable lodgers ; and, as she is a thorough charitable woman, will, I dare say, be ready to let you live as cheap with her as possible.’ Caroline, whose heart was truly tender, dropped a tear ; and, commiserating the poor woman, replied, that such a situation of all others would be most agreeable to her. And straightway nurse conducted her to her new dwelling. Mrs. Stevens was of a very grave, yet engaging countenance ; a melancholy composure sat on her brow, agreeably softened by an attracting look of tenderness and affability. She welcomed the young lady to her house ; and nurse, in her open and unreserved manner, related Caroline's circumstances, and the occasion of their visit. The eyes of them all overflowed with tears, while the artless woman spoke of the unhappy young lady's absence from her parents, her

her anxious desire to return, when possible, to them, and her still more anxious desire to recover her unhappy sister. Mrs. Stevens gently touched on her own misfortunes, and kindly encouraging Miss Caroline to hope for the best, and to dispel awhile such gloomy ideas, desired her to take a view of the apartment; which Caroline was very little solicitous about, sufficiently happy in being no longer under Mr. Dookalb's roof, and in the protection of so good and serious a woman. She begged leave only to be indulged a short absence while she wrote to her parents, whom she could not bear to keep longer in suspense; but, alas! when all things were prepared for her, her misery doubly increased, and she trembled to think what first she could say to them. To write the truth she knew was death, to conceal it she knew was highly dangerous; to tell of her own and her sister's departure from Mr. Dookalb's, without assigning the true reason, she judged absurd; and to assign the true reason she thought still as absurd, because her parents had so high a veneration, so mighty an esteem for this imagined friend, this fancied benefactor.

Amidst such perplexity, however, she wrote, and covered over every thing as well as she could; informing her parents, that her sister was safe, that she had indeed left her cousin Dookalb, but was very happily fixed with a worthy clergyman's widow; that she begged her father to be easy and happy, and would endeavour, to the utmost of her power, to make him and the whole family so. She said all it was possible for affection to utter, all that could be said in circumstances so deplorable.

After she had finished and sent away her letter, Mrs. Stevens insisted on her company to supper, to which she greatly objected her dress, but most of all her swollen eyes, which the friendly woman observed might possibly be no disadvantage to her: she was therefore obliged to comply. The company consisted of Mrs. Stevens, her eldest daughter, and an elderly lady, who had long lodged in the family, whom the mistress of the house had fully acquainted with Caroline's story, as knowing and having greatly experienced the goodness of her heart, and the beneficence of her temper. Mrs. Hodson's whole life was spent in assisting and serving her fellow-

creatures; Heaven had blessed her with a plentiful fortune, which she considered in the right view, as so much lent her only to do good, and to recommend herself, by the fidelity of her stewardship. For this purpose, as willing and desirous to live only for a better life, she had never entered into matrimony; not through a sour disapprobation of that honourable estate, but through an inclination to be as little encumbered with the world as possible. As she made it her business to seek for proper objects of her relief, when informed of Mrs. Stevens, and her situation, she immediately took an apartment in her house, and was the greatest contributor to the maintenance of the little family, made happy by her kindness, and cheered by her regard. Having inspired into all around her the same real love and esteem for every creature which she herself felt, the good people feared not a rival in her favour, actuated by no narrow selfish motives, influenced by no mean envy. And hence it was, that Mrs. Stevens related to her the whole of Miss Caroline's distress; and hence it was, that she so greatly pressed the young lady's company at their little sparing supper.

Mrs. Hodson beheld Caroline with her wonted tenderness, was greatly pleased with her modest manner of behaving, and much moved to see so much sorrow written in so young a countenance; according to her kind engaging manner, she diverted the evening with relating many agreeable and affecting stories of people who, though in the last distress, had, by the all-prevailing hand of Providence, been wonderfully extricated and raised to the greatest happiness. With the utmost kindness she sought to soothe the afflictions of poor Caroline, and pour into her bosom that balm of life, that sovereign medicine, hope.

At her usual hour she retired to her chamber, and requested the young lady's company to breakfast the next morning; which Caroline refused, informing her she was obliged to see her sister early in the morning, whom she hoped to bring thither; a purpose the worthy Mrs. Hodson could by no means oppose, but begged, when she came, to see them together. Highly delighted with this pleasing scene of returning felicity before her, truly thankful to Providence for raising so unexpected a friend, and
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fond of restoring her sister, to bless herself and her poor parents, Caroline scarcely closed her eyes all night, but watched the approaches of the morning with eager and longing impatience. About eight she arose; and, getting a guide in the house, made the best of her way to Lucy's dwelling: but how great was her consternation, how strong was her surprize, when, entering in, she was told that her sister was gone nobody knew whither, but that she had left her house, and taken all her valuable things away. Thinking it, therefore, after she found all her enquiries fruitless, in vain to stay there, she was going to return; when the footman stepped between her and the door, and told her, if she pleased she might content herself there awhile till he took care to inform his master Dookalb of her presence, who very much wanted to speak with her. Thunderstruck at this dreadful denunciation, Caroline fell on her knees, wept, intreated, and earnestly implored the marble-hearted wretch to release her, not to involve her in the greatest distress, which she informed him would certainly follow from such a proceeding; not to endanger her life, nay, and what she prized more than life, by cruelly discovering her to his master. But her tears, her prayers and remonstrances no more affected his bosom than the soft-falling snow the hardest rock. Interest filled his breast, and barred up every avenue to compassion; and the hopes of an advantage from so highly obliging Mr. Dookalb, on whom was his chief dependance, rendered intreaties unavailing, and every honest motive a stranger to his soul. Instantly he procured a messenger, and sent the joyful news of the happy recovery of Miss Caroline to her worthy cousin, anxiously desiring his immediate attendance. As the lion, who hath roamed the long night in search of prey, roaring with hunger, boundeth with furious joy on the little fawn that at length presenteth itself to his sight; his eyes flash fire, he erecteth his bristly mane, stretcheth himself delighted on the prostrate pray, and, with contracted claws and well-whetted teeth, teareth murmuring, and growling devourereth it; so Dookalb's eyes flashed fiery and indignant joyfulness, so bounded his heart, and so he sprung with impatient hunger to behold and rejoice in this recovered

sheep, the prey which he had sought so unsuccessfully, which now he destined to speedy and certain destruction. However, on his admission, he cloathed, according to his usual manner, his hellish purposes in smiles and tenderness; and, being left alone with Miss Caroline, who was quite drowned in tears, he began with observing, that he was extremely sorry to find his cousin so great a stranger to her own happiness, as to have thus cast herself far from his protection; and unbefriended as she was, to enter into that part of life to which she was so utter a stranger. 'I know not, for my part,' said he, 'any thing in my behaviour to you which can justify such unkindness to me: Heaven is my witness, with how tender a regard I have always looked upon you since your abode with me; and how little soever you may imagine it, Miss, a concern for you hath not seldom kept me a stranger to sleep on my pillow. However, not to aggregate matters, as I really have felt such prodigious uneasiness since your departure from me, I am very willing, my dear cousin, to forget it all, and to say no more of it, if you will only return home, and entertain no unworthy notions of me, but join in all my endeavours to make yourself happy; which, believe me, is the sole wish and desire of my bosom, not only on account of my great love to your father, but my real esteem and affection for you.' On which words Caroline gave him a look the most significantly expressive; she fixed her eyes full on his, shook her head, and again burst into tears; but soon recollecting herself, 'If, Sir,' said she, 'your words are true, and your desire, as you affirm, to make me happy, give me now the most convincing proof of it, by suffering me to depart from this detested house, and to be at my liberty.'—'Dear cousin,' replied Dookalb, 'what do you mean? Give you leave to depart from this detested house, and to be at your liberty! Bless me, you amaze me! Are you not at your liberty? have you not full leave to go or stay, or do as you like best? Who presumes to controul you, my dear cousin? But sure you cannot condemn the honest fidelity and zeal of a servant; who, seeing and knowing the uncommon torture I was in for your
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' loss; who, acquainted with my dreadful fears, and restless apprehensions for your sake, was willing, if possible, to relieve me, and to give me the greatest happiness that the world could afford, in once more seeing and conversing with you. All I wanted was, but to be assured that you was secure from danger and destruction; all I desired, and do now desire is, to know the reason of your separating yourself from me, whom I thought you esteemed your chief benefactor, and the only instrument you had, whereby to acquire the blessing of independency?'—'I had a sister once, cruel man,' rejoined she, 'and this loathed dwelling was her independency. Can you wonder I was anxious to escape from you, when I had seen your horrid Mrs. Searchwell, when I had heard of your barbarous friendship to the other daughter of your deluded friend? Is it not natural for the dove to fly from the hawk? Think you the lamb will dwell with the wolf? Think you—' 'Look'e, Madam,' said Dookalb, sternly, interrupting her, 'I am not used to such language, or such ingratitude as this; you will do well to consider, I am not to be trifled with, and it is to no purpose to conceal my intentions any longer from you. Your sister, base and wicked as she is, was, by my means, placed in the midst of happiness, if she had known her felicity. She has abruptly left her house, and is gone lewdly away with a fellow, whose life is one scene of wickedness and debauchery. The very worthy and honourable gentleman who took her into his care, his bed, and his protection, is by this means left totally neglected and abandoned; and though he loved her dearly as his own soul, and made her perfectly happy, fool and undeserving as she was, yet I am sure he will never again admit her to his favour. Let her then go to that fate which she deserves; to the drudgery of a brothel, and to perishing in the streets: but do you be wise; and, following my advice, secure to yourself a better fate. And, for that purpose, let me persuade you to divest yourself of all former foolish and antiquated principles, and to consent this night to supply your sister's place, and to make Captain Smith, by your love and fidelity,

' ample amends for the ingratitude of your sister. You have heard me often speak of the honesty and excellence of that state, and I hope not unregarding. The many present examples of the most worthy persons in the world fully recommend and justify it; and your own advantage will, I think, most of all persuade you to a compliance.' Thus Mr. Dookalb very nobly and persuasively harangued; when, on a sudden, down dropped Caroline from her seat, and all farther discourse was cut off by the severity of a fit, which held her long and very powerfully; when recovering, amidst a flood of tears, she most earnestly and pathetically begged, if they had any desire to preserve her life, that she might but be removed from this house; that they would only take her hence, and convey her anywhere else they chose, and she would endeavour to do all she could to oblige and satisfy them. Her agony still continuing, and her desire to be removed still encreasing, Dookalb found himself herein obliged to comply, and she was forthwith conveyed to her former apartment in his house.

C H A P. XI.

THE FATE OF CAPTAIN THOMAS.
 A WORD TO THE GAMESTERS.
 DOOKALB'S FARTHER EMPLOYMENT BY A NEW PERSONAGE.
 CAROLINE'S RESOLUTION.

THE reader may remember, that this unhappy girl was destined, on her first coming to town, to the arms of Captain Thomas; but an account we have heard from that gentleman concerning his ill success at play, seemed to promise a prevention of that design, even in the opinion of the sagacious Mr. Dookalb; who (we may recollect) advised his worthy friend to a retreat home, and gave him a promise to see him as soon as convenient; and Mr. Dookalb, good honest man! was ever punctual to his promises, where his own interest was nearly concerned. Early, therefore, on the morrow, he waited on the captain: but how great was his astonishment, when the sorrowing servants related to him the shocking catastrophe! As an intimate friend, he sent up his name, and desired admittance to the captain's lady; which being granted,

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ed, he was ushered up stairs, and introduced to a spectacle the most piteous and deplorable. On the bed lay his deceased friend weltering in his gore, the fatal instrument of his destruction still in his hand, and his eyes unclosed, *their impious fury* (as Doctor Young strongly expresses it) *still alive in death*. His lady, in all the agonies of grief, was kneeling by the bed, hanging over him, watering his lifeless corpse with a flood of tears, wringing her hands, and by the most expressive sighs demonstrating her heart's deep woe. The servants were wailing sorrowfully around her; and what most heightened the tragick and affecting scene, was a poor little harmless infant turning with affright from the melancholy spectacle, and tenderly crying for it's miserable mother. Thinkest thou, reader, Dookalb's heart felt a pang? Perhaps it did; which made him the more anxious to quit this house of mourning, as unwilling to continue amidst bitterness, or to be stung with the keen adder, reflection. Suffice it, he retired under some specious friendly pretext; and, as all was gone to him here, doubtless never more set foot within this house of affliction.

But do thou, if gaming is thy ruling and favourite passion, O reader! not yet depart hence, till thou hast well considered, and diligently meditated on the whole transaction. Behold here a man strong in youth, buoyant in health, and blessed with profuse plenty of this world's good; behold him in an instant, by his own hand, cut off from the sons of men, and blotted from the book of life! One fatal cast hath done it!—Beware, and even now stop thy hand: thy all, thy present and eternal all—think, think and tremble—depends on those base dies! This cast, perhaps, drives the hot ball through thy distracted brain, plunges thee in irrecoverable perdition, (for, believe and fear, wretched mortal, no stroke can reach thy soul!) and leaves a forlorn, distressed, and undone family, to struggle with want and affliction; to languish in sorrow, in penury, and contempt. Where is the pleasure that can counter-balance these? Be wise, and reflect; refrain, and be happy.

Thus was Dookalb, happily enough in his own private opinion, rid of his friend, and possessed of his money. His next purpose was, how to make another advantageous bargain; how to favour some worthy gentleman with the pos-

session of the amiable cousin of his love; and how, by so doing, to confer on that cousin the greatest and most invaluable favour. In a lucky hour he was applied to, on that occasion, by a young fellow, the son of a country gentleman of great wealth, who was passionately fond of him, and who having ever indulged him, had, after his education at Oxford, permitted him to take chambers at one of the inns of court, that he might share in all the fashionable gaities (not to say vices) of the age. He had been recommended to Mr. Dookalb as the prime connoisseur in matters of this kind, and promised to reward him very liberally in case he should provide for him agreeably to his fancy; which Mr. Dookalb very rightly imagined he should exactly hit, in presenting him with the first, and highly to be desired possession of his cousin Caroline, whom, being now free from any engagements, he determined to resign up to him. Mr. Jaisson had never yet seen the lady, though he grew mighty anxious and impatient so to do after Dookalb's description of her; but the time fixed for his first visit was the very day after that whereon she and her sister Lucy eloped. This disconcerted the whole of Dookalb's scheme, and plunged him in the deepest perplexity: however, as Captain Smith was constantly his firm and staunch friend, he determined by no means to hazard the loss of his friendship; but to demonstrate, by his great readiness to offer him a supply, how zealous he was in his cause, how careful of his *interest*; and therefore he resolved to give up Caroline to his embraces, and to place her, as we find he informed the unhappy young girl, in her sister's situation; nothing doubting but that such a change would alleviate the captain's rage, and cause him not greatly to lament the loss of his beloved Lucy; trusting he should quickly have it in his power to supply his new friend, and to bless Mr. Jaisson according to his wishes.

For this purpose, when Caroline was tolerably recovered, and able to see him, he again plied her with his old arguments; endeavoured to soothe and alleviate all former matters; to represent to her the many advantages of closing with his advice; and hinting, in fine, that a ready compliance would be infinitely more happy for herself, as well as pleasing to him. She told him in reply, that let her sufferings be ever so great,
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let her sorrows and hardships be ever so much encreased on her head, she was firmly determined to resist his abhorred design, and would rather submit to all the bitterest agonies, and the most painful death, than move one step from her resolution, or ever become the detested and abject wretch he desired. 'Wonder not, Sir, at my firmness, nor be surprized to see a poor, weak, defenceless woman able to withstand both your delusions and menaces; know, while innocence and virtue are my guardians, I shall ever dare to look in the face and defy every one who is their enemy. But still the tender concern and the affectionate duty I bear my dear absent parents, strengthens me most of all, and confirms me in my purpose never to consent to any thing which will be their certain destruction. And, oh! dear Sir,' (she went on, bursting into tears, and falling on her knees) 'if you have any the least friendship for my poor father and mother, who place all their trust and all their hopes in you; if you have any desire to save them from the most shocking of all deaths, a death of sorrow; if you have any the least tenderness for a miserable abject wretch like me, whose utter ruin and misery sure never can give you delight; let me beg, let me, for God's sake, for your own, and for your friends, my unhappy parents, let me earnestly entreat of you to deliver me from this undoing, and my prayers and my tears shall ever join in begging blessings and happiness for you.' Dookalb seemed a good deal affected by the pathetick but resolute manner in which Caroline addressed him; he raised her from the ground, bit his lips, walked hastily backward and forward, frowned, sat down, rose up instantly, and shewed every sign of perturbation; for her looks and tears spoke with such inexpressible persuasion, that a heart of steel must have been penetrated and softened into pity. He told her at length, that since she was so extremely averse to his proposal, which greatly surprized him, as her happiness was his sole aim in it, he would mention no more concerning the matter, but hoped when she came coolly to reflect, that she would be more wise, and know her own interest. 'However,' continued he, 'be that as it will, cousin,

let us forget and forgive all hard words that may have passed, and rest assured I will neither do nor propose any thing but what shall be wholly to your approbation. Endeavour, then, to dispel that melancholy sadness from your countenance, and let me have the pleasure of your company with your wonted cheerfulness and vivacity.' Caroline promised to comply with every thing he should desire that was right and honourable; and a truce being thus settled between them, Dookalb retired, and left the lady to her private concerns.

Seeing her thus extremely averse to his favourite scheme, and so very deeply rooted in her determination, he prudently imagined no great advantage could accrue from force; for that reason he resolved to proceed in a more subtle manner against her virtue, and to subdue by fraud what was impregnable by an open attack. As he could not thus, according to his wishes, supply his grand friend, Captain Smith; other methods were to be taken for that worthy gentleman's comfort, and his other store-houses to be examined for a proper mate to pair with this deserted turtle; while Caroline, as at first, was destined to fall a victim, and to become the prey of Mr. Jaison, whom he invited to dinner the next day, that he might reconnoitre his intended mistress; who, at Dookalb's solicitation, was to do the honours of the table.

C H A P. XII.

CAROLINE'S DREADFUL SITUATION. MR. JAISON'S VISIT, DISAPPOINTMENT, AND CHARACTER. HIS CONVERSATION WITH HER, AND THE CONSEQUENCE THEREOF.

CAROLINE's situation was fearful and terrible to her; her heart beat with constant alarms, and she was in perpetual dread of some cruel attack, some deep-concerted scheme of Dookalb's to destroy her: she perceived a more than ordinary diligence and assiduity in the servants to attend and oblige her; but at the same time she perceived a more than ordinary diligence in them to watch and observe her every motion; so that it was too evident she lived only in a nominal freedom, her's being in

reality the closest confinement. Mr. Dookalb's courteous behaviour seemed but as the dreadful calm before the thunder rolls; and the truce he had made with her, such as the wolf makes with the lamb, whose hunger is at any time a sufficient motive with him to break it. Yet these were not all her miseries: her concern for her sister, and utter ignorance of her situation; her deeper concern for her parents, and fearful apprehension of what might be the consequence; and her uneasiness to be parted from the good people with whom she so lately promised herself such peace and security; added new weight to her woe, sharper poignancy to her sorrows, and double bitterness to the bitter cup of her afflictions. She was obliged, however, as much as possible, to smother up and conceal her anxious fears and distress; and throwing herself, with the humblest resignation, into the hands of Providence, a small ray of hope enlivened her bosom, a little portion of that powerful balm distilled into her heart, and alleviated its tortures.

It would be needless to observe how greatly Mr. Jaïson was charmed with Miss Caroline on her first appearance; since her person was so extremely pleasing, her manner so soft and engaging, her whole deportment so sweet and attracting, that few men could behold without love and affection, none without approbation and delight. But as he was much disappointed in her, so that disappointment seemed to have a good deal of influence on his mind, by the serious and sedate manner in which he behaved during the whole time of dinner. He expected and prepared himself to encounter the usual impertinence of a giddy town woman; he expected the unblushing stare, the loud laugh, the familiar freedom of a thoughtless and deluded creature; but how great was his surprize to behold the finest person set off with the most engaging manners! instead of giddy impertinence, a graceful silence, which, when she broke, the sweetest musick seemed not one half so sweet as her voice, soft and agreeable, indeed, beyond compare; instead of the unblushing stare, a down-cast melancholy sat soberly on her eyes, which, when raised up, darted forth the most inviting glances, modest yet piercing, sharp yet lovely; instead of loud laughter and familiar freedom, a distant yet be-

coming frankness, a seriousness steady though not stiff, and a reserve tempered with the most becoming gentility. Mr. Jaïson could not keep down in his bosom a troublesome reflection, as it seemed, though, in reality, highly deserving entertainment there. He could not help reflecting how truly pitiable a case it was, that so much seeming innocence, and so much certain beauty should be destroyed and disfigured, and be made a miserable prey to lust, vice, and lasciviousness. For, it will be necessary to observe, that this young gentleman was a person of many excellent qualities, and one of those who, with the utmost good-nature, yet much good sense, was not able to resist the stream of popular prejudices, nor to stand out the laugh and ridicule of his gay companions. His heart was extremely tender and compassionate, and strongly influenced by the principles of virtue instilled in him when young; which, however, the force of example, the love of gallantry, and the desire of being like the rest of the world, greatly obumbrated and obscured; yet not so much as to cause him to look on vice and virtue with an equal eye. He was not yet so far gone as to be blind to the lustre of truth, or deaf to the call of conscience; and though frequently erring, he never esteemed vice indifferent, nor ever failed condemning the fault. His strongest and most prevailing passion was love of the fair sex, amongst whom he was no small favourite; not only on account of his person, which was highly commendable, but on account of that perpetual flow of mirth and jollity which ever inspired him, and diffused itself around wherever he appeared. The taste being so very much against marriage, the thought of it, we may venture to pronounce, never once rose in his breast; for he was a good deal actuated by the reigning fashion, and too frequently suffered common opinions to blind his better reason; as is eminently remarkable in the case before us, since a man like this could certainly never approve his business with Mr. Dookalb, nor hold any very favourable opinion of a person employed on such detestable purposes. No wonder, then, such a reflection as before recorded, with many others of the like kind, suggested themselves to him, while in the present company; which Mr. Dookalb, according to agreement, took care, as soon as proper,

per, to lessen by his own absence; pretending some necessary and immediate business, he excused himself to his cousin and Mr. Jaïson, and promising as speedy a return as possible, begged of her to make coffee for his friend, and withdrew. Caroline knew not what to understand by his behaviour; yet she was so fully persuaded of all her cousin's intentions, that she could not but entertain the most dreadful apprehensions, though there appeared to her something which forbade fear in Mr. Jaïson; there seemed something in his deportment hitherto which expressed nothing of vice and evil designs, but on the contrary shewed great modesty and tenderness of heart: however, she could not be free from dread, nor at the same time from very sensibly declaring it in her countenance. Mr. Jaïson drew nearer her, and taking hold of her hand, *to whose soft seizure the cygnet's down is harsh*, he perceived she trembled much, and was in no small agitation; upon which, being himself well nigh as much moved, 'Madam,' said he, 'I hope my presence does not cause this alarm; I would hope there is nothing so formidable in me as to raise your fears thus strongly: be assured nothing would make me so unhappy as such a thought; nothing would be more displeasing to me than the sense of giving pain to so amiable a lady.'—'Alas, Sir!' replied she, 'I am ill-disposed to hear the voice of flattery now; for, believe me, you see a wretch, of all others the most miserable. What are Mr. Dookalb's designs, in leaving you, Sir, thus alone with me, I am utterly ignorant; but let me confess I too much fear my own conjectures are not ill-grounded. I suppose you are his friend, and as such will be very ill inclined to hear any thing I say: but let me beg of you to consider me as a poor destitute orphan, without a friend, without the least power to assist myself; and then recollect whether the ruin of such a one, (for too much I have reason to imagine that the purpose of this visit) consider whether the ruin of such a one can bring any happiness, or any satisfaction to you.'—Her words drew tears into Mr. Jaïson's eyes; when he rejoined, 'I am much concerned, Miss, to stand so very unworthy and abject in your opinion; but much more so, I assure you, to

hear so mournful an account of your present unhappiness. Indeed, you wrong me greatly, to imagine I could find any satisfaction in your ruin: believe me, if I could be any way subservient to your happiness, or make you otherwise than you now pronounce yourself, that would be a satisfaction, indeed, and the greatest this earth can afford me. You greatly mistake me, if you think my ears deaf to the voice of complaint, or prejudiced in favour of my friend. Were I to speak my opinion of Mr. Dookalb, it perhaps would not be very different from your own; but do not wrong me, dear creature; do not think me a wretch, an abject, abandoned wretch—and I shall be contented.'—'I have no reason, Sir,' said she, 'to think you such: you are no less a stranger to me, than I probably am to you; though no doubt Mr. Dookalb has told you my unhappy story; and pray forgive me, but I cannot help looking upon you as the person chosen by him to be my destroyer. Indeed, I would not injure you, but so many reasons join to persuade me, I cannot help very greatly fearing you; and yet I would fain believe, (for alas! Sir, the wretched, who have no support, are willing to lay hold of every twig;) I would fain believe you are not one of his instruments; and yet, what reason have I to hope? Would he leave any one with me, whom he intended not to ensnare and betray me?' Mr. Jaïson, clasping her hands with the utmost eagerness, replied, 'On my soul, dearest Miss, I hate the rascal, and I hate myself: it would be no less ungenerous than unavailing, to conceal from you the real purpose of my visit. Do not despise me wholly, (for you cannot but despise me, and sincerely I despise myself) when I frankly confess, that you only was the occasion of my presence here to day—But, alas! how can I shock your ears with declaring, it was to possess it, if I approved your person!'—'Oh, cruel, wicked man!' said Caroline, interrupting Mr. Jaïson; now the whole of his barbarous friendship to me is notorious: now the reason of his pressing and earnest desire for me to appear at dinner to day, is too grossly and shockingly manifest!'—'Believe me, Miss,' replied he, 'I did not expect to find a lady

' lady like you: my evil thoughts were
 ' fixed on something worthy their vile-
 ' ness; on some unhappy woman, alrea-
 ' dy deluded, and already lost to shame.
 ' Believe me, I never dreamed of behold-
 ' ing such modesty and such innocence,
 ' much less of being the hellish instru-
 ' ment to destroy and ruin them. Bad
 ' as my inclinations are, they never
 ' yet have proceeded to that infamous
 ' stretch of wickedness; and I cannot
 ' now but look upon Dookalb with
 ' the utmost abhorrence and indig-
 ' nation; nay, on my soul, I almost
 ' tremble to be under so accursed a
 ' roof: but since matters are in this
 ' dangerous and desperate situation, as
 ' you are not one minute safe from so
 ' black and deadly an enemy, let me
 ' desire that you would use my means,
 ' and direct me how to rescue you from
 ' this horror; and that will atone, I
 ' hope, for the sinful intention with
 ' which I entered these execrable doors.'
 —' Alas! Sir,' said Caroline, ' how
 ' can I ever sufficiently thank you, or
 ' how repay you for so great a kind-
 ' ness? A poor, dejected, friendless
 ' creature, unknown and unsupported,
 ' and placed in the midst of so many
 ' and so great difficulties! you at least
 ' will have the prayers of an unhappy
 ' father and mother for delivering their
 ' miserable child from destruction; for
 ' saving their second daughter from the
 ' melancholy fate of their first. But why
 ' do I dwell on such circumstances, or
 ' why lose one moment from deliberat-
 ' ing how soonest to procure my ransom?
 ' You best know what was your agree-
 ' ment with Mr. Dookalb, and what
 ' was to have been the dreadful con-
 ' sequence of this interview, and as such
 ' can best advise me what to do, and
 ' how to escape from this house, where
 ' I need not tell you, I am held close
 ' prisoner.'—' Madam,' replied he, ' I
 ' cannot so much offend and disgust
 ' you, as to say what were the purposed
 ' consequences; be it sufficient to in-
 ' form you, that execrable wretch told
 ' me he feared I should not succeed at
 ' the first interview; but if I found it
 ' probable, he advised me not to leave
 ' the attack till morning, which he pro-
 ' mised not to interrupt by his presence:
 ' however, if, after all, your virtue
 ' should remain impregnable, it was re-
 ' solved I should continue my visits a few
 ' days, and have every proper opportunity

' granted me, and that convenient me-
 ' thods should be taken with you to in-
 ' cline you to a compliance. What those
 ' methods were I blush to speak. And
 ' he also promised, that you, the more
 ' to engage you to me, should have free
 ' leave to go with me wherever it was
 ' agreeable. You see, then, there is
 ' no great difficulty to procure you a
 ' safe riddance; but we must take care
 ' to deceive the villain with his own de-
 ' ceit; we must vanquish the hypocrite
 ' with hypocrisy: you dissembling your
 ' real hatred of him, and pretending a
 ' delight in the prospect of captivating
 ' me; and I also affecting a gay as-
 ' surance, that I shall quickly gain the
 ' point desired with you. But there
 ' will be need of this no longer than
 ' to-morrow morning, when I will visit
 ' you, and beg your attendance to Ra-
 ' nelagh, which he will not refuse, and
 ' you may then bid adieu to this scene
 ' of distress, and, let me hope, be per-
 ' fectly happy.' Caroline, deeply touch-
 ' ed with a sense of the Divine goodness
 ' towards her, could not help falling on
 ' her knees and blessing the God who pro-
 ' tected her, and who had thus, by turn-
 ' ing evil into good, wonderfully and
 ' gloriously worked her deliverance! Nor
 ' was she less profuse in her gratitude to
 ' Mr. Jaison; her eyes flowing with ex-
 ' pressive tears, while her melodious tongue
 ' uttered the sweetest and most harmoni-
 ' ous thanksgivings. The remainder of
 ' the evening was spent in agreeable con-
 ' verse between them; she, at his request,
 ' relating the whole of her and her sister's
 ' affecting story, while he soothed her suf-
 ' ferings with the kindest remarks, and
 ' revived her hopes by the warmest as-
 ' surances of serving her to the utmost of
 ' his power. Shall we say it became a
 ' little irksome to both, when the hour of
 ' parting drew nigh! Who knows not
 ' that love is a subtle fire, and frequently
 ' is kindled in the bosom when we dream
 ' not of it's influence? Something like
 ' this, perhaps, was the case, when Mr.
 ' Jaison gently pressing her hand, con-
 ' fused and trembling touched her coral
 ' lips; while she, in no less confusion,
 ' suppressed a soft sigh rising in her breast,
 ' while big tears hung labouring in her
 ' eyes, as if doubtful whether to conti-
 ' nue in that bright dwelling, or to kiss
 ' their pleasing way adown her damask
 ' cheeks,

C H A P. XIII.

THE CONCERN OF MRS. STEVENS
AND HER FAMILY. CAROLINE'S
HAPPY RETURN TO THEM, AND
MRS. HODSON'S REMARKS ON HER
DELIVERANCE.

POOR Mrs. Stevens was under the greatest concern, as well as her whole family, for the absence of Miss Caroline; they sent to the house whither she was conducted, but could gain no information from thence; the servants, by their master's direction, denying any knowledge of her. They sought wherever seemed most probable to them, but to no purpose; and their best intelligence, the honest nurse, heretofore mentioned with no small applause, was at a distance from home too; so that they were under the greatest distress and anxiety for the poor unhappy young creature, whose modest deportment, mournful story, and hard fate, had greatly engaged their esteem and affection. The worthy Mrs. Hodson was afflicted to a very great degree, and determined, that if when nurse should return, her enquiries should also prove fruitless, to advertise her, with a promise of a large reward; as afraid she was deluded into some danger, and unable to deliver herself. But if their uneasiness was great, Caroline's was no less so, under the apprehensions of it; and it was no small portion of her present happiness, to think she should soon return to these worthy people, and free them from their fearful surmises concerning her. This, and the many other joyful thoughts which crowded in upon her after Mr. Jaison's departure, together with the damping fears which attended them, and the silent pain, which yet unobserved, secretly stole through her bosom, drove sleep far from her eyes, and made rest for that night a stranger to her eye-lids.

Mr. Dookalb, in the morning, was highly pleased to see the usual melancholy which sat on his cousin's brow greatly dissipated, and cheerful vivacity reigning in its stead. He scrupled not to touch, in his jocular and familiar way, on what he imagined the cause, and much approving Miss Caroline's taste, strongly recommended Mr. Jaison as a

person of the most finished accomplishments, and well deserving so charming a young lady's esteem. And he failed not, by the bye, covertly to insinuate his mighty regard for her, and singular friendship in introducing her to such an acquaintance; with a gentle hint on the unkindness of her suspicions and behaviour to him. Caroline, hoping this was the last time she should ever hear these siren tales, calculated to deceive and destroy, smothered her indignation, dissembled her resentment, and closed with the good man in most of his conclusions; giving him no small hopes that his purposes would quickly be answered, and matters go on prosperously with this hitherto wayward and uncomplying girl. Nor was his opinion at all changed, when in a little time Mr. Jaison appeared; on whose approach Dookalb, tenting Caroline to the quick, perceived a rosy blush overspread her countenance, and a bright ray of delight dart from her speaking, soft, and melting eyes. Mr. Jaison making his request known to Mr. Dookalb, that his intention was, with his permission, to entertain the young lady with the morning's amusement at Ranelagh, he very kindly observed, his desires always were, that his cousin should be entirely at her own option in every respect, where he knew the place and company: for his own part, he could have no objection to so obliging a proffer, much less to the company of a gentleman so worthy, good, and amiable. Thus a general consent was obtained; for who can doubt of Caroline's? and she, properly preparing herself, stepped into a coach ready for them; more joyful, and more triumphing in her deliverance than a hapless mariner, when ascending the tall steep side of some brave British admiral from a desert of sand, whereon he had been unfortunately cast, where every want of nature was unsupplied, and where slow destruction, in meagre aspect, hourly was digging a deep grave to overwhelm him.

Mr. Jaison, after they were at a proper distance from Mr. Dookalb's, enquiring where she would chuse to be driven, was surprized and pleased to hear her place of abode was at his friend's, Mrs. Stevens's. 'For there, 'Madam,' said he, 'lives a very worthy and excellent relation of mine, in 'whose acquaintance you will be happy, 'and

‘and from whose conversation you will receive great pleasure.’——‘I guess whom you mean, Sir,’ replied she, ‘Mrs. Hodson, no doubt; I promised myself the greatest satisfaction under her protection, when first made known to her; but those hopes, alas! were speedily frustrated by the cruelty of Mr. Dookalb, who confined me from them; and that I once more see them is wholly owing to your generous goodness; and, believe me, next to the satisfaction of being rescued from the horror of horrors, I know not any greater at present than the thought of shortly being blessed amongst those good people again.’ The time was easily beguiled, nor seemed it long to Miss Caroline or her friend, while they were hurried over the rattling stones to the port of peace, the wished-for dwelling of the good Mrs. Stevens, whose house was in no small uproar of joy and gladness on the appearance of Miss Caroline; the lost, bewailed Caroline! and in no small admiration to behold her conducted thither by their friend and acquaintance, Mr. Jaifon; whose worthy aunt, Mrs. Hodson, was immediately informed of the glad tidings, and one peal of thanksgivings and pleasure rung through every portion of the little echoing house. Soon as the tide of congratulations and transport was somewhat subsided, curiosity, like another moon, hung up her lamp on high, and raised again the swelling desire of their minds to a higher flow: all with one consent anxiously sought to know the reasons of Caroline’s long absence, and the whole train of events which had kept her from them, and brought her once more safe and welcome to their longing view; all which Caroline related to them in the most exact and copious manner; and failed not to dwell abundantly on the praises of Mr. Jaifon. The old lady observed to Miss Caroline, that it was matter of the greatest delight to her, that Providence had so disposed it, as to make her sufferings (since she was ordained to suffer) the means of her nephew’s doing good; the highest delight, in her mind, human nature was capable of receiving; and that, being strongly attached to virtue, it had pleased Him, whose delight is in those that do well, so wonderfully to rescue her, as to make even him, who was intended to be her destroyer, her deliverer;

for Mr. Jaifon, though Caroline softly passed over that part of the story, in deep humiliation related the whole, omitting no one circumstance. After many excellent remarks on the meanness of betraying a young creature, the guilt and condemnation sure attendant thereupon, Mrs. Hodson greatly commended her nephew for the sincere sorrow he professed for his past shame, and firm resolution, having seen the glaring horror of his fault, never thus hereafter to offend: for she well observed, that the first step to amendment is a knowledge of ourselves and our offences; and the first advance to goodness, humiliation, and a sense of having done ill.

‘To know ourselves diseas’d, is half our cure.
‘When Nature’s blush, by custom, is wip’d off,
‘And conscience, deaden’d by repeated strokes,
‘Has into manners nat’raliz’d our crimes;
‘The curse of curses, is our curse to love:
‘To triumph in the blackness of our guilt,
‘(As Indians glory in their deepest jet)
‘And throw aside our senses with our peace.

‘So,’ said she, ‘observes that excellent, pious, and never sufficiently to be admired writer, Dr. Young, in his Night Thoughts; and so, with him, speaks all nature, and all experience. Neither do you lament, young lady, for that it hath pleased Him, who directs you, to plunge you in difficulties, to present you with dangers, and to beset you with temptations; rather rejoice in this mark of his favour; and as a certain means of never being overcome, imagine yourself constantly in the eye of Him who sees through all the creation at a glance, and readeth every secret in every heart; think yourself always in his presence; dangers and difficulties will then vanish before you, and temptations be resisted and broken like a feeble reed. Your increase in goodness too will thus be glorious, and your life will be happy; for your conscience will ever applaud you. And mark these lines of the above-mentioned fine poet:

‘No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
‘There breathes not a more happy than himself.
‘Then envy dies, and love o’erflows on all:
‘And love o’erflowing makes an angel here.’

With

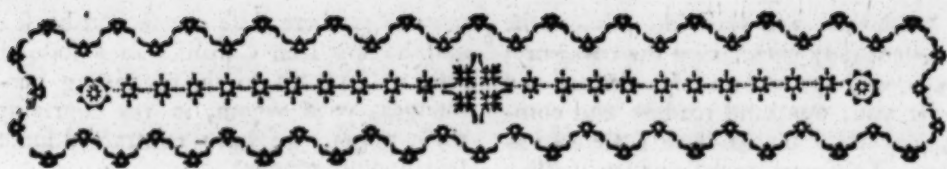
With this, and such like advice, the excellent lady entertained the company; which we hope will no less entertain and profit you, our kind readers and companions thus far in these little adventures. That you may therefore pause a while, and weigh these serviceable re-

marks, we here close our second book; and having seen Caroline in a state of rest, will return to the remaining personages, with whom, in the course of these pages, we have contracted some small acquaintance.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

H

THE



THE S I S T E R S.

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

LUCY'S HAPPY SITUATION. MR. LEICART'S GROWING DISLIKE. THE CONSEQUENCE OF THEIR GOING TO THE PLAY. LUCY'S DISTRESS. HER VISIT TO MISS REPOOK, AND VERY KIND RECEPTION.



W E left Lucy in the full fruition of her whole heart's desire, blessed in the embraces of a man highly pleasing to her capricious fancy, and rescued from one, disagreeable and loathsome as death and the grave. What felicity was equal then to that of her's and her beloved Leicart? The fond expressions of her unbounded rapture in his arms, her exquisite beauty, and most delicate frame, her limbs soft as dove's down, white as the virgin snow, and polished like the finest marble, must have given transport, beyond idea, to the coldest; what then to a man no less susceptible of love and pleasure than herself? But the highest delights of sense, the most ravishing and entrancing extasies, surely, too surely, pall and grow insipid, if appetite holds the sway, and guilt reigns lord of the banquet; a fact eminently proved by this happy couple: for what bliss could excel their bliss! what joy transcend their joy! And yet, so it happened, that Mr. Leicart grew tired of her too luxurious fondness, was almost sick with

love, and relished not the luxurious feast, and the riotous enjoyment, with his former gust and usual eagerness. Besides, the reflection that he was to be at the expence of keeping and providing for this lady, as well as debarred from the company and possession of other women, while thus enslaved to her, gave him no small anxiety and dissatisfaction; as knowing that his fortune was barely sufficient for himself; as thinking this had much the appearance of that slavish, miserable state, matrimony; and as very unwilling to be deprived of the bliss of roving, and the pleasures of variety. Lucy had the first full and very uneasy assurance of this given her one evening at the play, whither she went with Mr. Leicart, who had not been long in the box before he beheld, in the opposite one, a lady of his acquaintance, who was greatly in his esteem. He made a slight apology to Lucy for leaving her a little, and retired to her rival; with whom she had the mortification to see him continue during well nigh the whole time of the performance; which being almost ended, he returned, begging her pardon, and making some lame excuses, which palliated, however, the matter tolerably enough, as she had recovered him again from that detested creature, who had so long detained him from her. But what was her surprize, when, conducting her to a chair after the play was over, he told her she must dispense with his company that evening, as he was engaged to some particular friends; and there-

fore

fore desired her to go to bed at her usual time, and not to wait for him, as he could not exactly tell when he should be at home. So saying, he wished her a good night, gave the chairmen their orders, and withdrew; while she, so full, so ready to burst was her heart, could utter nothing more than, 'Cruel man!' It is scarce to be conceived, what a tumult of wild passions distracted her bosom; love, rage, jealousy, indignation, pride, anguish, scorn, and bitterness, at once possessed and tortured her. The ingratitude of Leicart stung her to the soul; the hated woman she saw him with at the play, never was one moment from before her eyes; and the recollection of her own miserable, undone, dependant state, was not the least busy or burdensome of all her tormentors. Fond and foolish hope, however, still buoyed her up, and she sat in painful watching almost the whole night, expecting his desired return, anxiously catching every sound, as hoping he was at hand, and feeding herself with the airy wish, that she mistook him all the while, and that necessity obliged the dear man to be absent from her so long. But even this pleasing delusion turned out to her pain, soon as she perceived the long, long night, wholly spent, and all her expectations vanished into air: at length, in downright despair, she betook herself to bed; that bed, alas! once the seat of love and rapture only—now, dreadful change! no love or rapture was to be found; gnawing jealousy possessed Mr. Leicart's place in her bosom, and thorny discontent removed the down-pillow from her head. She slept but little; and when she did sleep, waking was less dreadful than her dreams: there she saw all her horrid apprehensions realized; there she beheld herself contemned, despised, and rejected; while on the bosom of the rival fair lay her laughing lover, pointing with scorn at the fond, broken-hearted Lucy, and printing ten thousand glowing kisses on the soft bosom of his new mistress. How could she bear such dreams! how could she bear such waking! Behold! the morning came, and found Lucy still as unhappy as the night had seen her; no Mr. Leicart still. Miserable woman! all was now too plain; and the only remedy left her, yea, the only result of her resolution, was to hate and despise him. And when, about eleven, he re-

turned, (for not before did he return) she attacked him in the furiousness of her rage, with all the bitterness of her soul, and every opprobrious term incensed and despised love could utter. 'Base, worthless, cruel, wicked, and ungrateful wretch,' said she, 'I hate and despise you, I scorn and detest you!'—'With all my heart, Madam,' replied the villain, very coolly, 'I am glad of it; perhaps we may be equal in that respect: but remember where you are, that I am no slave, and that these are my apartments.'—'And they shall be wholly yours, Sir,' said she, very shortly.—'The sooner the better, Miss,' quoth he: 'if you are of such a testy stomach, so wonderful waspish, and so mighty squeamish, believe me, your absence will be highly agreeable. D—e, Madam, do you think I am a mean married dog? Do you apprehend I should be confined from all other women for you, truly? No, faith; you greatly mistake me, if you think so. However, I shall not hurry you; you are at full liberty to stay here till you can provide yourself, and you must confess that generous enough; but I shall take care not to trouble you with my company; and so your very humble servant, very angry Miss Lucy!' No wonder the love remaining in her bosom evaporated in an instant, and immediately was gone, upon such ungenerous and barbarous treatment: for what woman can stand the shock of insulting contempt? She bid him, therefore, go like a perfidious and ungrateful miscreant as he was; and pouring out a flood of imprecations, declared her utter abhorrence of him, and her determined readiness to break off all kind of commerce and communication with him. Leicart wanted no more than this; and therefore retired from the room, very well satisfied, and much pleased with his own address, and excellent management, in thus freeing himself from so heavy an incumbrance.

It will be very possible, that some of the fair-sex in this place may loudly exclaim against the barbarous ingratitude and shocking cruelty of the men; and we cannot but confess, that there is sufficient ground for it, in this behaviour of one of their darlings, the celebrated Beau Leicart; but, before they presume to open their lips on this subject,

ject, they will do well to consider how much, how very nearly it concerns every woman to guard against the least approaches to vice, much more to guard against the infidelity of men, by keeping their virtue ever in their own possession. Be assured, fair reader, whoever thou art, so long as blooming in innocence, the warm sun of affection and desire will shine round, beautify and bless thee; but if once thou hast admitted to the last and most inviting favour the son of thy affection, if thou hast permitted him to pluck the virgin rose—tremble in horrid certainty, for blighting contempt will quickly wither thee! the breath of disregarding satiety will soon mildew and destroy thy former bloom and fragrantcy! Persevere, therefore, constant and firm in the paths of virtue: even the wicked will then, at distance, adore thee; the good will love and honour thee with the sincerest fondness; the voice of complaining shall never issue from thy lips—daughter of bright chastity, thou shalt be blessed.

Lucy, thus wholly cast off, and left to the wide world, wholly unexperienced and unbefriended, was in much doubt and perplexity how to direct herself, or which course to take. She thought of applying again to Dookalb; but still the remedy there appeared worse than the disease. She wished to be with her sister, yet knew not how to submit to the voice of upbraiding, and the language of reformation. The last and only refuge she could possibly conceive, was to betake herself to her friend, Miss Repook, of whose good-nature, sense, and affability, she had the highest esteem. Accordingly, packing up what little matters she had, and giving orders for them to be delivered when she should send for them, she stepped into a chair, and was conveyed to her friend's house. Charlotte was just up, and at breakfast, when Lucy made her appearance with a countenance woefully dejected, and a look wonderously downcast and disconsolate. Charlotte, in her usual frank and familiar manner, accosted her thus: 'Bless me, my dear, I am afraid your paramour did not please you last night. I never saw woman look so dissatisfied—sure Leicart could never be your bed-fellow!' Lucy turned off her railery with seriously informing her she was now come solely to consult and ask her advice; for, as to herself, she knew

not what method to take, or how to act. Upon which she acquainted her friend with the whole ingratitude, baseness, and barbarity of Mr. Leicart, and her firm resolution never more to have any concern with so ungenerous and base a wretch. Charlotte joined very heartily and copiously in cursing the mean worthless rascal; bid Lucy be of good comfort, and promised to use her utmost interest to serve her. 'In the mean time, my dear,' said she, 'to settle your grief a little, and to obtain a drop of consolation, follow my example, and take a glass of ratafia, child; and never fear, have a good heart, and I will warrant you trade enough.' Upon which she pledged her friend in a sociable glass of the above liquor, and initiated Lucy into the very fashionable, excellent, and advantageous custom of drinking drams. 'Look'e, my dear,' continued Charlotte, 'you have my free consent to make what use you please of my house; the apartment above is wholly at your service; for my own part, I have money in profusion, and therefore you will do well to make the greatest advantage you can of your present situation, till some novice falls in our way proper for you, and with pence enough. I will introduce you to company, and put you into a method of trading; but remember to make your gentry pay high: that's a matter of great consequence; the higher your price, the more eager they will be for possessing you. I speak by experience; and you cannot ask too high, as being really so very fine a person, and which is of all things with them most valuable, a new face. Twenty guineas a night, I should think; however, by no means any thing less than ten.' Lucy testified her obligation to Miss Repook in the strongest terms possible, as unknowing, however, to make her any return for so great kindness, and as indebted to her in the most singular manner. Melancholy subjects were soon cast aside, another glass elevated their spirits, and dispelled all the gloom of disturbing thought. When Charlotte, acquainting Lucy with a custom she had of relieving every morning all such as attended her levee, and sought her protection, told her, she should see some of her pensioners and dependants; and ringing for her maid, ordered,

ordered, one by one, all those to be introduced to her who waited for admission that morning. 'Many, my dear,' said Charlotte, 'of the virtuous of our sex, as they stile themselves, think us abandoned and wicked beyond all bounds, and falsely imagine we do no good at all; but I appeal to every one of them, whether they do more good than I; whether they relieve a greater number of poor objects and sufferers, or hold any more laudable custom than this of mine, as you will speedily be convinced.' Thus idly did she imagine, that a design, calculated to feed her vanity only, was praise-worthy, and acceptable in the sight of God and man. Thus did she, deluded enough, suppose, that while she continued to be charitable, the rest of her sins would surely be forgiven; for she, once in her life, had heard an eminent preacher say, that charity covereth a multitude of sins, and that relieving the distressed is the greatest, most christian-like, and most divine virtue.

CHAP. II.

MISS CHARLOTTE'S LEVEE. THE TRAGICK POET, AND PENITENT PROSTITUTE. LUCY AND CHARLOTTE'S DISGUST AND SEARCH OF ADVENTURES.

THE door being opened, a tall thin personage was introduced. He was dressed in a tye-wig, a coat formerly brocaded, but much tattered and tarnished; a waistcoat richly trimmed heretofore, but now almost stripped of it's trimming. He had on a long sword, and long, but very unclean ruffles; a large muff, worn well-nigh bare, hung on one of his buttons, and on his wrist a very gorgeous gold-headed cane. His appearance was too extraordinary not to raise the ladies curiosity and admiration, and also too good, as they thought, to be treated like a common pensioner. Miss Charlotte therefore begged the gentleman to sit down, and very politely asked what there was in her power wherein she could oblige him. 'Madam,' he began, 'I am a man of family and fortune—'

'But such is e'er the cruelty of fate,
'Those who are truly good are rarely great.'

'Our family, by accidents as strange as new, is now to the utmost poverty reduced, and left to struggle with a thankless world. For me, young ladies, I have nothing left, but that, which in the days of worthy men, would have procured me honour and applause, (not barely what I now desire, sufficiency to keep from want myself and family—) genius and wit: these none can take from me, and *fi miserum fortuna sinonem*; if fortune makes me wretched, yet can she never rob me of god-born poesy; for poets are so born. Now, Madam, you must be informed, that having heard full loudly of your fame, for deeds of worth, and generous actions great, I come to beg your patronage and aid in my behalf; that to the worthy gentleman who shares your heart and bed, you would please to recommend a tragedy of mine; which, if he should approve, (and none who have read or heard it but approve;) which, if he should, I trust his love of merit will cause him to commend it to the theatres for his own sake, for mine, and for our country's.' So saying, he drew from his pocket a large scroll of manuscript papers, while the ladies, unused to such exalted heroicks, were ready to burst with laughter. 'Madam,' continued the tragedian, 'I have a wife and seven children small; my wife quilts petticoats to get her bread, while I write works of art and fancy, and so do my part. Our hopes, at present, are all centered here; and be assured, if you can recommend to our great manager this work of mine, you will bless, for ever bless, my thankful flock and me.'—'Sir,' said Charlotte, 'I will do my endeavour—but, pray, what is your subject?'—'Oh, Madam,' rejoined he, 'it is a domestic tale. Domestic tales, I know, are what our actors chuse. It is called, *The Fall of Plenty*; exemplified in the sufferings of a family reduced from great wealth to deep distress. If you will permit me, I will rehearse it—' lady.' Charlotte objecting their want of time, he desired her, at least, to give him leave to read a few lines, which he had prefixed, as an introduction to her. This being granted, he began.

TO THE CELEBRATED AND MUCH-ESTEEMED BEAUTY, MISS CHARLOTTE REPOOK.

‘**B**RIGHT lady, glowing in the list
 ‘ of fame,
 ‘ In beauty, wit, and excellence, the same,
 ‘ Permit me, to address, with song divine,
 ‘ And with fair poesy your worth consign }
 ‘ To immortality—for that is thine.
 ‘ How doth your beauty bless your lover’s
 ‘ arms,
 ‘ Unparallel’d, unequalled in charms!
 ‘ How doth your goodness ev’ry suff’rer bless,
 ‘ And make the wretched sing amidst di-
 ‘ stress!
 ‘ O look regarding, goddess of our earth,
 ‘ On this thy servant’s first true tragick birth;
 ‘ Like Pharaoh’s daughter, from the wat’ry
 ‘ grave
 ‘ This orphan infant most humanely save,
 ‘ Then of your name triumphantly I’ll sing,
 ‘ Then soar aloft on my new-sledged wing;
 ‘ And sound from pole to pole your mighty
 ‘ worth,
 ‘ Your charms and beauty, e’en to heav’n
 ‘ from earth:
 ‘ Then shall thy virtues never know decay,
 ‘ But bloom and flourish in eternal day.’

Charlotte was vain enough to be delighted with this incense; and desiring the gentleman to favour her with his performance, promised to leave no stone unturned in his favour. He then gently whispered, that he should be greatly obliged to her if she could lend him a crown. She could not think of presenting a gentleman with so small a sum, and therefore, pulling out her purse, begged him to accept five guineas for his trouble and the compliment he had paid her; with which the poor author retired home highly delighted to his half-starved wife and children.

The next petitioner introduced, was a miserable figure of a woman, almost naked, with a blanket only wrapped round her loins, and with every sign of distress and wretchedness. The ladies desiring to know her case; she informed them, that once, like them, she was in high life, and in the keeping of a person of rank; that she was the daughter of a citizen of London, a man of good trade and credit, but one who lived too fast, and brought up his children too fashionably; that while in her father’s house, she was used to see nothing but what might pamper her pride, and feed her vanity; and was accustomed to dress

according to the most fashionable folly, and to attend every publick place of resort and entertainment. ‘ In an unhappy hour, ladies,’ said she, ‘ I gave up my virtue, on our return from a masquerade, to a journeyman of my father’s, who had long made his addresses to me, and which I had received by the consent of my parents, they intending, as they used to hint, in case we should agree, to leave off business and retire, and place him in the shop; but, alas! very soon after I was blessed in his arms, as I imagined never woman was blessed before, a statute of bankruptcy came out against my father, and all in a moment was gone. My lover, as is ever to be expected in such cases, refused to perform his repeated promises of marrying me; and, to add to my miseries, I found myself with child. My poor father was thrown into prison, and my dear mother never left him; grief and despair seized him for his losses, but much deeper grief and despair when he heard of his daughter’s undoing. He sent for me on his death-bed, but had strength to say no more, than, feebly holding my hand, while a big tear stood in his sunk and hollow eyes, “ Pray God bless thee! I forgive thee, my poor, poor ruined child!” In short, I was so much affected, that I miscarried, happily for the poor unborn babe; and being friendless, and, let me confess, too much inclined that way by my natural inclination, I entered into keeping with a gentleman of the town; from thence, by my ingratitude and inconstancy to him, I was turned out to trade at the taverns, and afterwards in the streets: so that now, though but one and twenty years old, I am ready to perish with diseases, with want, and the utmost torture. Oh, ladies, if you have any pity in your present affluence, remember and assist me. But, indeed, I have another purpose in thus presuming to call upon you; and that is, by representing to you my own sufferings, to warn and deliver you from the like. See then in me your own selves; such as you are, I once was; such as I am, if you recover not yourselves immediately, you surely will be. For my own part, I think myself so sincerely penitent, and see my crimes so fully, that I am content



Stothard del.

Heath sculp.

Plate I.

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'tent to suffer these and much worse things, if, by my sorrows here, I may wipe away my past offences, and obtain forgiveness at the hands of my offended Lord.'—'Away with your preaching and hypocritical stuff,' cried Charlotte; 'what mean you, woman, by having the impudence to advise and condemn me or this lady, or to think of comparing such a poor wicked wretch as yourself with us? Pr'ythee stop your tongue and be gone, and learn, as a certain rule, beggars must never presume to be teachers. Pray trot, good Madam penitence.'—'Alas! alas!' replied the poor half-starved creature, 'I from my soul pity and deplore your situation; you cannot bear the voice of truth; may God have mercy upon you; but believe and tremble, for I speak certain truth; many, though I shall not live to see it, will behold you even in distresses superior to mine.' So saying, she departed, and left the ladies so greatly chagrined and ruffled with her dreadful denunciation of their future calamities, that neither one nor the other was in any sort of temper to hear or see any more of Charlotte's levee; and Lucy, for her part, advised her friend to lay aside the custom, as she could not tell how frequently she might meet with such wretches, who, under the colour of distress, would affront and censure her. To divert their thoughts, and destroy all possibility of reflection, Charlotte ordered her chariot to be got ready, (for Charlotte kept her chariot, and was remarkable for the fineness of her horses and the elegance of her equipage) and cheating her own as well as her companion's spirits with the usual cup of comfort, ordered her servant to several shops, auctions, &c. where she had any business, or where she had none; but principally where it was most likely to find some company to amuse and entertain herself and Miss Lucy.

Let us leave them then awhile to their search, till they find something worthy our farther attention, while we take a little jaunt from the smoke of the town into the fresh air of the country, to enquire after the situation of Mr. Sanson and his family, of whom we have heard nothing since Mr. Dookalb's and Miss Caroline's letters came to hand. All writers, all poets, and all historians, with one consent admire and praise the

country: wonder not, therefore, gentle reader, if you perceive, on our approach thither, a new spirit glow throughout our writings, and double warmth animate every page.

CHAP. III.

THE RECEPTION OF MR. DOOKALB'S AND MISS CAROLINE'S LETTERS. THE MISERY OF MR. SANSON'S FAMILY. HIS DETERMINATION AND VISIT TO MR. THOMPSON.

MR. Sanson's letter, recorded in the foregoing part of our history, is a sufficient demonstration and picture of the miserable anxiety and fearful suspense of this unhappy family, which every day augmented, and to which every hour added fresh terrors. And who can wonder, that a fond father and mother were agitated with restless fears and solitudes for the beloved children of their bosom!

For those, where they had garner'd up their
hearts,
Where either they must love, or bear no
life;
The fountain from which their current
runs,
Or else dries up.——

No wonder with such, the day dragged heavily on amidst torturing impatience; no wonder the tedious night was mournfully distracted with black dismay, and horrid imaginations. But on a sudden the long gloom was dispelled, a bright gleam of light and pleasure dawned upon them; for behold two letters are presented to them; the one directed by the known and beloved hand of their darling Caroline, the other by the fingers of their much esteemed and highly honoured friend, Mr. Dookalb. But, alas! the ray of comfort which had suddenly broke in upon them, was but as an angry flash of lightning, which, in a moment, is devoured up by the jaws of darkness, and serves only to make the former gloomy horror more horrible. The old man no sooner opened Mr. Dookalb's letter, than a violent trembling seized him; and having read it, he called out with an urgent impatience, 'Give it me! give it me!' to his wife, who had opened, and was about to read her daughter's letter. She, no less alarmed

ed than her husband, immediately resigned it to him, and catching at Mr. Dookalb's, read, sighed, and fainted. The poor old man, with big tears in his aged eyes, hanging over her, suffered awhile no means to be used for her recovery, crying out in a wild and uncommon strain, that it was best—it was best so to be—it would be well if the poor unhappy mother should never more return to life and sorrow. At length, recovering by degrees, Mrs. Sanfon perceived her husband walking hastily along the house, now reading one, and then the other letter; now shedding many tears, now uttering the most pathetick exclamations; and when turning his eyes towards her, and the little weeping train that stood sorrowing around her, 'Oh, my wife! oh, my dear children!' said he, 'here is the end of all our hopes—here is the bane of all our joy; my daughters, my once dear, darling daughters are ruined, lost, and undone, and I am a poor miserable old man, just distracted, and travelling hastily to the grave in despair.' Though the little children understood not the meaning of their father's words, yet they perceived a sadness and fury in them, which caused them to cling around their mother, and in loud plaints express their fears and consternation. She, still weak, and scarce able to support herself, yet, good woman, studiously endeavoured to give that comfort which she could not find. She intreated her husband more calmly to consider the matter, once more coolly to read over and weigh each letter; to which he consented. But to what could the cruel lines of Dookalb serve, except with every word to dart a scorpion into the breasts of the miserable parents, penned as they were with the blackest malice, written as they were with the most cursed and odious design? Caroline's letter, too, was evidently full of shift and evasion, and plainly demonstrated the badness of her's and her sister's situation, though she was unwilling to declare it, and anxious, if possible, to keep it from her parents; for whom all that now remained, was only with mutual tears, plaints, and lamentations, to sit together and bewail their hard fate, and the folly of their past lives; the madness of their vain and destructive pride, and the absurdity of their conduct in trusting two girls, so raw and unexperienced, to a wild, wicked, and

injuriously world. But yet this was such a state of uncertainty, such a bed of thorns, as none would chuse to rest upon. To know the worst is some degree of ease; each was willing and desirous to be informed of the whole, and each, with the racked Othello, cried out, 'Wou'd I were satisfied!' However, there appeared no means to attain right information, but, either by commanding the young ladies to return home, or by the father's immediately taking a journey to them. Though Mrs. Sanfon greatly and fondly desired, if possible, the return of her daughters to their former ease, innocence, and security, yet she could not think it proper or possible to order them directly to come down, and seemed more inclined to her husband's going up, as the means, perhaps, of adjusting all matters, reconciling Mr. Dookalb to them, and putting them in the right road to happiness. The old man was himself, too, much of the same opinion; but a dreadful obstacle stood in the way, the want of money enough to defray his expences. This was such a difficulty as was not easy to surmount, and of consequence added new increase to their sorrows, and a fresh occasion for their fears. The result of all their consultations was, that each of them should write, the one to their daughters, the other to Mr. Dookalb, requesting an exact and precise account of their present situation, and the reason of their leaving so good a friend, with their future intentions; and that in the mean time Mr. Sanfon should wait on a neighbour and acquaintance of theirs, to procure a small sum of money, with which, if they were not speedily relieved from their shocking and uncomfortable anxieties, he might make the best of his way to town.

The letters accordingly were written; and the next day the poor distressed and sorrowful old man paid a visit to Mr. Thompson, his neighbour, on the business just mentioned. Mr. Thompson is a man who, from the lowest station, by many indirect and unlawful means, by a most diligent and attentive concern to the business of the world, has raised to himself a most plentiful fortune, and amassed a prodigious quantity of gold and silver, which is always, with men of this kind, the test of worth and virtue; every man being, in their esteem, more or less great, good, and honourable, as he hath acquired more or less of

of their darling and high-prized jewel. Whence we may judge Mr. Sanfon, whose chief pride was his birth and descent, stood not very high in this gentleman's opinion, nor was held much in estimation by him; so that it is no wonder, on the old man's approach, that Mr. Thompson received him with all the supercilious haughtiness which is peculiar to men of money, and not of sense and probity. Mr. Sanfon, whose mind was in the lowest state of depression and grief, opened his business with tears in his eyes; and informing his neighbour that some immediate concerns demanded his presence in town, he was at a loss for a small sum to bear his expenses; which if he could let him have, it would be conferring the greatest obligation possible. The rustick tyrant, pleased with such an occasion for triumph over what he hated, a gentleman in low circumstances, observed, that he supposed *the young ladies* had not met with the *great* success they had imagined. 'Truly, Sir,' said he, 'I should have apprehended, had you spared less cost in prinking and pranking them out so very fine and gaudy, it might have been better for you and your family—but you see the consequence, I suppose, now; and as for my part, I don't well know what to say to it.'—'That was not the purpose of my coming, Mr. Thompson,' said he: 'my daughters never offended you.'—'Well, Sir,' said the clown, 'but the purpose of your coming, as you call it, was to borrow some money of me, was it not? And every man that lends money has a right to speak his mind freely (as I love to do) concerning the person to whom he lends it. Look'e, upon these occasions we must expect a little plain dealing. And so, friend Sanfon, I would be glad to know what sum you want, what security you propose to give me, and at what interest you would desire to have it of me in this case.'—'The sum I want,' replied Mr. Sanfon, 'is but small; and I imagined my own note, for such a trifle as five or ten pounds, would have been sufficient security; and the pleasure of having obliged a neighbour, and conferred so singular a favour, as much interest as any one would have required.'—'Very fine security, indeed!' quoth the other, laughing very loudly; 'and special good interest where-

by a man may get his bread: this is the way, I suppose, you gentlefolks, as you call yourselves, oblige one another, *and get large estates*. No, no, Sir; it is not my fashion to lend money on such terms. I don't know any thing of your affairs; you have a large family, two fine ladies at London, prinked out, and sent up to be made: no body can tell what; and very few folks, I suppose, will be desirous to let such a person have money on his note, truly: and if that's all the security you have to offer, I must take care of myself first; my money is not used to be lent on such conditions.' The poor old man's heart was ready to burst under such indignities; however, pressing necessity vanquishes all other feeling; and enquiring from this mercenary what he would expect, he found some pledge or pawn of value was his usual demand, and a shilling per month his interest for every pound! on which hard terms, delivering up what plate and other things amounted to double the value, he obtained the mighty favour of ten pounds, which was put into his hands with great insult; while the purse-proud rustick vented his odious advice, as he termed it, which was, in reality, the most piercing reflections; and mightily triumphed in having a gentleman so much at his command, and bound to him by so singular a piece of service.

CHAP. IV.

CHARLOTTE AND LUCY'S HIGH LIFE AND PROSPERITY. LUCY'S TERRIBLE DISASTER AND RECOVERY THEREFROM. HER STILL MORE TERRIBLE ILL FORTUNE; INTRODUCTION INTO A SPUNGING-HOUSE; AND MISERABLE DISTRESS.

WHILE her parents were involved in such a scene of distress, thus sunk in woe, and overwhelmed with affliction at home, far different was the situation of the thoughtless, gay, and now abandoned Lucy; the loose conversation of her companion Charlotte, her great encouragement and learned advice, the profuseness of her generosity, and the quantity of her presents, so prodigiously elevated and charm-

ed her soul, that she by no means regretted her late loss, or felt any remorse for her present miserable situation. Charlotte faithfully, according to her promise, introduced her to several gentlemen, who were all equally glad, willing, and earnest, to pay for so desirable a woman; and she had but to appear at play-house, ball, or the like, and a dealer was at hand, ready to purchase for the present night; and happy was he who could first strike up a bargain. During this run of high success, Charlotte too quarrelled with her paramour, and they two, late so fond, so loving, were parted, never to meet again; upon which the two ladies determined to join stocks, to keep house together, and to live on their mutual profits. And, by this means, as Charlotte was well known to all the gay men of the town, Lucy had a good opportunity of extending her commerce and acquaintance; inasmuch, that in a very short time their dwelling became universally celebrated, the resort of all the *beau monde*, and as much attended as the levee of our greatest statesman. Their chariot was remarkable for its elegance and neatness; their liveries for their richness and grandeur; their house for its furniture and magnificence. And who were better capacitated to live in the utmost profusion than our ladies, who wanted not nightly visitants in very numerous plenty, and who never admitted any to the joy of their embraces under the stipulated sum of ten pieces? Many, in the wantonness of their love, and to testify their affection and fondness for their dear creatures, were greatly more kind, more liberal, and more expressive of their passion. But what mortal felicity is ever long secure! By some fatal accident, more to be expected than admired, the unhappy Lucy found herself, to her inexpressible sorrow, under the power of that fell disease, which is the certain consequence, and very just punishment, of unlawful and unbounded lust. No wonder, when this was once perceived and known, her former trade fell off, and she was left to disease, agony, and want; for, like the rest of her inconsiderate sisterhood, she had never dreamed of the morrow; but apprehended every day would continue bright as the present hour of prosperity. Nor was it less destructive of the credit of Charlotte than her companion; the gentlemen imagining as was one, so was the other;

and therefore flying alike from both: so that the house, which ere while was thronged and crowded, now became neglected and forsaken, except by the hungry tradesman, and the thin and meagre-looking creditor. Lucy was put into the hands of an able and experienced physician, well skilled in the distemper, and celebrated amidst the daughters of Covent-Garden; by whose nice skill and application she was freed from the evil, and very well assured of it by the good doctor's making the first overtures of love and pleasure to her. We cannot blame Lucy, on her own principles, if she accepted the good doctor's terms, and so wiped off her long score with him; nor can we wonder that the doctor continues in poverty and disesteem, spite of all his sagacity, who thus discharges his debtor, and gives such receipts for his bills.

Thus happily delivered from so desperate a misfortune, Lucy hoped quickly to retrieve her credit, and appear again in her wonted splendor. She had, for the recovery of her health, retired to a small village near the town; and now returning to her house, was greatly surprised to find the bailiffs in possession, Charlotte vanished, and every thing in confusion. She demanded her cloaths, at least, and necessities; but was told by one of the catchpoles, in very rough terms, that she was now in his hands, and not at liberty to leave him; and therefore he hoped the lady would not take it ill, if he should shew her the way to his house, which she was soon made to understand was a spunging-house; and that she must submit to the rigour of the law, much worse, and far more severe to her, than the rigour and severity of the cruel disease under which she had just now languished. But what could be done in such a case? Friends she had none to whom she could apply; money she had none sufficient to bribe or rescue her: ruin alone seemed the certain consequence; and, in gloomy despair, she seemed willing and glad to embrace it. Accordingly, she attended the surly officer, and was introduced by him into a miserable house, where dirt, horror, noise, and confusion, reigned in wild and lawless anarchy. On her entrance, a loud laugh rung through the room; the ladies that were seated with their several tattered gallants, drinking large draughts of porter, gin, and love, congratulating Mr. Holdfast on his prey, and

and welcoming their sister, as they stiled poor Lucy, to their acquaintance and her new lodgings. Lucy was so thunderstruck and confused, she knew not what to say or do, having never been in such a place, or with such company before: however, enquiring of the officer if there were no other apartments in the house besides, where she could be alone, she was told, if she liked to pay the price, she might have very good rooms: and desiring to see them, she fixed on the first she entered; as there, being free from the wretched rabble in the former room, she could consider a little and reflect on what was best to be done in her present circumstances. The exorbitant demands of Mr. Holdfast on her admission hither almost exhausted all her small stock of money, and she perceived that still greater expences threatened her; so that she could foresee no probability of escaping from that comfortable dwelling; nay, nor of continuing in her present apartment, in which, at least, she was unmolested by any insults, and undisturbed by any outrages from the miserable crew which she beheld on her entrance. Thus reduced to the brink of despair, what could she do, but weep and lament the long, long day, and the no less tedious night! Had she one comfortable thought on looking back to cheer and delight her; alas! the whole prospect was dreary, dark, and condemning. Had she one reviving hope or expectation before her; all alike, there too, was dismal, and melancholy, thick night, and impenetrable darkness. A thousand times she determined to end her wretched life; but strong fear, and guilty self-condemning conscience, with their flaming swords, stood in the way and prevented her. She dared not even to think of her parents: her sister never came into her thoughts, but her pains increased; and in all the seriousness of rage and madness, she cursed the hour of her birth, and the day on which she left the little, happy, peaceful village.

In one of these frantick fits Mr. Holdfast one day found her; when, without ceremony, he entered her apartment, declaring his immediate want of a sum due to him, which was more than she possessed upon the face of the whole earth. He told her he was surprized she should think of living in such a manner, having a room to herself, and calling

for the best things the house supplied, without money to pay; that for his part he could not afford any such thing, and therefore she must think of removing to a place where she might get her bread by her daily labour. Shocked at so terrible a denunciation, she, on her knees, entreated him to have some compassion; and if he possibly could, to direct her into any way of life, whereby she might have a probability of paying him, and maintaining herself. 'I perceive,' said he; 'Madam, you have a watch there,' said he; 'if you please to deliver that into my hands, we may, perhaps, find out some means to keep you a little from Bridewell; for, to be sure, you are rather too fresh for it yet.' Which demand being complied with, he went on. 'We can put you into a method, and furnish you with proper cloaths to see company at home as well as abroad; and I'll endeavour to recommend you to some of my friends, the porters at our taverns here about Covent-Garden; nay, if you should not find business enough that way, we have two or three outward-bound traders in the house, who shall introduce you to their acquaintance abroad, and teach you the right way of picking up: and, faith, I think walking the streets, though esteemed the lowest, much the pleasanter part of your trade. I'll see what's to be done. I'll go talk with my wife about you; she's a friendly good woman to young folks: I'll talk to her, and she shall advise you.' So saying, he departed well enough pleased with Lucy's watch, which was of considerable value, and had been purchased by her in the high days of her grandeur and prosperity.

CHAP. V.

PORTERS OF TAVERNS, WHAT THEY ARE. A TRUE STORY OF A CRUEL RAVISHER. MRS. HOLDFAST'S VISIT TO LUCY, AND ITS CONSEQUENCE.

WE hope it will be necessary to inform several of our readers what is meant by a porter of a tavern; a term well understood by the gay and fashionable, and little suspected by the simple and innocent. A porter is no other than a pimp or prowditor-general;

one whose business it is to furnish the guests with ladies, and to supply the wants of the sons of pleasure with courtezans of whatever complexion or disposition they chuse: for, that posterity may see and know how much they are improved, and how much wiser, better, and more virtuous they are, than this our generation, we cannot help recording it, even in these inconsiderable annals; that the taverns of Great-Britain, to the honour of our country, are the rankest brothel-houses, and the seats of all kinds of debauchery; an abuse which we doubt not will speedily be reformed, in this wise, prudent, and reforming age; and therefore, we think proper to deliver it down to futurity, lest it should be wholly forgotten, and men in latter times should be unacquainted with the great advances they have made in purity and perfection. But, to return to Lucy.

The poor penitent prostitute she had seen at her friend Charlotte's levee had been long in her mind, and was now never out of her thoughts; she perceived all the sorrows, attendant on guilt and shame, about to surround and torture her. Thought became the most irksome of all things; and whatever tended to dissipate that, of consequence became the most agreeable to her. Hence she courted the acquaintance and company of some other wretched women confined with her in this horrid place, and joining with them in their usual recreations, promised a downfall and destruction miserable as theirs. Amongst the rest of her companions, was one of somewhat a milder and more reserved turn than the others, who nevertheless greedily drank her gin, and swore with the roughness of a porter; yet at some times she would weep heartily, with great lamentation bewail her fate, and curse the savage cruelty of that doctor to whom Lucy had been lately so much obliged for her cure. 'For that monster,' said she, one day to Lucy, 'was the occasion, by the most barbarous means, of making me the wretch I am, and depriving me of the pleasures of life. My father was a tradesman in the city, of no extraordinary wealth, but in very good life; he, as is common, you know, used to let out part of his house in lodgings. On the first floor lodged this brute doctor; who, perceiving me a good smart young girl, though

'not fourteen, endeavoured by every means to entice me to his hellish purposes, and to seduce me to my ruin. Alas! I was too innocent then to understand any part of his designs, and never had the least suspicion but that all his toying and fondness for me was such as a father had for his child; for such was he, and greatly more in years, to me. However, it happened that I was seized by a violent fever, and being utterly senseless, this barbarian, this monster amongst men, took an opportunity, when I was left alone, to rob me of my virtue; and in my delirium, while I protest the whole was unknown to me as death, lay with me, and ruined me. The wretch had the infamous confidence to tell me of it, when I recovered my senses, and to offer a renewal of his guilty purposes, which, with just indignation, I refused; and not daring to declare my case to my father, (my poor dear mother had been some time dead) I languished long in sorrow and sickness; but youth and a good constitution got the better of both, and reserved me to the present misery. What now do you think such a villain merits? Does he deserve to loll at ease in his chariot? Ought he to be received into any house, or admitted into any company? They say there is a God, but I will never believe it, till I see this worst of all creatures either swallowed up by the earth, or struck dead in the midst of his prosperity.'

Thus was this miserable undone woman relating her sorrowful tale to Lucy, when Mrs. Holdfast made her entrance; a little squab, fat, fiery-faced dame, the bastard daughter of an old bawd and the head-keeper of Newgate; who for thirty years had spent her life either in her mother's house, or in her father's prison; in the latter of which places she met with Mr. Holdfast, her worthy spouse, who was one of her father's seekers, and remarkable for his vigilance and activity: him, by her father's consent, she married; who placed the young couple in the present excellent and celebrated spunging-house, and by his great interest with some of his majesty's justices of the peace, procured him the place of an officer for the county.

Such was the birth, parentage, and education, of the amiable Mrs. Holdfast, who introduced herself to poor Lucy, with

with the good news, as she was pleased to call it, that she had made interest in her behalf with the porter of the Bedford-Arms, who had promised to recommend her that very night, the first of any lady that should be called for. 'And as my husband,' continued she, 'has informed me you are desirous of trade to keep yourself awhile from harder labour, I am always glad to encourage honest and industrious young people, so will supply you with all things to make you appear genteel, clean, and tempting. The price for the night is only a guinea, to be paid out of your profits, and I am sure as nobody can call that out of the way; for, in the first place, you will get a good supper by the bargain, and plenty of the best of liquors, besides the recreation itself; and most likely, if you manage matters right, two or three guineas more. There are (let me tell you by the bye) some that have ways and means to bring in a considerably larger booty—ha, Nancy; han't they?' said she to the lady who was present with Lucy. 'Aye, aye,' said Nancy; 'she'll soon understand matters, I warrant; she'll be a dab quickly, I'll answer for her. Never fear, sister Lucy; never fear; we'll teach you the whole mystery—Come, come, pluck up your courage, have a good heart, and defy the world.' Mrs. Holdfast perceiving the lady a little low-spirited, recommended a cup of comfort to her, her own never-failing specific; and accordingly some of her own bottle was produced, and each pledged the other in a flowing glass of genuine *strip-me-naked*, dashed with some excellent bitters, a present to her from her father's turnkey, who was a near relation of, and had very great concerns with, that useful member of society, Dr. Rock. The conversation that afterwards passed between them would very ill beseem any writer to rehearse, and us more especially, who intend not these pages, with some of our contemporary authors, as provocatives to lust, and incentives to passion; but, on the contrary, as dreadful warnings and alarming declarations to all, yet unenslaved by vice, of the shocking miseries which too surely attend it, and the almost insupportable hardships, that as constantly follow as the light accompanies the sun; who enter not into

these dwellings of pollution and wickedness, but to inform others of the lurking adder, whereof they are not yet aware, and to turn their steps from the paths of sin, which at first seem fair and flowery, but end in nothing save sorrow and sighing, diseases, anguish, and death!

Suffice it then, Lucy, according to agreement, was dressed out in her borrowed plumes, and adorned in every elegance to be made a prostitute. When quite equipped, and now waiting only for the miserable summons, as beholding herself in a glass, reflection demanded attendance, and she could not help bursting into tears, and bewailing her hard lot in the tenderest and most pathetick manner. 'Oh, cruel, cursed, bewitching beauty!' she began; 'foolish, vain, and inconsiderate creature! how have I stood and beheld my fancied charms with pride and self-applause, and triumphed over the rest of my acquaintance, because I was so much more handsome than they! Alas, poor Lucy, how art thou fallen! to what now serves all thy beauty—lost, gone, and destroyed; soiled with vice, and blotted out with pollution! Oh, Heaven! can I bear the thought—were these limbs formed to write whore upon—to be the prey of lust—and intemperance; and, perhaps, in the end, to rot and perish in abhorred and loathsome destruction? Cursed be the day of my birth, and doubly cursed the day on which I saw this destructive city—and left my poor dear—Ah, Caroline! thy words now sting me to the soul. Oh! my sister, mayest thou be their comfort—where was there ever a mother so tender as mine? Where ever a father who took such pleasure in his child, or so rejoiced to make her happy? And well have I repaid them!—Why do I want the courage to die?—fool that I am—Ah, me! how happy was I once!' Thus was she pouring forth her soul in complaints, when up ran Mr. Holdfast, and informed her that a chair waited for her below, by her friend the porter's order, and she must immediately repair to the Bedford-Arms. Some natural tears she dropped, but wiped them soon; appeased as well as possible the tumultuous throbbings of her troubled heart; and entered into the chair with as much pleasure and alacrity, as the celebrated

brated Mr. Maclane ascended the fatal cart, when about to journey towards the dismal regions of Tyburn, and the still more dismal and detested regions of darkness and terror.

C H A P. VI.

LUCY'S INTRODUCTION INTO A TAVERN, AND ENTRANCE ON HER NEW LIFE. HER VERY ILL SUCCESS. HER FUTURE ADVENTURES. THE MISERY OF WOMEN OF PLEASURE. THE CRUELTY OF MODERN RAKES, EXEMPLIFIED IN A TRUE STORY.

A Company of gay young fellows were assembled, after the play, to spend their evening together; and, according to the fashionable custom of the place, ordered a bottle of claret and a girl apiece round. They were seven only in number; and unluckily for poor Lucy, she was the first of all the seven ladies who made her appearance amidst this revel-rout of rakes and bloods. She, unaccustomed yet to her horrid trade, entered, as one would apprehend, with no small confusion, covered over with blushes, and trembling violently in every limb. On her admission, up with one consent arose the jovial company, and pushing one over the other, hastened each to be the first who might salute the fair daughter of pleasure. Abandoned as they were, some little compassion even touched their flinty hearts at the very great uneasiness Lucy so plainly expressed: however, setting her amidst them, each filled a full bumper to her, tossed the glass over their heads, and kissing her once more round, presented her with a half-pint glass of claret, to dispel her fears, as they said, and raise her mounting spirits to their own pitch of mirth and jollity. By and bye, the doors again expanded, and three more ladies were ushered in; a loud peal of applause rung through the resounding room, and shouts and laughter shook the re-echoing house. A flowing bowl of arrack was ordered; the ladies were consulted concerning what delicacies they would chuse to eat; and each of the sweet ones, save Lucy, chose for herself the most exquisite dainties the season could

afford; and a supper accordingly was ordered. It was not long before the company was compleated, and every lad had his lass; the bowl was pushed briskly around, Lucy forgot her former fears, and a sad heart, for the mad moment, was not found amidst the jocund band.

Deceive not thyself, reader, with the vain expectations, that we shall record in this our history the whole behaviour and conversation of this company; their indecencies, of course, became too shocking, and their midnight revels too infamous to be related. The man of pleasure knows them; and knowing them, let him reflect, and must he not detest them! Thou, who, happy for thee, art unexperienced in such iniquity, hast thou never seen that inimitable representation of such a society, in one of the pictures of that moral master, and child of fancy, the excellent Hogarth*; where the young heir, in happy drunkenness, lolls, with his ladies around him; some of whom, drunk like himself, are venting their fury one at the other; the remainder otherwise laudably employed in the several branches of their myssick occupation? Having seen that, thou mayest have some faint resemblance of this wretched company. For us, as our attendance on Miss Lucy has necessarily obliged us to enter amongst them, we shall regard them only with a passing eye; and dwell solely on the actions and concerns of our heroine.

Evil communication, it hath been long since observed, corrupts good manners: the best and most plenteously fraught with virtue would find it, of all difficulties, the most difficult, to withstand the power of ill examples, and the mischief of surrounding and pressing temptations; but those who have already given up virtue, though not cordially taken vice to their embraces, must inevitably fall lower and lower, the more they are invited to sin, and the greater the incentives to evil wherewith they are provoked and assaulted. Lucy, thus situated, of consequence was obliged to comply with the inclinations of her gallants, and the general behaviour of the company: if they were free, she was also the same; if they were loose, so was she; if they were immodest, she likewise was immodest; and if they scrupled not to transcend all the bounds of

* In his Rake's Progress.

decency, who can wonder that Lucy did the same? In short, the night was wholly spent in debauchery and intemperance; and the day-dawn drawing nigh, Lucy's gallant, not willing to part so speedily, as he pretended, with a lady who pleased him so highly, determined, by her permission, to attend her home, to share her bed, and the farther sweets of her loved society. By some accident, chairs were not to be had for both, or the gentleman perhaps preferred walking, the distance being small; or by some other means, of no great moment to us in our present enquiry, it so fell out, that he either was forced, or chose to walk to the lady's lodgings, while she was conveyed thither, out of his great tenderness and care for her health, in a chair. But what words can express Lucy's surprise, when entering Mr. Holdfast's doors, she perceived one of the chairmen follow after for his hire, and no gallant at hand! She told the man that the gentleman would pay him. Upon which he informed her, that the gentleman had turned another way, and left them soon after her entrance into the chair; of which, though at first imagining such a deceit impossible, being fully persuaded, boiling with resentment, tortured with chagrin, and unknowing how to appear before her landlady, who was now retired to rest, she betook herself to bed, and raved with incessant fury at the cruel disappointment, since her lover had sneaked off without paying the unhappy girl the price of her prostitution. As a fierce hyæna leaps eager and furious to devour her prey, so, in the morning, entered Mrs. Holdfast into Lucy's chamber, to demand the hire for her cloaths, and to receive them again safe from her hands. She awakened the poor creature from her sleep; who was no less frightened, perhaps, at her appearance, than a sleeping traveller would be, if awakened by the paw of the same hyæna on his breast: but the monster confined in double chains, fumes not, rages not, and roars not more, than did this woman, at the rehearsal of Lucy's mournful tale, and on the information of the loss of her expected profit. She abused her with all the grossness of the coarsest language; and threatened, that instant, to strip her of every thing tolerable which belonged to her, and to have her immediately

conveyed to Bridewell. She stamped, she foamed, she swore, she shook her man-like fists over the trembling girl, and denounced all kinds of curses and imprecations on her head. But, as Shakespeare observes,

Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him.—

So was it with this daughter of the venerable keeper of Newgate; she at length over-ran herself: and her fury being a good deal subsided, Lucy's entreaties at length prevailed, and she consented to allow her again another trial, hoping better success, and observing, that experience made fools wise. Thus, after this unlucky disaster, matters were again tolerably composed, and the young lady equipped as before for the adventures of the succeeding night; and things, by great good fortune, turned out much more advantageously for her: for being summoned at the Fountain, to attend a grave elderly gentleman, they soberly settled their business together, and biled very lovingly; inasmuch, that Lucy, on his demanding her price, wheedled him out of half a guinea more than her regular fee, and sent the good honest man well-contented home to his ignorant wife and family. But tedious and endless would it be to record her several adventures here, and the numberless disastrous circumstances which attended many of them; suffice it to say, she frequented the bagnios with tolerable success, and was scarce ever a night disengaged; suffice it to say, that enjoyment, so far from a pleasure to her, from this frequent and promiscuous use of it, became the greatest pain, or rather a matter of loathsome indifference: she, like the rest of her unhappy sisterhood, submitted to it, as an ass submits to the burden; but satisfaction or joy was never found in it; man was never preferred by her to man, unfeeling, cold, and miserable. Such is the punishment of our vices here, that even those pleasures which have been our greatest indulgence, by abuse lose their name as well as power, and become our scourges and our bane. Nor is this all; for when these truly pitiable young creatures fall into the hands of barbarous, as well as lustful men, their treatment is too frequently beyond expression horrid, and their

their usage too severe to be borne. A fact which Lucy one night most feelingly experienced; when summoned to a tavern, she was ushered into the company of two young fellows of rank, bucks of the first head, as they are pleased merrily to style themselves. At their commands she was obliged to strip naked as she was born, and thus to submit to the hellish purposes of either; and after having been thus abused, each presented a red-hot poker, near to every part as possible; made her dance, as they called it, for their amusements, round about the room, swearing if she did not, they would run the pokers into her. Which finished, they performed many other acts of merriment, in their phrase (in the phrase of every one besides, acts of savage inhumanity) towards the suffering and affrighted girl: and at length, (gracious Heaven avert such horrid crimes from our guilty land!) at length demanding the perpetration of something too black to be named, too diabolical to be mentioned; which she, with just aversion, utterly refusing, and resolutely denying, determined rather to die; they swore, unless she consented, that they would burn her alive: and finding her, spite of all their threats, still unmoved, they caught hold of her to lay her on the fire; when, alarmed by her excessive cries and screams, the master of the house broke into the room, and rescued her from the hand of these barbarians; by whom, however, she was so much burnt, that a surgeon was obliged to be ordered, and the gentlemen, with a considerable fee, were forced to hush up the matter.

Read and attend, all ye simple ones, ye daughters of burning desire, who esteem the yoke of virtue hard and heavy to be borne, and the empire of vice perfect liberty and perfect peace; let experience warn and teach you; look well around, and consider; cast your eye on every side, and contemplate: who that ever gave a loose to vice and impurity was happy? who that ever lived in sin lived in tranquillity and ease? Be not deceived; Virtue is the daughter of Heaven, and mother of immortality; Sin is the daughter of Satan, and mother of Death. Let her not entice thee, my fair-one, my beloved; let not her outward appearance seduce thee to her power—

Tho' she seem woman to the waist, and fair;
Yet she ends foul in many a scaly fold,
Voluminous and vast, a serpent arm'd
With mortal sting.

CHAP. VII.

MR. DOOKALB'S DREAM AND RISING FEARS. HIS VISIT TO MR. JAISON, AND TREATMENT FROM HIS SERVANT. MR. JAISON'S LETTER TO HIM. HIS VISIT TO JUSTICE THRASHER.

SUCH was the present situation of Lucy; in which, however disagreeable and unkind it is to forsake the wretched in their miseries, we must awhile leave her, that we may return to Mr. Dookalb, of whom we have heard so little, while engrossed by the concerns of the other characters employed in this our historical drama. He was not greatly surprized, that his cousin and Mr. Jaison returned not home to dinner from Ranelagh, nor yet that she returned not home to rest, from her lover, at night; attributing this to what he did not at all doubt was the right cause, and therefore was very little solicitous concerning the matter; nay, to confess the truth, was rather pleased to think that the gentleman had succeeded, and that the fort was stormed. With this hope he spent his evening with prodigious cheerfulness; but in the morning was alarmed by an ill-boding dream, which greatly disturbed him; for in this respect he was mighty superstitious, and from national prejudice, a wondrous observer of dreams. He dreamed that one of his eyes starting from the socket, wandered away from him, he could not tell whither; and that, having spent long time in fruitless search after it, a ray of light extinguished the other, and left him in utter darkness; when a hand caught hold of his nose, and pulled it from his face, leaving him in the midst of a crowd, who insulted him in the most cruel and barbarous manner, and drove him into a distant country, where he was sold for a slave, and whipped every day of his life by four blacks, with horrid whips made of living scorpions. He awakened from his sleep in all the agony of a real sufferer, cold sweat distilling adown every limb, and every limb trembling like the tops of pines shaken

shaken by the southern gale. Nor could he help interpreting this dreadful vision of the night; nor could he find any interpretation which boded aught but sorrow to himself. Lucy and Caroline recurred strongly to him; nor could he explain the two eyes by any thing but these two sisters; and yet that appeared not just altogether, since, till this very moment, he had no apprehensions of any deceit from Mr. Jaisou: 'Though,' observed he, 'fool that I am, I might have recollected the obstinate vixen's former cunning, and perhaps she hath again over-reached me!' Full fraught with this apprehension, and pondering on the last night's vision, he arose, determining instantly to visit Mr. Jaisou, to know the reasons of his long absence, and the consequence of his free intercourse with Miss Caroline. Mr. Jaisou was at home, and in bed; but suspecting a visit of this sort from Mr. Dookalb, ordered his servant (an arch country fellow, who had lived long in his father's family) to deny him, and treat Mr. Dookalb with no respect, if he should come as he expected. Hence it happened, that when Mr. Dookalb knocked at the door, the servant bid him come in, loudly and roughly; which he obeyed; the fellow, mean time keeping his seat, mending one of his stockings, and looking Dookalb in the face. 'Well!' said he, 'and what do you want?'—'Sirrah!' quoth Dookalb, 'do you know who I am?'—'Know you; aye,' replied Peter, 'who don't know you? I would know next, I tell you, what you want here?' Dookalb, unaccustomed to such treatment, was ready to burst with fury and passion, and threatening honest Peter in very severe terms, demanded to know if his master was at home. 'Why, faith, Sir,' said Peter, 'my master is at home, and he is not at home; that is as much as to say, I am here for my master, and my master is not here for himself: so that if you have any business with my master, look'e, I am at home to receive it. What do you give a pair for such stockings in Scotland, Master Dookalb?'—'Impudent rascal!' said he, 'if it was not beneath me; I would drub your jacket for you—but as it is—be assured your master shall know of your usage, and either you or I must and shall leave his acquaintance.'—'Lord, Lord,' said the fellow, 'why are you so angry now?

'I was but a little merry with you; cannot you take a jest from a body, but you must threaten to drub one's jacket? They don't drub jackets in your country, I have been told, because they go without. Ha, master, did you ever wear any breeches before you came into Old England?' Dookalb's cane was raised to level poor Peter with the ground before the Scot could utter a syllable, almost choaked, as he was, with chagrin and madness. 'Villain!' said he, 'who taught you to reflect on our nation? take that for your pains!' But Peter luckily escaped the blows, and laying hold of the instrument of vengeance, begged him to be pacified; telling him passion was a very dreadful distemper, no less hurtful to soul than body; the good of both which he desired him, (as being so valuable a friend of his master's) by all means to consult. As the bull, when blood-thirsty mastiffs hang growling at his chest, and when the goading crowd surround him with loud shouts and clamours, that make the brazen vault of heaven re-echo, tears, roars, fumes, and rages, so was Mr. Dookalb maddened and distressed by the cool and cutting insults of this minister of Mr. Jaisou's resentment, who, with no small satisfaction, in the adjoining room, lay and heard the whole conversation between them. Dookalb, however, finding it fruitless to contend with him, his eyes darting fire and vengeance, declared, that his soul should never enjoy peace till he saw himself fully revenged on so impudent a villain, and demanding to know whether he would inform him where his master was or not. To which being answered in the negative, he retired, full of menaces, and uttering a thousand imprecations.

Boiling water, or red-hot iron, requires some time before it will grow cold; so doth a man boiling and red-hot with passion. Reason and reflection will not immediately return to their stations, but wisely keep at a distance till they perceive the mad rout, which invade their thrones, are driven away and banished from the breast. It was of consequence, some time before Mr. Dookalb could reflect or determine with himself what course to take; but considering this as an insult from a servant only, his business was immediately to inform the master. Accordingly, he

went to a neighbouring coffee-house, and writing an account of his usage to Mr. Jaïson, ordered a porter to go with it first to his chambers; and, if not finding him there, to get information where he was, and carry it to him. Mr. Jaïson was from home to nobody but Mr. Dookalb; and therefore, receiving his letter, with the contents of which he was full as well acquainted as the writer, he sent the following answer.

‘SIR,

‘**I** Am sorry this is the *first* time, as you say, that you ever met with such treatment, and somewhat displeased it should be my servant’s lot to shew you *first* what treatment you must henceforth expect wherever you are known. Common destroyers must of necessity be common nuisances, and handled as such. If your conscience acquits you, well; *let the galled horse wince*. But to the business of your visit, for that I suppose is your nearest concern: contempt and ill-usage you are Stoick enough to bear. Know then, Sir, I have placed, in a reputable house, amongst people of virtue and goodness, the unhappy young creature whom your cruelty had destined to destruction. I have secured her from your power; for which the day will come when you, as she does now, will bless and thank me. I would advise you, if it may be lawful to advise so venerable a personage, to reflect on the miseries and cursed iniquity of your present way of life; to amend, repent, and abjure it. In that case, I shall be at your service in any respect whatever; but at present beg leave to have no concern at all with a man of so infamous a character. I am, Sir, yours, &c.

‘C. H. J.’

Dookalb read this with more calmness than could have been expected; but immediately determined, let what would be the consequence, fully to satiate his revenge on Mr. Jaïson, as well as Caroline; and to pull destruction, if possible, on their heads, though he plucked up the pillars of the world to do it, and overwhelmed himself, like Sampson, in the ruin and overthrow of his enemies. His first and most neces-

sary scheme was, to plant spies on Mr. Jaïson, in order to find out the place of rendezvous, this secret house of virtue and goodness, which he so much detested, where Caroline was lodged secure from his power: and this done, he next waited on that excellent Justice *high* Thrasher; (of whom, reader, thou hast doubtless heard so very largely in the celebrated Amelia, the last work of Henry Fielding; and who readeth not the works of Henry Fielding?) and him he found surrounded with his usual train, sitting on the seat of justice, administering right and equity, and inflicting salutary punishment on the various offenders trembling before his awful bar. On information of his worthy friend, Mr. Dookalb’s approach, the venerable magistrate, with great expedition, dispatched the publick concerns, and retired to welcome his guest; who speedily unburdening his troubled mind to the justice, they entered into close consultations on the properest means to prevent such violent injuries, and gross insults, which, as Mr. Thrasher well observed, did great dishonour not only to the laws, but also to the magistrates, who were vested with the power to execute them. To their deliberations, therefore, we will leave them awhile, and wait with patience the result of their honest and hearty intentions for the exact and rigorous administration of right and equity.

C H A P. VIII.

MRS. HODSON’S REMARKS ON MR. JAISON’S TREATMENT OF DOOKALB. CAROLINE’S GROWING FONDNESS FOR MR. JAISON, AND HIS FOR HER. AN APOSTROPHE TO LOVE. CAROLINE’S UNEASINESS. A LETTER FROM HER MOTHER.

MR. Jaïson hurried with high satisfaction to Mrs. Stephens’s, that he might acquaint Miss Caroline and the rest of them with the excellent manner in which his man Peter had treated Mr. Dookalb. Good Mrs. Hodson perceiving the elevated delight wherewith he told the story, observed, that revenge was, of all passions, the meanest, and at the same time the most incompatible with a Christian: ‘Which I remark, my dear nephew,’ said she, ‘the

'the rather, because you seem to border very nearly upon it, from the manner of your relating the indignities which your servant has shewn towards this unhappy man, who deserves your pity, not your hatred; and whom, if you could by any means reform, you should not spare either time or pains: but if there is no probability that such usage will amend, but rather irritate him, it is certainly best to refrain, and leave the miserable man to the will of those above us.' Mr. Jaifon was not very ready to acknowledge any error in so justly expressing his contempt and abhorrence of so detestable a person; but however, at his aunt's request, promised no more to concern himself with Dookalb, but to let him pass unmolested and unregarded; little considering that he had raised a storm, which it was not in his power to appease, and that however he or they might dream of peace and quietness, they were things very little in the thoughts of Mr. Dookalb.

Caroline, though she could not but approve the excellency of Mrs. Hodson's reasoning, and the admirable perfection of her elevated mind, yet found some secret satisfaction in the humbling of a man who had so miserably deluded her sister into destruction, and laid such deep and diabolical plots to draw her into the same snare, and involve her in the same ruin. She could not help darting from her lovely eyes a speaking look of applause, which reached the very soul of Mr. Jaifon, and gave him, perhaps, more joy and transport than ever Roman felt, when mounted in his triumphal car, and ascending, amidst the acclamations of the people, the temple of Feretrian Jove! Oh, Love! how mighty, how invincible a conqueror art thou! What breast but sooner or later feels thy power? And who that has felt the sweetly painful passion, would wish ever to be free from thy influence; so pleasing is thy chain, so delectable the regions through which thou conductest thy votaries! Grant me still to continue in thy service; and having spent the summer of my days in zealous attendance on thy honour, to retain the blessing in declining age, a minister in thy temple, and a favourite of thy power: as in youth happily united with the lovely partner of my choice and heart, so united to the

grave; and even in death—oh, may we not be divided!

These reflections were naturally suggested to me by the growing affection, which, as a bye-stander, I could not help observing in Mr. Jaifon and Miss Caroline, though both of them yet were strangers to their own hearts; something unaccountably pleasing gladdened the breasts of each of them whenever they met; they wished, and yet each seemed to know not why, rather to converse in sweet solitude together, than to enjoy amidst promiscuous company each other's loved society. *A wilderness indeed would have been to them populous enough*, so each had been blessed with the other's heavenly presence; for each could truly say to the other,

Where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world;
And where thou art not, desolation.

Mr. Jaifon wondered whence it was that every diversion, and every engagement lost all its relish, and no longer pleased; and that nothing was chearful, happy, and delightful, when Caroline was away. She too could not guess whence it was that her spirits were ever deadened, low, and feeble, when Mr. Jaifon was absent; that a thousand melancholy thoughts and gloomy fears distracted her; and that she lived in a kind of night till he appeared, and like another sun dispelled the darkness, bringing at once light and sunshine, day and chearfulness. In short, they both grew insensibly fond of each other, and, without their perceiving it, slid *smooth gliding without step* into the soft tyranny of tender and innocent affection. But Caroline's was a situation not to admit, or at least not to encourage any thoughts of this kind, either in herself or Mr. Jaifon: whenever daring and fond fancy suggested such an idea to her, she was ready to weep and bewail her hard lot; reflecting within herself, 'Fool that I am, to indulge such idle reveries, when placed amidst such distress; when incapable to procure myself bread; when I ought to think only, if possible, of recovering my poor lost sister, and returning to comfort my disconsolate parents.' Thoughts which constantly tormented her, and frequently interrupted the delightful calm she enjoyed in the pleasing converse of her beloved deliverer;

deliverer; to whom she applied herself with all earnestness in behalf of her sister, begging him, if possible, to find her out, that she might at least know her fate, if she could not restore her to happiness. He very industriously sought after Lucy, but his enquiries proved fruitless; and Caroline was now out of hope to redeem her sister, or ever to bring back, from the dwellings of shame, the hapless daughter of her still more hapless parents, from whom, while in the midst of these solitudes, she received the letter, which we were told in a foregoing chapter those wretched people sent to their daughter on the receipt of her's and Mr. Dookalb's friendly epistle. Mrs. Sanfon was the writer; and thus the tender mother breathed forth her afflicted soul.

‘ MY DEAR CHILD,

‘ **Y**OUR letter and Mr. Dookalb's ‘ have been as daggers to our ‘ hearts; what can be the meaning of ‘ them? For God's sake, let us know ‘ where you are, and what is become ‘ of you; why you have left a man, by ‘ all of us, and sure so justly, esteemed ‘ such a friend! What can be the rea- ‘ son? Oh, gracious Heaven, grant there ‘ is no ill befallen you! for if there is, ‘ your poor father's life is certainly the ‘ consequence: for myself, you know ‘ the weakness of my constitution, and ‘ how ill I can support more sorrows, ‘ having already had experience of so man- ‘ ny. Dear Caroline, why have you writ- ‘ ten to us in such a dark and mysterious ‘ way? Why do you say nothing of ‘ my other darling, Lucy? Sure she is ‘ well! is she not well? What misfor- ‘ tune can have befallen my child? ‘ Write! write directly, and inform ‘ me! do not distress your too, too af- ‘ flicted mother. The same post that ‘ we received your letter, we received ‘ one from Mr. Dookalb; wherein, ‘ shocking tidings to our ears! he ac- ‘ quainted us, that you have both left ‘ him; who, he will be bold to say, ‘ is your only friend; and that, were ‘ he in our case, he should esteem ‘ children thus disobedient, wholly ‘ strangers and aliens to him. Sure ‘ this bodes something dreadful, and ‘ too terrible for me to think on, much ‘ more to name! What shall I say! ‘ what shall I do! My heart is almost

‘ broken, and my eyes flow so fast with ‘ tears, my children, my dear children, ‘ for you, I can scarce write the sorrow- ‘ ful sighings of my soul. One fear ‘ overtakes and presses hard upon ano- ‘ ther! May you but be virtuous, and ‘ I shall be happy! But leave us not to ‘ this uncertainty. What satisfaction can ‘ it be to you, that your distressed pa- ‘ rents at home are bowed down to the ‘ very earth amidst the greatest suffer- ‘ ings? Alas! all our fond hopes were ‘ centered in you; and if you are but ‘ blessed, I could contentedly suffer tor- ‘ ture and pangs all the days of my ‘ life. We have misfortune upon mis- ‘ fortune; for our tenant at Weston has ‘ broke, and is run away a whole year's ‘ rent in our debt; so that what will ‘ become of us I know not. Your fa- ‘ ther, who is worn to a perfect shadow ‘ with secret pining and grief, is resolv- ‘ ed, if you do not satisfy him, to come ‘ up to town, as he before informed ‘ you, immediately; though, poor good ‘ man, how he will come, I know not, ‘ for we have very little money, and ‘ very few friends about us. But what ‘ are all these things to our fears for ‘ you? Were you, my darling chil- ‘ dren, the only pleasures of my life, ‘ here with us as before, I could, with ‘ thanks, eat my sparing morsel, and ‘ drink with pleasure of the running ‘ stream; but, alas! poverty now does ‘ indeed greatly add to the weight of ‘ my other sufferings. It matters little, ‘ indeed, what we have to eat and drink, ‘ to your father or myself; for we fre- ‘ quently sit down and moisten our ‘ mouths, perhaps, with nothing but a ‘ salt tear, shed in remembrance of you, ‘ my dear daughters; emblems only of ‘ the tears that flow from our afflicted ‘ hearts. Some of the neighbours have ‘ offered to bring me comfort, suspect- ‘ ing I know not what, or knowing, ‘ perhaps, more than we do. What ‘ can be more pitiable than to become ‘ the object of our enemies compassion? ‘ O Caroline! Mrs. Gibson, who ever ‘ hated all our family, was here the ‘ other day to comfort me, as she said, ‘ since she really very greatly pitied my ‘ situation. My heart was ready to ‘ burst, and with tears in my eyes, I ‘ endeavoured to pluck up my courage, ‘ but all in vain; nor shall I ever do it ‘ till I am acquainted with your and ‘ your sister's intention and circum- ‘ stances,

stances. My dear child, tell Lucy her father commands her to write as well as you, the very next post, fully to inform us why you left Mr. Dookalb, where you now are, and what are your designs. Till I hear from you, farewell; farewell, my beloved daughters! and think you see, in the greatest anxiety and distress, the most disconsolate and most tender of mothers,

‘MARY SANSON.’

Caroline was utterly at a loss what to say or do in this difficult point; nor could she, after revolving a thousand anxious and distracting thoughts in her bosom, at all determine with herself which course to take, or how to bring comfort to her beloved and distressed parents. After long and vainly tormenting herself, she applied to the good Mrs. Hodson; and putting the above letter into her hands, requested her advice and opinion, how she should proceed, and what she should do. The old lady observed, that it was indeed a nice case, and she knew not well how to advise her. She commiserated the poor unhappy parents, and shed some kindly tears of compassion: she observed, on all occasions it was her settled maxim, that the truth is best; and therefore, agreeable to it, she imagined it infinitely the most eligible scheme, for her to inform her parents of the whole truth, and to make the best of her way to them in the country. ‘In both which purposes, dear Miss,’ said she, ‘I shall be glad and ready to assist you to the utmost of my power; and if you judge it proper, will myself write to your poor father and mother, and set forth the whole case to them in the most favourable manner I can; at the same time that I will supply you with all necessaries for your journey. I know, and am assured, this counsel appears to you at present the most piercing and dreadful; but, on recollection, your good sense will certainly shew you it’s rectitude. Consider, your parents must know the truth one day or other; and there seems not the least shadow of probability for the recovery of your sister: it is best then to ease their anxieties as soon as may be, and to soothe their great distresses, (for great they must needs be) by your

own presence, and the comfort they will naturally find in having you once more with them, free from the fatal snare, and unpolluted by the hands of iniquity. And indeed, I can see no probability of your well-doing in town; here is nothing for you to expect, and every thing for you to fear: it is best then to fly the danger, and, in humble content at home, devote yourself to the service of that God, who hath been so bountiful in loving-kindness, so abundant in grace and mercy towards you. Make it the business of your days to alleviate the sorrows of your good and afflicted parents, and let them not feel the loss of their other darling, (poor people!) by your extraordinary care, dutifulness, and regard: so will your hours be crowned with joy, and your heart filled with unspeakable delights.’ Too much, I fear, of Mrs. Hodson’s counsel was wasted upon Caroline, who sat drowned almost in a flood of tears, and pierced to the soul with woe and misery. To inform her parents of Lucy’s situation, seemed such cruelty as mocked all suffering; and to return home, and be herself the fatal messenger, seemed infinitely worse than death, yea, far more terrible than dying; which Mrs. Hodson perceived with the utmost solicitude and uneasiness; and drawing nearer to her, clasped her hand, desiring her to be composed, and to declare her own sentiments, that so they might consult for the best, or at least think of some other way, if she judged not that which she offered proper. ‘Oh, Madam!’ said Caroline, at length recovering herself, ‘do you think it possible for me to drive a dagger into the heart of either dear, dear, beloved parent? Could I, do you imagine, inform them of the fatal secret of my sister’s ruin? No, rather let it, if possible, be kept for ever silent as the grave: let them not be so tortured—sure, here, the truth cannot be best; it must be an honest fraud to deceive in such a case. Assist me then; for God’s sake, assist me to keep the secret still; instruct me, good Madam, if you can, to do that: but to declare it—wretched, wretched creature!—And yet they surely will one day hear and be told the horrid and dreadful tale!’ Here she burst again into a fit of crying; and Mrs. Hodson

was

was scarce less affected herself, in so much that she could only say, 'Well, my child, do not dwell so much upon it now; let us think a little of other things; and after we have slept upon it, perhaps we may each of us hit on some better method of proceeding: let us recommend ourselves and your case to Providence, who directeth all things wisely and for the best, and beg the assistance and direction of Heaven how to proceed in so critical an affair.'—'Dear Madam,' said Caroline, 'how shall I sufficiently thank and love your goodness? But could I, O could I relieve and comfort my kind and ever-tender parents, what would I not submit to, what would I not suffer? You advise me to return home to them; alas! would not that be the worst of all? Would not that daily remind them of my poor, undone, lost sister? Would it not daily upbraid and torture myself? Would it not add to, rather than diminish, their sufferings? But could I, by any means, procure an honest livelihood, that might be some pleasure and satisfaction to them—and yet it would, I am apt to believe; nay, my dear mother says, were we, her darling children, with her as before—O cruel, *as before!* that, that can never be! Alas! I am bewildered with doubts and perplexities: I know not what is, or is not best. Pardon, good Madam, my incoherent rambling; and impute it to the distress of my mind, almost distracted amidst so many fears and disturbances.'—'Take, therefore, my advice, my dear,' said the good woman; 'let us sleep upon it, and consider together, after having consulted our pillows, what must be done: be assured, whatever lies in my power to serve or assist you, or any of yours, shall be always at your command; but forget not, above all things, to trust solely in the Most High; for of him cometh success: joy and sorrow are both from the hands of the Supreme.'

CHAP. IX.

DOOKALB'S RAGE AGAINST CAROLINE AUGMENTED BY AN UNHAPPY ACCIDENT. MRS. HOD-

SON'S FARTHER ADVICE TO HER, AND HER RESOLUTION THEREUPON; WHICH IS AFTERWARDS A LITTLE STAGGERED BY MR. JAISON.

WHILE Caroline was in this distress, and meditating safety and peace with the good Mrs. Hodson, Mr. Dookalb was brooding revenge, and treasuring up in his poisonous bosom rancour and fury against her; which an accident not only encreased, but rendered him ten-fold more set on vengeance, and eager to execute his malicious purposes. Paying a visit one morning, according to his usual custom, to Lady ****, the worthy wife of the gentleman who was known by the name of Captain Smith, in the beginning of our history; he was thunderstruck, on his admission into the room, to hear her begin with, 'Villain, rascal, worthless, base villain! how have you the impudence, the consummate impudence, to appear in my presence? Wretch as you are, on whom I have heaped so many favours—and well have you repaid me—but if there is such a thing as vengeance—I'll do—take that, and read it—scoundrel!' On which she threw him a letter, the contents of which were a whole history of his amiable self, and of his way of living, with an account of his providing for this lady's husband, and expressly pointing out the place where his present mistress, procured for him and taken care of by Dookalb, now lived. It was written with great spirit, and by a female hand. 'There,' said the lady, 'there, Sir, read a detail of your own monstrous villainies, and know that I was not so inattentive as to disregard that letter, nor so hasty as to believe without fuller proof; I have seen the lady, you, Sir, you yourself introduced to my husband; and, if you please to travel to her house, you will find I have taken proper care of her: and if there be a possibility of punishing such a complicated monster as yourself, be assured, I will not rest day or night, but I will make an example, a striking and fearful example of you!'—'I am very sorry, my lady,' said he, 'to see you so extremely warm: in good troth, I may be blame-worthy; but if my lord would have another wo-

man—'

‘man—’ ‘Oh, horrid! horrid! horrid!’ said she, tearing her cap and hair with all the fury of madness; ‘barbarous, diabolical fiend! have you not done enough, but you must drive the dagger still deeper and deeper into my very heart’s blood? Is it not more than any woman can bear, to find herself injured in this most tender and nearest concern; to find, after a life of spotless purity, of most undefiled and constant fidelity to the marriage-bed; after having borne a husband many pretty babes, the pleasing promised pledges of mutual love?—Oh! is it not then more than woman can bear to find that husband lost to her; a slave to the love of a prostitute, and daily injuring her, himself, and family, in every respect; and all by the means of a devil like you? Were there not such pimps, such children of hell as yourself, half the miseries of the world would be prevented. I will lessen the number—wicked Dookalb. If there are gibbets a thousand feet high—you shall—Would I could behold you meat for crows, and every bird of the air!—Alas, alas! would I were dead myself—miserable, forsaken woman—wretched wife; and far, infinitely far, more wretched mother!’ Here she burst into a flood of tears; and Dookalb, very submissively, began to crave her pardon, to offer some comfort, and promise amendment: but as he was going on, she stopped him short, and stamping with her foot, said, while Dookalb trembled at her voice, ‘Villain, be gone—this instant leave me—nor ever dare to appear before my face—Be gone, Sir! I expect and hope never more to behold that countenance, unless when I come to triumph over you, while the executioner is fastening the noose around your accursed neck!’ Dookalb obeyed the orders, and left the house; but perhaps never in his life with less satisfaction: and, as he stalked indignantly away, he threw up his fire-flashing eyes to the glorious sun; and, ‘May that light,’ quoth he, ‘this moment turn into darts of red-hot fire, and burn up my soul, if I do not pursue, to the last drop of my blood, Caroline Sanson, for this incendiary letter; for her I am sure, I am certain it is her that sent it!’ So when the tiger hath been repulsed from the herds, which he had attacked to satiate his devouring hunger, his eye-balls

flame with fire; he whets his pointed teeth, while the white foam bursts from his churning jaws; he growls with furious indignation, lashes with his tail his panting sides, and moving to his desert home with slow and stately steps, meditates future destruction, tearing in fancy herds and herdsmen, and drinking from every quivering limb the hot and living blood.

Less furiously distracted, though perhaps not less uneasily suspended, was the mind of poor Caroline; she was now again in close deliberation with Mrs. Hodson, after each had consulted their pillow what was to be done. The old lady renewed her former advice, and told her, that after the most mature consideration, she could not see any reason to alter her opinion with regard to the counsel she gave her the foregoing evening. ‘For my own part,’ said she, ‘were you my child, such would be the steps I should direct you to take. And, as I before said, I myself will write to your parents, and supply you with all necessaries for your return home to them.’ Before Caroline could reply, the honest old nurse, mentioned heretofore, was introduced, who began a most lamentable tale of I know not what dreadful things she had heard at Mr. Dookalb’s. ‘And to be sure, ‘Miss,’ quoth nurse, ‘there is strange work at Mr. Dookalb’s. He raves, and swears, and tears, and threatens you with every thing that is bad: and, what is worse than all the rest, is, I find he knows where you are, and he says he will prosecute Mrs. Stevens for harbouring you; and I can’t tell you half what he says; but if ever I saw a man raving mad, I am sure he is, or I never saw one in my life.’ Caroline stared with the utmost fright and horror, and fixed her eyes on Mrs. Hodson, who very calm and unmoved observed: ‘Poor man! it is a great pity any human creatures should so injure themselves. Alas! I am sorry to hear there lives such an unhappy person as this Mr. Dookalb: but, pray, my dear, don’t you be afraid of him. As to Mrs. Stevens, never fear; we shall know how to manage him, I warrant you. However, I can’t help observing, that this is another very good reason for your leaving town, and returning to your parents. You are beset with many great dangers, of which

‘ which, perhaps, this is not the least. Who would wish to continue amidst a multitude of lions and tigers? Who would not fly with all their speed from such society? And, believe me, the difficulties which threaten you are lions and tigers indeed, though in different shapes.’—‘ Oh, good Madam,’ quoth nurse, ‘ to be sure, as you say, very right.—Upon my word, Miss Caroline, Madam Hodson gives you fine counsel. Oh, Lord! I have been better for it many a good time, and often! pray you follow it; it’s always the best. Pray, my dear Miss; and I am sure I love you as well as if you was my own child.’—‘ Oh, Madam,’ said Caroline to Mrs. Hodson, bursting into tears, ‘ what can I say, or how possibly object to any thing you have offered? Excuse a poor ill-judging creature like me; pardon the mistaken notions which I have so deeply imbibed; it is no small difficulty to get the better of them. Pray strengthen me all you can with your excellent counsel, fortify my yet weak resolution, combat my fears and prejudices; for though I am determined to do as you advise, believe me, my heart but half consents to it.’—‘ It is not to be wondered, my dear,’ said Mrs. Hodson, ‘ that you are reluctant and unwilling; but be assured, you will one day bless the hour in which you left this dangerous city. The prospect before you, I own, is gloomy and very disagreeable; but still remember what I have often told you, that the Supreme can, in an instant, bring light out of darkness, and change our blackest night into the brightest day.’—‘ Alas! alas! Madam,’ said Caroline, ‘ the difficulty lies in practising what we hear. I bless you for your excellent advice; but one thing gives me infinite uneasiness, to think that I must be deprived of that advice and your friendship, which I prize so much, and from which I am so greatly profited.’—‘ That shall be no loss to you, be assured,’ replied the good lady; ‘ I will take care to manage that matter; but you have a prudent mother at home, much more capable of directing you than myself: however, I will not forget you, be you never so far distant from me.’ Caroline very sincerely thanked Mrs. Hodson, and all

affairs were settled with regard to her departure; and she and nurse withdrew, to give Mrs. Hodson an opportunity to write to the poor old folks in the country.

Caroline was, perhaps, never less satisfied, or more ill at ease, than at present: however, before recollection had power to seize on her distracted thoughts, Mr. Jaifon desired the favour of seeing her; which being granted, how was he surprized, at his entrance, to behold her lovely eyes red and swollen with tears, and her chearful countenance clothed in melancholy and discontent! He desired nurse to retire; and, seating himself by Miss Caroline, with a look most inexpressibly tender, and a voice most persuasively pathetick, begged to know what was the occasion of this strange and dismal appearance. ‘ Do not ask me, Sir,’ said she; ‘ why should you concern yourself with the affairs of a miserable wretch like me? I am already so infinitely indebted to you, my life will be insufficient to express my gratitude—for the rest, leave me to my own hard fate; and may you, in every part of life, be blessed and comforted; may all your days be peaceful and happy.’—‘ If mine are so,’ replied he, with some warmth, ‘ so shall yours. Believe me, dear Miss, I will never see that day when you are in sorrow, and I in felicity. Speak, and inform me, I earnestly request it of you; tell me whence these tears, and why this uneasiness? On my soul, I am on the rack to behold them!’—‘ Did you know my heart—Alas! have not my actions made it already known to you?’ Caroline was touched with delicate pleasure and pain; and while the pearly drops distilled from her sparkling eyes, while her faltering tongue scarce gave her utterance, she laboured out these half imperfect accents: ‘ I must leave you for ever! I must return home!’—‘ Leave me!’ replied Mr. Jaifon; ‘ who says you must? Why? wherefore? Who has power to pronounce that cruel *must*?—No, Miss Caroline, if I have any sway, if it is not your own heart that makes this necessity, nothing on the earth beside, trust me, shall do it. I have long concealed the real feeling of my soul from you; but now can conceal it no longer: and let me hope you will use the same open frankness and honesty

‘honesty to me. Your amiable perfections have so far won my soul, your ten thousand graces so endeared you to me, that I can find joy, peace, or satisfaction in nothing but yourself, in nothing but your ever agreeable and desired society: and therefore, if, as I ardently wish, your heart could be so inclined to me, what hinders but that we might make, of all others, the most happy and affectionate pair? I should indeed be glad of an immediate answer; but still, if agreeable to you, will wait, with an anxious impatience, till to-morrow for it. Speak then, my charmer, my best loved, speak your fond sentiments to me, and make me, of all men, the most happy!’ Caroline was going to reply, when rising tears prevented; and unable to utter a syllable, she sighed, and hid her head in Mr. Jaïson’s bosom; who, charmed with so welcome a guest, embraced her with the most tender fondness, kissed the tears as they stole adown her cheeks, and both continued for some time silent. At length, ‘Into what,’ said he, ‘shall I construe this, dearest, loveliest creature? Is it not an acknowledgment, a tacit acknowledgment of all I wish—your dear consent to, and approbation of, what I have offered—Speak! is it not? and will my Caroline give me her fond heart for mine?’—‘Oh, Mr. Jaïson,’ said Caroline, ‘would I could give you any thing worth your acceptance! but think what a destitute unhappy girl you see here before you: deem me not too light, too easily won, when I frankly confess my poor vain heart hath long been yours; engaged by such kindness, and bound to you by such favours, as never can be repaid.—But consider, here we must go, and no farther: I shall for ever retain the highest respect for you; but, alas! while present with you, it may be, perhaps, impossible for us both not to go farther, not to turn that respect into love and affection. It is best therefore to part; for your condition in life must necessarily prevent any connection between us: it is best then to part; and—though I will freely declare the pain I shall feel will be, I fear, almost more than I can endure, yet part we must—we must be torn from each other!’ Caroline had scarce finished, and Mr. Jaïson was go-

ing to reply, when in bolted Miss Stevens; a pert, airy, brisk girl: ‘Lord bless me!’ said she, ‘I beg pardon indeed, but I did not know who and who were together; and I only came to desire you, Miss Caroline, to get ready, that we may be time enough for the play; because you know we must not be baulked to night; and I expect Miss Collitons, and Miss Jacksons, and Miss Newers, with the gentlemen I told you of, all to be here very soon; because, you know, if we are not at the play-house by half an hour after three, we shall never get into the pit; for there is no getting in after that time, when that little, tiddy, pretty, dapper man, Mr. Garrick, my sweet Romeo—

‘Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo!

‘how charming—I say, there is no getting in, if one does not go soon, when he acts; and so pray let me beg of you to be ready; for I must not go without you for the world. And pray now, my dear Mr. Jaïson, won’t you go too? Do, go with Miss Caroline; I am sure we shall all be vastly glad of your company; shan’t we, Miss Caroline?’—‘Well, and my little, pretty, tiddy, dapper Jenny,’ said Mr. Jaïson, laughing, to her, ‘if Miss Caroline and you, to be sure, desire my company, I am entirely at your service—what say you, Miss Caroline?’ Caroline and he were both as much pleased with this interruption, as an old miser would be at the approach of a thief, to carry off his gold as he was counting it over: however, they were obliged to postpone other matters, to put on an air of gaiety, and enter into the spirit of Miss Jenny. Caroline told Mr. Jaïson, she should be extremely glad of his company for her part; and more so, as it would perhaps oblige the young lady. ‘Nay, nay, as to that,’ replied Miss Stevens; ‘as to that, my dear, I believe Mr. Jaïson knows who it will oblige most. Lord, Mr. Jaïson, it is Romeo and Juliet to night. Had you never any inclination to act? I do think now, if you would do Romeo, I could do Juliet vastly well.

‘Give me my Romeo, ye gods! and when he’s dead—

L

‘Stay,

‘ Stay, stay, how is it? something about stars and cutting—

‘ I’ll cut him out in little *tiddy* stars,

‘ And he shall make the face of heaven so *vastly* fine,

‘ The birds shall sing, and think it *is not* day.’

‘ Don’t you think there’s a good deal of Miss Bellamy’s manner in that now?’ Though their spirits were very low, neither Caroline nor Mr. Jaïson could refrain laughing at the giddy girl’s lightness and impertinence; and as they knew not how to get rid of her, Caroline desired her to entertain Mr. Jaïson below, while she dressed; in which she promised to be as expeditious as possible. ‘ O yes, to be sure, my dear!’ said Jenny.—‘ Come, come, Mr. Jaïson, let us go and entertain ourselves.—Don’t be jealous, Miss Caroline, pray don’t be jealous; I won’t run away with Mr. Jaïson: no, no, I believe you have heard who has my heart—and a sweet man he is—but no matter for that.—Come, Sir—Bye, bye, my dear!—Come, Mr. Jaïson.’ So saying, they departed.

CHAP. X.

MR. JAISON, CAROLINE, &c. GO TO THE PLAY-HOUSE. THE UNHAPPY CONSEQUENCES OF IT.

IT would be needless and impertinent to enter into the several minute circumstances, the whole behaviour and conversation of the company associated at the house of Mrs. Stevens, to honour Mr. Garrick with their presence. Mrs. Hodson expressed herself very warmly to Miss Caroline on the subject, and proclaimed aloud her utter abhorrence of stage-plays, and firm persuasion of their absolute unlawfulness: a notion which the company in general laughed at, and which Jenny hinted she had picked up amongst the many parsons that visited her; who hated play-houses, because they were fuller than their churches. But Caroline finding this her opinion, was extremely uneasy, and very desirous to stay at home with the old lady, which the rest of the party would by no means permit; inasmuch that, contrary to her better sense and appro-

bation, she was obliged to submit, and attend the jovial and laughing band. They were at the doors of the play-house before three, and had the high satisfaction to stand there an hour before the doors were opened; and with great difficulty, after such a tedious time of waiting, got into the pit. Mr. Jaïson stuck close to Caroline; his presence and his conversation made every place agreeable and pleasing to her, and added fresh lustre and double grace to every part of the performance. But Caroline’s pleasure was quickly damped; for in the third act, a couple of ladies, elegantly dressed, made their appearance in one of the boxes; and as they attracted every body’s eyes, Caroline’s of course were turned to them; but not long on them, for she no sooner looked than she perceived one of them was her sister Lucy, and on the sight fainted away. The necessary methods were used for her recovery; but her uneasiness and sickness rather encreasing, when the act was finished, she begged of Mr. Jaïson, if possible, to retire with her from the play-house; which being with great difficulty effected, she told him the occasion of her swoon was the sight of her sister in the upper side-box, and that she most earnestly entreated him to leave her somewhere, while he went to her sister, to beg the favour of seeing and speaking with her. Mr. Jaïson accordingly conducted her to the Shakespeare’s Head ordered a room and proper refreshment for her, and at her earnest desire, immediately returned to speak with Lucy, and to bring her, if possible, to her sister.

He was immediately admitted into the box, and enquiring of Miss Lucy, (of whom Caroline gave him an exact description) if her name was not Saïson, and being answered it was, he told her that he came with a message from her sister Caroline, who was then at the Shakespeare’s Head Tavern, and begged the favour of her company there. Lucy was a good deal surprized, and knew not what to reply; but the first question she asked was, how her sister knew she was at the play-house. Upon which Mr. Jaïson informed her of the whole late transaction, which she had just observed, but not taken much notice of. She whispered her companion, who was no other than our old acquaintance (good reader) Miss Charlotte; and,

and, on receiving her answer, told Mr. Jaifon, that if he would stay till the performance was over, she would go with him, or perhaps before, if a gentleman whom she expected should come, with whom she had some particular business, and must speak to him, according to appointment, before she left the play-house. Mr. Jaifon was greatly distressed by this reply, as he knew not how to act; being unwilling to leave Lucy, lest she should give him the slip, and being equally unwilling to keep his beloved Caroline in suspense so long. However, considering how dreadful a disappointment it would now be to her not to see her sister, and that she was herself very safe, and would be freed from all fears; he determined not to depart from Lucy, but to stay till she thought proper to go to the Shakespeare's Head with him. The play was almost finished before the expected gentleman came; and still Mr. Jaifon was obliged to wait, when the play was finished, a very long and tedious time, while they settled all matters, and made the due assignments; which finished, Miss Lucy informed Mr. Jaifon she was now ready to visit her sister with him.

They entered the Shakespeare's Head happily enough together, and Mr. Jaifon with impatience ordered the waiter to shew them up stairs to the lady whom he had left there. 'Sir!' said the waiter, hesitating. 'Shew me to the lady, I tell you, fellow, I left just now!'—'The lady, Sir!' replied the man; 'what do you mean, the lady that the bailiffs have this moment laid hold of?'—'What bailiffs—who—block—head!' replied the gentleman; 'where is the person that shewed me up stairs about an hour since! where is that man! bid him come!' Who appearing, 'Aye, you are the person!' said Mr. Jaifon, 'shew me to the lady I left!'—'Lord! poor girl, Sir!' said the fellow, sneering, 'she has met with an unlucky accident, though the common fate of most of them; so you must no be grieved, Sir; and I see you have got another to supply her loss.' Mr. Jaifon, tortured with the most distracting anxiety, caught hold of the fellow's collar, and demanded instantly

to be shewn the lady he left, and to know the meaning of such insolence. This of course caused an uproar, and the master of the tavern very politely came to enquire what was the occasion, and to offer amends, if his servants had committed any offence. ‘I left a young lady here who was ill at the play,’ said Mr. Jaison, ‘while I fetched her sister to her—that fellow shewed me a room, and I want to return to her.’—‘Good God, Sir!’ said the tavernman, ‘was she not a lady of the town?’ ‘We imagined her such, as it is very rare that a modest woman comes alone with a gentleman hither; and as soon as you was gone, some people enquiring for her, we conducted them to her; they proved to be bailiffs, who had a writ against her, and accordingly took her away screaming and crying, which, as being a thing so common hereabouts, we regarded very little, and——Good God! the gentleman’s falling!—bring some water—run—fly!’ Mr. Jaison could not support the heavy tidings, but dropped down in a fainting fit. Lucy was in the greatest distress and anxiety, and the whole house in confusion. However, at length he recovered, and desiring to be put into a room, made all possible enquiry after Caroline, his lost, and most dearly-beloved Caroline; and writing a note, dismissed it to Mrs. Stevens’s, informing them of the dreadful disaster, and his firm resolution not to rest till he found her, for whom his heart bled, and his soul was beyond measure troubled.

Lucy was obliged to retire, agreeable to her appointment: unhappy, miserable Lucy! and poor Mr. Jaison, having spent the whole night in fruitless enquiries after the place of abode, and names of the bailiffs, was obliged to return to his chambers, with the arrow festering in his heart, and just as easy as the wounded, deep-sobbing stag, who vainly labours to remove the feathered dart.

Distracted with his pain he flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawns, and seeks the silent
floods

With fruitless care ; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in his side, and rankles in his heart.

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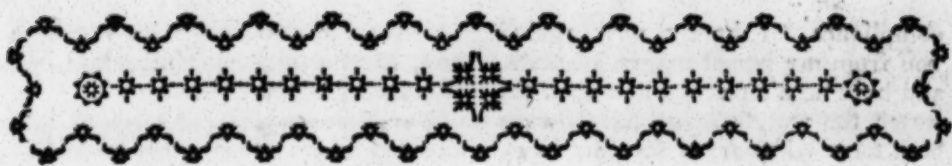
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S I S T E R S.

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BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

CAROLINE'S GREAT DISTRESS
AND ANXIETY. HER MISER-
ABLE NIGHT, AND MORE MI-
SERABLE MORNING. HER RE-
MOVAL BY MR. DOOKALB.



IF Mr. Jaifon's distress was great on the loss of Caroline, her's was infinitely greater to find herself in a small gloomy room, laid upon a miserable, tattered, dirty-bed, by the side of which stood a female, horrid of aspect, and terrible to behold, with a glimmering candle in one hand, and a bottle in the other; some of whose contents she offered to Caroline, as soon as she unclosed her eyes, enquiring, with a rough hoarse tone of voice, though it seemed greatly softened from it's natural harshness, how she found herself, and what she would chuse to have? Caroline raised herself up, and looking beyond the bed, saw by a little glimmering fire two men, grim and dreadful, whose looks struck terror through her soul, and whose voices made her tremble in every limb. The woman again renewed her requests, to know what she chose; to which Caroline replied only, by asking where she was, and how she came thither, and why she was thus confined? The woman informed her, that it was the house of one of those gentlemen who sat by the fire,

her worthy husband, an officer of the county, or in other terms a bailiff, who had, with the other gentleman, been the means of seizing and conveying her hither by a writ granted for that purpose; and that at present she must submit to continue in confinement, though possibly it might not last longer than this night only. 'However,' said she, 'I will make matters very easy to you; you shall have a pair of clean sheets to your bed, and whatever you like, and nobody shall molest you, unless you prefer company, mine or my husband's, or any of the ladies in the house. Some of them, I can assure you, Madam, are of the first rate, and very agreeable diverting ladies too.' Caroline replied, she had no mind at all to see any company in her present melancholy circumstances; but desired, after having asked the gentleman, her husband, a question or two, to be left alone. The bailiff hearing this arose, and with a bold and assuming air, demanded to be informed what she would know of him.—Caroline trembled at his voice and appearance. 'I would only know, Sir,' said she, 'at whose instigation you have conveyed me hither, and what I have done to merit this treatment at your hands.'—'Nay, Madam,' replied he, 'as to that matter, gentlemen of our profession don't stand much upon merit; we neither regard friend nor foe, when our king and the laws demand our com-

‘ compliance. I have a writ against you from my honest master Dookalb, and have been a pretty while upon the watch for you, but you have always been too well guarded for me; however I have kidnapped you at last, as I would have you know I seldom fail. I never failed above once in my life: my master Dookalb knows my excellence well, or he would not employ me so often. Don’t imagine you are the first I have taken for him; and I think I never took one more cleverly in all my life.’ Caroline could scarce refrain from tears; deep sighs bespoke the anguish of her heart. ‘ And, pray, Sir,’ continued she, ‘ how did you proceed after your fallacious admission to the room where I was?’ (for the bailiffs sent up word to Caroline, that they had a message from Mr. Jaisson to deliver to her; and she, suspecting no wrong, had given them leave to come in, upon which they seized her, and she immediately, through the violence of the fright, fell into a swoon, from whence she did but now perfectly recover.) ‘ O, Madam,’ continued the bailiff, ‘ we did not much mind your fainting and fits, and so on, for these are common tricks to gain time: but my brother and I took you in our arms; you are not very heavy you know, Madam; and brought you here to my dwelling, which is not far from where we laid hold on you, and to which you are kindly welcome. Call for what you like.’—‘ Barbarous, cruel treatment, indeed!’ said Caroline. ‘ But it is no matter: pray, may I not be permitted the use of pen and ink, to inform my friends of this misfortune, that they may rescue me, and pay you all your demands?’—‘ No, no,’ quoth the bailiff’s wife, ‘ no pen and ink here; Mr. Dookalb must see to that. Never fear, he will take care of you. —But what will you have to take care of yourself? come, let us procure you something.’—‘ Pray, good woman,’ said Caroline, ‘ leave me alone, and be anxious for yourself. I don’t want, nor will have any thing; leave me alone; perhaps I may sleep, and so better refresh my wearied spirits.’ They pressed her much to the use of liquors, or the company of some worthy gentlemen in the house, as well as ladies; all which Caroline refused, and persisted in her request, that she might

be left alone; which, with much regret, murmuring, and discontent, was at length granted to her.

Never was night spent amidst more anxiety, more torture, and uneasiness; for as she could not see the event of this most dreadful action, she pictured to herself the most frightful consequences, and imagined the most consummate destruction. Now almost on the brink of felicity, to be so snatched away from that man, the reflection on whose sufferings for her sake much augmented her own, and made the bitter cup still more bitter; to be again in the power of a monster in iniquity, and to be totally separated from all relief; plunged her well-nigh into despair, and rendered every thought distracting. But, above all these, the mournful and melancholy recollection of what must befall her unhappy parents, should she too be destroyed, added double weight to every woe, and rendered her agony well-nigh insupportable. However, she firmly resolved, (and fervently asked of Heaven its gracious assistance to support her in the resolution) rather to suffer all the severest miseries of life; all

That age, ach, penury, imprisonment,
Cou’d lay on nature;

than ever to comply with any thing unbecoming the strictest virtue, and inconsistent with the purest honour.

Thus strengthened, and thus determined, she waited in the most uneasy and anxious solicitude for the approach of the morning, that she might have some knowledge of her fate, and the design of this most dreadful seizure. But when the morning came, she could have wished almost that darkness had reigned eternal; for the first object that presented itself to her view was no other than Dookalb! At the very first sight of him she fainted away; and it was with great difficulty that they recovered her, weak and over fatigued as she was with a night of such dread, horror, and distress. Her illness prevented any conversation for the present, and Mr. Dookalb was obliged to remove her in a chair to a proper place which he had provided for her. The good people of the house took wonderful great care of her, and by their kind offices she was ere long restored to a tolerable degree of strength; which being made known to Mr.

Mr. Dookalb, he came with great concern and tenderness to enquire after his cousin's welfare. Distress and despair frequently raise the soul above itself, and give a degree of boldness and resolution which at other times are not to be found in the same person. It was thus with Caroline; whom, though made up of meekness, the sense of Mr. Dookalb's injuries so much affected, and the apprehension of her own danger so much aroused, that on his entrance into the room, she arose, advanced with hasty steps towards him, and looking him full in the face, 'Bafe, wicked man!' said she, 'as you will one day answer it before the throne of God, tell me what is your design, and why you have laid this snare to entrap me? Are you resolved upon my ruin? Is not the destruction of one sister sufficient? Are you bent upon the total overthrow of a poor miserable family? Cruel, cruel monster! I charge you dismiss me, or vengeance will attend my prayers; and you——' 'Pray, good young lady,' quoth he, calm and sweet as summer, 'why so angry? why so fierce and furious? you will do yourself harm, my child; you will make yourself ill again; I am afraid for your health: sit down, and let us talk coolly together.'—'Oh, cursed hypocrisy!' cried she; 'and must I bear this too—Well, Sir, and what is it you would say—let me hear—justify yourself. Why have you robbed me of my liberty? why am I made a slave?'—'You are neither robbed of liberty nor made a slave of by me, Miss,' said he. 'I propose to give you liberty, and to free you from slavery, if you are wise enough to accept my offers; but you have ever thwarted my endeavours, my honest, zealous endeavours, for your welfare.' Caroline fixed her eyes stedfastly upon his, shook her head, and burst into tears. He went on: 'As your parents entrusted you to my care, it behoves me to consult your interest, and to guard against evils that threaten your ruin. You cannot but remember, that on your first coming to town you contracted a very large debt with Mr. Wilson the apothecary, who attended you long: he was determined to have his money; and, as I had no farther concern, (and indeed, to my great sorrow, did not so much as know where you was) gained my con-

sent to use such measures as he should find proper towards the recovery of his debt. It was on account of this, child, that you was seized and carried to a place of hold. He informed me immediately, and promised to proceed no farther than was agreeable to my directions. As soon, therefore, as I had received the information, I hastened to deliver you from the disagreeable house where I found you, and procured a lodging, which I hope you will approve. But remember, cousin, the bill must be paid; here it is. The sum total (for it is to little purpose to regard apothecary's *items*) is only a trifle; let me see—only twenty-five pounds; but it must be paid, cousin, and I suppose, in your present exigencies, that may be a larger sum than you are mistress of.'—'Oh,' cried Caroline, 'was there ever so black a scheme! malicious, worthless man! to cast your evil on others, to contrive such a method to distress me, and all under the colour of the highest friendship! Twenty-five pounds for a few paltry drugs, not worth so many shillings! But give me the bill, and let me have leave to go, and you shall have your money, if that will satisfy you. True, in my present exigencies, I am not mistress of so much; but know, Sir, that the wretched find friends, and real ones too.'—'I do not doubt, Miss, but a young lady of your person and merits may find friends enough,' said Mr. Dookalb; 'but that is the very reason why I am so anxiously concerned for your felicity: it is pity, great pity, so beautiful and amiable a young creature as yourself should be so early given up, abandoned, and destroyed; and I must honestly confess, that your situation, when I heard it, very much alarmed and aroused me; since I am no stranger to the intrigues and arts of that gentleman, whom, I am sorry to say, you falsely imagined your friend.'—'That gentleman,' said Caroline, 'well deserves your censure; it is the sure stamp of his excellence: and know, that the smallest grain of his worth would out-weigh all that you ever had, or ever will have, in your whole life. But I shall not attempt to say any thing in his behalf; he is best able to justify himself. For myself, Sir, I beg leave to inform you, that I
' would

‘ would rather suffer the misery of being constantly tormented by you, than be that abandoned prostituted wretch you long since would have made me, and now villainously suspect me to be. All your arts are in vain; virtue is on my side, and I defy you. Either, therefore, set me at full liberty, and you shall receive your demand, or let me assure you, that however you may distress me, you shall never conquer me, though my life be the consequence, and my blood spilt rise up in judgment against you.’—‘ You grow perfectly tragical, cousin!’ said Dookalb; ‘ I think you was caught at a tragedy. Well, well, your high stomach will, nay, must come down, and you will speedily see your real interest: it shall be my endeavour to shew it you. I will not forsake you now, and I will warrant you shall serve me no more slippery tricks. Look you, Madam, you are by the laws fully and entirely in my power; and if you will consult your advantage, you will readily comply with the prudent measures I shall suggest. This rant of resolution and stuff we are used to, you know; and I dare say you do not imagine that I regard it in the least. I must look to myself, and answer well to my friends; and in order thereto, I must neither let you go from hence, nor regard any opposition to the purpose for which you are intended, which is to make you extremely happy with all that this world can give. If you are so wayward as to stand out and oppose your own felicity, mine is not the fault; but it would be my fault, if I did not compel you to receive it. If I saw my friend in a fever, and knew a draught that would perfectly cure him, I should be greatly to blame if I did not administer it, in spite of all his dislike and opposition to it.—So, good cousin, pray think a little on this matter, till I see you again. Here is every thing at your command: whatsoever you want, pray order, and nothing shall be refused to your wishes.’ So saying, he smiled, bowed, and departed.

CHAP. II.

CAROLINE’S FARTHER DISTRESS. A VISIT TO HER FROM A FORMER

ACQUAINTANCE. THE CONSEQUENCE OF IT. MR. JAISON’S ANXIETY, DISTRESS, AND SUFFERINGS.

CAROLINE sat down, overpowered with distress; and, lost in melancholy, had not any reflection of the miserable state she was in; benumbed, as it were, and stupified with her grief. But what a dreadful summons was it to recollection, to be awakened from this reverie on the appearance and approach of that detestable woman, whom she so much abhorred, Mrs. Searchwell! She arose and screamed out at the sight of her; crying with a piteous voice, ‘ Then I am undone! then I am miserable indeed!’—‘ Are you so in good truth,’ quoth the old beldame, clapping her arms a kembo, pronouncing a most emphatical hum, and darting keen firebrands from her little red eye: for there is just the same love and tenderness found presiding in the bosoms of such gentle ladies to women of a contrary disposition, in the bosoms of bawds to females of modesty and virtue, that there is found in the heart of a savage and hungry wolf to an innocent lamb. Their contrariety is no less than their antipathy; and therefore we cannot be surprized, that Mrs. Searchwell’s spirit was somewhat fired at such a reception from Miss Caroline, whom she so much despised, as being utterly in her power, and so much hated, as being absolutely averse to her wicked intentions and practices. It was, indeed, contrary to Mr. Dookalb’s orders, that the old lady made so sudden and abrupt a visit: he had directed that no interruption should be given to Caroline for some little time, and that all imaginable respect and deference should be paid to her. But Mrs. Searchwell had so great an opinion of her own address and management, and besides so strong a curiosity to see and examine this wayward fair-one, that she scrupled not at all to break through Mr. Dookalb’s injunctions, and to visit the young lady immediately upon his departure. She was ignorant that Caroline had heretofore been at her house; as how indeed could she remember any thing at that time, when the reader may recollect she was in such a dreadful confusion and fury of disappointment? She expected, however, by no means such a reception, and

and was perfectly confounded at Caroline's behaviour, on her entrance into the room, yet speedily rallying, she sat down, and begged of the young lady to be seated too; professing herself perfectly amazed, that there could be any thing in her appearance so horrid and frightful, to occasion such amazement and dread; and adding, that doubtless she mistook her for some other person, who had given her, perhaps, reason thus to be terrified and shocked. 'No, no!' said Caroline, shaking her hands, and weeping with violent agony; 'I am not mistaken—would to God I were! I know you too well! I can never forget that horrid interview—wretch that I am, to fall into such hands, where certain ruin awaits me, and where compassion was never found to succour the afflicted!—Gracious God!' (continued she, falling on her knees, and clasping her hands together with uncommon fervour) 'oh, thou hast promised never to fail those that seek thee! I have now no trust, no hope but thee! deliver me, thy poor unworthy servant, from the hands of such cruel destroyers; and either rescue me with my innocence uninjured, or now, O now! take away this burdensome life from me!' while she was uttering which, Mrs. Searchwell stole softly out of the room, and Caroline long continued immovable in the same posture, with her eyes, her hands, and her heart jointly and sincerely elevated to Heaven! Turning round at length, she perceived Mrs. Searchwell retired; and something of an assuring hope so gleamed that instant upon her heart, that I have heard her often declare, she felt, for that moment, more peace, joy, and satisfaction, than she ever enjoyed before in the course of her whole life. She arose, and applied herself to the windows, imagining she might possibly behold some people passing by, and give them information of her misery. But Mr. Dookalb did not use to be such a mean contriver in villainy; the windows were well and strongly barred with iron, and looked only upon a dark and dismal passage, where none ever came but those who belonged to the house. What hope then could she have of deliverance? what thoughts of a rescue, where all things thus conspired to perfect her overthrow, and to plunge her in destruction. She had no other prospect before her

eyes; all was gloom and misery; and, on every hand, nothing but thick darkness, distress, and sorrow, encompassed her. Revolving every circumstance, and deeply meditating on every scene of her past and present sufferings, a sad despair sat upon her mind, and she was sunk in a melancholy, little inferior to the total loss of her senses.

Such was the miserable situation of Caroline. We cannot expect to find poor Mr. Jaison in any much better circumstances: after a vain and fruitless enquiry all the night, he endeavoured at the approach of the morning to recruit his spirits a little, and for that purpose, dressed as he was, laid himself on the bed to sleep; but what has sleep to do with the wretched!

He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he
forsakes;
Swift on his downy pillows flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear.

Vain was the attempt, for he was no sooner laid along, than it struck into his mind, that possibly his beloved, his only wish and only pleasure, might by some means or other be returned to Mrs. Stevens. There seemed something supernatural in the thought; something like a secret and certain intelligence, such as every man has experienced, and fondly pleased himself with more or less in his pilgrimage amidst ten thousand invisible beings, that guard and direct his way through this desert world. He arose, sprung from the bed, and with quick and hasty steps strode away to Mrs. Stevens's. The family were not used to arise so early; however he roused them all, and demanded tidings of his Caroline: but, alas! vain was the enquiry; she was not there: they would have asked of him; they wanted equally with him to know the sad tale. His heart was too full to relate; all his soul was on the stretch, to devise some means to recover the jewel, not to rehearse the method how he lost it. A second thought again darted like lightning into his working and agitated mind, that he would in all the papers advertise her, with a considerable reward. No sooner did this arise in his thoughts, than he proceeded to execution, and penning a proper advertisement, with a hundred pounds reward for any that could bring him in-

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formation, he sent it to the press; but unhappily too late for the day's morning papers, much to his chagrin and disappointment: in the evening papers, however, it obtained a place. This point dispatched, he again returned and renewed his enquiries at the Shakespeare's Head, leaving particular injunctions concerning their noting and sending to him either of the bailiffs, if they should appear there again, and be known by any of the family. Nor did he rest here: he enquired out the dwellings of the most eminent bailiffs, went to them, and particularly sought of them some information: but still in vain; promises, bribes, and threats were of no avail, as possibly they could not be so. And Mr. Jaifon had the horror to see another night well nigh spent, and no tidings of Caroline yet attained; no hopes of a recovery; not the least glimpse of her who was all his light and happiness, all his glory and desire.

C H A P. III.

CAROLINE'S STILL FARTHER DISTRESS. MR. DOOKALB'S AND MRS. SEARCHWELL'S CONSULTATION, &c.

ABUNDANT fatigue and weariness, both of body and mind, compelled Mr. Jaifon to sleep this night, though his rest was little less troublesome than his waking: he again renewed all the labour of the day, and had not even the pleasure of recovering in fancy, what he so earnestly wished in reality to enjoy. And never did Caroline stand more in need of his assistance. Some little time after her departure from the room, Mrs. Searchwell, out of her great kindness, sent one of her nieces to enquire of the young lady what she would chuse to eat and drink, as something was necessary for the recruiting of her spirits. The messenger on her entrance was not a little surprized to behold Caroline laid along upon the floor, her hand supporting her languid head, her eyes fixed and stedfast, whence full tears stole insensibly down her cheeks, and her lovely auburn locks hanging dishevelled about her head. She spoke and curtsied; but Caroline took no notice: she again renewed her address, but equally unobserved; and not daring to ad-

vance farther, stood with the door half open, and a third time requested to know what she would be pleased to eat or drink; and whether she would not arise from that uneasy posture. Caroline then turned her eyes, and shaking her head, replied, 'It is far from uneasy to me, child—*When the mind's at ease, the body's delicate.*—Ah, poor father!—cruelty in a child is strangely unnatural: ah, me! what a long story have I to tell! how pitiful! sure it will make you cry like me; for indeed I don't deserve such barbarous usage. It was, but two years ago, and I was so happy—but it is gone, quite gone, and I am content to be miserable! If I could but die!—ah, poor Lucy!—dear, dear sister—what a thing it is to think of!' Thus she was proceeding, when the girl withdrew, and in a strange affright told Mrs. Searchwell, that the woman was certainly mad. She, by no means unused to such tricks, as she called them, d——d the girl for a fresh-water fool, and waddled away, to know the truth of this deplorable relation. She opened the door with some force, and fixing her eyes on Caroline, who still remained in the same posture, 'Hey day,' quoth she, 'what's here to do, miss? up, up, and no more of these vagaries, or I shall find some means to make you!'—'I know you will!' said Caroline, starting up, and trembling in every joint—'Pray, pray tell me where I am to go next; but don't kill me quite.'—'Kill you!' replied Mrs. Searchwell; 'you are a pretty young devil: what would you lay murder to my charge—ha, would you so? but I'll do for you, I warrant. Come, come, sit down in peace and quietness, do as you are ordered, and nobody shall hurt a hair of your head. None of this fooling and nonsense; let's have no more of it. What do you think people have nothing to do but to wait on such peevish perverse devils as you are?'—'Is she dead, Madam!' said Caroline, 'quite cold and dead? The poor girl! sure she is not dead yet; I would die with her, if you please.'—'What a plague does she mean now!' said the mother; 'she seems not to be in her senses, indeed. Who dead? who do you mean, child? what makes you talk of dying?'—'Nay,' said Caroline, 'it was but three days ago—and I fancied myself in heaven! but woe
' is

is me! I shall never go thither, for I lost my guide; he was drowned, and I saw him sink.—Oh, that I could but have sunk down with him!—‘There’s no talking with her now,’ said the old woman to her nieces; ‘we must consult what to do. Let us go—see, fasten the door: would the devil had the picking the bones of all your cursed proud, modest, virtuous b——es!’ Just as she was descending down stairs, Mr. Dookalb made his appearance, to whom she related the above with several aggravating circumstances: and those two ministers of darkness laid their heads together how best to proceed in the grand affair of her ruin. Plain it was to both of them, that they could never hope to succeed by any fair means; persuasion they found perfectly fruitless: but then the great point to be considered was, how not to lose the profits of her first prostitution; for the profits arising from hence are to these kind of traders generally very considerable. It was not possible to introduce her as they could wish; the only scheme, therefore, which they could devise, was to agree with a friend, whom they had ready, for the first enjoyment of her, and to put him privately to bed to her, when she was asleep, secure, and thinking no evil. Thus they concerted and planned the ruin of this miserable girl; not at all moved, nor in the least affected, that her senses seemed disturbed, and her mind entirely disordered. Alas! that any of the human species should ever arrive at such a pitch of iniquity! that any bearing the stamp of humanity should be able to contrive such diabolical mischief! But worse than worst of all is it, that a woman should thus give up all that is valuable in her sex, abandon all remorse, and be thus mad in cruelty and guilt. What must we think of those who encourage such wretches, who frequent such houses, and become themselves the chief means of so much sin, sorrow, infamy, and distress! Ye sons of pleasure, ye children of shame, reflect, and be admonished—enter not the gates of the wicked woman; for scorpions are in her chambers, and in her dwellings lurk poisonous adders. Take them not to thy bosom, cherish them not to thy own destruction; for they will wound, they will sting thee, even after the most mortal sort: they will sting thy soul; and to what physician

canst thou apply for so deadly a disease?

Not all the poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Can ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,

that blest repose, which in innocence thou hast enjoyed, and which only is the gift of uprightness and integrity; for no man, alas! can minister to a mind diseased—

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written tables of the brain;
Nor with a sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff’d bosom of that perilous
stuff

Which weighs upon the heart.

Beware therefore of so dangerous, so incurable a distemper; keep thy footsteps from any approaches to evil, and guard well thy heart from every incentive to iniquity: so shall sweet repose play cheerfully around thee, and the children of true virtue constantly delight, bless, comfort, and secure thee.

CHAP. IV.

DOOKALB AGREES WITH A JEW FOR THE FIRST ENJOYMENT OF CAROLINE. SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE HUMANITY OF THE JEWS. MR. JAISON’S ILL SUCCESS AND CHAGRIN. HE MEETS WITH MISS JENNY AND MR. FORTEBRAND. FALLS INTO AN UNLUCKY QUARREL, AND PREPARES TO FIGHT.

THE matter being perfectly settled between Mrs. Searchwell and Mr. Dookalb, who were to go snacks in the profits arising from Caroline’s first debauchery, as also in the next sale of her to the honourable station of a mistress, Dookalb took upon him to inform their friend, whom they proposed to favour with this happy enjoyment, this *blest* destruction of an innocent girl. The gentleman fixed upon was a man, indeed, to say truth, not of the Christian religion; though, I fear, it will yet reflect no honour upon Christians in general. One would conceive it impossible, did not daily experience prove the contrary, for a Christian to perpetrate such black crimes against any of those whom his religion obliges to love as himself,

to esteem as brethren and sisters, and to honour in the same degree that he honours his own body, interest, and reputation. I say, one would conceive it impossible for Christians to do such things; but there is no great wonder, that a Jew should be glad and ready to defile and destroy a Christian virgin; since, besides the pleasures of enjoyment, there is also a double pleasure in feeding his cankered revenge, in that he deflowers a maiden of theirs, whose name he hates, and whose every interest and blessing he would rejoice to blast, mildew, and destroy, as he blasts and destroys the innocence of the unhappy virgin. The reader will want no farther information, that the person pitched upon on this occasion was a Jew. He was also, we may be assured, a wealthy one; he was also a man advanced in years: nay, he was a husband too; and more than that, a father of sons and daughters! As soon as Mr. Dookalb informed him of the acceptable news, that Mrs. Searchwell had at that time a young lady, of inimitable charms, a person fit for a monarch, wanton, warm, and pleasing, unenjoyed, and yet untouched by man, with a skin white and smooth as the down of a swan, hair brown as the hazle, eyes striking fire at every glance, bosom heaving with throbs of amorous extasy; and much, very much besides:—and that out of her singular friendship to him, at such a price, he, even he only, should have the high rapture of ridding her virginity. Soon as Dookalb informed him hereof, his black shining eyes rolled with greedy rapture, his mouth churned, and he gave a deadly smile of approbation, bespeaking at once his delight and his rancour. So when the wolf that has long prowled around the fold, at length seizes the snowy lamb which the shepherds have secured from his hungry jaws; he sharpens his teeth with great fury, rolls with livid indignation his fiery eye-balls, and with joyful fierceness tears the quivering limbs of the bleating innocent, and quaffs with delight the warm life's flood as it spouts from the tender veins:—thus did the Jew, even now, riot in imagination; and clasping Mr. Dookalb's hand with inexpressible force, assured his good friend, that nothing could so much oblige him, and that he would punctually be there at the hour and time ap-

pointed. Thus far all succeeds well, and to the wishes of these destroyers: thus far fortune sails along with them; and every scheme which they concert is happily prosperous to the ruin of Caroline, and to the satiating their hellish revenge, and thirst of money. Let us a while leave her in this fearful situation, and return to Mr. Jaïson, whom, I fear, we shall find in no less distress, though in less danger; in no less anxiety and horror, though in far less probability of destruction and misery.

He arose early in the morning, renewed his former enquiries, but fruitless as at first; and under the apprehension of every misfortune, dragged his lifeless limbs to the house of Mrs. Stevens. In vain was every consolation from the good Mrs. Hodson; unavailing every gleam of comfort proposed, every shadow of hope offered to him. To say truth, that excellent woman was little less concerned and afflicted, than he, for the loss of poor Caroline; and though Mrs. Stevens observed something more in Mr. Jaïson than a common anxiety, yet she attributed all to the goodness of her nephew's heart, and was, amidst her sorrow for Caroline, pleased with the humanity and tender benevolence of Mr. Jaïson. When the mind is uneasy and dissatisfied, every place soon grows tedious and displeasing; we carry our own happiness or misery always in our own bosoms. Hence it was that Mr. Jaïson was quickly tired with this company, and again sallied forth to search and see, though hopeless of finding, and perfectly abandoned to despair. Mrs. Hodson, as well as Mrs. Stevens, was of opinion, that, without doubt, Caroline was by some means fallen into the hands of Mr. Dookalb; a matter which Mr. Jaïson also thoroughly and perfectly believed; but he was assured he could not procure any information from Dookalb himself, whom he had so severely treated, and with whom he had made so great a breach. He was therefore in a perfect mist which way to proceed, and knew not how to direct himself, or what scheme to propose, that he might find out the villainy, and detect the fraud. He considered with himself, whether he could not seize Dookalb upon suspicion; and with this vain design in his head, determined to consult one of his friends, eminent in the law; but in the

the interim, he bethought himself of setting Peter, his man, honest Peter, to work with Mr. Dookalb's servant, if possible, to obtain some information from them. With this resolution he returned to his chambers; but to his mortification found Peter absent, though he had given him a particular and exact charge to be at home. Enraged and disappointed, he sat down and wept, agitated and tossed about by such a variety of disturbing passions: a little recovered at length, he made the best of his way to his friend the lawyer's. He too was absent; and thus continually disappointed, vexed, and chagrined, he knew not what course to take, or whither to apply himself for ease of mind, and any tolerable alleviation of his distresses. As crossing Fleet Street, absorbed in melancholy, and thus sunk in grief, in a small private court, a female voice assaulted him, and a gentle pat on the shoulder caused him to turn; when behold Miss Jenny Stevens, with a smart young spark attending her! She began with telling him, she could not help laughing most egregiously to see him so down-cast, so hanging his head, and looking positively like a man of fifty! She rallied him prettily on the occasion, and went on to inform him, that she had a most *dear* piece of news to acquaint him with, which was; that sweet ***** mouth was quite well again, and he proposed to sing the next night at the house. 'I assure you, Sir,' said the gentleman attending her, 'it is very true; I breakfasted myself with Mr. ***** at his girl's this morning; and "a fine boy she has brought him in—deed; a very fine boy, upon my honour!"—"Impertinent nonsense!" replied Mr. Jaïson; what is all this folly to me?—think you, I concern myself with the idle affairs of ***** and the scenes of vice and infamy transacted by men who deserve not the notice of a gentleman, and who should be mentioned only with pity or scorn? And do you imagine, Sir, it reflects any honour upon yourself to boast of an intimacy with such persons, and a knowledge of the dark scenes of their shame and iniquity? If you do, I leave you to enjoy the honour, and am your very humble servant.'—'Hold, hold, Sir!' said Jenny's beau: 'you are not gone yet, d—e; —you are not gone yet; d—e, Sir,

'I assure you, upon my honour, you are not!—No, no, we must talk a little more on this head.—What do you mean, Sir? I am as good a gentleman, Sir, as yourself—d—e, Sir, am I! and not used to take such treatment.—I wear a sword, Sir—here it is—I say, I wear a sword, Sir; and expect you to give me satisfaction, Sir, —d—e do I, Sir, upon my honour, ha!'—'Step into the coach, young gentleman,' said Mr. Jaïson, softly, 'and leave your lady to find her way home alone; we'll go and decide the matter wherever you shall be pleased to appoint.'—'O aye, Sir,' quoth he, 'with all my heart.—By'e my dear, dear Jenny, I'll just go do for this youth; just make the light shine through his body—d—e! and then, my dear, and then!—you understand me, child—ha, say no more!'—'O lord, Mr. Fortebrand,' said Jenny, 'pray let me go!—I never saw a duel in my life; I never saw a man killed since I was born; I long to see a man killed: pray let me go with you! Dear Mr. Fortebrand, don't stick him; don't stick poor Mr. Jaïson, without he'll let me go and see you do it!'

Vexed and dissatisfied as Mr. Jaïson was, he could not forbear laughing at the folly and impertinence of this idle girl; and at the same time reflecting upon the absurdity of regarding any affront from so insignificant a wretch as this gay gallant spirit, Mr. Fortebrand, in whose blood, perhaps, by this means, he might imbrue his hands, and be made, for a foolish word or two, the object of both human and Divine judgment. The consideration of offending the latter, and falling into the hands of angered Omnipotence, for spilling the blood of one of his creatures, so wrought upon him, that he even shuddered at the thought, and turned pale upon the recollection of his near approach to the act. Mr. Fortebrand observed this, and construed it, not unreasonably, into fear; even into fear of his dreadful and puissant self, who had thus boldly challenged, and thus shewed his high courage and exalted spirit. It is not to be wondered at, if he triumphed somewhat on the occasion, and with an air of great contempt, 'Come, come, Sir,' said he, 'let us have no trifling!—for my part, I am resolved to vindicate my honour: d—e, a man's honour, Sir, is better than

‘than his life!—What is life without honour?—As to the lady, I should be always glad to oblige a lady; but I leave that to you, Sir; you may do as you please. I am at present hungry only for honour; my soul, d—e, is athirst only for reputation.—Come, Sir, let us try: yours or mine.’—‘I believe,’ said Mr. Jaifon, ‘it might be better, Sir, if we saw this young lady home first, and cooled a little upon this rash hasty matter: there is no reason why you or I should be the means of each other’s destruction; and for my own part, as I by no means desire to die just yet, so am I by no means desirous to rob you of life.’—‘No, no, Sir,’ replied Fortebrand; ‘of that I believe there is not much danger—I believe there is not much danger of that: d—e, if I am not surprised, that there should be such scoundrels in the world, as dare to affront a man of honour or his friends, and then not have the courage to make him satisfaction. I don’t understand, I say, Sir, that there should be such scoundrels.’—‘No hard language, neither, Sir!’ said Mr. Jaifon; ‘be-ware of that; it ill becomes the gentleman and the man of honour, which you so boast yourself to be: but I think, and I hope in so thinking I behave like a gentleman, that for such slight matters, it is scarce worth while to endanger both our lives every way, to the sword and to justice; and to the justice of the Supreme Avenger of blood, no less than to that of the temporal judge—and therefore, if you think like me, you will be glad that we quit scores, and leave each other just as we were at first.’—‘None of your cant, Sir; none of your d—d hypocritical cant, Sir,’ replied Fortebrand, ‘of Supreme Avengers, and hell and the devil—I fear neither one nor t’other—I have been better educated, Sir—I have had wiser and better notions than all this instilled into me—old wives tales to keep fools and children in awe—Come, come, Sir, none of this—I say, you are a coward, a scoundrel, and a poltroon—and I’ll post you for such in every coffee-house, if you don’t fight, Sir—if you do not—Sir—draw your little blade, and let me touch you a death-tip under the fifth rib of your left-side—d—e, Sir?’—‘Aye, do, do, Mr. Fortebrand;

‘do, if he won’t fight—so I would, I am sure, if I was a man!’ said Jenny. Mr. Jaifon was fired with resentment at this, and could not restrain his choler—but taking him by the arm, ‘Come, friend,’ said he, ‘I attend you!—No trifling now—for, by the eternal heavens, I’ll chastise that insolent tongue of yours!’ So saying, he advanced towards a coach, and they stepped into it, leaving Miss Jenny much chagrined and much discontented behind; who, nevertheless called another coach, ordered the coachman to drive after that in which the gentlemen before her were, and to follow it wherever it went. The conversation being nothing particular, or diverting enough to find a place in this our history, we will endeavour to amuse the reader awhile with a short account of Mr. Fortebrand, while our heroes hasten over the stony streets, and are rapidly rattled to the scene of combat; where, O god of war, we invoke thy presence, fierce clattering thy brazen shield! and bring with thee, too, thy favourite queen of love; she perchance may soothe every difference, and cause olive-crowned peace to interpose between these fiery heroes, death-denouncing, and big with the hopes of destruction.

CHAP. VI.

MR. FORTEBRAND’S EDUCATION AND CHARACTER. THE FATAL CONSEQUENCE OF THE DUEL. PETER’S ANXIOUS ENQUIRY AFTER HIS MASTER. A NOTE FROM MISS JENNY. IT’S EFFECTS, AND PETER’S FARTHER ANXIETY.

MR. Fortebrand was the eldest and favourite son of an eminent and wealthy merchant; who, so exceeding great was his fondness for this darling child, could scarce ever suffer him from his sight; much less could he be persuaded to send him out to school, lest masters should be harsh, and not kind enough to him, and lest the poor little boy should be whipped and ill-used: for which reason he placed him at a neighbouring academy, the master of which was one of those commonly known by the name of *Undertakers*: that is, to explain the term, one who *undertakes* to keep a school or *Academy*, (as they are pleased to call it) though himself utterly





Plate III.

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utterly unqualified for the business; which therefore he performs by certain persons called assistants or ushers, over which he is the supreme governor; and as carrying a very grave, sedate, and composed outside, obtains the character of a very wise and learned man; while content with that character, he maintains himself well, and clears a considerable sum of money. Under one of these gentlemen little Master Fortebrand began his studies: and here he was taught to dance, fence, write, cypher, talk French, to read his Accidence, and ride the great horse. And having continued here near twelve years, came out perfectly adroit in the principal parts of these sciences; being esteemed to dance, to ride, and to fence, as well as any young gentleman of the present age. His father, being a man of considerable fortune, and daily encreasing his estate, determined to bring his son up a gentleman; that is to say, he determined to bring him up to nothing; and for that purpose he made him a present of a pair of bays, and a genteel phaeton, and allowing him a considerable stipend, gave him to know he was to be his own master. He had above all this the felicity to fall into the hands of an usher at the academy, who was a professed deist, or free-thinker; or, if you please, a reviler of religion in general. A strict acquaintance was contracted between these two worthies, and Mr. Fortebrand imbibed all Mr. Brushabout's *religious sentiments*: so that he sate very easy as to obligations of that sort, and could see no kind of moral turpitude, in keeping a girl, in debauching a wife, in shuffling at a gaming-table, in duelling, drinking, and a long *et cetera*. Fraught with principles like these, he lived what the gay world calls a polite life. He had genteel apartments at the other end of the town, occupied by as genteel a lady: he was constant at every publick place, intimate with every person of quality and taste, and deep in the secrets of the town; insomuch that he was esteemed one of the most knowing, as well as the most gallant *men of the town*. For there are, readers, men of the town, as well as women; and believe me, the term is no less reproachful to one than the other. Such was Mr. Fortebrand's birth, life, and education: so that we find Mr. Jaifon had an enemy to encounter, much more important

and formidable, than, I dare venture to pronounce, he appeared at first, either to Mr. Jaifon or the reader: however, it was now impossible for either to retract, stripped as they were for the combat, and ready to engage in the most private part of the Green Park, the place agreed upon and destined for one of their falls! Mr. Jaifon had conceived so poor and base an opinion of his antagonist, that he imagined he would not dare to fight when they came to the very point; or that, if he did, a slight wound would terrify him, and put an end to the quarrel. But how greatly was he deceived, to find him well skilled in the science, and calling for the utmost care to ward off his thrusts, and to parry his excellent sets? Mr. Jaifon, however, was no less skilled in the science, and obliged, by self-defence, to exert all his activity and art. It accordingly proved successful, and a well-made pass entered his side, and down fell the vanquished, groaning hero to the ground! Mr. Jaifon desired to shake hands, and proceeding according to the rules of honour established on such occasions, promised to make the best of his way for a surgeon, and in great fear and precipitation, retired from this unhappy, miserable field of combat. Jenny, by some mistake of the coachman, did not arrive till the duel was ended, and with big woe and lamentation she wept over the bleeding wound of her lover; her dear, gallant, charming man! She staunched the blood with her apron, and called aloud for assistance: however, before any could be procured on her part, a surgeon came from Mr. Jaifon, who took proper care of Mr. Fortebrand, and at his request conveyed him to his house in Park-Street. There we will leave him a while, and the disconsolate lady attending him, while we return to some more material concern in our story, and see to some more important points, which appear to deserve our attention.

At least so we must conclude from honest Peter; whom his master, as we may remember, left his chambers with particular injunctions not to depart from thence; and whose departure, perhaps, was one principal occasion of this unhappy affair, which so perplexed, distressed, and afflicted him. Mr. Jaifon had not been long gone from Mrs. Stevens's, when Peter, out of breath, and in a full sweat, came thither to enquire

quire for his master. Miserably chagrined was he to find him departed from thence. 'Plague on't,' quoth he; in the hearing of Mrs. Hodson, 'this is always the case, when I have any good news for him!' Which she eagerly catching at, desired to know the particulars of it; what it was he had to acquaint his master with; and whether it was any thing concerning Miss Caroline. Peter shook his head, and sighed deeply, wishing he could but find his master, for as to his news it concerned nobody but him; though, in truth, it was about Miss Caroline: and so saying, he took to his heels, and away he ran in quest of Mr. Jaïson. He sought him at every coffee-house, and at every tavern, which he usually frequented: he enquired of every acquaintance and companion; and perfectly unsuccessful, returned home to his master's chambers, and cursed his ill fortune in the bitterness of his spirit. The poor fellow did not know what course to take, or how to direct himself. He resolved, however, to return again to Mrs. Stevens, to renew his enquiry—but, alas! every thing there was dark as at first, and all intelligence wanting. Mrs. Hodson was again soliciting Peter to a discovery of the important news, when a violent rap at the door made the house ring, and the hearts of them all jump. Peter was at the door first, nothing doubting but that it was his master; but, shocking disappointment! behold only a chairman with a note to Mrs. Stevens; which as soon as she had opened and read, she screamed out, and was ready to faint. No wonder Mrs. Hodson was anxious to know the contents; at Mrs. Stevens's desire she took the note, and read to the following effect.

'MISS Stevens's compliments to her mamma, and hopes she'll not be angry at her staying out longer than she intended—for Mr. Jaïson and Mr. Fortebbrand *has* fought a duel, and he is killed, and at Mr. Cut-deep's, surgeon, in Park Street, where she is obliged in good-manners to stay with the poor gentleman till he dies.'

'Miserable, shocking story, indeed! my poor, dear nephew,' said Mrs. Hodson, with tears, 'is then, alas! no more.' Peter, who stood at the door listening to the contents of the note,

burst in upon hearing these words; and while his hair stood an-end, and his eyes stared with fright, called out, 'Where, Madam; where the devil did you say he was?'—'Here,' said she, 'poor Peter; take that note, make the best of your way to where it directs, and bring me some direct intelligence.' Upon which she gave Peter the note; who reading it, threw it to the ground, and jumped up and down like a madman, crying out, 'No, no, he is not dead, my master is not dead: it is the other, Mr. Forteraro—huzza!—and he is not dead neither—for he is only killed, and she stays till he dies—huzza!—Oh, rare news!'—'Is the fellow mad?' said Mrs. Hodson; 'give me the note again—' (which reading in her hurry she had not distinctly observed;) 'was there ever such absurd nonsense.—"Mr. Jaïson and Mr. Fortebbrand *has* fought a duel, and he is killed."—Who is killed?'—'O, Mr. Forteraro, Madam,' said Peter, 'to be sure; my master knows better: he would never be such a fool to be killed by ever a Forteraro of them all.'—'But then,' continued Mrs. Hodson, 'how strangely does she go on; he is killed, and yet she is obliged in good-manners to stay till he dies.—I am apt to imagine neither of them is dead.'—'You must excuse the poor girl in her fright, Madam,' said Mrs. Stevens; 'we are all apt to mistake in such hurries.'—'Oh, aye, excuse,' quoth Peter, 'with all my heart; we'll excuse it, never fear, if so be my master has but kill'd this t'other chap—we'll excuse it, never fear.'—'Well, Peter,' said Mrs. Hodson, 'to be certainly informed of this matter, the surest method will be for you to make the best of your way to Mr. Cut-deep's in Park Street, and there inform yourself of the whole truth of the matter—but pray be expeditious; for I shall be in the most miserable anxiety till you return.'—'Quick, as lightning, Madam,' said Peter, 'I am gone.' And so saying, he jumped from the room, and made the best of his way to the place appointed. But was ever chagrin or disappointment equal to that of poor Peter's! When arrived there, he found Mr. Fortebbrand, as they told him, dying; his master fled nobody could tell whither; and, as Peter observed, very likely gone from town, and making the best

best of his way towards France. 'And now,' said Peter, within himself, 'was there ever such an unlucky dog as my master, except it be myself! he is as unlucky a man—I can never find him now—no, that is impossible; for, to follow him through his lurking holes can't be done, and go after him abroad—for they say all duellists go abroad—I dare not—the sea is no place for me—so my master will lose his country; I shall lose my master; Miss Caroline will lose all that she has; and my old master, his father, will go mad; his mother will run crazy; Mrs. Hodson will go beside herself; and there will be a rare company for Bedlam. Plague take this fighting!—I never liked it, never in my life—and what to do, I know no more than if I was directly to be hanged. O, my old song; now for you.

'When doubts and fears disturb the breast,
'The present thoughts are always best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis vain to stay—
'Then haste to chambers, haste away.'

C H A P. VII.

A REFLECTION ON DUELLING, &c.
—PETER'S UNEXPECTED SUR-
PRIZE—MR. JAISON'S EAGER
SOLICITUDE—SOME INFORMA-
TION GAINED OF CAROLINE—
A RESOLUTION FORMED UPON
IT.

PETER had either knowingly or wilfully forgot that he was to return to Mrs. Hodson, and give her some information concerning the state of this matter, which gave her such uneasiness, and pierced her to the soul; not only on account of her fears for Mr. Jaison, but from a religious motive, to think that he could be so extremely deaf to the calls of conscience and every sacred tie, as to adventure on any condition to expose his own life, or to run the hazard of taking away that of another—false honour, and vain thirst of applause! The good man builds on another foundation; and esteeming it so far from a reproach upon him, not to resent and revenge an injury, he thinks it the highest pitch of his duty to forgive all that offend him, and to shew his courage as well in a noble suffering, as a blood-thirsty action.

Learn, ye men of blood and honour, learn the price of a life, learn the price of an immortal soul: fear to deface the Divine image, fear to spill the blood of them whose avenger is the Almighty! learn to be meek, to forgive, and pardon; cease to boil with resentment; learn humility, and be at peace!

With reflections somewhat like these, perhaps, Mrs. Hodson amused herself, and those who were present with her on this melancholy occasion: and sat with painful solicitude expecting Peter's return. Being at length wearied out of all degree of patience, Mrs. Stevens and she resolved themselves to go and enquire after the truth of the story, and the reasons of Peter's delay. They were no sooner introduced, than Miss Jenny came down to them, and informed them of the whole rise and progress of the quarrel and contest, and of Mr. Fortebrand's situation, whom Mr. Cut-deep looked upon to be in imminent danger, though he was not peremptory in declaring whether the wound was mortal or not. However Jenny observed to them that Mr. Jaison was fled, and if Mr. Fortebrand died, she did not imagine but that his friends would prosecute him to the utmost. Words can scarcely describe the state of Mrs. Hodson's mind; nor was Mrs. Stevens even now less solicitous but on another account, to find her daughter so well and intimately acquainted with Mr. Fortebrand; a man, of whose morals and character she had but the most indifferent opinion. Finding their presence of no effect, they immediately returned home, and much against her will took Jenny with them; a family at present, perhaps, as much distracted and as violently uneasy amongst themselves, as any one of those miserable many to be found in the popular and horrid streets of England's grand and illustrious metropolis: where the expences and follies, and vices, of the inhabitants, so much impoverish, distress, and distract them; where religion, goodness, and regard to God, is so much neglected, that as they fall into the most afflicting circumstances, so have they no stay, no hold to support themselves, (for religion only can be a support in distress;) and thus abandoned to their own troubled minds, plunge deep in despair, and fall headlong into utter ruin.

It happened as Peter was journeying homewards, that a voice accosted him

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from

from a window; and as he turned round to look and see, a door was opened to receive him, and he was ordered to walk up stairs. But what words can express his joy, what imagination picture his face, to behold the person, the very person he had so long been in quest of, thus accidentally, thus wonderfully found; when he had given over all hopes, and was in perfect despair: he looked, he jumped, he laughed, and was in a perfect agony of joy; uttering, at the same time, some inconsistent sentences, which, as they raised Mr. Jaïson's curiosity, so did they no less elevate Peter, and keep up the high tide of his ecstasy. At length the flood being somewhat subsided, "Ob, Sir!" said Peter, "to think what I have suffered for your sake, in body and mind, not a bit less in body than mind; for I have so run backward and forward, that I thought my limbs must have dropped off, and then my mind, there, there indeed has been all my suffering, to think you was run away, had killed a man; pox take the man, I did not care for your killing him! but to think you could not hear the news I had got for you. Well, so long as you are found, all may be well yet—cheer up, honest Peter.—Your news, your news, sirrah!" said Mr. Jaïson; "inform me of that directly, to make some amends for daring to leave my chambers, when I ordered you to wait there, and not to stir out on any occasion."—"See there now," said Peter; "there's a fine return for all my fatigue and uneasiness: to be upbraided and huffed—at last, when one's joy was up to the top of one's head, to have it all turned into wrath."—"Well, well," said Mr. Jaïson; "your news! your business! your good tidings! come, let me hear directly, and I may, perhaps, yet reward you."—"That you will, when you hear, said Peter; "I am sure of that: but durst you stir out, Sir? are you confined here for the man that you have killed? can you go a little way with me? for all depends upon that."—"I am willing," said Mr. Jaïson, "to know how the affair will turn out, and whether he is dead or not, before I go out: if he dies, I must abscond; but if he lives, I need then be in no fear."—"Pox on him!" said Peter; "they told me he could not live, the wound was quite through his

body; and how can he live then?"—"Well, well," said Mr. Jaïson, "no more of that—your business, Peter—you make strange delays."—"Why, you shall hear, Sir," replied he.—"Soon after you was gone out—up to the chamber stalks a tall, thin fellow, in a green banyan, with long black hair—a wonderful pale face, with watchful black eyes—and a devilish leering look—and enquires for Mr. Jaïson. I took him, you must know, for a pimp, or some of the fraternity; and so, master—don't be angry—I was rather uncivil to my gentleman. "Well," said I, pretty sternly, "and what want you with my master, friend?"—"I am come, Sir," (replied he, with a very soft, small, gentle voice) "on account of an advertisement here in the paper," (and so he pulls out the news) "concerning which I have enquired at the place directed in the advertisement, and they have sent me hither." I pricked up my ears at this, you must think. "And pray, Sir," said I, "walk in, Sir, if you please; pray, Sir, sit down: what do you chuse to drink? a glass of wine, or a dish of chocolate? pray, Sir, be so kind as to speak." And so I ran and fetched him a chair, and clapped myself down by him, desiring him to proceed. "Why, Sir," said he, "I can give your master some satisfaction concerning the matter."—"Can you so," said I; "well, I am sure, good Sir, he will make you satisfaction enough—that he will—I'm sure—but, pray, good Sir, can you stay, till I just run and fetch my master." To which he consented, informing me, that he could not stay more than an hour; so begged I would return within that time. Away went I; and a devil of a run had I: but no matter. So home I comes; down I sat, wiped the sweat by pints off me, and roared for madness; which the poor green-coated gentleman seeing, pitied me exceedingly. And now, not being able to stay any longer, he told me, he would leave a note of direction with me; and that as soon as I found my master I might bring him, and he should hear some tidings of the young lady advertised.—"Where is the direction?" said Mr. Jaïson, in a hurry; "shew it me this instant! Where does

‘ does she live?—haste, run, fly, bring her in to me! Fly, dear Peter, bring her in this moment, that I may hear of and receive my dear, dear Caroline; my soul’s only darling and wish!’—‘ Lord, Sir!’ replied Peter, ‘ you scare one quite out of one’s wits; besides, I have run so much before, I can’t fly now.’ So saying, he began to look for the direction, but the direction was not to be found; and without speaking a word, he vanished in an instant from the room, jumped down stairs, and away he ran. Mr. Jaïson, no less precipitate, hastened away after him; and, forgetting all his fears, was at his chambers nearly as soon as Peter. Luckily enough, and to his no small joy, Peter found the note lying upon the table; and was, by his master’s immediate order, sent in quest of the person, whom he was to bring without delay. He instantly obeyed: found the man, as directed, who being engaged in some particular business, was obliged to delay his coming till near an hour. Of this Peter, returning, informed Mr. Jaïson, who roared with such impetuosity of impatience, that he approached near to madness, during the tedious minutes of the dreadful and torturing interval. At length the fellow approached, and Mr. Jaïson scarce suffered him to enter into the room, before he began to enquire concerning his beloved Caroline. ‘ You have promised, Sir,’ said the man, ‘ a considerable reward, to any one who shall discover to you such a lady: I believe I can do it; I hope you will not refuse me the reward.’—‘ O, by no means,’ Sir,’ replied Mr. Jaïson: ‘ do but assure me that you know where she is, that she is alive, safe, and secure, and here is already half the money offered for you.’—‘ Well, Sir,’ said he, ‘ of this much I can assure you, she is alive, and very *secure*; as to her *safety*, that is not altogether so certain.’—‘ What, is she not safe!—speak in a moment; direct me to her,’ said Mr. Jaïson, interrupting him; ‘ where is she? In the hands of that vile wretch Dookalb? Tell me, that I may instantly fly to her deliverance!’—‘ She is not in the hands of Mr. Dookalb,’ Sir,’ said the man; ‘ but in the hands of one of his great friends, my worthy mistress, Mrs. Searchwell; in whose house I have been a waiter these many years, and a very indefatigable in-

dustrious one, introducing many a gentleman, and no little trade to the house; but if ever I serve her again, may every whore she keeps prove faithful to her, and every trader become honest as I have been.’—‘ Well, friend,’ said Mr. Jaïson, ‘ leave that a while: tell me, is this young lady where you say? how came she there, how long has she been there, who brought her there, what do they intend to do with her?—But, fool as I am, why do I ask these questions? Come, let me follow you to her, let me immediately fly to recover this dear unhappy charmer of my soul!’—‘ It will require, Sir,’ replied the man, ‘ more caution than, perhaps, you imagine, to recover her. It must be done secretly, and by art, or you will never get a sight of her.’—‘ Secretly, and by art!’ rejoined Mr. Jaïson.—‘ Is she there? You say she is; and who shall hinder me from rescuing my own? By Heavens, I’ll not delay a moment; nor will I proceed by any secrecy or art in a deed so just and honest.’—‘ Hold, Sir,’ said Peter; ‘ be advised by this good gentleman, who understands matters of this sort much better than you and I. Besides, consider the man you have killed; or, however, if not quite killed, much endangered; and if he should die, think what a risk you run by venturing out publicly. I am sure you had better be advised.’ Mr. Jaïson threw himself into a chair, and fetching a deep sigh, cried out, ‘ Was there ever born so unfortunate, so miserable a fellow!—Oh, my Caroline, my love!’—‘ Yet, fool and mad, what avails this fruitless bewailing? I will—and yet, Sir, you say I had better be advised. Come, quickly say, how shall I, how must I, how would you have me proceed?’—‘ You know, Sir,’ rejoined the informer, ‘ the nature of our houses: and what free access all gentlemen have there for their money. This young lady, you must know, was brought in by Mr. Dookalb, with a design to make a trader of her.’—‘ Hell and fury!’ said Mr. Jaïson, ‘ a trader of my Caroline?—Damnation seize his thoughts—vile miscreant! hellish villain!’—‘ Please to hear a little, Sir,’ continued the man: ‘ we have had much difficulty with her; she is not to be persuaded, or threa-

‘tened into the matter: though my mistress raves, and swears she believes she has been a trader before.’—‘Your mistress, Sir!’ quoth Mr. Jaison, with a settled indignation. ‘No, she cannot think otherwise of any one; she judges from her own vile and depraved heart: she knows not what innocence and virtue are.’—‘Well, Sir,’ said the man, ‘my mistress, however, raves and swears after her old sort, and vows that any man shall have the full enjoyment of her, who will take the pains to get it: now, if you could contrive to disguise yourself like a foreigner, or how you please, and so visit our house, call in my mistress, talk loud of your prowess, and boast of your activity, shewing a few guineas at the same time, you might, perhaps, gain admission to, and rescue your lady from the destruction which threatens her.’—‘Prepare me a proper dress, Peter, instantly; away to Monmouth Street, and provide me a suit of tawdry French cloaths, and dress yourself too,’ said Mr. Jaison; ‘and for you, Sir, be ready to meet and usher me in. I like the scheme—Away, Peter!—My dear friend, be at home, and at hand: we shall meet with success; for, if I find her, I will part with every drop of my blood before I ever part with her again.’ Peter flew to his business; the informer withdrew very well satisfied; and Mr. Jaison stirred up his soul to every resolution: determined, as he knew where Caroline was, to rescue and deliver her from so miserable a situation, at the hazard of his own life, and every other earthly enjoyment.

C H A P. VIII.

THE JEW’S VISIT TO CAROLINE. HIS VILLAINY. HIS ILL SUCCESS THEREIN; BUT MORE ESPECIALLY TO MRS. SEARCHWELL. CAROLINE’S DELIVERANCE. MR. JAISON’S FARTHER DISAPPOINTMENT. AN APOSTROPHE TO THE FAIR-ONES.

PUNCTUAL and exact as the dial to the sun, the lust-inspired, ravishing Jew, approached the venerable doors of the mansion of iniquity, the dwelling of that barbarous destroyer, that consumer of innocence, that pest of

virginity, Mrs. Searchwell. He was introduced to the best apartment, and immediately attended by good Mrs. Searchwell herself. ‘Well, Madam,’ he began, (while his glittering eyes gleamed a fierce and black lasciviousness) ‘where is that fine lady, Mr. Dookalb says you got for my purpose?’ ‘Come, no stay, no stay; come, come, where is she?’—‘Nay,’ said Mrs. Searchwell, ‘I don’t know where she is. I am sorry, good Sir, you have the trouble to come for such a peevish imp. I wish Mr. Dookalb had kept her to himself; I could have provided better for your honour without so much trouble.’ The Jew was very solicitous to know the reason of this; and, fearful of a disappointment, desired to be acquainted with the meaning of these words, which sounded to him so strange after a punctual agreement with Mr. Dookalb. ‘Why, Sir,’ replied the old mother, ‘this is a wayward girl, that Mr. Dookalb can make nothing of, and so wants to be tried and broke here first before he brings her into life: but she has got such notions of virtue and honour, and I can’t tell you what, with a devil to it, that she feigns herself mad, and won’t eat or drink, or sleep, or do any thing.’—‘Pox on your Christian virtue and honour!’ said the Jew. ‘But how then?’—‘Why, faith, Sir,’ continued the dame, ‘I don’t think it worth your while to try; besides, I can suit your taste as well with a fine, fresh, plump, juicy, lovely, nimble lass, that will please you; I warrant her; I know she will please you.’ The Jew enlarged greatly upon the account which Mr. Dookalb had given him of Caroline’s person and beauty, and was very desirous to make a trial; nay, indeed, insisted upon it. To which Mrs. Searchwell, though reluctantly, consented; as the truth was, she had another to dispose of, the whole profits of whom was her own, sure and certain; whereas this was not only doubtful, but also to be shared with Mr. Dookalb. The reader need not be surprized, that there appears a want of sincerity to Mr. Dookalb in Mrs. Searchwell, when there seemed so close and strict a friendship between them; for such persons are bound by no obligations of love and regard, but are only friends as interest inclines, and advantages directs; so that their

their hearts know not the social ties of real and virtuous friendship, but are ready to break through every bond, where any self-service powerfully invites them thereto. So certain it is, that there is no friendship either with or between the wicked; and that there is no friendship sincere and firm, but that which is founded in virtue, and raised upon the rock of true honour.

Mrs. Searchwell ushered the Jew to the door of Caroline's apartment, which the poor girl, as some defence, had fastened, resolving rather to perish than admit their, or any other base solicitations. But herein she was mistaken; for Mrs. Searchwell's house was formed for business of this kind: accordingly, the old mother desired the Jew to follow her a little way round; and there she opened a part of the wainscot, so contrived on purpose, and by means thereof, to Caroline's infinite surprize, in she entered with this frightful, fearful-looking man! Caroline, on their admission, arose from the place where she was seated, and advanced a few steps towards them, which the Jew esteeming a good omen, advanced also himself towards her, that he might salute her—but she stepping backward, fixed her eyes upon him with such a look of pity, sorrow and indignation, mingled together, which no words can express, as struck into stone the purpose of his soul, and fixed him in awe at a small distance from her. Quickly recovering himself, he made a profound bow; and Caroline, addressing herself to Mrs. Searchwell, said—'I should be glad, Madam, to know the design of your introducing this gentleman in such a manner to me?'—'What is your purpose, Sir? speak, for I would fain know, that your business may be dispatched, and that I may again be left alone, unmolested, and without any disturbance of this kind.'—'His business, Miss, is to see you,' said the beldame; 'so pray sit down and make the gentleman welcome—away with your scruples and nonsense; give him your hand, and make up matters peaceably and quietly. It will be better for you.'—'Aye,' said the Jew, 'make up matters peaceably and quiet, Miss—it will be better for you and me too, so it will.'—'I do not understand either your or her meaning, Sir,' said Caroline; 'though I apprehend some dread-

ful purpose in your words: but remember, and observe, I am resolute; and if you intend any harm to me, you shall have my life freely—but I will never be that base wretch, you, Madam, would make me—you do the worst you can to me—and yet you neither can nor will hurt me.' Her resolution being thus exerted to the utmost, tears burst from her eyes, and she immediately fell prostrate on the floor, weeping and groaning in a manner that would have affected any hearts but those of a bawd and a Jew! They, however, were not at all moved, and Mrs. Searchwell observed to her friend that now was the time—she was down, and he might have the advantage: she herself would help him. The wretch took the hint, and throwing himself down, was about to employ his hands in the vile profanation of her tender, lovely, spotless limbs. But who have strength like the injured and innocent? strength not their own, and powers not only from themselves! She started up—rushed from his infamous touch, sprung by Mrs. Searchwell, and with the violence of her speed throwing her down, made the beat of her way through the door in the wainscot, which providentially was left ajar, and hastening down the stairs, was met by the person who had acquainted Mr. Jaïson with the tidings of her, who perceiving her, ran hastily before her, bidding her follow him, and safely conducted her from that shocking and detestable place into the streets—secure from the Jew, and from Mrs. Searchwell; who arising nimbly as she could from the floor, hastened to pursue her, alarming the house with a voice loud as thunder, and terrible as that *impetuous and jarring sound, which those infernal doors grated on their brazen hinges, (shaking even the lowest bottom of Erebus)* which Sin opened for Satan, and through which he entered into that chaos, where scarcely less confusion reigned, than quickly reigned in the house of Mrs. Searchwell; and where *his ear was scarce less pealed* with noises loud and ruinous (to compare great things with small) than was every ear in this dwelling, with the curses of Mrs. Searchwell, her cries and groans, the lamentations and howlings of her nieces, and the screams and out-cries of all her servants! There was no less noise—

—Than

—Than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to raze
Some capital city; nor less, than if this
frame
Of heav'n were falling, and these elements
In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth——

For in her haste of pursuing, Mrs. Searchwell missed her step down one of the stairs, and down she fell from almost the highest to the bottom; her immense bulk with impetuous recoil bounding from stair to stair, while she roared with fearful astonishment, and shook the whole house with her bellowing! She was taken up at the bottom senseless; and a surgeon was instantly called to her relief, who making the proper applications, bleeding, &c. ordered her to bed, where recovering her senses, she lay in the utmost inward pain and agony; raved, and denounced curses terrible to hear, and presented all hell in herself to the view of every astonished beholder.

In the midst of all this uproar and disturbance, in came Mr. Jaïson and his man Peter, perfectly *frenchified*, yea more so than any one of our modern beaux, who with all the insignificance of foreign dress, smiles in the side-box, and fancies he does honour to his country by aping all the absurd fashions and ridiculous follies of other nations.—Doomed to continual disappointment and chagrin, Mr. Jaïson could scarcely keep any tolerable bounds, or refrain from discovering himself; when, on his admission into a room, he stayed some time, and found no appearance of the man, whose presence he longed for, as the means of conducting him to his beloved Caroline. He had not, however, waited long in expectation, before in rushed Peter with no small haste and precipitancy; so big was he with the news he brought, that he could not speak a syllable—but hesitating and stammering, at length he vented—‘Sir, Sir, she’s gone! she’s gone away, just now!’—‘What do you mean?’ replied Mr. Jaïson, with the utmost haste and anxiety. ‘Why, Sir,’ said Peter, something recovered from his surprise; ‘she, Miss Caroline, I know it is her! I say, she has gotten away from the old bawd by some means or other; run down stairs; and, as far as I can find, our friend, the man there, you know who, with her; and they are both gone

quite clear off—and more than that, the old devil—how glad I am of it—the old bawd, Mother Searchwell, following her, has tumbled down stairs, and broke her neck—thanks be to God for such good luck!—an old devil, it’s come home to her at last.’ Mr. Jaïson immediately called a waiter to know the truth of the matter; from whom gaining an imperfect account, with which he was half satisfied, and half displeased, he made the mother’s misfortune a pretence for his departure, and with his man Peter sallied forth in anxious solicitude to enquire after and recover his lost jewel, whom so many unlucky accidents so long prevented him from obtaining; unable as he was in such a case to bear delay, unwilling as he was one moment to be kept from her.

Caroline, we may observe, for her present low and weak state of body, exerted unusual strength; but what cannot fear armed with virtue and resolution perform? However, in such cases it generally happens, that after violent exertion of the powers, a more violent languor succeeds: which was the case with Caroline; who had not advanced many steps into the street, before her faculties all resigned their functions, and down she dropped in the deepest swoon. Her companion, by the assistance of a chairman at hand, removed her into a neighbouring tavern, and making some part of her case known to the mistress of the house, requested her to take all due care of her, while he went to inform the young lady’s friends of her present circumstances and situation. Accordingly, the good woman removed her up stairs, sent for a surgeon to bleed, or at least apply proper relief; and in some time she recovered, though in the utmost distress and flutter of spirits, not knowing where she was, or how she came thither, and fearing lest she was again fallen into some dreadful and destructive snare. But these fears were quickly removed by the humane behaviour of the mistress of the house, whose tender concern for her dispelled her fears, and gave her some glimpse of the joy she was speedily to receive: her spirits were by degrees greatly recruited, and though she was desirous of being removed to Mrs. Stevens’s, yet, at the pressing solicitation of the good woman of the house, she consented to stay till the

the man returned; who, she informed Caroline, was gone with all haste to bring her friends to her, and who doubtless would speedily be back again. But tedious as the days appear to a captive already redeemed, and shortly to be restored to perfect liberty; tedious as the hours to a virgin betrothed, and speedily to be blessed in the arms of her beloved husband; so tedious, yea, and far more so, did the time, the minutes, the moments, seem to Caroline, till she received some information, and till she beheld some whom she knew, and in whom she could confide. Nor was it long before she was thus blessed—a reward certainly due to her for her strict perseverance in the ways of virtue, and firm resolution in the school of innocence.

Oh, ye simple ones! ye daughters of fearfulness and trembling! ye children of shame and dishonour! why will ye not learn to be wise, why will ye not hearken and consider? Sorrow loses it's sting, it's poison shall not harm you, when virtue embalms with her precious ointment the deep wound; the cup of affliction hath no bitter in it, when innocence purges the draught, and casts her sweet drugs into the potion. Why should you fear aught but the loss of virtue, why should you dread any evil but the destruction of your innocence? Preserve them, and be blessed: they are a sure defence against all mortal disquietude. Sin only produces sorrow: she that dares resist temptations, that hath the courage to be virtuous, shall assuredly be crowned with a bright circlet of unfading glory. Virtue brings Peace; Innocence never fails to reward those who triumph under her banners; and Honour gladdens every one who basks in the sunshine of his dwelling. Be virtuous, then, O ye daughters of beauty, and ye shall be blessed—let Innocence smile on your rosy cheeks, and perfect Love shall there make his abode—let Honour's high steps for ever attend you, and behold you are near to the temple of ever-fure and ever-glorious Felicity.

C H A P. VIII.

MR. JAISON'S ANXIETY. HIS HAPPY MEETING WITH CAROLINE. THEIR CONVERSATION AND EXQUISITE LOVE. THEIR RETURN

TO MRS. STEVENS'S.—IN THIS CHAPTER THE LEARNED READER MAY FIND MATTER FOR DEEP DISPUTE AND SPECULATION.

MR. JAISON was in the utmost anxiety, when he departed from Mrs. Searchwell's, which way to betake himself, or where to go, as most probable to meet with Caroline: he was strongly of opinion she would hasten to Mrs. Stevens's. Peter imagined his friend the informer would make the best of his way to Mr. Jaison's chambers; so that in this doubtfulness of council it was determin'd that Mr. Jaison should adjourn to his chambers, and free himself from his disguise, and that Peter should depart to Mrs. Stevens's, and wait there for some information. Accordingly they parted—luckily it so fell out, that Mr. Jaison arrived on the stairs leading to his chambers, just as the man from Caroline was coming down, not a little disappointed in finding him from home. The chronological reader must have observed, from an exact consideration of the time, that it was now dark, and late in the evening; and as Mr. Jaison was disguised in his dress, the fellow was on the brink of passing him: Mr. Jaison, however, called to him, asking his name and business there. The man recollected his voice, and with great triumph cried out, 'Well, Sir, she's safe! I have her, Sir; come, follow me, and I'll lead you to the young lady.' Can the joy of a heart be expressed, which having lost it's sole pleasures, hope, and happiness, and being plunged in the depth of despair, on a sudden and unexpectedly recovers all it's wishes, and is in a moment raised to the highest satisfaction? If the joy of such a heart cannot be expressed, be assured, reader, that of Mr. Jaison's surpasses all my power to declare.—He spoke not to the man any more than—'Lead, my friend; I follow.'—His heart was too full for utterance; he could not speak, it throbbed too quick, and the faculties of his soul were too much tied up with eager expectation. He seemed to tread in air, as he passed along the streets, following his guide, and with hasty steps and long, strode impatiently, measuring every pace, and deeming every step a furlong. O, how could he then have wished for that mighty power in striding, which Homer so grandly, sublimely, and nobly, (as learned

learned criticks write) allots to the mighty monarch of the waves.

At Jove incens'd, with grief and fury stung,
 Prone down the rocky steep he rush'd along:
 Fierce as he pass'd, the lofty mountains nod,
 The forests shake, earth trembled as he
 trod,
 And felt the footsteps of the wat'ry God †.
 From realm to realm three ample strides ‡
 he took!
 And at the fourth the distant Ægæ shook!

Though not with altogether so few steps, yet with expedition, passing wonder indeed, Mr. Jaïson arrived at the tavern, which held the darling of his soul. He was immediately conducted up stairs to her; and on the long-wished view of his dearest Caroline, melted into tears, while he flew to her arms, embracing and embraced with all the fervour of the most tender and most ardent affection. 'And do I then,' said he, 'do I then hold thee thus! do I again encircle my life's comfort, my soul, my darling, in these arms!—Oh, my Caroline, my love, my joy!' Fain would she have spoken, fain would she have uttered something of that which her heart now felt; but the sincerity and strength of her passion, joined to the faintness of her body, forbade all speaking; while with a deep sigh she dropped her head on his bosom, and melting into tears, continued in silence and sweetness inexpressible. Mr. Jaïson's whole soul was moved; language was too poor to express his heart; he therefore continued silent also; and both, in gentle embraces, indulged a pleasing sadness, which perhaps excelled all the joy either of them had ever felt in life before. At

length, however, he broke the sadly solemn silence; and, 'Oh, my Caroline,' said he, 'what have you suffered! what a dreadful interval has this been! Let us never part more, let us not be divided again: for, on my soul, I knew not how I loved you; I was unacquainted with the sincerity and violence of my passion for you, dearest creature, before I had this horrid proof, this melancholy assurance, how dear you was to me; how much more precious than liberty, than life, and every thing below! O my Caroline, how shall I make thee amends for all thy sufferings? How, my love, shall I make thee most happy? Speak! for my very soul melts with fondness for you, and my whole heart is big with the tenderest and most sincere affection.'—'This moment,' replied she, 'makes me amends, indeed: for my own part, I am so much indebted to you, so absolutely, on every account, your slave, that you have but to command, and I must obey—I am sure you will command nothing inconsistent with your or my honour. Indeed, my heart bears me witness, that I have such sincerity of esteem for you, as to be able, through it, to vanquish every difficulty, and to go through every hardship: and should I not be ungenerous to deny it? No, thou best and dearest of men, such instances as I have received of your generosity and friendship, I should have a heart cold indeed not to be touched with gratitude—blame not, then, my sincerity; tax me not with forwardness: in my case, and in my unhappy circumstances, I hope, there is no fear of it—Alas! I have been so very wretch-

• Neptune.

† Mr. Pope reads *immortal* here: we, for sundry good reasons, read *wat'ry*.

‡ *Three ample strides.* This is a *very grand imagination*: we are told, that at four steps he reached Ægæ, which (supposing it meant the town of that name in Eubæa, which lay the highest to Thrace) is hardly less than a *degree* at *each step*! One may, from a view of the map, *imagine* him striding from promontory to promontory; his first step on Mount Athos, his second on Pallene, his third upon Pelion, and his fourth in Eubæa! Dacier is *not* to be forgiven, for omitting this *miraculous* circumstance, which so perfectly agrees with the *marvellous* air of the whole passage, and without which the *sublime* image of Homer is not compleat! PORE.—What a giant, gentle reader, was this same Neptune! and what a prodigious poet, this same Homer! but his great commentator, what justice hath he done him—how finely hath he explained this *grand* and *sublime* passage! Do you not admire our similitude? Can you not, by contemplating a map of London, imagine you see Mr. Jaïson striding from the Temple to Covent-Garden? His first step on Temple Bar; his second on the New Church in the Strand; his third step on Long's Warehouse, the corner of Tavistock Street, or on Mr. Garrick's house, (as being the highest) in Southampton Street; and his next in the Piazzas!—Is it not grand?

ed,

ed, and now am so brought into a new world, that if in the wantonness of my heart I have said any thing unbecoming the modesty or reserve of my sex, oh, impute it not to me, but pardon my frailty, and excuse the openness of my soul.—‘I pardon, I excuse! my life, my love!’ rejoined Mr. Jaïson, with inexpressible ardour, embracing her with the utmost fondness, and printing a thousand kisses on her lovely cheek) ‘oh, this well repays my toil and labour; this moment—what then will the future do?—well rewards me for every anxious thought, and for all the misery I have felt on thy account—thou dearest of women, thou loveliest, best of thy sex! Though I may seem too hasty, though possibly you may judge me too precipitate, yet consider our distresses, consider our circumstances, and then do not refuse, what on my knees I most earnestly request of you to grant me.’ On which words he was about to fall on his knees before her; which she preventing, observed, that he who had a just title to command her in all things honourable, should not, on any account, address her in such a form; she therefore begged him to ask whatever he designed, promising by no means to refuse, if it was in her power to grant it.—‘I most earnestly, then,’ continued he, ‘I most fervently desire, my loveliest, kindest Caroline, that you would consent to be my bride, my soul, my wife! and on the blessed morrow give me that dear hand and heart.’ A flood of tears from her eyes prevented any reply; and caused such a moment’s disturbance and anxiety in Mr. Jaïson’s soul, as was not to be paralleled. ‘Into what,’ said he, with violent haste, ‘into what, my love, am I to construe this?—say, is it a refusal?—yet say not that, if you intend to preserve my life! Oh, ease my fears, deliver me from my dread!—speak, dearest Caroline, I entreat of you—speak to me, resolve me, make me, O make me the most happy of men!’ While he was uttering these words, she stretched out her hand, whiter than the purest snow, and gave it to him, which he received with transport, holding it to his panting, throbbing heart, and fixing his glowing lips to it with joy and rapture, such as true lovers only feel, and such as true lovers only can conceive. ‘Dear-

est, softest, loveliest hand!’ said he, fixing his eyes upon it, ‘sure pledge of my heavenly mistress’s heart! Thou art mine, for ever mine! and I will love thee, will honour and adore thee and her, with more veneration than dying saints cleave to their protecting gods! O admirable snowy whiteness, emblem of thy spotless soul! my Caroline, my wife, my espoused! let me address thee in every tenderest name, for thou art all that’s lovely, all that’s tender, all that’s amiable, and all that’s desirable below! my soul shall live but for thee; my heart shall only beat for thee; my thoughts, sleeping and waking, shall be thine; and it shall be the whole concern of every hour, how to bless thee, how to give thee joy, and how to shew thee that my passion as far surpasses all other men’s, as thy excellencies, dear woman, surpass the excellencies of all other women!’—‘And witness against me,’ replied she, ‘Mr. Jaïson, upbraid me with all that’s base, and mean, and low, if I ever prove deficient in any the least branch of my duty to you; if I do not make it the one only study of my hours to please and delight you, to give you happiness, and to soothe your soul with the most fond, sincere, and gentle endearments! As I never can or will know any other pleasure, but the pleasure of your company, and the transports of your dear presence, so teach me how most to render myself in every respect amiable, how to become so lovely ever in your eyes, as to bless you with unpassing delight, and to cheer you with satisfactions that shall know not the least intermission. My unwearied care shall be to shew how much I love you, and how much I am sensible of the value and greatness of your love to me; for surely never was woman yet so obliged to any man, never did any man take a woman to his arms so sensible of the obligations, and I trust and hope so likely to prove constantly mindful of and grateful for them! May the blessings of Heaven ever attend us both! and may we grow together in such sincere esteem and affection, that every day may improve upon the last, and every one that beholds us cry out—“See how much they love one another!”’

Can’st thou wonder, O reader, if thy heart hath ever felt the least share of
O that

that powerful passion, which so prevailed over this happy couple, can it thou be in the least amazed, that the time imperceptibly and unregarded stole away, and that they perfectly forgot all support of food, all refreshment to their bodies, while their united souls were thus banqueting in mutual delight and pleasure, that swallowed up every faculty, and triumphed on every exulting throb in their hearts? They were, however, in some measure aroused from this fond reverie, by the kind instruction of the mistress of the house; who, solicitous for Caroline's welfare, came to enquire after it; and to give a gentle hint, that company which did not call for any thing was not altogether so acceptable. Mr. Jaïson accordingly ordered what was proper and agreeable; and after a small and sparing repast, he conveyed Miss Caroline to Mrs. Stevens's, having highly satisfied the good landlady, and given that content to all which his own delighted soul enjoyed. It was indeed so late, that he had but small expectations to find the family up; and Caroline was something nice in taking up her lodgings any where else. Which Mr. Jaïson observing, could not help, with concern, saying to her, 'Alas! my dear Caroline, I am sorry to find you place so little confidence in me—why do you not repose your whole heart in me? why do you do me such injury, as to have the least suspicion of my love and honour? Have I not espoused you? are you not my wife? and do you think it possible for me to do any thing base or mean to you, dearer as you are to me than myself, and whose virtue and innocence are my whole joy and satisfaction? Could I not set patiently the whole night by your bed, and guard you? could I not, with the utmost sincerity, be with you, and protect you, without any evil lusts or criminal intentions, which would defeat and destroy all my future schemes of happiness, and disappoint me of that joy, that lawful and extatick joy, which, believe me, never man longed more to partake than I do in your soft and lovely embraces?'—'Do not imagine, Mr. Jaïson,' replied she, 'that I could suspect you, who have ever been the guardian of my honour, of any evil intentions, any wrong or criminal desires: no; far, very far from

that. But, surely, you cannot condemn that modesty which you are pleased to approve; or dislike that reserve, which, as it highly becomes me, so doth it highly adorn our sex. I could, and do indeed trust myself, nay, wholly repose myself in you: I look upon myself as much your wife, as if the priest had really joined our hands; yet my soul fears any approaches to boldness which should in the least disgust you; nay, and I have the pleasure to confess, my nature and whole disposition is perfectly contrary to all that forwardness, which must, in my opinion, make the most lovely woman grow tasteless, if not nauseous.'—'Oh,' replied Mr. Jaïson, 'how I delight to hear that tongue, sweeter than the sweetest musick! oh, how it thrills through my enraptured heart!—the language of those lips, whence wisdom so plentifully distils, whence delicacy so flows like the honey of Hybla; whence sense in such full streams pours its cheering waters on my love-thirsty soul! happy, happy hour, that I knew thee!—thrice, yea more than thrice happy, infinitely happy beyond all expression, be the hour that gives you back to me—that blesses me with this uncommon transport. But what shall I say, or how shall I express the unbounded rapture of my soul!—words are wanting to say what I am, and what I feel, in the recollection that you, you, my Caroline, that you are mine! Oh, I could grow poetick in a moment: and thus inspired by such a muse, though in this dark coach, this place so unfavourable to the muses, chant out my songs of love; tell to every listening swain, give to every waving bough, and whisper to each murmuring breeze, what bliss I enjoy, and what a charmer gladdens my soul, and elevates my heart with joy! Do not wonder, my life, my love! do not wonder that I am thus beyond measure cheerful; for I am beyond measure happy: and the misery of the past time sharpens the present into keener rapture, as the darkness of the night serves to set off the beauties of the orient sun.' In such discourse the time presently passed away, while they were journeying to Mrs. Stevens's, at whose house, when they arrived, beyond their expectations, they found the doors.

doors open to them, and the first object which presented itself was Peter, who, instead of coming to the coach to let them out, perceiving it was them, ran jumping and hallooing into the house—
 ‘They are come, they are come!’—he has found her, he has found her!—
 ‘Madam, Madam, they are come, they are come!’ His intention was to inform Mrs. Hodson; but neither Mr. Jaifon nor Caroline could refrain from laughter at seeing the fellow’s zeal and violent agitation. Mrs. Stevens soon approached, but with some reserve and much melancholy, to their infinite surprise, on her brow; however, far different was the welcome they received from Mrs. Hodson; she embraced Caroline in her arms with the fondness of a mother, and gave the highest commendations to Mr. Jaifon for his great and indefatigable care in the recovery of this poor innocent. ‘For my own part, child,’ said she, ‘I have scarce suffered less for you, than if you had been my own daughter; and I know not that I have ever spent such painful hours, since your unhappy departure, through my fears for you, and the other melancholy accidents that have happened, in my whole life: however, I bless God, I have learned such an absolute resignation to his will, as to rely wholly on his goodness; and to esteem every thing that befalls us here, as tending to some good end; for nothing, not the minutest circumstance, happens to us without his providence. It is our business to attain such a disposition, and our happiness too, for then we shall never be sorrowful above measure.’ Mrs. Stevens imagining Mrs. Hodson addressed these precepts to her, shook her head, and dropped a tear; observing, it was much easier to preach and advise, than to put into practice. ‘True,’ replied Mrs. Hodson; ‘but by a repeated advise, and a constant habit of thinking, the proper temper will become habitual to us, and as easy and natural as murmuring and discontent.’—‘Alas, Madam!’ replied Mrs. Stevens, with tears, ‘have I not reason for murmuring and discontent?’ This, as was reasonable to imagine, produced a desire in them to be informed of the cause, which Mrs. Hodson advised to be delayed till the morning, as she perceived both Miss Caroline and her nephew were much fatigued. Ac-

cordingly they were each conducted to their several apartments; and waited, with some impatience for the morning, to hear the circumstances and occasion of poor Mrs. Stevens’s grief and uneasiness.

C H A P. IX.

A DISCOVERY OF MRS. HODSON IN APPEARANCE DANGEROUS. MRS. STEVENS, HER GREAT UNHAPPINESS IN HER DAUGHTER. A LETTER FROM HER. THE MISCHIEFS OF THE MODERN ROMANCES. AN INCIDENT STRANGE AND AMAZING—LIKELY TO OPEN SOME NEW SCENE IN OUR STORY.

CAROLINE’s violent fatigue and sufferings, though unfelt and unperceived during the happy time of her deliverance, and overborne by her present tide of joy, yet recurred with prodigious power soon after she was composed for rest, and occasioned a general alarm in the family. Proper aid was immediately summoned; and the physicians, with gravity and great sagacity, pronounced her case very dangerous, indeed. Alas, what is all earthly felicity! Mr. Jaifon, who a few hours since esteemed himself the most happy of all men living, was now abandoned to grief and distraction, and in the utmost agonies of terror and distress. Mrs. Hodson perceiving such an uncommon degree of grief in him, began to suspect what before she had never in the least surmised; and addressing herself to Mr. Jaifon, begged to know the reason of such unbounded sorrow. ‘There must be, my dear nephew,’ said she, ‘something herein more than common friendship. Sure you have not proceeded any farther. I would earnestly hope, there is nothing more between this unhappy young creature and yourself. Sure, you have not proceeded beyond those bounds, which innocence and honesty should prescribe?’—‘Alas, Madam!’ replied he, ‘I have gone very far, indeed; but, believe me, not beyond the noblest bounds of innocence and honesty: and I will boldly declare to you, that if this dear creature should do otherwise than well, I shall never more in this life

‘life be happy.’—‘Fie, fie! my dear,’ replied the good woman; ‘think of religion, and consider how ill such a behaviour would suit with your dependence on the all-prevailing power of God. But why should you not be happy? what particular conjunctions can there be between you and her? Sure you have never injured her? nay, you say, you never have; what then can you mean? for as to any alliance by marriage, the wide and prodigious difference between you hinders all such thoughts.’—‘Then,’ rejoined Mr. Jaifon, ‘since you have proceeded thus far, why should I conceal the rest? Know, Madam, that though she is not joined to me by the priest, yet she is my wife, and shall be so—we are link’d in heart and soul—and it is not in the power of all mankind to divide us. I am her’s, and she is mine; and I glory in her, more than in the possession of ten thousand worlds! Should I be deprived of her, misery, the most consummate misery, is the consequence.’—‘Do you not consider, child,’ said Mrs. Hodson, ‘that you have a father, and that he has a right to judge in matters of that kind. Oh, bring not down such anguish on that head, as to disobey and disoblige him! think—think—and God give you a due understanding!’ Mr. Jaifon was thunder-struck at these words, and then first saw the difficulties wherein he must be involved by that discovery which he had made to Mrs. Hodson. He sat dumb, and over-awed; he knew not what to reply, and was in the utmost confusion of heart and soul. At length, with a deep sigh, ‘Well, Madam,’ said he, ‘there is no great fear of my incurring the displeasure of my father by this means. —Poor, dear, unhappy Caroline, thou wilt never remain to make me blessed, or any other miserable?—Alas! she make any miserable; her tender nature would rather endure all that she hath hitherto endured, than give to any soul on earth a moment’s pain. Softness and compassion make up her heavenly mind, and her heavenly heart is composed wholly of tenderness and love! Join with me, dear Madam, in every means to restore her health and ease. Oh! assist me with all your kindness; and, believe me, I will endeavour all I can to give no one

pain: but I dare not be so dishonest and ungenerous as to say I will ever forsake my dearest Caroline.’ Their discourse was interrupted by a servant’s informing Mr. Jaifon that Miss Caroline desired to speak with him. And Mrs. Hodson immediately took the opportunity (as she esteemed it a duty incumbent upon her) to write to his father, giving him an account of his son’s amour, and seeming resolution to marry this young lady. Which letter, big with troubles to our unhappy lovers, was immediately conveyed to the post, and in an evil hour sent to the father, to the future disquietude and vexation of Caroline and Mr. Jaifon.

As there happened nothing very material and active during the course of this illness, it may not be amiss or unpleasing for the reader to hear the reasons of Mrs. Steven’s uneasiness, which as she sat by Caroline’s bed-side she thus related to her and Mr. Jaifon. ‘I have always,’ she began, ‘thought myself happy in the midst of my misfortunes, that I have never done any thing wrong or criminal; any thing wherewith my conscience might accuse me; any thing that might deprive my mind of it’s peace and tranquillity, of it’s rest and repose in God. And as I myself have found such sincere happiness in an exact discharge of my duty, so have I endeavoured all I could to instruct my poor children, since the loss of their dear father, in the same, that they might be worthy of so good a parent as he was, and through life enjoy that which is the only happiness below. I dare say, you must have observed the uneasiness which Jenny’s behaviour hath frequently given me: whose fondness for reading I always esteemed a great blessing, till foolish and idle books of romances and novels, the destruction of youth, and the pest of the age, fell into her hands, and destroyed all love of things serious and serviceable in her mind. I date her overthrow from a young gentleman who lodged once with me, and who, without any ill design, perceiving her fondness for reading, lent her variety of books of that kind, which so confounded her head and fancy, that she never could think or act in a proper manner. O that I had a voice loud enough, and a persuasion strong enough, to make every parent hear and observe

' observe, how pernicious such books
 ' are, of what dangerous tendency, of
 ' what fatal consequences! They give
 ' the mind a wrong bias, and turn it
 ' wholly aside into the road of pleasure,
 ' and of course into the road of ruin. At
 ' least, I have the misery to say so from
 ' most unhappy experience; nay, and
 ' with sorrow I have observed it more
 ' than once. Infatuated by books of
 ' this kind, and introduced by some
 ' unlucky means to a taste of the plea-
 ' sures and diversions of our times, still
 ' more fatal than the former, I per-
 ' ceived my poor girl in the utmost dan-
 ' ger, and with all my power endea-
 ' voured to shew her the folly of these
 ' things, and the uneasiness she gave me
 ' thereby. Foolish mothers are too
 ' often blinded: she had so much to
 ' urge in her own behalf, so many rea-
 ' sons to give for the advantages of see-
 ' ing the world, making her fortune, and
 ' the like; and besides, had such a deal
 ' to say on the strength of her virtue,
 ' her resolutions to die rather than ever
 ' do any thing contrary to the strictest
 ' purity, and much of the same kind,
 ' that I was persuaded she would never
 ' do any thing amiss, I was convinced
 ' Jenny could never offend. But, oh!
 ' the dreadful issue shewed my mistake.
 ' How shall I relate it? how shall I
 ' express my agony? Think of what
 ' a mother must suffer on such a decla-
 ' ration as I heard from her yesterday,
 ' when forbidding her going as she de-
 ' sired to that villain, whom you, Sir,
 ' have almost killed, to Fortebland, she
 ' told me she would and must go—for she
 ' that she was with child by him—and
 ' that she loved him dearer than her-
 ' self? I fell into a fit on hearing it;
 ' and she greatly unconcerned, as I
 ' was told, called in assistance for me,
 ' and leaving me in that deplorable con-
 ' dition, departed to that vile rascal,
 ' who has debauched my poor, poor
 ' child, and who is well enough reco-
 ' vered from his wound to join with her
 ' in abusing and condemning me. The
 ' loss of her innocence, and her present
 ' situation, is dreadful beyond expres-
 ' sion: but to think of such base ingra-
 ' titude added to it; ingratitude from
 ' such a child, and to a mother so kind
 ' and tender as I have ever been to her!
 ' Poor miserable Lear, I always think
 ' of him, and fear I shall go mad like
 ' him, provoked as I am by the same

' cause, and urged by the same ingra-
 ' titude. Well did he say,

' Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend!
 ' More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in
 ' a child,
 ' Than the sea-monster!'

Mrs. Stevens was proceeding, when
 her narration was interrupted by a letter,
 which having first run over, she burst
 into tears, and gave it to Mr. Jaïson to
 read. The contents were these.

' HONOURED MADAM,

' **F**OR so I still think myself obliged
 ' to call you, though, as the
 ' poet says, "Cruelty destroys all du-
 ' ty;" and, indeed, your cruelty to
 ' me, as you must know yourself, is
 ' very great and dreadful. I am sure
 ' there has never been a more dutiful
 ' child, and why you should be averse
 ' to my making my fortune, and myself
 ' happy, is utterly unaccountable, ex-
 ' cept on the same motives that the
 ' charming Clarissa's inhuman and bru-
 ' tish parents prevented her happiness
 ' with that most delightful creature,
 ' sweet Mr. Lovelace. As I have read,
 ' and I hope to advantage, I have well
 ' considered the reasons wherefore these
 ' persons, as Miss Clarissa Harlowe,
 ' Miss Sophia Western, Arabella, Ame-
 ' lia, and the rest, have met with so
 ' much uneasiness and disappointment
 ' in life, and I have perceived it to pro-
 ' ceed from a foolish notion imbibed
 ' early in youth, (and prejudices you
 ' know, Madam, Fielding inimitably
 ' observes, are not easily got the better
 ' of)—what was I saying?—O, their
 ' misfortunes all arose from an absurd
 ' regard to scrupulous virtue, a false
 ' phantom, which they frightened them-
 ' selves with; for if they had each given
 ' way a little, it is plain they had avoid-
 ' ed infinite mischiefs and misery. Now,
 ' Madam, as I am assured you have a
 ' much better opinion of me than to
 ' think I have so ill-distinguishing a
 ' head as to read without making pro-
 ' per reflections and improvement; and
 ' as I conceive this moral way of writ-
 ' ing, in which we of this age so much
 ' excel, and which, to be sure, is the
 ' finest, best and most instructive way of
 ' writing that ever was invented, is to
 ' teach us life, and to direct us in the
 ' know-

‘ knowledge of things, so I have read
 ‘ with this view, and greatly improved
 ‘ my way of thinking, avoiding the
 ‘ errors there recorded, and following
 ‘ my better judgment, have without any
 ‘ of their troubles made myself happy.
 ‘ For never did a man, no, not all the
 ‘ Lovelaces, or Jones’s, or Booths, or
 ‘ Pickles, or Randoms, or all the men
 ‘ in the world, never did they love a
 ‘ woman, as dear charming Mr. Forte-
 ‘ brand loves me: he sits by me and
 ‘ kisses me, and bids me say so; nay,
 ‘ now he insists upon it, that I let him
 ‘ put in a word—’ (Here was written,
 ‘ in Mr. Fortebbrand’s hand) “ Ma-
 ‘ dam, what she says is true, d—me!
 ‘ FORTEBRAND.”

‘ Well, never was any woman more
 ‘ happy, and can I distrust his love?
 ‘ No, he declares he will marry me, if
 ‘ I desire it; though, to be sure, as he
 ‘ observes, there is no great matter in
 ‘ it, only just to satisfy one’s friends and
 ‘ the world; though, indeed, I think, it
 ‘ rather more fashionable not to marry.
 ‘ As to marriage, Madam, it is only a
 ‘ ceremony, and ceremonies cannot tie
 ‘ hearts.

‘ Hearts united are the thing;
 ‘ Love alone can hearts unite:
 ‘ Priests may join with words and ring;
 ‘ Nought but love can hold us tight.

‘ So true are the words of that de-
 ‘ lightful poet—what—who? I forget
 ‘ his name; but no matter for that.
 ‘ However, I tend, Madam, to the bu-
 ‘ siness and conclusion of my letter. I
 ‘ would not have you uneasy; for I am
 ‘ not so. If you can be tolerably civil,
 ‘ I shall be glad to see you at my lodg-
 ‘ ings with my dear, sweet Forte: if
 ‘ not, I beg you would not interrupt
 ‘ my happiness, but believe me always
 ‘ to be, and ever to continue, your
 ‘ most happy, most fortunate, and de-
 ‘ lighted daughter,

‘ JANE FORTEBRAND.’

Mr. Jaifon, on concluding the letter,
 promised Mrs. Stevens all the assistance
 in his power; and advised, as the least
 evil of the two, that Mrs. Stevens should
 dissemble any dislike, visit her daughter,
 and, if possible, procure a marriage be-
 tween them. The poor, unfortunate
 woman was in such violent grief, that

advice was then unavailing. She was
 so overborne with her distress, that
 counsel, in Shakespeare’s fine phrase,

Fell into her ears as profitless
 As water in a sieve—

Nay, she might well go on in the
 words of the unhappy Leonato—(*Much
 Ado about Nothing*, act v. sc. 1.)

—— Give not me counsel,
 Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
 But such a one whose wrong doth suit with
 mine.

Bring me a father that so lov’d a child,
 Whose joy of her is overwhelm’d like mine,
 And bid him speak of patience:
 Measure his love, the length and breadth of
 mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain.

—— bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience.
 But there is no such man; for, brother, men,
 Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel: but tast-
 ing it,

Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Wou’d give preceptual medicine to rage,
 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
 Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
 No, no; ’tis all men’s office to speak pa-
 tience

To those that wring under the load of sor-
 row;

But no man’s virtue nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral when he shall endure
 The like himself: therefore, give me no
 counsel;

My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

And so, indeed, did the griefs of this
 unfortunate mother, which no words
 could at all assuage, and which no com-
 forts could at all diminish. Miserable
 mother of a more miserable daughter,
 born to sorrow, and created only to in-
 herit distress! Alas! poor world, what
 hast thou worth enjoying! how full of
 disquietude are all thy comforts! how
 abounding with miseries all thy enjoy-
 ments! Happy they, yea, far happiest
 among the children of men, who having
 no hope, build not at all on this sandy
 mole-hill; but, with a steady eye, look
 forwards to a future inheritance, and on
 the rock of heavenly adamant tread firm
 and confident towards the bright regions
 of immortality. These reflections can-
 not be too serious for the occasion; for we
 have at present melancholy only around
 us. A sick-bed, above all things, com-
 pels

pels the mind to self-recollection, and more particularly the sick-bed of a person so young and blooming as Caroline: but no less forcibly do the misfortunes of a tender parent drive us to commiseration, and force us to tender concern. May the parent who shall read these pages gather instruction therefrom! Love ye not the little darlings of all your hopes and pleasures? Do you not rejoice to see them grow up in outward grace and beauty? Are ye not charmed to behold their innocent cheeks glow with the ruddy gladness of the damask rose, and health and elegance shine in their every feature? and will ye not take more especial care that their minds too grow in grace and beauty, and that in full health and strength they may relish the sweet repasts of virtue, and nauseate the sickly, though palatable dainties of vice? Oh, be wise; and early in youth, form them to the love of truth and goodness; rewards innumerable attend the care, and blessings without end wait to crown such true parental solicitude! Of their books and their company, be particularly nice: of their masters and tutors be still more careful. Guard them from self-opinion; and, for their everlasting good, give them not early a taste of pleasures. Do not, oh do not in youth initiate them into the many fashionable schools of vice, where, with our age and nation abounds, and wherein to have made a progress is esteemed now almost a virtue! Oh, tremble and be afraid of their insinuations, and guard them from thence, as ye would guard them from the den of the serpent, as ye would secure them from the hole of the cockatrice!

That our little history might not be wholly useless and unprofitable, we have judged it not amiss to insert such admonitions as might, if received, bring some advantage to the reader. We trust and hope they will do so; though, indeed, they were no other than such as our present company themselves made, and such as of course demanded, and have a just right to a place herein. From Mrs. Hodson's lips (who was now come into the room) counsel distilled as the dew, and instruction flowed sweet and plentiful as honey from the rocks of Hymettus. Oh, how amiable is wisdom, when adorned and beautified with

elegance and delicacy! in a female, lovely and engaging, how doth sense shine, how doth goodness appear with lustre more than her own! Like the diamond, set in gold, whose rays are brightened by it's encircling glory, and which each add to each new beauties and double lustre! Their concern for Mrs. Stevens was by no means abated, when the servant came in, acquainting Miss Caroline, that a person below, in a seeming hurry, desired instantly to speak with her. Mr. Jaisou, as she was herself unable, went down to him; and enquiring, found that he came from Mr. Dookalb, with a message from an old, grey-headed gentleman there, who requested, without any loss of time, to see Miss Caroline at his house. Mr. Jaisou desired to know who the gentleman was; concerning which, gaining no information, he went and told Miss Caroline; who, by the joint advice of them all, returned for answer back, that if the gentleman would be pleased to send his name or business in writing, she should then know what answer to return: with which the messenger retired, and left them in great anxiety and consternation; though Mr. Jaisou was firmly persuaded, as he observed to them, that it was some wicked scheme of Dookalb's to get her again into his power. Mrs. Hodson imagined that it could not be so, as he proceeded in so open a manner, and so unlikely to succeed: which Mr. Jaisou the rather suspected, as knowing Dookalb well versed in every art, and not uncommonly using the fairest cloak, and the most unsuspected guise, the more securely to deceive, and the more certainly to delude. However, they were not suffered to continue long in their anxiety, for the messenger speedily returned and brought with him a note, which he delivered to the maid, having, as he declared, strict injunctions, that it should immediately be given into the hands of Miss Caroline; who, weak as she was, raised herself up in her bed, and immediately upon opening the note, dropped it from her hands, burst into tears, and fell backward into her bed in the utmost agony, beating her breast, and crying out with the most piteous lamentation, 'Oh, my father—my father—my poor, poor father—oh, my father, my father!'



THE
S I S T E R S.

BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

THE MELANCHOLY PARTING OF
MR. SANSON AND HIS FAMILY.
HIS JOURNEY TO TOWN. HIS
KIND RECEPTION FROM MR.
DOOKALB. HIS SORROW AND
ANXIETY, WITH MR. DOOKALB'S
ADVICE AND COUNSEL.



HE reader may remember, that the unhappy Mr. Sanson had determined, in case he should gain no information concerning his daughters, to his and the family's satisfaction, to make the best of his way to London, and there gain that knowledge, the want of which was so prejudicial to his peace, and the obtaining of which, he feared, might prove infinitely more prejudicial. Accordingly the poor old man, faint in heart, and no less faint in body, supplied from the hard hands of a griping and insolent usurer, with a small pittance for his journey, prepared to depart from his tender and afflicted wife, from his unhappy and weeping children. No words can picture the distress of the wretched family on his departure: his wife embraced him with fear and agony, and hung over him speechless for some time, while her copious tears bedewed his bosom, and mixed with the stream that plentifully flowed

from his eyes; the little children, moved by this state of their parents, clung around them, weeping and lamenting, and nothing but mourning and distress was heard or seen in these miserable dwellings. 'Oh, my wife!' said the affectionate husband, 'these many years we have lived together in love and friendship, and you have made me the father of many children, in whom we have but too much delighted, in whom we have taken but too much pleasure, and on whom we have built our hopes but too, too high, alas! as our downfall I fear will fatally prove. Heaven only knows whether I shall ever behold you more here below; for I am weak and infirm, and perhaps unable to support the burden of sorrows which Providence shall think good to lay upon me: but I trust, we shall meet in a better, far better world! and finding all our sins forgiven, enjoy the reward of that little degree of faithfulness, which we have shewn in our duties to each other and our family. Bear witness, my dear little babes, and remember what I now tell you, that there never was a wife more fond, indulgent and kind, more glad to oblige, please, and make their father happy, than this, this loved woman hath been! and, oh! remember that never children had a better mother—more kind, tender, and careful—her life has been employed for your welfare,
fare,

fare, and all her joy has been in you. Remember then, my poor dear babes, O remember the last words, which perhaps you will ever hear from your father! obey her carefully and constantly in all things; follow her counsels, her rules, and precepts; honour, love, and reverence her; and as God will bless you for so doing, be diligent to provide for her in her old age, and make the setting of her life peaceable, that her grey hairs may descend to the grave in quiet, and that we may all meet with joy in the kingdom of heaven.—Oh, farewell! my dearest partner in life; farewell, best of women! I leave you to the care of that Providence, which I trust will protect me—and you, my children, you, the dear pledges of our mutual love—farewell! farewell! May Heaven's choicest dew descend upon my poor unprotected infants! and, gracious God! whatever befalls the unhappy worn-out father—let their lot be happy—guard, protect, and defend them: guard, O my God! the children of an unhappy, wretched, yet resigned and patiently-enduring father! So speaking, he embraced with fervent affection each of his children, incapable almost of tearing himself from the embraces of any one of them: his own distress and sorrow being increased to a high degree by their little complaints and artless speeches, which cut him and their poor mother to the soul, and rendered them almost statues in grief.

Oh, the lamentable fruits of vanity! the horrid consequences of pride, of lust, and sin!

A melancholy silence continued some time, interrupted only by sobs and sighs, which Mrs. Sanfon at length broke with this exclamation—'Oh, that I had been barren, and never given suck! oh, that I had never known the pleasures of a parent, but that the springs and fountains of life had been dried up in me for ever! then had not these misfortunes befallen us; nor forced this infirm and sorrowful parent to undertake what he is so little able to perform.—Alas, vain, foolish mother! how didst thou pride thyself in the beauty of thy daughters! how didst thou behold them with eyes of vanity and self-applause! how didst thou build upon their graces, and fancy to thyself a thousand blessings from such

children, so fair, so excellent in every feature! Delusion all, and empty hopes! Why, why was I not more careful to instruct them in meekness and humility? why was I not more careful to deck and adorn their minds than to plume out and decorate their persons? Then had I been happy indeed; then had I received comfort from them; then had they been a never-failing joy and consolation to us their now afflicted parents! But, oh! what shall I say, or how shall I appease my troubled conscience? perhaps from me, too fondly admiring, too vainly commending their outward forms, they have drawn in the first seeds of that vanity and self-admiration, which, I fear, has proved their ruin! Oh, my poor dear daughters! oh, my dear loved children! sure it cannot, sure it is not so! But if it is, was ever mother equal to me in misery? And must I, to increase the too, too heavy load of my affliction—must I lose you, you, my husband, my ever-affectionate husband also, and be deprived of the only staff and support left me in these my calamitous circumstances? But thus afflicted, how small support can we bring to each other? Go, then, my only expectation, my only desire—and may some happy event turn our mourning into joy, and give us another and more peaceable meeting! Oh, may you find our dearest and now lost children but safe and secure in innocence—may he, just God! may he but find them alive to virtue! I ask, I wish, I desire, I request no more! But be careful for mine, and for the sake of these poor little babes! oh, be careful of yourself! nor run into any fatigue or any danger, which may be likely to deprive us of you. And if the prayers, the fervent prayers of an affectionate wife can at all prevail, mine shall never be wanting for you, till your wished return. I will ever be with you in soul and thought, and always labouring with my God for you!—Oh, may his mercy incline him to hear me, and preserve you safe and unhurt amidst every difficulty: may he return you safe to your longing family, and grant the winter of our days to conclude in peace. May he, O may he but once more restore my dearest daughters! my poor Lucy, my sweet

Caro-

‘ Caroline, my lovely children ! oh, may
 ‘ he but once more restore them to these
 ‘ eyes, and they then will close in peace;
 ‘ and blessing him, gladly for that sight
 ‘ yield up to darkness, and the grave.
 ‘ Best of husbands ! most tender, most
 ‘ obliging, and most affectionate, kindest
 ‘ and most indulgent of fathers—fare-
 ‘ wel, farewell ! and be assured I shall
 ‘ know nothing like peace till I hear
 ‘ from, or see you once more safe and
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 she concluded in tears—the least of their
 sons, weeping bitterly, looked up to his
 father, and with the most heart-affecting
 innocence, cried out—‘ Farewel, fare-
 ‘ wel, dear papa ! Indeed, I will have
 ‘ no peace neither, till you come to me
 ‘ again ; but cry all the time with my
 ‘ poor mamma for you !’ which entered
 more deeply into both their hearts, and
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 more than all the pathetick breathings
 of their own afflicted souls.

But the time appointed was come,
 and however severe the agony of parting
 was, so it must be, and so it was de-
 termined. Accordingly, the distressed
 father left his no less distressed family;
 and as never did man depart with a
 more reluctant mind, so never was there
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 continued like *Niobe*, all tears, and per-
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 that his name was Sanson, and that he
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 master thereof, as he had particular
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 the door, and left the miserable old man
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 ‘ you in my old age, dear Cousin San-
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 ‘ and good character I have had ever
 ‘ so particular a respect and veneration,
 ‘ a man whose many virtues have re-
 ‘ flected such lustre on the honour of
 ‘ our house and family ; to see you, I
 ‘ say, here, and at this time of life, is
 ‘ such good fortune as I could scarce
 ‘ expect : and be assured, I cannot
 ‘ make too much of it. Dear cousin,
 ‘ all I have is yours ; I have not a re-
 ‘ lation in the world so near as you : all
 ‘ I have must be yours ; and, I thank
 ‘ God, that is not inconsiderable nei-
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‘ther.’ Overpowered with such civility, Mr. Sanfon knew not what to say; indeed, he uttered scarce a syllable, but at length with broken sighs and deep sobs, he cried out—‘My daughters, dear cousin! my poor dear children! how do they? are they yet alive? are they here?—my poor dear children—my daughters! my daughters!’ Upon which Mr. Dookalb altering the whole form and sweetness of his visage, changed it into a stern and severe look, with a voice deep and hoarse, and quite varied from his gratulatory tone—‘Oh, Sir,’ said he, ‘I am sorry I can give you no account of them! indeed, it is my misfortune to have been concerned with them; but, to say the truth, I know nothing of them: imagine the worst, and that possibly may be the case. But why should you concern yourself about them? There is a mutual contract between children and parents, which if broken on either part, the obligation is null and void: they have by their disobedience broken their contract, and in my opinion deserve not the least regard from you. I should not esteem them any longer as children.’—‘Oh, Mr. Dookalb! Mr. Dookalb!’ replied Mr. Sanfon, holding his hand to his heart, ‘they grow here! they grow here!—Pluck away these poor old strings, pluck out this poor old heart, and then you may pluck away all remembrance of my children, my dear, dear children!’—‘Oh, they are still my children, and I am for ever undone!’—‘Well, but, cousin,’ replied the marble-hearted monster, no more moved by the wretched father’s tears and sighs, than the black rock by the cries of the ship-wrecked mariners; ‘consider, cousin, you are a reasonable creature. God hath given to man reason, as the sole or principal mark of his superiority over the rest of his works; and if we do not use that reason, thus implanted in us for good and wise purposes, we degrade ourselves to the rank of animals, and become little better than the beasts that perish. Is a father to plunge headlong into extravagant grief and violent passions of sorrow; is he therefore to break his heart, because his children have disobeyed his commands, and run into their own ruin? Doubtless he is not: a man of reason and understanding would rather

‘pluck up his spirits in such a case, and rend them absolutely from his heart—as aliens and strangers, who had forfeited all right to his friendship and regard. In your case, what have you to charge yourself withal? You did every thing in your power, and as became a kind and tender parent to promote your children’s welfare: you have discharged your duty in every respect to them; and they have thought proper to break themselves off from your power, to disobey all your commands, and to rush precipitately into vice, and shame, and destruction. Of necessity, therefore, such children should be rather had in hatred than in pity, and be the subjects of our aversion rather than of our compassion.’—‘Tell me,’ said Mr. Sanfon, interrupting him, ‘dear cousin, tell me, were you ever a father? I think not—and if so, you can no more judge of a parent’s agonizing throes for a child, than of the pangs of a mother when she brings them into the world. Oh, they were my only hope! the constant pleasure of my life! my darlings! my sweet, sweet babes, whom I have fostered up from infancy, and in whom I have garnered up my heart, my soul, my every thing! Oh, my Lucy, my child, my child! my pretty Caroline, sweet innocent! what bloom, what beauty, what graces have I beheld in you, while prattling your harmless little stories on my knee, and pleasing me with tales artless and diverting beyond all others upon earth! And are these dear children, are these poor girls ruined, destroyed, lost, dead, miserable, undone, did you say? Speak out at once—oh, burst my heart in one word!—Tell me at once! are all my hopes blasted! are all my joys levelled to the ground? are my children no more? and am I the most miserable father yet existing in this wretched, lamentable vale of mourning?’—‘Indeed, cousin,’ replied Dookalb, ‘as you lay this matter so much to heart, I could wish it were in my power to speak any comfort to you. As for my own part, I assure you, I have done as much, and felt as much, for these untoward obstinate girls, as if they were really my own children: but they have despised my advice, disregarded all my counsel, defeated all my good intentions for their welfare,

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P 2

‘and

and run lengths which are, to say truth, almost dreadful to repeat. However, as you must know the truth, sooner or later, I will inform you of it, however painful it may be to myself. Sorry I am, that it falls to my lot to acquaint you with any thing disagreeable and hurtful to your repose: far otherwise, you cannot be ignorant, was my purpose; and nothing would have given me greater felicity, than to have made you, my dear cousin, and all your family, happy. But such are the decrees of Providence; and our best designs are often not only rendered useless, but turned into evil.—‘Oh, Mr. Dookalb,’ rejoined the deluded father, ‘what need is there to repeat these things! You know what a trust and confidence I have placed in you: with what unfeigned reliance I have reposed myself upon you, and can you imagine I can ever suspect your sincerity? No, unhappy as I am, not all the world and all its miseries shall ever render me ungrateful to so good, so valuable, so kind a friend.’ Upon which Mr. Dookalb again renewed his protestations of friendship; and, after many endearing words, proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAP. II.

MR. DOOKALB’S NARRATIVE, AND ACCOUNT OF LUCY AND CAROLINE. THE MISERY OF MR. SANSON. HIS LETTER TO CAROLINE.

IT will be necessary to give you an exact account of the whole proceedings with regard to your children, from their first arrival to their utter casting themselves out of my favour. Know then, Sir, that immediately after the reception of your letter, I cast about and considered which way more especially to serve and assist my young cousins. And as I had an intimacy with a young gentleman of fortune, whom I knew to be of an amorous disposition, and whom I had in my own power also to persuade to whatever I pleased, I was determined to give one of my pretty cousins to him, and thus indisputably to make her happy. Accordingly, I contrived a meeting on their first arrival—to say

truth, my cousins beauty much exceeded my expectation—and so managed it, that my friend should have the pleasure of first seeing them. He fixed his eye upon Lucy; and the scheme succeeded even beyond my wishes. Never did I see a creature so enamoured, so struck, in all my days! “Well,” thinks I, “happy day, indeed, for my poor cousin Sanson! what satisfaction will it be to him, to see his daughter speedily pay him a visit in her coach and fix! joyful hour!”—And so, alas! I rejoiced: vain in hope, cousin; too vain in hope, alas! But who can command success? Here he dropped some crocodile-tears, which drew tears also from the eyes of the unhappy father. These soon wiped away, he proceeded.—‘But, in the morning, how was my joy increased, to receive a letter from my friend, expressing himself in the warmest and most rapturous terms; insisting upon having *this angel, this divine creature, this most beautiful of her sex!*’ (for such were his expressions;) insisting upon no delay, if she approved him, and designing immediately to be made the happy partner of her bed and affections. Adding, at the same time, that the house where his *dowager*—(bless me, I am sorry for the mistake! well, it cannot be helped; I did not intend, indeed, to have informed you of all the happiness; I did not intend to have told you, that he was a nobleman of the first rank; but truth will slip out, and so I cannot help it.)—Well, let me see, where was I?—Oh—informing me, that the house of his late dowager mother was ready furnished, and had proper servants; and that he entreated I would there directly place Lucy, making her mistress of every thing; for she was mistress of his heart, and should be the mistress and directress of all his affairs. I communicated the matter to Lucy; who, to my great joy, received it, as indeed she ought, with much thankfulness: and in a day or two we went together, and took possession of this splendid and spacious dwelling; elegant, and furnished, indeed, in a most sumptuous and magnificent manner. As many necessary affairs rendered it impossible to consummate the nuptials immediately, a few days were spent
very

' very happily on all hands; my cousin elevated with joy in her new house, the young lover never easy but when in her company, and I perfectly delighted to see such a prospect before my eyes, as I knew, cousin, must certainly be the making of all your family. Well, thus every thing succeeded: but, in the interim, she contracted an acquaintance with a gay young lady, who came to visit her; and together they went to all publick places gardens, plays, and the like; and, upon the whole, I had no objection to this; nor had my friend, your daughter's intended, neither; for this young lady was useful in attending her to shops, and the like, where she might furnish herself with all necessary things, as cloaths, jewels, and matters of that kind, which the approaching solemnity, and her state and quality hereafter would require. Besides, we were by no means averse to her seeing all the diversions; as in an innocent participation of them, you know, cousin, there could be no disservice. Well, unluckily, in troth, at some one or other of these places, she met with a celebrated rascal, a villain of the deepest dye, one Leicart, called by the foolish women, Beau Leicart; and for his dress and nonsense mightily admired by them. Wonderful to relate, yet, spite of all her rising prospects of bliss, this foolish creature fell in love with this insignificant beau! an acquaintance, not to say an intimacy, was contracted between them; he gallanted her to publick places; treated her at taverns; and, worst of all, was treated at her own house. The villain, I suppose, took the advantage of her foolish fondness for him, and half consenting inclinations, and so at once blasted all our hopes; robbed your daughter of her innocence, you of a child, and me of the great satisfaction I vainly imagined at hand for us.—'Where is the villain! where is he to be found!' cried the afflicted and wounded parent. 'Oh, tell me where I may find him: even yet, this poor old arm hath some strength, to vindicate an injured child. I'll do it, I'll do it; and then I'll die!' Not unlike his resolution was

that of old Leonato*, who thus declared his power to avenge his daughter.

I know not if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong
her honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life wreck'd me so much of
friends;

But they shall find awak'd, in such a sort,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly——

But, alas! this tide soon ebb'd in Mr. Sanfon, whose fury quickly gave way to tenderness; and, weeping, he cried out, 'Then she's undone and lost for ever! Such, too, is the fate of her sister!—What have I to do, but to dash this white head against the stones, and perish in my blood for ever!—Be compos'd,' continued Dookalb, 'and bear misfortunes, cousin, like a man. Thus ruined, and plunged into pleasure, it was impossible, you know, she could continue in the house which I had provided for her; and, to say truth, she did not afford me an opportunity to give her a discharge, but at once, with her lover, withdrew, and lived a life of lust and debauchery with him; nauseated and disgusted soon with which, he utterly cast her off: upon which, the necessary consequence was, that she became every man's meat for his money, a common harlot; and I know not whether at present she is not perishing with diseases and misery in the streets.'—'Oh, insupportable—horror—horror, horror! Dear Sir, strike me dead! strike me dead at once! let me hear no more, dear Mr. Dookalb!' said the old man, with vehemence and agony inexpressible. 'But yet, continue your horrid story: to know the worst is something. Go on, and tell me such another tale: do but inform me of the like concerning my other daughter, and all will be well, all will then be quite well, indeed!'

One would have conceived it impossible for a man with the least spark of humanity, when he found his words

* See Much Ado about Nothing. Act 4.

thus piercing to the heart of a distracted father, to have proceeded in his cruelty, and to have added fresh blows and new poignancy to his pains, now almost insupportable. But Dookalb had long since abandoned all humanity; and his barbarous soul fed with delight on this sorrow of the father, as it served to glut, in some sort, his diabolical revenge on the daughters. He went on therefore. 'Sorry I am, cousin, to see you thus affected, but still more sorry that I can give you no better an account of your other most undutiful daughter. Nay, perhaps, it would be better for me to say no more to you; but you must one day or other hear it: and as my conduct will be much called in question, and my zealous regard for her welfare construed into cruelty, not improbably, I will, in my own defence, continue my disagreeable narrative. Caroline had not been long in town before she fell ill, and contracted a large debt with an apothecary; which, that the grateful lady might make some amends to me for my care, and expences, and anxiety for her welfare, she left me to pay, and to my inexpressible agony, eloped, run away, cousin—I could not tell where. Miserable and half distracted as I was, I used every means to find her again. But, alas! she had been better lost than so found; for she was decoyed into a very wicked notorious house, and there, I presume, she too lost her virtue: there, I fear, indeed, poor Caroline lost her virtue; and when once her virtue is lost, what is a woman worth? However, I was not willing to abandon the poor girl quite, as there was something in her behaviour, cousin, so very sweet, pretty, and obliging, that I loved her as well as yourself. I received her again; but away she ran a second time with a wild young spark of the town, who took her into keeping, and became her bully, abusing and threatening me, insomuch that I was well nigh afraid to go out of my house. To add to my afflictions, the apothecary, too, became importunate, insisted upon his bill, and talked very high. I persuaded him a long time to desist, hoping yet my cousin would return, see her error, and amend. But when, at length, all hopes were to no purpose, I gave him my consent, and, in short,

he arrested her. No sooner did I hear of this, than I flew instantly to her rescue and relief: and in a dismal, shocking situation I found her. To win her mind by the most generous proceeding, and to do all I could, that might engage her to goodness and to a confidence in me, I did not take her to my house, lest that should disgust and offend her; but myself becoming bail for her, removed her to a worthy old lady of my particular acquaintance, who having a large family, I thought most likely to amuse and divert her, and to whom, as a woman of peculiar address and politeness, I earnestly recommended my dear recovered friend. But there are some minds, whom benefits received, so far from obliging, even harden: and this was the case here; for she would neither eat nor drink; abused, called and threatened me; pretended to fall into fits at the sight of the worthy lady, my friend; and counterfeited madness, to crown all: so that the lady begged of me not to let her house be thus troubled; and after I had earnestly requested her to try her another week, she contrived some means to get away; and returned to that vile, wicked rascal, who was the occasion of all these things, and with whom she now is indulging, I suppose, in shameful lust, and little, little thinking, of what I and her poor father suffer on her account.' —'Fool that I was!' said Mr. Sanson, deeply groaning; 'fool that I was to part with these poor creatures from under my wing! Had they continued peaceful in my homely cottage, I had been happy, they had been innocent! Miserable daughters of a far more miserable father! whom shall I blame, or whom most shall I condemn? Oh! how lovely were they! what joy was it to my heart to behold their dear full blossoms, fair and flourishing, beautiful in innocence, and promising happiness to me and to all their friends! Now they are spotted over, defiled, defaced: I suppose, I should not even know my poor disfigured children! Good God, why all this load on so weak and feeble an old man! Oh, my wife, it is well thou art not here! Melancholy, indeed, was our parting: but were we ever more to meet, more melancholy far would be that meeting! Good God—was there ever in
all

‘ all the creation such a wretch as I!
 ‘ Oh, who would wish to be a father—
 ‘ or, if one, who would not teach their
 ‘ daughters virtue, only virtue! Vain
 ‘ old man—horrid destructive pride of
 ‘ heart, thou hast ruined me and mine!
 ‘ Burst my heart, crack every sinew,
 ‘ weep drops of blood, O my eyes—
 ‘ cursed be the villains—cursed the day
 ‘ my daughters departed from home!
 ‘ but, if it be possible, avenging Heaven,
 ‘ if yet, if possible, hear a miserable
 ‘ father’s prayer—Save my children—
 ‘ save my dear children, my daughters,
 ‘ my daughters; oh, save them from
 ‘ utter ruin!’

‘ May the Almighty hear your pray-
 ‘ ers; and if, indeed, it be possible,
 ‘ dear cousin, save our mutual care,
 ‘ your once so beloved daughters!’
 said Dookalb, his hands lifted up, and
 his eyes raised in fervour to the ceiling
 of the room; for higher yet he never
 ‘ looked. ‘ But,’ continued he, ‘ I
 ‘ greatly fear the possibility of it; how-
 ‘ ever, as I can inform you where Ca-
 ‘ roline is, my servant is greatly at
 ‘ your command to carry any message
 ‘ or letter which you shall think pro-
 ‘ per to send. And I cannot think it
 ‘ would be amiss to send directly, order-
 ‘ ing her, upon her duty, to come and
 ‘ give an account of herself to you her
 ‘ injured and much aggrieved father.’
 —‘ O bring me pen and ink, dear Sir,’
 cried Mr. Sanson; ‘ instantly let me
 ‘ write, instantly let me send, that I
 ‘ may at least see my poor child, that I
 ‘ may at least see one of my dear daugh-
 ‘ ters, before I am no more, before I
 ‘ leave this vale of misery!’ His re-
 quest was directly complied with; and
 Mr. Dookalb advising him to write po-
 sitively, and with some severe commands,
 the trembling father, with much diffi-
 culty, while every nerve shook, and his
 eyes bedewed the paper, wrote as fol-
 lows.

‘ MY CHILD,

‘ **W**HAT dreadful things do I
 ‘ hear? Alas! did I ever
 ‘ think it would have come to this?
 ‘ You and your sister have killed a fond
 ‘ and affectionate father; you have broke
 ‘ my heart, and I have now but a very
 ‘ short time to live. I am come to Lon-
 ‘ don, and am at my worthy friend Mr.
 ‘ Dookalb’s, where I command you—

‘ if you have yet any degree of love and
 ‘ duty remaining—where, I say, I com-
 ‘ mand you instantly to attend me.
 ‘ Oh, Caroline! my tears flow so fast,
 ‘ I can scarcely see what I write: my
 ‘ hand trembles so vehemently, I can
 ‘ scarce form one distinct letter. Cruel,
 ‘ cruel child! to bring the tenderest fa-
 ‘ ther that ever lived to such a situation!
 ‘ But your own heart must upbraid and
 ‘ condemn you more than all I can
 ‘ write; and though thus afflicted my-
 ‘ self, even yet I would not give any
 ‘ sorrow, if possible, to my dear chil-
 ‘ dren. Do not then give me any more,
 ‘ but make all expedition to see me,
 ‘ that you may afford me some com-
 ‘ fort, if any be left for me, before I
 ‘ go hence and be no more seen. Your
 ‘ most affectionate father,

‘ J. SANSON.’

The poor old man, after he had writ-
 ten this letter, imagined it by far too
 severe, and therefore determined not to
 send it: and observing to Mr. Dookalb,
 that a message by his servant might do
 as well, at his pressing solicitation the
 servant was dispatched; who, forgetting
 Mr. Sanson’s name, occasioned that mis-
 take which was spoken of above; and,
 upon his return, received the letter with
 an additional word or two, which he
 carefully conveyed to Caroline, and
 who, upon the reading it, fell, as was
 related in the close of the last book, into
 that violent agony of grief, and those
 pathetick exclamations, which, as they
 were astonishing to all who heard them,
 so did they raise the curiosity of all to be
 informed of the reason of them. How-
 ever, as in such a tide of passion, that
 was impossible, their whole endeavours
 were exerted to recover Caroline, and
 to assuage the impetuosity of her sorrow;
 which being in some measure done by
 the kind endearments and gentle per-
 suasives of Mr. Jaison, she at length so
 far emerged from her grief as to give
 him the letter, desiring him to read it
 aloud, that all might join in advising
 her what measures to take, and which
 way best to proceed.

CHAP. III.

DELIBERATIONS UPON THE LET-
 TER. A RESOLUTION TAKEN.
 MR.

MR. DOOKALB AND MR. SANSON'S CONTRARY OPINIONS. MR. DOOKALB PREVAILS. A SHORT DIGRESSION UPON ABANDONED PROFLIGATES. HIS DESIGN AND DETERMINATION.

MR. Jaïson accordingly read the letter, which drew tears from all their eyes, and at the same time greatly puzzled them how to determine, and after what manner to direct this affair: for that Mr. Dookalb had prepossessed Mr. Sanson's mind was evident enough; and therefore it required some care and caution to manage so nice a matter. Mrs. Hodson observed, that his prepossessions in prejudice of his children would be of no consequence, since the extreme fondness of the good father was, amidst so many evils, very plain and conspicuous: she therefore advised the sending Mr. Jaïson to inform him of the state of the case, and to beg his company there. To this Mr. Jaïson readily and instantly agreed; but Caroline burst into tears, and cried out, 'O no, no, no! it must not be thus: it may be perhaps some scheme of that wicked man, Mr. Dookalb, to draw him or me into a snare, and to destroy and ruin us!' which Mr. Jaïson smiling at, as an idle fear, told her, that he would take his man with him, and arm him, as well as himself, with a sword; and then he could easily stand upon his own defence. The recollection of the former duel, upon this, shot into Mrs. Hodson's mind, and she began greatly to exclaim against such methods of defence, and to alter her opinion; observing, that probably it might be better, if Caroline wrote a short letter to her father, informing him of her present illness, and begging him to come directly to Mrs. Stevens. 'Alas, alas!' said she, 'while you are thus deliberating, my poor unhappy father is in horrible suspense and dread: give me pen and ink, let me write instantly; for I should be cruel indeed, to keep him any longer in anxiety.' So saying, she was furnished with pen, ink, &c. and wrote, desiring her father's immediate presence. She wrote with all imaginable tenderness, deference, and respect. The note was without delay conveyed to the old man; who, upon reading it, cried out, 'O, Mr. Dookalb, she is ill, very ill, confined to

her bed: my poor dear child is confined to her bed. Pray shew me the way, pray direct me to the place where she is; my good friend, shew me the way to my poor child. Alas, alas! what a most miserable wretch am I!' — 'Give me leave, Sir,' said Dookalb; 'give me leave to look at this curious note. A very dutiful child, indeed, to send a note to her father! I wonder Miss was not polite enough to send a card.' — 'Nay, indeed, my good friend,' said Mr. Sanson, while tears trickled from his eyes; 'indeed, she writes like a very dutiful, good daughter! O, may she prove but sincere! But, in truth, I cannot blame anything here. Take and read, Sir; I am sure my child speaks very affectionately, very tenderly, to her unhappy, distressed father!' — 'And she must be a brute indeed,' said Dookalb, taking the note, 'if she spoke otherwise at a distance from you: no, no, they are not young, cousin Sanson, in hypocrisy. Beware, I say; beware, that your own children do not prove too subtle for you: I only give it you as a caution; I wish you may find it profitable. Aye,' continued he, 'it is all plain; plain as can be: this sickness is all a pretence, a mere pretence for not coming to you; the lady is above that. Believe me, cousin, it is all a sham—no uncommon case, I can assure you; no, no, it is very much practised every day; I have seen and known enough of it: you do not know quite so much of the world as I do—take my word, this sickness is all a perfect cheat.' — 'Alas! sure not,' said Mr. Sanson; 'I hope my daughter is not quite so base: however, my most worthy friend, as the best way to detect the fraud is to go and see, pray grant me the favour; let us go together; let us go and see whether it be really as she says; and, believe me, if it be not, though she were ten times more dear to me than she is, I would tear her from my heart, and give every feather of affection to the winds for ever and ever.' — 'Oh, cousin,' replied Dookalb, 'do not imagine that you will immediately be undeceived; do not suppose she will be such a novice in hypocrisy, as to meet you well and in perfect appearance of health at her door: no, quite otherwise, I dare pronounce. Possibly

‘Possibly she will be in bed, have her
 ‘nurses and physicians about her, and
 ‘every thing that can present you with
 ‘a shew of real illness. This, I doubt
 ‘not, will be done: and now I recol-
 ‘lect, there is more design and artifice
 ‘in this, than I at first imagined. De-
 ‘pend upon it, Cousin Sanson, (and I
 ‘am not often deceived in my opinion
 ‘of things; besides, some experience
 ‘hath made me wise:) depend upon it,
 ‘this sickness is pretended, purposely to
 ‘draw your pity and compassion upon
 ‘her; and that seeing her, as you will
 ‘imagine, in such a desperate state, such
 ‘a very dangerous condition, you may
 ‘be inclined to lay aside all your re-
 ‘sentment, your very just and due re-
 ‘sentment, and turn all your anger into
 ‘commiseration. Oh, these girls have
 ‘such counsellors, Sir, that put them
 ‘upon such unheard-of and uncommon
 ‘artifices, as would puzzle the saga-
 ‘city of the most knowing amongst
 ‘men! It is amazing to think of their
 ‘schemes. And, besides all this, your
 ‘daughter has a young fellow, a gen-
 ‘tleman with her, whom few can equal,
 ‘very few, I assure you; no novice,
 ‘take my word, in iniquity; no stranger
 ‘to guile: no, he is an old offender,
 ‘and knows every turn and quirk;
 ‘more skilful is he in such businesses,
 ‘than the most roguish pettifogger in
 ‘all the little knaveries of the law.
 ‘They will deceive you or I, cousin.
 ‘But let us be upon our guard; in-
 ‘deed we should be strictly so, if we
 ‘would proceed rightly in such mat-
 ‘ters: and I never was right in my life,
 ‘if I am now mistaken. Be confident,
 ‘Cousin Sanson, this is all a piece of
 ‘chicanery, of gross deceit; and exert
 ‘your parental authority a little, that
 ‘you may satisfy yourself, and find out
 ‘the delusion; and so, with Othello,
 ‘arm yourself resolutely to say—

‘—If I prove her haggard,
 ‘Tho’ that her jesses were my dear heart-
 ‘strings,
 ‘I’d whistle her off, and let her down the
 ‘wind,
 ‘To prey at fortune.’

‘Well, in truth, cousin,’ replied Mr.
 Sanson, ‘I know not what step to take;
 ‘your advice is, I dare say, extremely
 ‘good and proper, but I must confess
 ‘I have such a yearning, such an earnest
 ‘desire to see my child, that I could

‘wish you would pardon the fondness
 ‘of a father, give way to my humour,
 ‘and permit me to visit her. Do, be so
 ‘kind as to shew me the way; and
 ‘since certainly we shall thus detect the
 ‘fraud, if, as you suppose, there be
 ‘any, in my weak judgment, it is best
 ‘to do it immediately and directly as
 ‘we can.’—‘O, pray, Sir,’ replied Mr.
 Dookalb, somewhat warmly; ‘pray,
 ‘Sir, do as you think proper. I have
 ‘neither power nor will to forbid or
 ‘restrain you: you have my free leave,
 ‘assure yourself, to visit your daughter,
 ‘or to do just as you judge convenient.
 ‘I only, Sir, as a friend, suggested my
 ‘opinion; I only just hinted what per-
 ‘haps it was in my power more fully
 ‘to enlarge upon; but as you seem to
 ‘think me mistaken, pray indulge your
 ‘own humour. I have had uneasiness
 ‘enough already, by indulging other
 ‘people’s humours; but I say nothing
 ‘of that. Excuse me, Sir, from at-
 ‘tending you; my servant shall direct
 ‘you, if you approve it.’ The poor old
 man was cut to the heart at this speech;
 and what resolution to take he was ut-
 terly doubtful. To think he should
 affront this best and kind friend, and
 be left, perhaps, in this wild city in-
 tirely unaided and unassisted; to think
 he should despise counsel, which, as it
 appeared to him, could have no other
 end than his welfare; to think he
 should, in fine, be ungrateful to a man
 who had been so very friendly to all his
 family; shocked him exceedingly, and
 so absolutely incapacitated him of all
 power of judging, that he sat some time
 lifeless and silent as a stone, in a perfect
 reverie and dissipation of all power of
 thinking or determining. However, at
 length recovering himself, ‘Well, Sir,’
 said he, ‘I am a very weak and mise-
 ‘rable old man; direct me as you seem
 ‘good; order my proceedings as seems
 ‘best to your far better judgment and
 ‘understanding.’—‘I will then, my-
 ‘self, write a note to your daughter,’
 said Dookalb; ‘and send again, de-
 ‘manding her immediate presence here.’
 Which accordingly he performed, and
 wrote (as he read it to Mr. Sanson, at
 least) to the following effect.

‘DEAR COUSIN,

‘I Am very sorry you should give
 ‘your poor father so much addi-
 ‘tional trouble and uneasiness, as not
 ‘to

' to attend him on his first message to
 ' you. Surely you should be ready to
 ' fly on the first news of his presence;
 ' a father so fond, kind, and affection-
 ' ate. Indeed, was he capable, fa-
 ' tigated and wearied as he is with his
 ' journey, or was it consistent with pa-
 ' rental reverence, he would have been
 ' with you ere now: but as that nei-
 ' ther can nor ought to be expected, I
 ' desire you would make no farther de-
 ' lays or excuses to attend him at my
 ' house, as you are in duty bound.
 ' Whatever objections you may have
 ' against entering my house, as indeed
 ' your unkindness to me makes your
 ' backwardness to see me not unrea-
 ' sonable; yet, under the protection of
 ' your father, you cannot scruple, I
 ' conceive, to enter the roof, ever hos-
 ' pitable to you and yours, of, dear
 ' cousin, your most affectionate and
 ' sincere friend,

' JOSEPH DOOKALB.'

This letter Mr. Sanson not disap-
 proving, Mr. Dookalb left him awhile
 to deliver it and a message to the ser-
 vant, who was one of his old pimps
 and procurers, famous and beloved for
 his zeal, ingenuity, and activity. The
 truth was, Dookalb solely desired to get
 Caroline once more in his clutches, as
 determined, if possible, to wreak his re-
 venge upon her. The reader, possibly,
 may wonder, that after having had so
 much trouble with her, and so much
 difficulty to perform his hellish designs,
 he should still have any desire to renew
 his labour, or any inclination again
 to concern himself with so squeamish
 and resolute a girl. But whoever shall
 think thus, has not sufficiently attended
 to the character and disposition of Mr.
 Dookalb, or enough studied the human
 heart; where, if once malevolence and
 vice hath extirpated every humane and
 good principle, it is never to be admired,
 that men proceed to any lengths in
 wickedness: since their consciences are
 absolutely seared, and like the very de-
 vils, who delight only in blackness and
 darkness, they take a pleasure in evil;
 iniquity becomes their food and suste-
 nance, the support and nourishment of
 their poisonous souls and tempers, as
 venomous animals can only be nourish-
 ed and sustained by venom. Dookalb
 had not proceeded any moderate way in

iniquity; he was no novice in the school
 of vice, and had so far extinguished
 every good principle in his soul, that
 whatever looked like sin, was a pleasure
 and satisfaction. We cannot surely be
 surprized at it; for if they who turn
 one from vice to virtue, are promised a
 reward bright and conspicuous as the
 stars in the firmament, what must they
 expect who have been the instruments of
 their own destruction, to turn many from
 virtue to vice, to turn many from inno-
 cence to shame and sin, and to plunge
 numberless souls into certain and hor-
 rible destruction? No doubt such, though
 the very principal agents in establishing
 his kingdom, are the constant mock
 and ridicule of Satan and all his hellish
 crew; who, though they cannot but de-
 light to see mortals thus promote their
 interest, yet, doubtless, grin *terrible and*
ghastly smiles of wonder and contempt,
 to behold them thus running into their
 nets, and enhancing their own damna-
 tion by the damnation of others! Oh,
 fools and deluded, what a miserable
 reckoning have ye to make! what a
 dreadful eternity have ye to pass! Think
 one moment; think, and tremble: nor
 put off the reflection through the horror
 and pungency of it! Think of the worm
 of conscience never dying! think of the
 flames of hell never consuming! think
 of the stripes, the mocks, the indigni-
 ties of devils; the howlings, the curs-
 ings, the bitter woe and lamentation
 of those brought to these miseries by
 your means; and of the inexpressible
 anguish, which, though intolerably se-
 vere, is yet never to be intermitted, but
 must continue still the same through all
 eternity! Think of crying out in your
 lake of fire and brimstone—

Forbid it, and O'grant, great God, at least,
 This one, this slender, almost no request:
 When I have wept a thousand lives away,
 When torment is grown weary of it's prey;
 When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
 Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire!

I fear, no reflection can possibly avail
 a mind like that of Dookalb's; to whom,
 as we before observed, every scene of
 vice, every practice of iniquity, every
 lover of sin, was dear as his own soul,
 and welcome as every appearance of
 virtue is to the benevolent and honest
 heart! What a round of felicity then
 must he daily have enjoyed; when he
 could not pass a day, or even a step from
 his

his own door, without highly satisfying this his diabolick appetite! What rapture must he secretly have felt to hear the loud oaths, the amazing profaneness, the shocking blasphemies, constantly and dreadfully echoed through the gallant streets of England's noble and right Christian metropolis! What abundant joy must he have received on beholding such a crowd of females daily and nightly plying the streets, half-starved, half-naked, rotting away with loathsome diseases, and degraded almost beneath the rank of animals! But how much more abundant must his joy be to think, that he, even he himself, hath been the happy means of introducing many a one of these females to their present horrid state; that he hath been the degrader of them from the rank of all that is lovely and desirable, to the infamous condition of the most filthy and detestable! Thus reflecting, how may he smite his heart with transport, and cry, 'Here is my triumph!' In short, what joy must arise to him, from almost every place, to behold vice so highly ennobled, so illustriously splendid, and votaries of every kind flocking to her temples, and bringing offerings to her shrines!—But, to return.

As anxious only to gratify his revenge, Dookalb was solicitous, if possible, to regain Caroline into his power; and therefore he ordered this faithful minister of his hellish purposes to conduct her to the place, which was mentioned in the letter to her, and to bring back word, that she was not at home, if he managed the point according to their wishes. With this purpose the messenger departed, and Dookalb returned to Mr. Sanson; who, though by no means approving this scheme, was yet obliged to submit to it, in deference to his friend's advice. His heart was with his daughter, and his whole desire to see her, that he might know the uttermost of his misery, and learn something concerning the fate of poor Lucy, whom he earnestly wished to see and hear of, and of whom he could obtain no tidings from Mr. Dookalb.

CHAP. IV.

MR. DOOKALB'S FARTHER DECEIT
AND VILLAINY DETECTED AT
LENGTH. MR. SANSON'S DELI-

VERY FROM HIM. HIS MEETING
WITH CAROLINE. HIS FARTHER
ANXIETY, &c.

THE messenger soon arrived at Mrs. Stevens's, and Mr. Dookalb's letter was conveyed to Caroline; but how great was her astonishment there to read—

'MADAM,

'YOUR father, with myself, was coming to the place where you now are, to visit you: in our way he was taken violently ill, and obliged to be conveyed to the house nearest at hand, where he lies in a dreadful condition; and I fear, unless you make all possible haste, it will be too late, and you will not have the satisfaction to see alive your father, who hath so tenderly loved you. I am yours, &c.

'J. DOOKALB.

'P. S. The bearer of this will direct you to the place.'

Scarce had she read it, before she cried out with the utmost agony, and was preparing to arise from her bed, wringing her hands, and saying—'Oh, let me fly—let me fly to him!—Let me hasten to my poor dying father!—let me hasten to him!—wretch, miserable wretch as I am!' Upon which Mrs. Hodson and Mrs. Stevens restrained her, and Mr. Jaifon snatched up the note, which reading, he said—'Be composed a few minutes—I will fly myself and be informed of the truth of this matter. Pray, be composed a little, and I will use all expedition.' So saying, he hastened down stairs, where stood Mr. Dookalb's messenger. 'Come, friend,' said Mr. Jaifon to him, 'quickly conduct me to the place where this gentleman is: haste away before me, and use all your speed.' Upon which the fellow did not move a step, but looked him full in the face, and drawled out—'Sir!—'Well, Sir,' replied Mr. Jaifon; 'and why don't you obey my orders—no delays now! Hasten this instant, or I'll push you forward with this;' clapping his hand upon his sword. 'I wanted a young lady, Sir,' said the fellow: 'I was to shew her the way, and not you. Her father wants

‘her, and I cannot go without her. I have no business with you.’—‘Pr’ythee don’t tell me of business, rascal!’ replied Mr. Jaifon, ‘but immediately conduct me to the place where the poor old gentleman is—or depend upon it I’ll severely compel you.’ Which Mr. Jaifon uttered with such resolution, with a look so stern and frightful, and a voice so commanding and peremptory, that the pusillanimous pandar began to tremble, and be in no small fear for his own carcass. This was not unobserved by Mr. Jaifon, who more mildly said, ‘Come, friend, don’t be terrified; I want only to be shown the place where this gentleman is, where you was to conduct the lady—shew me in a moment, and I’ll reward you.’ Upon which he opened the door, and the fellow taking the opportunity, fled before him with all imaginable precipitancy. Mr. Jaifon concluding fairly from hence that there was some notorious defraud, followed after equally swift, and at length overtook and caught the fugitive; of whom he demanded the reason of all this strange proceeding, and threatened instantly to run him through the body, (for which purpose he drew his sword) unless he declared the whole mystery to him; which, intimidated by his threats, and death thus hanging over him, the fellow fairly confessed, and opened the whole truth. To which Mr. Jaifon said nothing; but keeping his hold, conducted him to a neighbouring coffee-house, and by bribes and threats obliged him to write a note to Dookalb, informing him that he had succeeded, and begged, for a particular reason, his immediate presence. This was no sooner written, than Mr. Jaifon, ordering proper officers, delivered the affrighted miscreant into their custody; and dispatched the note by a porter, himself attending at a proper distance to wait the issue. Dookalb no sooner received the note, than a flash of uncommon transport covered his cheek; and apologizing to Mr. Sanson, he told him some most urgent and particular business demanded his immediate presence, which being but at two or three doors distance, he should dispatch in ten minutes, and would then return, desiring him to excuse it, as necessity had no law, and begging him to take no resolution till he should be again with him. So saying, he de-

parted; leaving the poor old man in great and strange anxiety.

Soon as Mr. Jaifon, who observed his departure, thought him at a proper distance, he went to the house, and desired to speak with Mr. Sanson; which being granted, he was introduced to the wretched father of his beloved Caroline; at the sight of whom I have often heard him declare, he thought his very heart would have burst; for he never beheld an object that so commanded and raised compassion. His venerable white locks; his downcast, settled melancholy; big tears stealing down his eyes, and his whole appearance bespeaking consummate sorrow. He could not help dropping a tear himself on the first view of him; and taking him by the hand, ‘You will be surprized, Sir,’ said he, ‘perhaps at this familiarity in a stranger; but the pressing occasion requires it—you must ask no questions, but instantly go with me.’—‘Go with you, Sir!’ said the old man; ‘for what, or where, or why? Alas, you are a perfect stranger to me! where would you hurry such an unhappy wretch?’—‘To your excellent and best of daughters, who is in anxiety to see you,’ replied Mr. Jaifon; ‘from whom I come to rescue you from this house, and to make you happy in her presence. Indeed, Sir, the time and occasion admits no delay. Trust me I am your sincere friend, though unknown; trust me my designs are wholly for your happiness: ask what you will, or how you will, when once from hence; only follow me now, and say nothing.’—‘Oh! there appears something,’ said Mr. Sanson, ‘so sincere and noble in your look and manner, that I cannot distrust you: and you say you come from my daughter—what, from my Lucy, or my Caroline?’—‘From Caroline, Sir!’ rejoined Mr. Jaifon, hastily: ‘but pray do not delay; come after me—and I will speedily inform you of every thing.’ So saying, he took his hand, and made all possible expedition to the door; to which they arrived unnoticed, and from which they escaped unobserved, to Mr. Jaifon’s no small joy and satisfaction; who at a small distance procured a coach, entering into which with Mr. Sanson, he ordered the coachman to make all possible expedition to Mrs.

Stevens’s,

Stevens's, the place directed. 'The whole of this proceeding, Sir,' said Mr. Sanson, soon as they were seated, 'is so mysterious to me, I cannot comprehend it—pray inform me, and satisfy a most anxious mind.'—'I hope, Sir,' replied Mr. Jaifon, 'facts will speedily, more fully and indisputably inform you, than any thing I can now say; which, perhaps, your present prejudices and scruples may render doubtful, but which seen in reality, will admit of no misconception.—However, it may not be amiss to undeceive you in your opinion of Mr. Dookalb, and to declare to you, that he is one of the greatest and the most inhuman of villains: a fellow, to whom you owe all the misfortunes that have befallen your family, and from whose pretended friendship you have received every wound and stab that has afflicted you.'—'Good God!' cried Mr. Sanson, 'is it possible? Sure it cannot be? Sure I am not mistaken in this man? And yet what can be your motive thus to speak of him?—Oh, dear Sir! tell me all! let me hear—that I may be acquainted with all my wretchedness.'—'Oh, Sir!' replied Mr. Jaifon, 'never call yourself wretched, while you have such a daughter as Miss Caroline. Her virtue and goodness should make you truly contented and happy, and silence every complaint for them is fortunes that may otherwise befall you.'—'And may I then believe this, Sir!' replied the old man, tears gently trickling down his cheeks. 'Do you not deceive me too? May I indeed believe this, which you say of my dear child? Oh, indeed, I do believe it! for she was ever mild and lovely, ever averse to all appearance of vice. We are very ready to credit what we wish; and you say my child is virtuous and safe; she is not, what I tremble to say? I have been told she is. You assure me Caroline is happy; oh, give me such another cheering word! say but the same of my Lucy, and I'll bless you with my last dying breath!'—'I have not the happiness to know your other daughter, Sir,' replied Mr. Jaifon: 'but you may and shall command me to exert all my endeavours for her welfare. Be not, however, uneasy on her account; but bless God, that he hath in this particular so far exceeded your

wishes, and already assured you of a much better fate than you expected. And having such an earnest of happiness, hope the best, and be not too solicitous.'—'Oh, Sir,' replied the old man, 'can a tender father be other-wise than solicitous, even to the utmost degree of anxiety, for children whom he loves dearer far than his own life? If it does but please the Everlasting Goodness to rescue them from the evils wherein I have imagined, and been told, they were plunged; if they are but virtuous, I shall bless my happiness, and by no means repine at the miseries I have suffered, but go down to the grave in peace and satisfaction. But surely Mr. Dookalb cannot be what you represent him! such disinterested kindness, such generous friendship as he hath shewn me and mine; surely, Sir, you either mistake or misrepresent him.'—'I do not in the least wonder at your doubts concerning him,' said Mr. Jaifon; 'it is no easy matter to change our opinions either from good or bad: the mind is not easily to be persuaded of their virtues, whom it hath always hated and despised, no more than of their vices, whom it hath formerly held in the highest esteem and veneration.—Nay, I desire you not, Sir, to believe me, or to give any credit to my bare affirmation; I appeal only to facts: let them speak; and let the future circumstances, in which you cannot be deceived, let them only shew you what a diabolical rascal this same fancied friend of yours is.'

Thus discoursing, they arrived at Mrs. Stevens's door; and Mr. Jaifon conducted Mr. Sanson up stairs, having informed him that Caroline was indeed ill, and having cleared away those vile suggestions which Dookalb had infused into his mind. Caroline's heart fainted in her, when she heard Mr. Jaifon's voice: and turning her eyes to look upon his entrance into the room, she beheld her father, reached out her hand, sighed deeply, and fainted away. The poor old man caught hold of it, fell upon her face; which, watering plentifully with his tears, he kissed a thousand and a thousand times; crying out, 'My child, my poor dear child! my Caroline, my daughter! O my love, my dear, dear child!' There was not a dry eye in the room; and none knew which

which most to pity, or over which most to rejoice, the father or the daughter. Scarce could they prevail with him to suffer them to come near her, and apply proper things for her recovery; so rivetted was he to her; so unwilling to remove one moment from his dear and tenderly beloved Caroline: however, by proper means, she was at length recovered; and opening her faint and languid eyes, turned them on her father; and bursting into tears, hung her snowy arms round his neck, while he embraced her with the same affection; and each, in silent sorrow, mingled their plentiful tears together. 'My mother! my mother!' were the only words she could speak; which, after some time, she more fully explained, by saying, 'Oh, dear Sir! how is my poor mother; how does that best of women, my poor, dear, fondest, best of mothers?' — 'Alas! my child,' replied he, 'that unhappy woman has known nothing of comfort a long, long time; never since your and my Lucy's departure, have either of us seen the least shadow of peace. Oh, my child, she is the best of women, indeed; indeed, she is the very tenderest of mothers! Oh, Caroline, what has she suffered for you! oh, my child, what has she endured! But how are you, my daughter? Speak and tell me; that I may not lose you, now thus happily found! Oh, they tell me I have been deceived, my child: has not Mr. Dookalb been the best of friends to you; and have not you been ungrateful to him?' — 'Oh, Sir,' replied Caroline, 'I must not scruple to say, that every thing we have suffered—you, my mother, myself, and all of us—I must not keep back the truth, I must not scruple to say, all our evils and all our misfortunes are from him. But let us not dwell upon this; let us only rejoice that we are met again; and that by the abundant tenderness of these worthy people, but particularly that gentleman,' [pointing to Mr. Jaifon] 'you receive me safe and unhurt; you receive me, indeed, alive and happy.' — 'Then all he has told me is false!' cried Mr. Sanfon, 'all is false, dear-child? Cruel, barbarous man! and yet I will not call him cruel; thanks be to God that he hath thus deceived me, and that I shall receive both my poor girls again safe and

secure; free from that deadly ruin which I feared they had fallen into! Say, my Caroline, where is your sister? where is my Lucy? shall I not see her too? Where is my poor child? Alas! what terrors have I suffered on her account! what a horrible story have I heard from Mr. Dookalb! Oh, my dear, every word he uttered was a dagger to my heart; and he struck it home indeed! I wonder that I have been able one moment to survive it!—His cruelty is unparalleled, Sir,' said Mr. Jaifon; 'yet, I trust it will be in our power to make him a proper return, and to deliver the earth from the depredations of such a monster: it will be a work, I am sure, infinitely more advantageous to mankind, than any one of the labours of Hercules; for none of the monsters tamed by him, ever were so obnoxious to mankind, or did so much injury as this most consummate of villains. However, Sir, as this must be the matter of future deliberations, let me at present entreat you to leave your daughter a while, that both may receive some nourishment and support, and return with greater activity and vigour to a proper exertion of your resolutions.' This Mr. Jaifon suggested, as a means to divert the poor old man's enquiry after Lucy, and to deliver Caroline from the violent anxiety she must be under to open this melancholy affair. Mr. Jaifon therefore pressed it very closely; but Mr. Sanfon replied—'Oh, Sir, I want now no support, no nourishment: thank God, I receive here comfort and support enough. But my bowels yearn to my other child; I want to be informed concerning her, and then I may leave my Caroline in peace.' — 'You see, Sir,' said Mrs. Hodson, 'how very weak and low your daughter is; you had much better not hurry her spirits too much, lest you throw her down entirely, and make her situation more dangerous than it is: be advised, good Sir, and go down into my apartment; we can give you a full account of your other daughter, without disturbing and discomposing this.' To which Mr. Sanfon, at length, though with some regret, consented; leaving Caroline in the utmost anxiety and solicitude, to think how this affair could be opened to him; and under the deepest sorrow,

row, to reflect what a melancholy scene of affliction yet awaited him; after having suffered so much already, after having already experienced such a round of disquietude on her and her sister's account. She trusted, however, to the prudence and wisdom of Mrs. Hodson, and the gentleness and power of Mr. Jaison; and hoped the reflection of her present state and security, might be some lenitive, some gentle assuasive of the terrible pains he must endure on Lucy's behalf.

Scarce were they seated below stairs, before Mr. Sanfon renewed his enquiry: observing to Mrs. Hodson, that she had declared herself very capable of informing him concerning his other daughter; which Mr. Jaison, however, insisted upon being waved, till Mr. Sanfon had taken some proper nourishment. 'Oh Sir,' said the old man, with most pathetick tears, 'that would be the most salutary nourishment to me, to hear my child was safe and well, and virtuous; I should then want no incitements to food; but my mind being at ease, my body would soon be so too: inform me, but in a word, that Lucy, my dearest Lucy! is what I find my Caroline, and I'll grow young again with joy; I'll exceed all bounds in my exultation. But why are you silent? Oh! I am sure you would be ready to speak, you would be ready to inform me of it, were she happy and good—dreadful silence!—Speak at once, O speak the worst; for I already prevent it in my thoughts—say all that Dookalb has told me is true; say she is — and yet say it not, for the tidings must be death!'—'It is the peculiar mercy of God, Sir,' said Mrs. Hodson, 'that you receive your daughter Caroline virtuous and uninjured; it is, I say, the peculiar mercy of God, and therefore demands your most unfeigned and sincere thanks: and do we receive good at his hands, and shall we not receive evil? Thank and bless him for the one; with resignation and humility receive the other. Your daughters had the misfortune to fall into the hands of a man who has no notions of right or wrong, no principles of virtue, but who makes a sacrifice of all things to his interest: if it has been the unhappiness of one of them

to fall into his snare, you should rejoice to think one has escaped to be your comfort, and that both are not equally involved in the designed destruction.'—'Then Lucy is undone!' replied Mr. Sanfon. 'It is, I fear, too true, that she is,' said Mrs. Hodson; 'but, possibly, not undone beyond a power of recovery: though she has fallen into Mr. Dookalb's net, it is very likely you may be able to extricate her therefrom; for which you cannot too resolutely arm yourself, and for which you ought to be the more zealously active; as I am assured the poor young lady was not at all consenting to her own ruin, but drawn, absolutely drawn into it, by the vile and barbarous artifices of that most cruel man!'—'Cruel, indeed!' said Mr. Sanfon; 'oh inhuman monster! false, perjured, deceitful villain! What a smooth tale did the hypocrite—damn'd dissembling Dookalb! what a smooth tale did he varnish over to the prejudice of my poor children; and to alienate my heart from them, when he himself, alone, was the fittest of my detestation. Oh, how I could curse him! And has the Almighty no thunder, has he utterly forsaken the cause of the innocent and oppressed? does he suffer iniquity thus to stare unappalled in the broad eye of the sun? Oh, that the agonies of a father could reach his throne, arouse his justice, launch his lightnings, and consume to very ashes, consume that execrable fiend of destruction, cursed, cursed, wicked Dookalb! May hotter brands than—' Thus was the raving father, in all the fury of grief and just resentment, proceeding to execrate the cause of all his misery; when Mrs. Hodson thus interrupted him. 'Hold, Sir, let me entreat you! forbear these rash ventings of your passion; and bear yourself with patience becoming a man and a Christian.'—'I am both, Madam,' replied he, something wildly; 'but do Christians not feel? are men, like brute beasts, divested of humanity? I am a man and a Christian; and like a man and a Christian must feel, exquisitely feel, the miseries that sting me; cut me, I should say, to the very soul! For I have lost—oh! I have lost a daughter, lovely as the morning, beautiful as the rose-bud in it's blowing, ever pleasing,

'pleasing, ever dearer to me than my
 'life, my liberty!—My Lucy is un-
 'done, and my best friend is a villain,
 'an execrable villain! Is not this ex-
 'treme misery, is not this affliction
 'beyond perishing in flames, tearing
 'out eyes, and broiling to death on
 'slow-consuming fires! Oh, Eternal
 'Judge, all-dreadful Hand of Omni-
 'potence, King of awful and most ter-
 'rible power, whom now I behold
 'encircled with fire, and accompanied
 'with ten thousand ministers of venge-
 'ance—send them forth—crack every
 'sinew in this poor old carcase with
 'slow and bitterest torments; tear with
 'red-hot pincers every piece of flesh
 'from these poor feeble bones; rack
 'me, destroy me inch by inch in ago-
 'nies most insupportable and acute!—
 'God of vengeance, do all this to me,
 'if that can plead with thee for my
 'poor dear child, if that can rescue and
 'restore my Lucy to virtue and happi-
 'ness! Oh! let the father suffer all that
 'can be endured, if that may plead for
 'his daughter, and secure her from the
 'evils which I fear surround her.—
 'But let me not suffer, unless thy hottest
 'bolts fall down on Dookalb—vile hy-
 'pocrite!—friend, friend!—Oh, fatal
 'name—Oh, most bitter of enemies
 'was that friend!—May he suffer
 'worse evils than now afflict me!—
 'Believe me, Sir,' said Mr. Jaison,
 'you shall find me truly ready to assist
 'you in prosecuting any true revenge,
 'or exacting any due punishment on
 'this vilest of wretches; but let not
 'your grief thus exceed all bounds:
 'consider what is past and over cannot
 'be recalled; and it is vain and un-
 'reasonable to lament what we cannot
 'hinder or alter. Your whole business
 'now should be to consider what steps
 'are best to be taken for the recovery
 'of your daughter, and how, in pru-
 'dence, we may best proceed to regain
 'her to your wishes, establish her in
 'virtue, and yet make her happy; and,
 'in the mean time, you should greatly
 'console yourself on the recollection of
 'the jewel, the inestimable jewel you
 'possess, in your daughter Caroline,
 'whose exemplary and eminent virtue
 'ought to suggest constant rejoicing to
 'your soul, and make you peaceably
 'acquiesce in the determinations of
 'Almighty Providence, and not farther
 'provoke it's vengeance by an unwill-
 'ingness to submit to it's dispensations,
 'and a wayward struggling under that
 'load which you cannot throw off: for
 'God is too strong for man; and the
 'best argument for resignation is, the
 'necessity of bearing whether we will
 'reign or not.'—'Oh! Sir,' replied
 'the old man, 'your words give great
 'comfort and satisfaction to my soul;
 'I perceive a gleam of hope arising from
 'my terrible darkness, and some faint
 'rays of comfort shining on my gloomy
 'heart. But, oh, to think of my child!
 '—she was my first-born, the sweetest
 'babe, my chief delight, and my fond-
 'est companion. There was such in-
 'expressible cheerfulness and pleasure
 'in all her behaviour, such an artless
 'vivacity, such a ready obedience to all
 'my commands, and such a gladsome
 'joy in all her actions, when they were
 'directed to my pleasure and service—
 'that to think of her ruin, to think
 'this dear child is spotted over with in-
 'famy, made a—— Oh, I cannot utter
 'the word!—Sure, sure I am not thus
 'wretched!—Miserable old man, I ne-
 'ver knew any joy but in my children!
 'confined to narrow circumstances,
 'hardly pinched for subsistence, con-
 'stantly under anxiety to maintain and
 'support them; and yet amidst all these
 'things, my children, my pretty little
 'children, were a constant comfort and
 'satisfaction to me. Then, what beau-
 'ty was there in her person—oh, dread-
 'ful thought! there, there has been her
 'destruction—and that fine form, those
 'lovely limbs—break my heart to think
 'on't!—My child—oh, a prostitute, an
 'abandoned prostitute! sweet, lovely,
 'spotless, innocent, as she went from
 'me.—A prostitute!—good God!—and
 'is she, can she be thus defiled? Spare
 'me, spare me the certainty, the horrid
 'assurance of these things, and cut my
 'life short now, even now, benignant
 'Fountain of all power and mercy!
 'Thus he breathed forth his mournful
 'lamentations, oppressed with the heaviest
 'load of affliction: which Mrs. Hodson
 'used all the power and strength of her
 'reason and persuasion to mitigate and ap-
 'pease, and which she at length attained,
 'assisted by Mr. Jaison, who promised the
 'unhappy father to make it his imme-
 'diate business the next morning to search
 'out his daughter Lucy, and, if possible,
 'to give him some information concern-
 'ing her. Soothed by which, and not
 yet

yet utterly hopeless, at their intreaties he retired to bed, not to rest, for that was a stranger to his pillow, as quietness and repose were strangers to his mind.

CHAP. V.

DOOKALB'S APPROACHING FALL.
A STRANGE DISCOVERY, NOT
MUCH TO HIS ADVANTAGE.

BEFORE we proceed any farther, it may be proper to turn our view on Mr. Dookalb, whom we left in high spirits, and greatly rejoicing to think his scheme had thus far succeeded, and that he had once more recovered this fugitive. As he walked along to the place appointed, he applauded himself and his great skill and address, with wondrous rapture; and feasted on the success of his artifice with more abundant joy than a hungry lion on the prey for which he had long lain in wait. He approached the door of the house which he had appointed for Caroline's reception with great and transporting alacrity; and ordered the servant who opened it to him, to shew him to the young lady, who was just come in. The fellow, surprized, told him there had been no young lady there that day; which he attributing to the man's ignorance, or absence, or some other plausible cause, desired to see his mistress instantly: which request being granted, he had the same terrible truth fully declared to him, and he now began to suspect some alarming deceit and treachery. He read the note again and again, examined the hand, and found it in very deed his faithful servant's; he could find no marks of forgery: but a strange damp struck his soul, and his proud heart sunk. Something horribly vexed and disturbed his conscience, and he felt an uneasiness hitherto absolutely unknown. He determined, however, to return home, and enquire if any tidings had been brought from Caroline, or the messenger: willing to hope there was some mistake, though dreadfully mistrusting there was some knavery, ill-boding to him. Accordingly he returned; but how was his shock redoubled, and his fears confirmed, on the information which he received concerning Mr. Sanfon's departure! He enquired particularly con-

cerning the person whom his servant had introduced to Mr. Sanfon; and too shrewdly conjectured, from the description, that it was Mr. Jaifon, his deadly and mortal enemy! His ancient fury sunk into melancholy and gloomy despair; and, like the celebrated Cardinal Wolsey, he fancied that an end of all his glory was come: and that Mr. Jaifon was acting the part of a Northumberland: on whose parting from that *little good Lord Cardinal*, he thus pathetically speaks.

So farewell to the little good you bear me!
Farewel, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon
him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full
surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls—as I do!

Poor Dookalb! thy greatness was a ripening, and thy blushing honours were now thick upon thee—thou wast about to mellow the maturest piece of iniquity thou hadst ever taken in hand; and to be thus disappointed—to be thus cast down, too! Alas, alas! hold up; courage, brave veteran in vice! What, shall a simple girl and an unexperienced boy cause thee to tremble? Shall these despised children of virtue make the patron of wickedness afraid and abashed? Let us hear no more of it, lest the daughters of thy crimes, lest the lovers of thy sage discipline should lament, lest a general sorrow should echo through the garden of Covent, and the mothers should howl out their complaints through the merry domes of prostitution and filthiness! But vain are such exhortations, fruitless indeed are such kind and gentle admonitions! Poor Mr. Dookalb continued fixed in silence, and a long, long series of crimes, now, for the first time, stared him in the face; and, like the ghosts of his murdered friends passing before the inhuman Richard, appeared to him, and sat heavy on his affrighted conscience.

How wonderful is the power of conscience! which, amidst numberless iniquities, and a long train of vice, frequently remains absolutely callous and unaffected; never is touched or sensible; never gives the soul any alarm, or rings

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the night-bell to awaken the composed and deeply-slumbering mind; and yet at length is aroused by the smallest accidents, and recovers its feeling with double force on trivial occasions, or even small disappointments! Dookalb, whose life had been one scene of guilt, had never felt the least remorse, or such as continued long to affect him; nay, he was even grown to such a hardness in sin, that it was a pleasure and satisfaction to him; and of the multitude of vile actions which he had done, never any touched his soul with shame and confusion. And yet now behold, what a shock he hath received, and how he seems to anticipate the horrors prepared for him! It happened, while he was torturing his heart with vexation and disquietude, and sat wrapt up in the gloom of melancholy, that a messenger arrived, informing him, that Mrs. Searchwell, who was on the point of expiring, as it was thought, desired instantly to see him, since she had something of peculiar necessity to communicate to him. Dookalb shewed much reluctance to the visit; but the man pressed it so vehemently and earnestly that he complied. Shocked as his mind already was, nothing could have given such additional horror and force to the uneasiness of it, as this sight. He was introduced to Mrs. Searchwell's apartment, whose loud voice he heard thundering before he entered the room; but as soon as he beheld her, what a miserable, frightful object presented itself, and rendered him almost incapable to advance! Her face, naturally red, was tinged with a double deepness from the violence of the fever, which was the consequence of her fall down stairs, wherein she broke her thigh; her eyes gleamed with a terrible fierceness, and she cast out from her foaming mouth, (whence her struggling breath laboured with great difficulty) words like these: 'Dookalb, Dookalb—accursed—don't murder her—I am burnt—burnt and parched—her blood's all fire—pr'ythee stop it—damn'd assassin—Dookalb, blacker than devils—I tell you, she must not be murdered—the devils say so.—Oh, cursed villain!' Upon which words, (though, as Dookalb conceived, there was no other person in the room, or within hearing, but himself and her) he trembled in every joint, his colour departed, and he stood speechless, and

terrified, like a statue. However, recovering himself a little, he ventured to say, 'For God's sake be appeased, good Mrs. Searchwell: don't let any such strange things run in your head! Do, be quiet and easy, or you will never be well. Why do you talk of such things?' Upon which she, raising herself, and looking at him, cried out, 'Oh, fiend, are you there? Did you not persuade me to it? do not your bloody hands shew it? See, she stands by to torture us!—curse on your cunning—or I had ne'er done it—whip me, rack me, tear me, burn me!—Oh, the horror—sulphureous and tormenting!—Dookalb, blackest of devils! wipe off that blood; wipe it away, or it will consume us all.' Thus as she spoke, her body heaved with intolerable agony, her eyes were fixed, her breath with slow and deep groans, interrupted with curses, laboured forth from her corrupted breast, and her whole frame testified all the horrors of the most deeply convicted conscience. Dookalb secretly condemned himself for coming to such a place, and such a scene, and privately retired from the room; to the door of which, when he came, two men laid hold of him; and shewing their authority, demanded his attendance to a neighbouring justice; as, they observed to him, there appeared something very extraordinary in Mrs. Searchwell's words; who, during the whole time of her delirium at least, had laid the murder of some innocent person to his charge: the truth of which they were determined, at the request of some other persons who had been with her, to find out and examine. Dookalb, astonished at this, sunk into the most abject cowardice; and, conscience strongly convicting, was struck perfectly dumb. He hesitated, and hammered, and was surprised at their proceedings, and hoped they were only in joke, and much to the same insignificant purpose; which they disregarding, demanded him to attend them, otherwise they must be obliged to use means not so agreeable. The miscreant was forced to comply; and a coach which stood ready at the door, received him and his companions, the most disagreeable he had ever yet proved or known in his life. He reasoned much with the gentlemen as they rode together, and objected against their proceedings, as strange, ungenerous, and
cruel;

cruel; since it was surely highly so, to conclude any thing from the mad expressions of a delirious brain, or the wild ravings of a person in a fever. To which they replied nothing more, than that doubtless, if he were innocent, he could well clear and justify himself; but they had some farther evidence, they assured him. Unable to gain any thing farther from them, he arrived at Justice Gildon's, a magistrate whose diligence and integrity does honour as well as service to his country: a man, whom Dookalb had no great veneration for, as heretofore there had passed some things between them, which now he recollected, could give the justice no very favourable opinion of him. But if the person of the justice was not quite acceptable to him, how was he struck to behold, when introduced to him, his old and mortal foe, Dr. L**, whose very look he dreaded, more than he hated, and whose great goodness was no less obnoxious to him, than the zeal which that worthy man had shewn on some former occasions for his advantage!

The doctor was, indeed, the whole cause of this proceeding; in order fully to comprehend which, it will be necessary to inform the courteous reader, that in these parishes, where houses and wretches like Mrs. Searchwell's and her nieces abound, it is no uncommon thing, when all hopes of life are over, and when the breath is almost ready to depart, to send for a clergyman to do the last offices. On these extremities, alas, they too late begin to see and feel! Dr. L** being fixed in one of these parishes, unlike many modern divines, always made it his custom to visit every sick-bed to which he was called, since he often used to say, 'Though perhaps I may not profit the soul of the departing person *always*, yet I may always profit my *own* soul, and frequently those of the attendants and by-standers, and not seldom gain some information from the dying persons, which enables me to do signal services, and be more extensively useful.' And in this his many years experience had confirmed him. Mrs. Searchwell being in his parish, and being now given over by the physician, according to custom, sent for the doctor; who coming immediately, found her perfectly delirious, and venting such broken horrors as we have lately heard. He sat long by her bed-

side, and soothed her frenzy; by which means he gained many hints, which strongly raised his suspicions, and made him very desirous to know more. Accordingly he sent for two or three persons of credit in the neighbourhood, and desired them to minute down what they heard, and to give the utmost heed to it. He likewise called in two or three of the oldest servants in the house, and ordering every one to keep silence, himself only prudently examined, and properly fed her delirium, by questions and replies suitable to the purpose wherein he was engaged. He found plain enough, that a murder had been committed, and that principally by Dookalb's means and agency; and at length, to his infinite satisfaction, for the purpose of detecting it, she named a person whom he suspected to be murdered, and called out, 'Oh, cursed name—Cranvers, 'cursed Cranvers—I'll write it in your 'own blood.' Upon which he arose, and desiring his friends to remark it—'Alas, gentlemen!' said he, 'it is now 'too plain; I am no stranger to all this 'iniquity, and I bless God, the avenger 'of innocent blood, that he hath made 'me the instrument of detecting it! 'However, we must still proceed with 'exact care; let us a while withdraw.' So saying, they departed, and the doctor, in a private room, thus unfolded to them the reasons of his suspicion, and the great cause he had to be assured of this wicked dying woman's declaration, though delivered in a frenzy.

'About four years since, a worthy 'clergyman of my acquaintance in the 'West, dying, left a large family of 'children, and greatly unprovided for, 'as is too commonly the case. The 'widow knowing the intimacy which 'always had subsisted between her late 'husband and myself, wrote to me a 'mournful account of their circumstances and great distresses, and craved 'my advice and relief. I did what I 'could to serve her; and desired her to 'send up her eldest son to me, then 'about fifteen years of age, and her 'eldest daughter little more than sixteen, as I would take upon me the 'care of both, and see them put in some 'way to get their bread with honesty 'and diligence. The boy I put apprentice; and, blessed be God, he succeeds well, and proves very careful, 'to my great comfort. The girl like-

wife I put apprentice to a milliner in my own parish, a woman whom you all know of unexceptionable character, Mrs. M***. It seems the bawds and wicked directresses of such infamous houses, have a custom of examining all milliners shops, and such other places where there are numbers of young women, either by themselves or their instruments, in order to find out some for their hellish purposes.—Cruel and abandoned destroyers!—One of these scouts came to the shop where Polly Cranvers, for that was the child's name; (I call her a child, for she was really little better, just turned sixteen!) I say, one of them came to the shop; and, pleased with her face and make, which were both very good and becoming, gave notice, I suppose, to her principal, and so determined my poor girl for destruction. Long would it be for me to rehearse the numberless arts and means they tried to seduce her, of which she would frequently complain to me with tears in her eyes, and lament, that she dare not even stir abroad, through the terror of some people who constantly molested her. Strange stories she has told me, which I could scarcely credit. However, to wave that, this Mr. Dookalb at length came to the shop, and by a most insinuating way, under the cloak of great friendship and regard to the girl, got so far into her good graces, as to take off all fear of suspicion from himself of any harm to her; inasmuch, that she frequently went to his house, which was very near, and always returned pleased with the civility and goodness of Mr. Dookalb. This, by the way, was all a secret to me, I knew nothing of it; (some occasional business calling me from town during the progress of this acquaintance) or, believe me, I should speedily have put a stop to it, as I have had so many proofs of that man's villainess, have so frequently heard poor dying wretches curse him with their parting breath, as the cause and original of all their evils; and have, on representing these things to him, been able to make so little, not to say, no impression at all, upon his hard heart. But guess what was my surprize, to be informed, while in the country, that Polly had absented herself from her mistress for three days; and that,

upon the most strict search, no information could be gained of her. I hastened back to town, made all the enquiry I possibly could; and, upon the most exact information, could not find that she had been out upon any other business than to carry some book to Mr. Dookalb's, which he had lent her, and desired her as on that morning to return. Mrs. M*** had made enquiry at Mr. Dookalb's, who sent her word back, that she had indeed been at his door that morning, but never within it. I myself went to him, and got most severely abused and threatened for my pains, as if I suspected him of secreting a poor silly girl. In short, whatever I might imagine, I could gain no assurance; and though her mistress and I advertised her long and constantly, with a very considerable reward, we were never able to obtain the least glimpse of her, spite of all my diligence, and utmost assiduity, which I used in the affair! guess, then, gentlemen, what must I imagine, on hearing these words from Mrs. Searchwell?—I leave it to your own reflection.' They with one consent agreed, that there seemed something very black and dreadful; and, upon the doctor's advice, agreed to get a proper order from Justice Gildon to secure Dookalb, whom they determined, if possible, to bring to Mrs. Searchwell, as hoping some farther discovery might arise from thence. Accordingly, they sent the messenger, as related above; watched at the door to hear what might pass between these two worthies; caught Mr. Dookalb, as in bitterness of heart he was departing from her; and presented him, as we have seen, before this excellent magistrate, and active minister.

It would be tedious and unnecessary to inform the reader of the whole process of the examination, and the several corroborating evidences which were brought in support of the doctor's suspicions. It appeared, however, plain enough, from the declaration of two of Mrs. Searchwell's servants, that such a person as was mentioned by the doctor, was brought into the house, and that it was found a difficult matter to cause her to comply; and that she was carried away, as they were told, after a compliance, to be a nobleman's mistress; things which, they observed, were every day

day so common with them, that they paid little or no heed to them. Dookalb urged in his defence, that it was surprising any thing of this kind should be in the least imagined of him, when it was well known how great an esteem he had for Polly Cranvers: nor could he help objecting against the justice of such proceedings, which were highly injurious to an innocent man, who could never be safe, if the wild words of delirious persons were sufficient to condemn him. To the first, both the justice and the doctor well replied, that they had but too much proof that his friendship to young women was wholly to decoy and ruin them, a practice wherein they were assured he had long too successfully proceeded; and as to the latter, they begged him to take notice, that it was not on Mrs. Searchwell's words only, but on far more weighty and clear evidence, that they thus acted: upon the strength of which the justice did not hesitate to commit him, spite of Dookalb's threats, that he should suffer for such iniquity, and that all his noble friends would join to deliver and vindicate an injured man. This nothing moved or terrified the worthy magistrate; who observed, that he was, and would be very ready to explain the causes and motives of his actions, in a proper place; and, in the mean time, begged leave to recommend Mr. Dookalb to a place where he should be sure to find him, the prison; hoping, that if he were really innocent, he might clear himself; but if guilty, that he might suffer what was so justly his due.

CHAP. VI.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE VERY MISERABLE AND DISTRESSED CONDITION OF LUCY, WITH MANY CURIOUS PARTICULARS.

IN this situation, then, we will awhile leave Mr. Dookalb, to our satisfaction, as we hope it is to the satisfaction also of every reader: for however disagreeable it may be to forsake the wretched in their misery, it certainly cannot but be very pleasing to see villainy about to merit its reward, and publick destroyers about to be cut off from the people. But it will be highly more agreeable to us to find vengeance hovering

over the head of Dookalb, when we return back and consider into what a wretched situation his deceit and wickedness had brought poor Lucy, the unhappy daughter of Mr. Sanson, whom we left him so anxiously desirous to see and recover. It will be necessary for us to turn our eyes on this our other heroine, that we may know her present condition, and in what circumstances, if at all, her father is likely to find her.

We left her under the surgeon's hands for the cure of those wounds and burns which she had received from the inhuman cruelty of some gentlemen, whom her unhappy profession obliged her to visit, and by a submission to whose lust and passions she earned—miserable woman!—the hardest bread, and the most dreadful livelihood. It may, perhaps, appear amazing to some, that there should be so quick a transition, such a strange and momentary vicissitude, as we have represented, and as is really the case, in the lives of these unhappy creatures. But let such only reflect on the numbers found in the populous streets of London, who are perishing with diseases, abandoned to infamy, and in the very last stages of distress, when, for the most part, not exceeding twenty years; to which, indeed, few arrive, the generality being thrown out much younger, and many corrupting away piece-meal, at an age, when few are esteemed women! And can we be surprized? A young creature perhaps is debauched at fifteen, soon abandoned, quickly common, as quickly diseased, and as quickly loathsome and detested! Other intemperance is superadded to lust, and the fatal poison of spirituous liquors is greedily swallowed to intoxicate and destroy the power of corroding conscience. Alas! what are beauty and youth, when slaves to such destroyers? The fairest features, and the tenderest form, are like the choicest flowers, soonest blighted, withered, and decayed: and the rough usages of intemperance, like rough blasts and killing frosts, soon despoil them of all their beauty, and lay them to rot unregarded on the merciless earth. Oh, let the reflection enter deep into your hearts, ye fond, but erring parents; and as ye would preserve your flourishing innocents, so water them with the dew of early instruction, and warm them with the sunshine of virtue and religion! Lucy was no stranger to the necessity

necessity of these things—Oh, she could have told you very feelingly of their use, and the dreadful consequences of their neglect; but it was now too late for her, since deeply involved in debts, she had no power to retrieve, and had but one choice, one horrible alternative, to perish in a gaol, or to—Alas! she did not know the consequences of remaining and persisting in her present dismal way of life! Soon, however, as she was tolerably recovered of her wounds and sores, she again returned to her ancient business of frequenting play-houses, attending at taverns, and complying with the other branches of her occupation. Mrs. Holdfast, in whose pay she still continued, was a very hard mistress, and rigidly demanded a strict performance of her *duty* (as she merrily, I suppose, called it) and not imagining her profits sufficient, gave Lucy some very broad hints, that there were many traders in her house who were greatly more advantageous than she was to her; and knew how to turn a penny better: for Mrs. Holdfast observed, that she had never brought in one watch, or jewel of value—or any little trifle which gentlemen don't miss or regard, when occupied in other matters: and she gave Lucy to know, that unless she would mend her manners, she must walk abroad, and see what better business she could find in the streets; a thing which she always dreadfully feared, and much abhorred. It happened, however, one night, that she was summoned to attend a company of gentlemen at a tavern, one of whom, a middling tradesman, was greatly struck with her form, beauty, and behaviour, and passing the night with her, was desirous of farther acquaintance. Accordingly, he began to talk with her upon the business of keeping, and offered to find her a lodging, and half a guinea per week, if she would consent to become his mistress. This was a very inviting proposal to the poor girl, and one that she readily accepted; but then there appeared an insurmountable difficulty with regard to Mrs. Holdfast; which the tradesman quickly removed, by absolutely despising it: telling her, that it would be a merit to bilk such a fury, and that if she would follow his advice, it should be done. Lucy gladly consented, and attended her new lover in a coach, to a place where he said there was a lodging ready, and where

she might live very well, though it must be very retired. The lodging was at a tripe-sellers, in one of the private streets in St. Giles's; a miserable abode, but well adapted to the purpose: this same person had heretofore lodged a lady here; and the mistress of the house was his particular friend and council-keeper. Though now reduced to the low and servile office of selling tripe in such a miserable place, she was the daughter of a gentleman; but had been successfully wicked from her youth in her debaucheries, and had escaped the fatality of those diseases which carry off so many, but had robbed her of nothing more than that needless excrescence on the human countenance, the nose. All possibility of *trading* in her former way being denied her, she resolved to turn honest, and to gain her bread by *fair* and *industrious* dealing; upon which she entered on the occupation before mentioned, and, according to the custom in town, let out the best part of her house in lodgings. Here, then, Lucy commenced again mistress in form, though in somewhat lower life than before: and here she lived the most miserable of all human beings; for she had no other conversation but that of the old woman, and a few wretched infamous creatures of her acquaintance; she never dared to peep out of the door, lest some of Mrs. Holdfast's friends should see and discover her; her misery became insupportable to her, and as the only possible alleviation of it, she followed her good landlady's advice and example, and betook herself to the horrid custom of dram-drinking; the almost inevitable consequence of this detestable way of life. Her gallant was of a boorish nature, and his usage of course not the most tender and delicate; insomuch that frequent quarrels arose between them, and he ever dreadfully threatened her, not only with abandoning her, but with informing Mrs. Holdfast of her. So that never did wretch live under such a fearful, uneasy disquietude: the least degree of peace and pleasure never shined upon her benighted heart. When she was not intoxicated with liquor, the power of conscience and reflection was so strong and piercing, that she more than once resolved upon destroying herself; and yet the fear of what she might hereafter be, constantly compelled her rather to bear her present ills, than, in the

the words of the poet, to *fly to others that she knew not of*. How pathetically would she at some times lament her fate; at others, how would she curse herself, and the instruments of her destruction, with all the bitterness of woe! It happened one day, that she was standing, contrary to her custom, in the shop, when a couple of young gentlemen in a chariot passing by, observed her; and as her appearance had something striking, especially in such a place, they stopped; and being undaunted blades, entered the shop, from which she very precipitately retired, and they as precipitately pursued after her. After the first sallies on both sides were over, and the little necessary skirmishes successfully completed on the side of our heroes, they all peaceably sat down together, and began to enter into a sociable and somewhat amorous converse. Lucy concluded them something of figure and fashion, by their equipage; and was not backward to parly with them, as her present circumstances were not the most eligible, and she had some distant hopes to obtain a rescue and deliverance. They, too, were not displeased with her person, as she had not quite lost all her former beauty, though the greatest part of it was withered and decayed. Delighted with the adventure, they talked in high spirits, and began to be quite intimate. Freedoms naturally ensued; but the grand point Lucy absolutely denied, unless they would free her from her present state, and take her into their own patronage and protection. To which they were somewhat averse; but, however, upon her repeated entreaties, and firm refusal to comply with their desires—(as she might well refuse to comply, who felt in herself no temptation, or the least degree of passion) they at length determined to take her with them, and bilk the bonny brazier of *** Street.—But, behold, just as they were falling forth with their prize, in entered the very man! He looked confounded to the last degree, as did Lucy, and as did the *ravishers*; (for thus in flowery romance, and in the deeds achieved by knights of mighty prowess in old times, thus I wot these heroes would have been right nobly termed.) The brazier paying them all lowly respect, with due submission, thus addressed one of them—‘My lord, I humbly ask your lordship’s pardon, but I must beg leave to take that lady

‘out of your hands; for though your lordship is pleased to trade with me for brags, I don’t deal in any other article.’—‘D—n me, Sir!’ replied his lordship, (much chagrined, disconcerted, and disappointed) ‘I don’t understand what you mean—Such rascals as you have impudence, indeed, to controul me in my pleasures! Is it not sufficient that I permit you to enter my house?—Sir, be assured, if you say another word, I’ll never trade with you henceforth for ever.’ The brazier, warmed by these words, and stimulated by the fear and dishonour of losing his mistress, with a saucy boldness, equal to the young nobleman’s, replied, ‘And d—n you, my lord, and your trade too; these five years I have served you, furnished your house in my way on your marriage, and supplied it ever since, and the devil a farthing have I seen of your lordship’s money for all my goods: do but pay me what you owe me, or return me my own, and I never desire to enter your noble house, with a pox! nor to have any sort of concern with such fine gentlemen. But believe me, Sir, you shall have none of this lady—so pray walk to your fine chariot, and call at your coach-makers as you go home, and pay him for it.’—‘Oh, pray, good Mr. Brassy,’ said the other gentleman, ‘don’t be so very angry; pray take your sweet lady, your mistress, Sir—you must have a mistress, truly!—pray take her; his lordship and myself are very ready to part with her: we can have no more of her than we have already had, my blood; no more, I assure thee.’ The brazier’s choler rose very high at this; Lucy burst into tears; and the two delighted heroes, laughing very loudly, were about to make the best of their way off. ‘Cruel, barbarous wretches,’ said she, ‘was there ever such a vile artifice! Have you ever touched me? Have you ever exceeded the bounds of modesty with me? Speak, do not injure a poor wretched woman thus: answer me, clear me, justify me?—Mr. Copper, pray do not suffer them thus to abuse me.’—‘Clear yourself and be d—d!’ said he; ‘you are bad enough, or you would not have been so ready to go away with them: get you up stairs, and I’ll do for you; never fear me, Madam, I’ll do for you.’

Thus

Thus was Lucy unhappy in all her undertakings, and unsuccessful in all her designs: she went weeping up stairs, and Mr. Copper, her lover, followed grumbling, and fraught with wondrous indignation. Much hard language passed between them, and there seemed no possibility of making up the breach; however, much she protested, much she wept, and much she intreated: she was at length permitted to use the little blandishments of love—and proved the truth of Shakespeare's observation—

—When maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep
and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themselves would owe them.

Her blandishments proved effectual, and she turned the anger of her gallant into lust, which she appeased with all her power, and love alone reigned triumphant after this dreadful and unhappy fray.

But however outwardly pleased our two disappointed gallants might appear, they were inwardly much dissatisfied, and boiled with choler and resentment against their brazier, whose insults the nobleman could not well brook; since the exact truth of them pointed his reproaches with double acuteness. They meditated, therefore, how they might be revenged: and it at length came into his lordship's noble mind, that the best way so to be, was to drive directly to the brazier's house, and inform his wife of the state of the case. Accordingly, they immediately executed their purpose. They came to his house, and his lordship only got out of his chariot, and begged to speak with Mrs. Copper on some important business. She was a woman of spirit; and though married to a brazier, let me tell you, descended from a very considerable family, which she was determined to honour by her manner of life. She, therefore, according to the present fashion and manner amongst the trading part of this city, furnished her house with the best mahogany, and elegant silk damask, and had every thing in the newest, the Chinese taste; in which, too, she herself dressed, well becoming that fashion, for she was of the Chinese make. She was very fond of a play. Oh, she doated on Mr. Garrick; but she rather loved Mr.

Barry better; though, to say the truth, she thought Mr. Dexter as sweet a man as any of them. And then Vauxhall! to be sure, it was a heaven upon earth; though, for her part, she could not bear to go after the holidays, for there was no *quality*, nothing but riff-raff, tradesmen's wives, and servant-maids, after that time. Ranelagh was, in her opinion, far the genteelst, especially the breakfasting: it was so heavenly to walk round and round, and round!—well, what a place was Ranelagh!—But, O! a *carnival* there—or a *jubilee-ball*—what things could Mrs. Copper tell one of them; how eloquent could she be in her encomiums—and, in short, in the praises of every fashionable amusement, every *innocent* place of diversion, which so happily abound to recreate the melancholy and care-clad citizens of London!

Such was Mrs. Copper; who, upon the sight of his lordship, begged him to walk up stairs into the dining-room, as she esteemed it a very particular honour and was highly obliged to his lordship, and begged he would be so condescending as to sit down; though, indeed, her chairs were scarce fit for his lordship to sit down on, used as he was to so far better; but poor folks—and his lordship would excuse it. (*N. B.* the chairs in her dining-room cost 3l. 15s. apiece—) After many such apologies, his lordship being seated, began: 'I believe, Mrs. Copper, you are persuaded of the great esteem and value I have for you and your family, and the readiness there is in me to do any thing in my power to serve you.'—'Oh, to be sure, my lord! yes, my lord! my husband and I are very well assured of it, my lord!' replied Mrs. Copper. 'For you, Madam,' continued his lordship, 'I have a particular regard—' She smiled very sweetly, and cried, 'I am very much obliged to your lordship, indeed!'—'And as I cannot suffer any injury to be done to you in my knowledge, so cannot I know of any injury done to you, without informing you of it. Your husband is guilty of that most atrocious and flagrant sin, adultery: he has broken through the most sacred obligation of the nuptial tie, and defiled your bed! I am sorry to say it, but desperate diseases must have desperate cures.'—'Oh, the villain!' said she,
in

in a flame, 'I have long suspected it, and I'll tear him to pieces. Perhaps, now, with some curled strumpet, even now he is injuring me, and depriving me of my just right!' This was the very thing his lordship desired. 'Your fears, Madam,' said he, 'are, I doubt, too well grounded. I doubt, it is just as you suspect: give me leave to inform you of my proceedings in your behalf. I was informed of this affair, and speaking of it to my lady, who is a good and excellent woman, and has a singular friendship for you, Mrs. Copper—Says she, "Surely, my lord, you cannot see poor Mrs. Copper thus injured; you can't bear to know this, and not do your part to assist the lady. Pray, my dear, go try, do what you can for her."—I who can deny nothing to the request of so fine and charming a woman, as indeed you know a good husband ought not, promised to do my utmost: and accordingly, Mrs. Copper, ordered my chariot, and while you knew nothing of the matter, resolved, in secret, to do you all the real service in my power. So, you see, we have often friends when we don't think of them.—It was very kind of her good ladyship, indeed,' said she. 'Oh, if all women had but such obliging husbands, how happy would they be! Alas, I have no such happiness!—Mine is the worst of villains.—But, pray, proceed, my lord, that I may know the rascal's tricks.'—'You must observe,' continued he, 'that I was informed he kept a mistress at a tripe-shop in St. Giles's; I determined therefore to go and talk with the infamous woman, the vile strumpet there, and, if possible, take her away. All things succeeded very well: the woman consented, upon my remonstrating to her the wickedness of her way of life, the dreadful and aggravating sin of thus daily injuring an innocent wife, and promising, if she would reform her manners, and alter her way of life, to provide for her in some proper and reputable way. She agreed, as I observed, and with a friend, whom I took upon the occasion with me, we were just departing, when, behold, in enters your husband. He began bullying, storming, cursing and swearing in such a sort, as made my hair stand upright, and my very

joints tremble with horror. He is mighty fond of this woman, it seems, and therefore no wonder he was thus enraged at the fear of losing her. He abused me with the blackest and most infamous abuse, damned me beyond all imagination, and absolutely swore, he never desired any of my trade: his lady, I suppose, will help to maintain him. Well, no matter for that. For my own part, I must confess I was somewhat angry; but, however, I rejoice to think that I restrained my resentment. My friend, indeed, was the chief reason of my so doing; who turned the whole into a laugh, and desired me to withdraw, as there was no reason to endanger ourselves, which possibly we should have done, if we had any farther provoked this outrageous man. We left him there; and you may be assured he is now in guilty pleasures, embracing his harlot, to the exquisite wrong of so good a wife and so fine a woman as you, Madam; to whom, I assure you, his mistress is not in the least comparable, and whose person, believe me, is as far superior to her's, as Miss Gunning's to an oyster-wench! but lust, we know, often proceeds so unreasonably.'—'Alas, alas!' said Mrs. Copper, pierced to the very heart with keenest jealousy, 'what must I do—or what steps can I take?'—'I will advise you, Madam,' continued his lordship: 'make the best of your way to the place where your husband is—delay not at all; stand upon no ceremonies, but as soon as you are in the shop, go directly up stairs, and you will see the whole iniquity: then shame him, as you ought; frighten the strumpet with severe threatenings against her; compel your husband to go home with you, and assure him, that you shall always be able to find out his infamous practices; so you may depend upon it he will reform, and you will see in the end what a faithful and excellent husband by this means you will gain to yourself.' Mrs. Copper returned her sincerest thanks to his lordship: and gaining from him a very exact direction to the place, with much civility and respect he parted from her, and returned to his chariot with no small satisfaction, hugging himself in the rapture of his own excellent wit, and diverting his com-

panion highly with a detail of his fine story to the brazier's foolish wife. They had each of them a great inclination to see how the plot would succeed, and what would be the consequence; but as that was impossible, without making some discovery, they contented themselves with the pleasure of reflecting upon it; and each of them retired to dine with their mistresses, as they had been so disappointed in their adventure with Lucy.

Mrs. Copper, as one would reasonably expect, burning with fury, and red-hot with indignation, determined immediately to make the best of her way to the hated place, where this kind gentleman had informed her she might find her villain of a husband. She ordered a coach therefore to be called (for Mrs. Copper never stirred out unless in a coach or chair) and made the best of her way to the detested tripe-shop—the scene of combat, the bloody field of Philippi. She followed his lordship's advice and good directions; and gaining admission into the shop, made the best of her way up stairs, and with some little precipitation rushed—an unwelcome guest—into the chamber, where our two lovers were in no very proper circumstances to be found by a mild and gentle wife! To say truth, they were in bed; for as quarrels, when made up, generally render lovers more fond and doating, so our affectionate couple having kindled the flame of love, and given it's fire new strength from the former anger, were infinitely more doating and passionate than if no such thing had happened. But to describe the mutual consternation, confusion and amazement of them all, is infinitely out of the reach and power of my pen. Raves the lionsess when deprived of her young? Does the fierce hyæna tear the ground with all the malignity of her savage nature when robbed of her prey? Yet what is all their fierceness compared to the fury of the enraged Mrs. Copper? She flew to Lucy as that same lionsess or hyæna flies furious on her prey; and very dangerous, indeed, were the menaces of her wrath. But Mr. Copper kindly ward off the blows, and withheld the enraged woman from a perpetration of her revenge. Nothing but confusion reigned: in which, at length, poor Mrs. Copper was dreadfully worsted; for, spite of threats and entreaties, persisting

in her resolution of vengeance, Mr. Copper and Lucy were obliged both to exert themselves, and belabour the good wife into better manners. Hard, indeed was the usage; but what could be expected otherwise? At length, however, she begged for quarter, and a truce was agreed upon; and she retired from the enemies quarters, though subdued in body, far from subdued in mind: for, on her departure, she declared to Lucy, that she should find no rest from her, and to the old tripe-woman she threatened many high and heavy persecutions, punishments, and destructions.

C H A P. VII.

LUCY'S VISIT TO AN OLD FRIEND.
HER ILL SUCCESS. HER ENTRANCE ON A NEW WAY OF LIFE.
IT'S MISERIES. HER GREAT DISTRESS. MR. JAISON'S FEARS,
AND SOME APPEARANCE OF DANGER.

THIS discovery utterly disconcerted Mr. Copper's schemes, and though he pretended to defy it all, yet he was secretly chagrined in his own mind, and fully determined to give up poor Lucy. He did not well know how to manage the matter; and was almost resolved to inform Mr. Holdfast, and so get rid of her, and throw the whole odium of the matter upon his wife. In these doubts he departed, and left Lucy, though under many protestations not to abandon her. She was no less dissatisfied and disquieted in her mind; and was very desirous, if possible, to be delivered from such a disagreeable state. It happened, as with her old landlady she was regaling herself, and elevating her too depressed spirits, that the old woman, amongst other topicks of conversation, made this remark: 'Aye, see what a successful, fortunate w—e that Charlotte Repook is; she manages well, and holds up her head a long while: she lives now better than ever she did; and they say is kept by a richer man than ever kept her before.' This alarmed Lucy; and imagining, that from the intimacy which formerly subsisted between them, Charlotte would be glad and ready to assist her, she got a particular account of her place of abode, and ventured out in a coach

coach to see her. She raised her spirits for the interview as well as she could, with a cheering glass, and adorned herself to the best advantage in the few remaining scraps of tawdry which had escaped the general shipwreck of her necessities; and thus she sallied forth to pay her respects to the still triumphant, and still flourishing Charlotte. When she came to her house, she was amazed at its elegance, while she waited below in expectation of a call up stairs, having sent up her name by the footman; who, after some tedious time of waiting, came down, and told her that his lady had really forgot her name, and begged to know her business. She expressed great surprize at that, and desired him to inform her, that it was very strange she should forget the name of a person with whom she had lived for some time, and whose only business was a friendly visit. The fellow staid still longer than at first with this message; and at length brought for answer, that his lady had got the head-ach, and desired not to be interrupted and perplexed that morning with any company. Never was any thing so mortifying, surely, as this to Lucy: for she had pleased herself with mighty hopes, and fancied a thousand extravagant things upon this renewal of her acquaintance with her great friend Charlotte. She was not, however, willing to be thus utterly disappointed; and begged the favour of the footman to lend her pen, ink, and paper, just to write one word or two to his lady, as it was of some consequence. The fellow told her it was not in his power; he dare not carry up any other message, for fear of incurring his lady's displeasure. 'Well, friend,' said she, 'then, since you dare not, I dare: for I must and will see her.' So saying, she advanced towards the stairs, upon which a small uproar succeeding, Charlotte advanced to the top of the stairs, and in a very authoritative strain demanded the reason of that horrid noise below. To which Lucy replied, 'It is only me; only your old friend, Lucy Sanson; and I beg to have the pleasure of seeing you, which your saucy fellow here refuses me.'—'Madam,' said Charlotte, 'he had my orders. I beg you would make no disturbance here, lest you meet with treatment you don't like.—Thomas, shew the woman to the door.' So saying, she walked into her dining-

room, and banged to the door with no small violence. Lucy was forced to retreat; but her choler rose very high, and she, with a loud voice, called out, 'Vile, false friend! you may, and will know, the miseries I suffer; and may your accursed whoredoms all come about, and destroy you piece-meal!' For which she was treated with great roughness by Thomas, and forced into the streets with a heart burdened with grief and resentment. Such was the event of her visit to Charlotte; such was the friendship of this vile woman to her; and such, as we have before observed, is always the friendship of the wicked.

She returned to her friend in St. Giles's; who, upon hearing of her ill success, began to grow herself rather more cool to Lucy: for these people always act and judge according to the good fortune of the persons with whom they have any concern. In short, she was on all sides miserable and distressed, and knew not whither to betake herself, or how to act. But, to compleat the whole, in the morning, behold a letter from Mr. Copper! wherein he very kindly informs Lucy, that the late unhappy affair with his wife prevents him from ever seeing her again; and therefore, sorry as he is, and afflicted to the heart, he must leave her. To which he adds, that he would advise her speedily to leave her present place of abode, as he has great reason to fear Mr. Holdfast had made some discovery, and so it might be dangerous to her to continue. Lucy was so entirely disconcerted at this, that she could not, even in the least degree, guess or imagine what course she should take, or how she should proceed. She went, however, to her landlady, and communicated the contents to her; who, upon it, greatly altered her voice and countenance, and spoke and looked with the air of great majesty and authority. She observed, that it was difficult to say which part of life she had best take. As to an honest one, she was too young for that; and had a person, yet, that might serve her very well to trade with: but as she was afraid of day service, she must only appear in the night; 'And as good as you, let me tell you,' said the old beldame, 'are employed in this branch of business. I have an acquaintance, whom I once served in this way two or three years; and if you will make me a

'proper acknowledgment, I will re-commend you to her: and a very good sort of woman she is; and very comfortably you may live with her; I am sure I never was more happy in my life.' Averse as Lucy might heretofore have been to such a proposal, she was glad now, miserable wretch! to embrace it; driven as she was, and impelled by direful necessity: though she observed to the old woman, that if she could get a lodging somewhere thereabouts, she might, under her instructions, and by her advice, maintain herself and live as well. This was not to the old woman's purpose; for she had a fellow-feeling in these matters with the friend she spoke of, and to whose protection she recommended Lucy. So that it was agreed they should go together and see her; that, if possible, Lucy might be entered into her service. Soon as it grew dark, they made the best of their way to Mother Cox's; for that was her name: her place of abode was in a horrid part of this city, called Heckley in the Hole; the seat of thieves and whores, the nest of robbers and prostitutes. It is uneasy, indeed, for us to visit such places, but we are obliged, reader, to follow this unhappy woman through all her stages; as, we assure thee, they are exactly agreeable to fact, nay, and to every day's fatal and melancholy experience.

No very favourable ideas could arise in Lucy's mind upon the sight of Mother Cox, nor upon her behaviour, which was exactly such as might be reasonably expected from a wretch conversant in every scene of iniquity. Lucy, indeed, was a good deal intoxicated with liquor, and therefore the less capable of distinguishing. However, all matters were well adjusted between them; and they proposed, as a specimen and trial, that Lucy should that night, under the protection of one of the girls of the house, take her walks abroad, and see what she could pick up. She consented; and, attended by a miserable drab, entered upon that most shocking way of life; walking the streets, and soliciting drunken, or any other passing wretches, for her own prostitution. Oh, vile neglect of the laws! shameful truth in a Christian realm! Tell it not abroad; proclaim it not amongst our enemies; lest the Jews find true reason to abuse this Christian dogs;

lest the barbarians and infidels take occasion to rejoice!

It is far from my intention to pursue and accompany Lucy through all the variety of horror and distress which attended her in these night adventures; it may suffice to inform the readers, that her tender and delicate body, unused to the hardships of weather and the inclemencies of the seasons, was shrivelled and changed to an amazing degree; that diseases preyed upon her in a violent manner, from the liberal and constant prostitution of that body; and that she now began to be so loathsome and infectious, as to be unfit for trade, and therefore given up by Mother Cox; and forced, amidst many other fellow-sufferers, to wander about half naked, and in the night croud amongst them, to warm their miserable limbs, and to defend themselves from the severity of the skies.

She was reduced to the last extremity, when her unhappy father came to town: and there seems little probability that he should ever find her; though Mr. Jaifon had promised, and indeed used, all his endeavours to gain some information concerning her. But his endeavours in general were very fruitless; and Mr. Sanfon's heart was almost broken with the disappointments which attended the search. His last resource was that wherein he had been so happily successful before, a determination to advertise her in all the publick papers; if happily, by this means, he might again meet with a discovery. But the terrible delay occasioned hereby, increased Mr. Sanfon's grief and anxiety to such a degree, as rendered him an object every way deserving compassion: he eat or drank very little, and sleep was a stranger to his eyes; all comfort from Caroline or Mr. Jaifon was unavailing. His constant cry was, 'Alas, alas! poor ruined, undone Lucy!' Sometimes, in the violence of his passion, he would rejoice over Mr. Dookalb, and bless God for bringing his wickedness home to him: he was often very desirous of visiting him in the prison, that he might have the pleasure to insult over such an execrable villain; and sometimes his bitter voice would even carry him beyond himself, and vent it's sorrows in frantick ravings. Caroline was distressed beyond measure, and Mr. Jaifon was no less solicitous; for there did not appear much probability

lity of a deliverance from this dreadful state of anxiety and horror: and they had flattered themselves with far distant expectations, with far different hopes of joy and rapture.

Mr. Jaïson was one day sitting with Caroline, and complaining of their hard fate, when he thus pressed her to a performance of the promise which she had heretofore made him. 'There is something,' said he, 'my dearest Caroline, which hangs so heavy upon my heart, that I can enjoy no peace or satisfaction; for, wherever I go, or wherever I am, I am constantly vexed with this reflection—that you are not mine: something, like an evil genius, is ever whispering to me, particularly when reflecting on your dear charms—"O fool—but they are not yours!" Whence can this thought arise? or why should I thus perpetually be terrified with it; unless some danger unforeseen yet threatens me, and I am to lose what is dearer, infinitely dearer than life, and all things which this earth can bestow? Let me then entreat of you, my love, only to perform your promise, only to suffer our hands to be joined; I shall then be easy, and no more distracted with these boding fears, which render me at present of all men most miserable; as if blessed with you, I shall be of all men the most happy.—"Alas, Mr. Jaïson!" replied Caroline, 'you must be well convinced in your own mind of the impropriety of your present request: think of my situation; think of my father; and can I dream of being happy, when he is thus afflicted? Oh, no! I neither can nor will. As to your fears, be assured they arise from nothing but the many disappointments we have met with. You are well assured, that on my part nothing but death can break the obligation; for I esteem myself bound by every sacred tie to you; and may, without reserve, declare, that I have no wish or expectation of any happiness but from you. All that I have is yours; all depends upon you, all flows from you: by obligation, no less than inclination, am I yours; and I trust nothing ever can or will divide us.'—'But why, my love,' replied Mr. Jaïson, 'should we not put it out of the power of any thing to divide us? Why should not

our hands be joined? Why should we not be made one? For my part, I can see no objection to it from your father; it would rather serve, I should think, to make him happy: but oh! my Caroline, how would it make me happy! Could you, my charmer, could you bear to see me groaning beneath the heaviest woe? Could you, dear creature, suffer me to languish under the severest sufferings, when you had power in a moment to ease me of my burden, to give me perfect peace, and rest, and love! Oh, think, my Caroline, think of the gnawing and restless disquietudes that constantly molest and torture me; think of the excess of my passion for you; oh, lay it all to your heart, and let me not languish in such a state of uneasiness and distress! Have I not loved you more than ever man has loved? Have not my actions spoke my heart's pure flame? Have I not shewn a tenderness sincere and unaffected; a tenderness beyond the power of man to feign? And can my love refuse me this request? Oh, do not, do not! Something, sure invisible, thus prompts me to a zealous desire and earnest wish to call you truly mine! Grant me my petition, loveliest creature! and all my life shall henceforth move at your command.' Caroline could not refrain from tears at the vehement and pathetick manner wherein Mr. Jaïson urged this: and, 'Oh!' she cried, 'you know my heart; why need I farther disclose it's fondness to you? You know I prize you above all things; you know I cannot refuse whatever you earnestly solicit; but, dear Mr. Jaïson, recollect what a sad appearance it will have, that I should think of joy and marriage, that I should be so regardless of a suffering father, as to think of happiness in the midst of his exquisite distress. Indeed, those who hear it will greatly condemn me; and your wife must suffer much from the reproaches of others, who may justly censure her for hardness and baseness of heart. Witness heaven and earth how tenderly I love you; witness heaven and earth, that I would undertake any thing, however hard and difficult, however hateful and disagreeable, to procure you a moment's pleasure, or to give you satisfaction. I am willing

ling to do as you desire; but I would fain have you not desire it; I would fain have your prudence refuse a request which must do your wife dishonour to grant.—‘I will tell you,’ Caroline, said he, ‘I am not much used to be superstitious, and the vain bodings of dreams are what I never in my life regarded; but I have one, which has recurred three several nights, and I confess it’s repetition startles me. I dreamed, that blessed with you, my love, I was wandering through a dreary waste, where nought but gloomy desolation reigned around us; yet, at a distance, through a beauteous avenue, we spied, methought, a prospect so delightful as fancy never could form, or fiction imitate: a radiant angel hovering over our heads, played on a silver harp. Methought the melody was more indeed than earthly; and, at length, soft singing, with a voice that might have lulled old Chaos, he uttered, as I well remember, these words—

“Yonder plain forbids delay—

“Haste then, lovers, haste away:

“Who obey not virtue’s call—

“Slow and sluggish, forfeit all.”

‘A cloud, methought, as he spoke these words, covered the face of the sun; and a of grim aspect, horrid and severe, of stature giant-like and terrible, a man descended from I know not whither, and bore me from thee. Then, oh, good God, what agonies I suffered! I saw thee weeping, and in sore distress, calling for my assistance; but, unable to get free, all I could do was but to plead, and earnestly beseech this marble-hearted wretch, who chained me to a rock, and sat him down to watch me. But never more could I behold my Caroline! The miseries of my soul for the loss, and the abundance of my tears, then awakened me. Do you, my love, interpret for me. I will not be so foolish as to say I absolutely regard or pay any deference at all to dreams; but there is something so unusual and extraordinary in the present, added to it’s having been repeated these three several nights, that you must confess I have some reason for thus earnestly pressing you to make

me happy, and to render all foolish fears idle and insignificant.’ Caroline could not help betraying some little concern, and confessing that there was, indeed, something very strange and unaccountable in the dream; yet still she observed it was but a dream, and we had no reason to expect any such supernatural warnings. And she concluded with observing, that if Providence had so ordered it, that they were not to be joined together, all their power could not prevent it. Mr. Jaisson was a little displeased at the last sentence; and observed, it seemed as if she held a very dangerous notion, and one highly dishonourable to the providence of God. ‘For do you not know,’ said he, ‘that we have all a freedom and power of acting and chusing, and an ability to do or refuse whatever our will shall direct? Yes, surely, or we shall cast a stain upon that Almighty Governor, who, as all-knowing, sees our actions long before, and well discerns how we shall determine: but his discerning by no means causes us so to determine; it is our determining that causes him so to discern. However, this is somewhat beside our present purpose; but I cannot see my Caroline in the least erring, and not endeavour to set her right: excuse me, my love, and say—what shall I do, shall I press my first request; or shall I, at your desire, say no more concerning it?’

Caroline was about to make a reply, when a message came from Mrs. Hodson, desiring Mr. Jaisson’s company immediately; with which he complied, promising as speedy a return as possible. He had scarce left the room before Mr. Sanfon entered, with a look the most dejected and downcast, expressive of every woe, and declarative of unnumbered sorrows. ‘Caroline,’ said he, ‘I have been writing to your poor mother. As I can send her nothing to please her, I am unwilling to send her any letter at all; yet I must write to her: here are two letters, I’ll read both, and you shall judge which is most proper to send.

‘MY DEAR WIFE,

‘**C**ALAMITIES crowd thick upon us; expect no happiness in this world; but be resigned and patient. I have dreadful things to tell you;

‘you; not one drop of comfort to send, not one drop for you or me. Dookalb—oh, the wicked friend! Dookalb is a villain! and all the satisfaction I have, is to think that I shall see him at Tyburn before I die.—Lucy, poor Lucy!—oh, my wife, Lucy is—undone! dead to me, dead to you, dead to every one! Would God she were really dead! would God she had died in the womb!—Caroline is in an unhappy situation, sick, miserable, and distressed—we are all so. I am sick; I am miserable; I am distressed: my old battered frame is almost broken to pieces with these shocks; another blow or two and it falls. But what is worse than all this, I cannot find her, our dear, lovely child—alas! no one can tell where she is—Lucy is gone, and I am most wretched. Yet still there is something worse than this; my little scanty pittance, my sorrowful sum so dreadfully obtained, is gone, just gone, and I must perish for want! how can I get home again? No, I can never return—see that I have christian burial, and let me not be treated like a dead dog. Oh, my wife! I am so full of fears, so beset with miseries, that my brain is well nigh turned! How could I tear these old grey locks, curse my evil fortune, and expire in the bitterness of my soul! I shall never see you more: take care of my poor children at home; never send them to London; all are Dookalbs there—never send them to London; it is a den of lions, a nest of serpents. Farewel; and remember, that miserable as I am made by my children, there never was a more affectionate and tender father, or a more faithful husband, than, yours,

‘J. SANSON.’

‘This is a letter indeed, Sir!’ said Caroline; ‘I would not that you should send it for the world to my poor mother: why would you make her so extremely unhappy? Alas, alas! that ever there was cause!’—‘Why, child,’ replied he, ‘must she not one day know the truth? the shock will come, and the sooner it is suffered the sooner it will be over: she must know it—I would give these hands, Caroline; I would pluck out these poor old eyes; I would suffer every trembling piece

‘of flesh to be torn from off the bones; oh, I would endure all that cruelty could devise, to falsify these truths, to make them lyes, and to delight her soul with the news of yours and of your sister’s happiness: but since that is fruitless, since this is impossible, since she must know it—why should it be concealed from her? And yet I have written another letter—it shall be sent. Poor woman, methinks it might be as well to keep her in ignorance: yet dreadful, dreadful is suspense; certainty is far better than uneasy and horrid expectation. Observe, child.

‘MY DEAR WIFE,

‘MAKE yourself easy; I’ll come home to you very soon: we will lie down together in the grave, as we have lived together; and if we have no hopes in this world, build better hopes on that to which we are going. Commend me to my dear children: may they and you be happy! Farewel. I am, your affectionate husband,

‘J. SANSON.’

‘Worse, far worse than the last!’ said Caroline; ‘this brings neither comfort nor information. I am miserable to think, that your mind is thus oppressed and uneasy; and more miserable, O, my father! that it is not in my power to give you that consolation I wish: but I must entreat of you not to express yourself thus to my poor dear mother; give me leave to write to her, and let us yet hope Providence hath some felicity in store for us! Let us not despair; we can then never be happy: he that gave life to the dead; he that created all things from nothing; he that ever defends and protects us, can change the deepest mourning into joy, and raise us from the lowest pit to a place of gladness and delight. Trust but in him, and we may yet be happy.’—‘Oh, never, never, my child!’ replied he; ‘happiness is a thing I have never been much acquainted with—and now we shall not become friends. Misery rocked my cradle, Misery attended my youth, and was it’s constant companion: meagre Misery has silvered over this head; she has not left my age; and Misery will close these old eyes,

' eyes, and lay this old head on the
 ' hard pillow of a mournful death!
 ' Misery and I have been very intimate;
 ' and she hates Happiness: they never
 ' dwell together. Misery grovels on
 ' the ground, and builds her nest in the
 ' mire; Happiness soars aloft, and builds
 ' her nest on the tops of the towering ce-
 ' dars: she falls often, and the more
 ' dreadful is it so to do. Thank God! I
 ' never was happy—I cannot fall—wel-
 ' come Misery; welcome cold and me-
 ' lancholy friend: leave me not in death,
 ' for bafe it is to forsake in extremities
 ' an old and loved associate. Oh, Ca-
 ' roline, I grow eloquent! and, now
 ' I think on't, I'll read you a tale; per-
 ' haps, my child, you may guess it's
 ' meaning,' Caroline burst into tears
 at these words; for she perceived a de-
 gree of madness in him, which cut her
 to the soul: and, 'Oh,' said she to her-
 self, 'is this misery reserved for me
 ' also! to see a tender and most kind
 ' father deprived of his senses—and
 ' abandoned to distraction! Gracious
 ' Heaven avert the evil! and rather grant
 ' me to perish at once, than to behold
 ' a calamity so dreadful and melanco-
 ' ly!' When the old man perceived
 that she was crying, he ran to her, kissed
 her tears, and mingled his own with
 them, groaned the most piteously, and
 uttered words, enough to melt a heart
 of stone. Never was scene more dis-
 tressful—the poor man was not himself,
 and his wild ravings were piercing as
 the keenest dagger to her heart: her
 tears augmented his distress; and the
 sorrow which both endeavoured to soothe
 and appease, became more powerful and
 afflicting by those very endeavours; so

that it would have been difficult for the
 nicest casuist to have determined which
 was the most miserable, the daughter or
 the father; or which was most sorrow-
 ful, their lamentings, or mutual conso-
 lations. This, however, would admit of
 no dispute; that never sufferers more
 deserved compassion, never did misery
 more forcibly demand commiseration.

Here then, O reader! let us pause a
 while, and give a generous tear or two
 to this unhappy father, and still as un-
 happy daughter; whose distress, so far
 from diminishing, will appear likely to
 encrease, when we return to Mr. Jai-
 son, and find the unlucky occasion of
 his summons from Mrs. Hodson. In
 the mean time, admonished by these
 sufferers—let us learn to be humble—
 from vanity let us turn our eyes, as
 from a harlot that would seduce us into
 her embraces with deluding love, and
 plunge us into inextricable evils. Build
 on no false and airy hopes: make Vir-
 tue your friend, and Innocence your
 companion; consult with that best of
 counsellors, true Religion, and lean on
 her precepts, as on a rock; consult
 her ere the day-dawn, and with the set-
 ting sun see thou attend her courts;
 bring her home to thy house, espouse
 her to thy heart; take her to thy bosom,
 and fill thy soul with her love: unlike
 all other love, that shall never satiate
 thee; it's transports shall never end;
 it's raptures shall never cloy; time shall
 have no power to diminish it; passion
 no ability to shake it—for behold, thus
 building, thou buildest on a rock, whose
 basis is unshaken, whose top reacheth
 far above the clouds, and which shall
 endure to the longest eternity.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE



THE S I S T E R S.

BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

THE ARRIVAL OF MR. JAISON'S FATHER IN TOWN: HIS AND CAROLINE'S DISTRESS THEREUPON. THEIR RESOLUTION. MR. JAISON'S SCHEME.

IT will be easy to imagine, that Mr. Jaison's surprize was infinitely great, when, on entering the room, he beheld there his father: little did he suspect any such matter, little did he think of so unwelcome a guest. He was confounded and distressed beyond measure; he scarcely knew how properly to address him, and to pay him that duty and reverence which is demanded from a son to his father. The old gentleman, who was naturally not one of the sweetest tempers and gentlest dispositions, perceived his confusion, and could not refrain from bursting into a violent passion, abusing his son with very gross language, threatening absolutely to disinherit him, and demanding his immediate attendance on him into the country. Mr. Jaison sat down mute and thunder-struck: he could make no reply; and any reply which he should have made, would have been like oil cast into a flaming fire. Mrs. Hodson took upon her the part of a mediator, advising the father to greater coolness and gentleness, the son to an exact compliance and obedience. 'Cooler, or not cooler,

'Madam,' said the father, 'matters little. I am greatly obliged to you for your kind information; and I'll not sit down and see my son ruined; he either this very day departs with me from London, or believe me he is no longer a son of mine.—What say you, Sir? which do you prefer, ruin or happiness? Come, come, I'll have no delay; for death is not more certain or resolved.' Mr. Jaison, who well knew his father's temper, it's rigid obstinacy, and pertinacious stubbornness, thought it better to comply with it a little, as the more probable method of success in such a dilemma: since it is more prudent for a man who hath fallen into a deep and dangerous torrent, to swim down with the stream, than to oppose it's force, and resist it's proudly swelling waves. 'I am ready, Sir,' said he, 'to do as you advise me: I am ready to attend you whenever you please; I am perfectly at your command. But, for your sake and mine, we had better proceed with a little more deliberation, lest we give the world a handle for ill-talking, and you bring a discredit on your son, which perhaps it may not be easy to wipe off. I offer nothing, I say nothing, wholly subject as I am, and desire to be, to you, Sir: but I would leave this matter to Mrs. Hodson; let her prudence direct us herein.'—'I don't understand thee, boy,' said the father; 'what's all this Canterbury tale to end in? None of your foolery; T we'll

‘we’ll away.’—‘My nephew, brother,’ said Mrs. Hodson, ‘speaks extremely well; and I rejoice to find him so ready to obey: I have indeed always had great reason to approve and commend him; before this unhappy slip, I never saw the least thing improper in him. What he means, if I understand him right, is, to proceed in this affair with prudence and caution, and to shew himself, as he has done in all his actions, a gentleman, and a man of worth, becoming you and his family. He would not have this mistake of his blazoned abroad to your and his dishonour, which it must inevitably be, if you carry him from town thus abruptly, and take him off thus suddenly. Be advised, therefore, brother, and stay a day or two; and then go together in peace and friendship.’

The old gentleman, though waspish and passionate, did not want either sense or affection for his son; nay, to say the truth, he was remarkably fond of him, and made him his constant boast, as he was, indeed, his chief joy and pleasure. Besides, he had the most singular good esteem for Mrs. Hodson, and was confidently assured, that she could never advise any thing which she did not know to be for his service and advantage, and that she had so much good sense as to be a very competent judge of what was so. Accordingly, he listened very attentively to her words; and when she had finished, ‘Well,’ said he, ‘what you say is very true; I cannot deny it; and for my part, I would not do Charles any hurt: I only wish to serve the boy; but he must serve himself. I have a plentiful fortune for him, and a good interest in the country, so that the boy may do as well as e’er a one of them all; but to go to throw it all away, nobody can tell how, would it not fret a man? Pox take these women! it would have been better for the world, if there had been none of them born: his mother that’s dead never brought me a shilling, and yet that was my own fault too.’—‘Hold, brother,’ said Mrs. Hodson, a little moved; ‘don’t be too hard upon the women neither; consider you have one in company, and one whom you have been pleased at some times to regard and esteem; and as to my poor late sister, you know that was absolutely your own act and deed; you liked

her, and my father was too fond of all his children, indeed, to refuse you any thing; and so he gave you his consent to marry her, though she had no fortune: yet, believe me, she brought you an excellent fortune in herself, for never man had a better and more faithful wife.’—‘Why, aye,’ replied he, ‘all this is true enough; however, the story might have been as well omitted now; for if the father was a fool, that’s no reason why the son should be the same: and so much for that affair. But, pray, where is this fine penniless lady which that foolish fellow, there,’ (pointing to his son,) ‘is so mightily in love with? whereabouts does she grow, that we may keep at a distance from her while I stay—And do you hear, young man, I expect you are never out of my sight.’—‘I will carefully obey you, Sir,’ replied Mr. Jaison. ‘You can require no more,’ said Mrs. Hodson. As to the young lady, you need be under no great apprehensions concerning her: she is in this house; but, poor girl, there is nothing to be feared from her. She is of so meek and gentle a disposition, that we need dread no proceedings which will disturb or distress us.’ The old gentleman then enquired much about Caroline, and had her whole history delivered to him by Mrs. Hodson, with which his heart was a good deal affected; and after it was done, he whispered Mrs. Hodson, that he should like prodigiously just to see the young woman: but then there were insurmountable difficulties, and so he gave over the thought of it.

Mr. Jaison’s wit was all the while at work how to manage matters, and how to escape the dangers that threatened him; for his heart was too much fixed on Caroline to think of resigning her so easily, and his honour too strictly bound to permit one thought of deserting her: nay, he so tenderly and sincerely loved her, that he would have rather incurred his father’s whole displeasure than her’s, and rather have relinquished all his birth-right than his better fortune in this amiable young lady. Though determined in his resolution, he was willing to proceed with all caution and reserve, and therefore thus seemingly condescended, though at the greatest distance from a real condescension. He had gained one main and principal point, which

which was a longer continuance in town, and did not doubt, but by some means or other, to obtain his other better wishes. Nor was he dissatisfied to find Caroline's story affecting to his father, since he looked upon that as a happy omen; for we generally have a secret esteem for those in distress, and love is commonly nearly allied to compassion. Such preparatives succeeding well, and to his wishes, he was determined to try the success of another attempt; and to recommend his cause to a friend of his father's, who was no less a friend to him, and for whom his father had the highest respect and veneration.

The present day was spent in the company of Mrs. Hodson and his father, nor had he any the least opportunity to write a syllable either to Caroline or his friend, as he proposed; however, he sent a message up to her, that his father was come, but desired her not to be dispirited. And when they separated for bed, he pretended to go to the Temple, but gave a hint, and got admittance again, and was introduced to Caroline, whom he found dreadfully dejected, and fearfully dismayed. As the return of the sun to the snow-girt Laplanders, after a long and dismal half-year's night, was Mr. Jaïson's presence to her, comfortable, reviving, and cheering. As melancholy minds are wont, she had fed herself with a thousand uneasy and racking solitudes, and had perplexed her soul with variety of fears and apprehensions, which had a reality only in her afflicted mind. And surely she had cause, just cause to be afflicted. Her father's distress wrought very sensibly upon her, and was a heavy burden, well nigh too grievous for her enfeebled shoulders: and the dread of losing Mr. Jaïson, whom she tenderly loved, and who was all her hope, her stay, and comfort, was a weight added to this, that rendered it perfectly insupportable. His former converse recurred very strongly to her mind, and the dream which she before despised, appeared clothed in terrors. Thus was she oppressed and sunk in woe, when all unexpected Mr. Jaïson made his appearance, and rose like the day-star on her benighted heart. They embraced with all that fervour which true love inspires; and silence, expressive and pathetick, a long time stopped their words: at length, while a speaking tear stole gently down

her damask cheeks, she thus addressed him—'Oh, Mr. Jaïson! it grieves me to the heart, to think I should be so unfortunate as to cause you so much pain and uneasiness: would to God I had never so afflicted you, but that some lady worthy such love and honour had blessed you, and given you that happiness, which I, alas! cannot give you, but which my heart most sincerely and tenderly wishes you!'—'I do not understand these words, my love,' replied he: 'you give me pain! you cause me unhappiness! another give me happiness, which you cannot give!' Alas! what are all these things? and what have I done, that you have reason to suspect my love and honour? What have I done that has given you cause to imagine any other woman besides yourself could give me the least degree of happiness? Alas, alas! Caroline, you wrong me abundantly! Never was love more sincere than mine; never was love more firm and durable. Do not then, my dearest Caroline, suspect me of any action unworthy that love; but join your endeavours with mine to forward both our felicities.' She hid her face in his bosom, and wept. 'Strange infatuated creature,' said she, 'that I am! Can you pardon me?—Sure you must despise me; for, indeed, I despise myself! And yet, in such a variety of fears and distresses, such a number of discouragements and disagreeable circumstances, you cannot wonder, that I am sometimes terribly afraid, and ready to faint beneath my oppression. But, dear Mr. Jaïson, excuse and strengthen me: I have had most uneasy fears upon me, since I heard your father was come; and I cannot, yet, but dread it is to convey you from me. Oh, do not impute it to my want of love! Witness, heaven and earth, that oft have heard my vows! oh, witness all things to the sincerity and purity of my heart; and be assured, nothing but Death's cold finger can dissolve my love!' 'I do not wonder, my dearest,' replied he, 'at your fears or suspicions; for they are but too well grounded, and you have but too much cause to be afraid: but depend upon my truth, and there found your hopes firm as on a rock, which shall never fail you. My father is, indeed, come to town,

with an intention to convey me from you. Mrs. Hodson, out of her abundant kindness and respect to me, has informed him of my amour with you, and the necessity of his immediate presence: a wrong, unlucky word or two of mine gave her the hint; and she failed not to take it. I cannot and ought not to condemn her; she did it in sincerity, and with a good motive. My father was resolved to depart from town immediately; but we have carried that point; and he now proposes a short continuance here. I know not how we shall manage the affair; but, some how or other, it must be done: for here, my Caroline, my wife!—O God, that you had consented, and were but really so! But why do I say *really*?—you are, in all honour, and in the sight of Heaven, you are my wife! I call, therefore, heaven and earth, and all things sacred, to witness for me; and may every horror, every misery, attend me, if ever I forsake thee, if ever I prove false to the vows which I have made; if ever I relinquish thee till death, O then may I be the very mark for Providence to shoot all its sharpest arrows at; may I then be surrounded with sufferings on every side; the contempt of all men, and the very scorn of my nature! Thus far, my dearest Caroline, am I determined in myself. But, though thus warm in thy love, I would proceed with all coolness and deliberation, that, if possible, my father may be brought to consent to it, and all things may be easy and peaceable. For this purpose, I will procure and give you a bond for a considerable sum, to be paid upon forfeiture of my promise of marriage; and you shall do the like to me: which, if all other methods fail, may, at least, be probable to move my father. But my greatest hope is in a worthy friend of my father's and mine, for whom he has a singular friendship, and whose opinion weighs more strongly with him, than that of any other man living. I propose applying to him, and getting him to undertake my cause. Fear not, my Caroline; we have Providence on our side; we have fortitude in ourselves; and, doubt not, but we shall succeed yet to our wishes.—'Methinks, Mr.

Jaisón,' said she, 'that Mrs. Hodson should be the informer, gives me great uneasiness: that good woman, whose friendship to me I have no reason to suspect, certainly judges it more for my advantage to have no concern with you; she undoubtedly thinks so: were it not then better—O strengthen me, kind Heaven, to say it!—were it not better—Oh! I cannot, cannot utter it!—Good God! that I should be so miserable a wretch!' So saying, she burst into tears; and Mr. Jaisón's heart was little less affected: lovers only know what lovers feel! Ye gentle fair-ones, and ye enamoured shepherds, whose hearts glow with that amiable and delightful passion, O sympathize with these true votaries, this affectionate and lovely pair! pour out in sighs your ardent wishes for their bliss! so may the god of love crown all your hopes; so may the queen of beauty be your friend; and give to each the raptures which soft fancy pictures; the transports which imagination, glowing warm, and fired with true affection, points to view!

'Oh, my Caroline!' at length somewhat recovered from his silent anxiety, said Mr. Jaisón; 'well, indeed, it is, that you cannot utter it—never, never more attempt it: your heart can never consent to it; why should you speak what is worse than death to you or me? No, Caroline, we will never part! no power on earth shall divide us!—Here am I fixed: come what will, I am ready to receive it. Be happy, therefore, in this my resolution; and be comforted under this reflection: shew the same on your part, and endure with all the patience and magnanimity you are able. Let my affection strengthen you; and fear nothing, while you have a lover and a friend so tender and steadfast: be assured, there shall be on my part nothing wanting to perfect our bliss; and I have no fears concerning it. All my fears are for you; and I would wish sincerely to remove them. I come now purposely so to do; and as my time is short and precarious, earnestly entreat, my love, that whatever may happen, or however necessity may keep me from you, you would be convinced and satisfied, that I am resolved as death; and yours beyond the power or malice of men
' or

‘or devils.’—‘I cannot doubt it,’ replied she; ‘but yet excuse the timidity of a weak woman, and pardon the fears of an unhappy daughter: for to say the truth, my father’s sufferings so distress and torture my mind, that I am scarce capable of reflecting on any thing beside. He has been with me since you left me; and sure never was any thing so afflicting! I fear he will lose his senses: and unless he, by some means or other, recovers my sister, never more recover the right state of his mind. What to do, or how to proceed in these distresses, I am utterly ignorant; nor can I guess where they will end; but, indeed, I fear something very dreadful.’—‘I have,’ you know, exerted all my endeavours,’ replied he, ‘for his service, and to find out your sister, if possible: our last resource has not yet failed us; for though we have heard nothing from the advertisements, it is not impossible but that we may. As much as I am able, in my present straits and distresses, you may be assured I will assist him. Do not doubt me. Rest satisfied, that I can forget nothing which any way tends to make you happy: and for that purpose, though to part with you is worse than death, I must now hasten to my friends, and employ this night in a proper consultation. Welcome, Caroline, sleepless nights and sleepless days; welcome fears, and every fatigue, so be I may but thereby prove my affection to thee, my dearest love, and at length be rewarded with the possession of thee, with peace and transport; which will, I am sure, as much exceed my expectations, as your excellencies exceed all my power to describe or speak them.’ So saying, he embraced her in his arms with the sincerest fondness; and, unable either of them to speak, they sighed, they wept, they pressed each other’s hands; they wept and sighed again; they smote their breasts, and parted.

Mr. Jaison hastened to his friend, and though somewhat unseasonable, begged to speak with him on important business: he succeeded here to his wishes; and Mr. Clayton (for that was his name) promised to wait at home the next morning, when Mr. Jaison proposed bringing his father to visit him. This done, he retired to his chambers,

and having refreshed himself with a little rest, rose early, and was at Mrs. Stevens’s long before his father was up. The old man, when he came down, found his son very studiously reading, and was highly delighted to behold him there, and so well employed: his heart was ever fond of him, and it requires no great matter to kindle again the flame of affection. All were perfectly in good humour at breakfast, and Mr. Jaison proposed to his father a visit to their old and worthy friend Mr. Clayton: he readily consented, and every thing seemed likely to succeed to their wishes. Mrs. Hodson was highly delighted on perceiving this great amity between the father and son, and blessed herself, for that prudent step which she had taken: she spoke very copiously and well on the matter, and descanted largely and wisely on the necessity every one is under to discharge their duty exactly without favour or affection, without any regard to this or that man, and to leave the consequence to the Supreme. She spoke no less powerfully on the great duty of obedience to parents, and the necessary blessings which certainly attend it; than on the immediate duty every parent is under to consult for his child’s good, and to do all in their power to forward his advantage, and to correct his errors. In short, she dwelt well and persuasively on every moral topick which their present circumstances might suggest, and enlarged on every branch of duty which the present occasion gave her an opportunity to introduce; insomuch that all the company applauded her wisdom and goodness; and Mr. Jaison, who was so great a sufferer at present by means of it, could not but acknowledge an amiable force and power, which obliged him to commend and admire it, and, spite of his reasonable prejudices, compelled him to revere and esteem it: such is the persuasive rhetoric of real and undissembled religion and goodness.

CHAP. II.

OLD MR. JAISON’S SATIRICK REMARKS UPON THE TOWN, ITS DIVERSIONS, LADIES, JEWS, &c. HIS VISIT TO AN OLD FRIEND; THEIR CONVERSATION, FAVOURABLE

RABLE TO THE LOVERS. A VISIT TO CAROLINE SUCCESSFUL ENOUGH.

AS old Mr. Jaison walked with his son to Mr. Clayton's, there was scarce an object which presented itself that did not raise his indignation and anger; for he was a true country gentleman, and detested all the follies of the town, though he judged many things in it necessary. The numbers of bills for plays, balls, assemblies, and the like, struck him with great disgust; nor could he help exclaiming very loudly against the religious governors of this realm, for suffering such an abundant quantity of diversions, so contrary to our national establishment in church and state, so utterly prejudicial to the lives and properties of the subject. Nor was he less disgusted at the dress of the men and women, the politer sort I mean, which casually fell under his observation. The ridiculous aping of foreign fashions caused him to lament and forebode great miseries to England from thence, and to remark that it was no romantick notion, that after we have imported all the follies with the language of France, we shall then be ready to import their laws also, and to submit to their government: which he pronounced with a hearty, 'God forbid!' and a severe sarcasm on that nation, which he always greatly disliked, and the language of which he would never suffer his son, by his consent, to learn; esteeming it, as he used to say, *prognosticatory*. The ladies indecency in their dress struck him exceedingly; particularly, the immense rotundity of some hoops which he met, and the dapper conciseness of the silken coats, well contrived to display the beauties of the leg and foot; better concealed, than too lavishly displayed to vulgar and unworthy eyes. He was no less offended at the disproportionate littleness of their hats; and could not help remarking the smallness of that concentrick circle to the circle of the hoop, observing the ladies were certainly unskilled in mathematics; but the enormous length of ribband hanging dangling down, with the smart gay cock of the hat, was matter of more mirth than indignation to him: 'Since,' says he, 'these women are certainly stage-dancers, and come abroad to make one laugh, and to entice one

to the play-houses, just as your tumblers in puppet-shows go about country towns in their fool-coats.' He could not be persuaded the ladies whom he saw so adorned were ladies of character and modesty. You might have as well persuaded him, that Admiral Vernon was an enemy to Britain; for Admiral Vernon was his *Magnus Apollo*; a patriot, in his estimation, greater than ever England before produced: and he had many things to say in proof thereof. But there was yet behind something that gave him more disturbance than all before related, and that was the sight of a man with a Jew-like appearance. Oh, his gall rose ever to the height on the beholding such, and he could freely have told them, as he said, a little of his mind. 'Anti-christian hereticks, that have not the form of godliness; cormorants ready to devour us, to eat up our lands, our lives, our properties, our every thing!' Nor did he ever touch upon the subject without an exact and long detail of their sufferings in the siege of Jerusalem. 'See their reward in that,' would the old patriot say, 'for crucifying the King of Heaven! See there what blessed rewards attended them! see there what choice glories and honours pursued them! see there how they were respected and renumerated! Oh, 'tis a fine, a glorious prospect! But, I hope, there will be no such prospect for us. I would advise a return to this Jerusalem, not a making of England the land of Canaan. We have no milk and honey to spare; nay, if once they come in tribes amongst us, we shall have no more milk and honey for ourselves. Away with them to Canaan; let them build again their old city: the Romans won't hurt them again—and who would not assist this poor unhappy people?'

Thus the old gentleman descanted, till they arrived at Mr. Clayton's; who, as soon as they were seated, and common compliments had passed, began to enquire into the reason of this unexpected journey of Mr. Jaison's to town. To which he returning but evasive kind of answers, Mr. Clayton pressed him the more closely on the score of their ancient friendship to inform him, unless it were some private, or family affairs, into which he had no right to enquire. The old gentleman, shaking his head, and very

very significantly looking at his son, observed that it was indeed a family affair, and one of great consequence, otherwise he should never have taken such a plaguy troublesome, tedious journey, to such a diabolical, detested place as this same London; the seat of folly, the metropolis of iniquity, the nest of whores and villains, the sink of corruption, and the den of plunderers, homicides, and barbarians! 'Hold, Sir,' said Mr. Clayton, smiling, 'don't condemn us one and all together. I doubt not but there may be many such as you describe amongst us; but consider, it is hard, for the offences of some, all should suffer. A little more charity would hurt neither your son nor myself.'—'My son!' replied the old man, 'I heartily wish I had never been fool enough to have sent him hither. To say the truth, it was always against my will; but we country folks know nothing; your wiser heads must direct us: your law and your council are mighty plausible arguments for young fellows taking chambers, to study—not the law, but the way to live *lawless*—to spend most money in pleasure and gaiety, and to lead a life of debauchery and infamy. I was in great danger of knowing this too late.'—'How so, my good friend!' said Mr. Clayton; 'what dangers have you been in from hence? I hope no misfortunes either have, or have been like to befall you. I should be infinitely sorry for that; and, I trust, you will not scruple to use my small endeavours in any matter where I can be serviceable.'—'I am, and always have been, obliged to you, my old friend, for your good-will to me,' replied Mr. Jaison the elder; 'but, indeed, friend Clayton, that boy there, that boy has gone near to ruin himself, and to break my heart. Well, it is a delicate subject, and I hope we are out of danger now; so we may rest a little easy.'—'I am heartily sorry to hear this, Sir,' replied Mr. Clayton; 'heartily sorry, indeed. I have always entertained a better opinion of my young friend, and I should be sorry to alter it. I must own, you surprize me very much. Surely you have had some wrong information: I cannot think, but you must have, by some means or other, mistaken the matter. I cannot conceive what you say: *ruin*

himself and break your heart? impossible! you surprize me exceedingly.'—'Surprized more or less,' said the old gentleman, 'so it is: for if the first be true, depend upon the latter; if he ruins himself, certain it is, he breaks my heart; nothing more clear and infallible, friend Clayton. Why, consider, he is my only child, and a good boy enough in general he has been to me. I have a pretty good estate; nay, to say no more, few men, in our country, I believe, can touch me—and, to think of his forfeiting this, death and hell! is it not enough to make a father mad? Why, man, he was on the brink of matrimony—with—' Upon this Mr. Clayton, laughing exceedingly, said, 'Pray, excuse me, Sir, for I cannot help smiling at these your wonderful fears, and at the same time rejoicing that nothing worse comes out. I thought he had been at a gaming-table, and lost all his fortune. I thought—' 'bless me, I don't know what dreadful things I thought!—But come, so long as a lady is all the affair, we will not be very uneasy, friend Jaison, at this matter: for put it upon the very worst footing you can, and that is, the lady's want of fortune, I see nothing, and, in your heart, I dare say, neither do you, that ought to give you the least trouble.'—'What! not trouble me to see my son,' replied he, 'married to a woman of neither fortune nor family! May he not expect one of the best ladies in the land?—He is a fool if he marries any other: I will assist him there.'—'It would be no difficult matter, friend Jaison,' replied he, 'to give you a sufficient answer on this head: but pray give me leave to enquire, who this female is, that has caused all these fears and disturbances.—Pray, Sir,' said he to the son, 'who is this lady, whom your father speaks of?'—'It would be very improper, Sir,' said he, 'for me to say any thing concerning her, without my father's permission: if he thinks proper, I will inform you concerning her.'—'You may spare yourself that trouble, Charles,' replied the father: 'I will tell you; she's a young woman of not a halfpenny fortune, who came up to town here to seek her fortune, and in good faith she had almost found it: to say truth,

my

‘ my cousin Hodson speaks well enough of the girl herself, but what avails all that—do you think Charles shall ever be so mad as to marry a woman without fortune?—’ Of what family, pray, is she? said Mr. Clayton. Her father is a gentleman of small fortune,’ replied Mr. Jaison the younger, in the North, of a very ancient, good, and honourable family: nay, indeed, I believe, of a noble descent; but what is that to the inborn virtues and excellencies of a person’s own mind?—‘ Well, my good friend,’ said Mr. Clayton, ‘ and was this really the occasion of your journey to town?—’ Yes, truly,’ replied he, ‘ and I think a very sufficient reason: for I have a right at least to judge of these matters, and although perhaps I would never intrude a wife upon my son, yet I have a negative voice doubtless.’—‘ Therein I entirely agree with you,’ said Mr. Clayton: ‘ but I am sure you have too much good sense to think of refusing your son the greatest happiness this world can afford; a free choice, and the possession of a woman he loves; on account of any such little petty considerations as a few thousand pounds: was your estate encumbered, or did he or you want money, it would be reasonable enough to consult that in a wife; but, as the case stands, surely the one only thing to be consulted by such a father as you, is the happiness of your son. Nay, I am convinced, it must be so; or if you proceed otherwise, I shall judge you have run out your estate, and want your son’s wife to mend it again.’ Mr. Clayton well knew, that this was a string Mr. Jaison could not bear touching, and the only proper one to make him sound as they could wish; and so it proved—‘ No, Sir,’ replied he, ‘ if I thought you or any man would judge thus of me, I would marry my son to a woman that had not a groat: believe me, friend Clayton, few people have taken greater care of the main chance; and I believe also, few people have more improved a fortune than I have done.’—‘ I have always thought so,’ said he; ‘ but consider with yourself, how strange it will appear in the eyes of the world, that you should refuse your son a liberty, which (pardon me) you took yourself—a power to make himself hap-

py, and a means to please himself in one of the principal concerns of life, all for a little paltry money! On my word, it will sound very odd; I must confess it will stagger me greatly. Do not imagine, I would advise you to run precipitately into any scheme of this sort; no, I would have the merits and character of the lady well considered, I would have the whole affair well and prudently deliberated; and if nothing but money was found to be the obstacle, then I would have you act generously, and as you would have chosen yourself in a similar case. Excuse me, my good friend; for as I am an absolute stranger to the merits of the cause, I only speak and advise as a well-wisher to you and your son; and as you have been pleased more than once to be directed by me, I therefore speak the more freely, and the more earnestly, as most sincerely desirous that your honour should suffer no stain.’

A silence ensued, and the old man, though unable to advance any thing against Mr. Clayton’s remarks, was yet absolutely unwilling to come into any such measures. He thanked him, however, for his friendly advice, and observed that his son had found an able advocate in him, but that, as to himself, he was perfectly determined; which Mr. Clayton observed it was not in his power to prevent: he could do no more, nor indeed was it proper for him to say more; as a friend and sincere well-wisher to the family, he had delivered his opinion; in doing which he had no other motive than a true and unfeigned friendship for them, and if they thought not proper to pay any attention to his opinions, it was by no means his fault. ‘ But pr’ythee, Charles,’ said he to Mr. Jaison, the son, ‘ where is this lady of yours, where is she to be found? Methinks I should like very well to see her; I could give a better judgment of the matter if I was a little time in her company. May I be permitted that honour?’—‘ Doubtless, Sir,’ replied he, ‘ if you desire it; but as that will hardly be agreeable to my father, you must excuse his presence there: I could wish it were so; for though I think myself bound to obey him, and though I am determined to do so, yet I must openly confess and declare, that without her I never can, I never will

will be happy. It is not possible for me to be so. She has my heart, and her many excellencies truly deserve it: she shall keep it; and though I will not disoblige my father, yet, in intention, I must and ever will be her's. Nay, I am bound to her, by so many ties of honour and love, that I much question whether it were even possible for me to get free. I hope, therefore, my good and honoured father, who has ever been so indulgent and kind to me, will maturely weigh the matter, and consider, that I am ready to obey his will, though at the loss of every thing dear to me, and yet must not forfeit my honour and oaths, for every other earthly consideration. To marry any other, is what I will never do; and if I am not permitted to possess this most amiable of her sex, I will enjoy her in my thoughts, and in melancholy reflection indulge the fond hopes I had conceived.' He spoke this in such a manner, that it truly reached his father's heart; a tear stole down his cheeks, and he made no sort of reply. Mr. Clayton perceiving it, pressed the matter home, and urged a visit of them all to the young lady; to which, after much entreaty, the other consented, as he was really desirous to see Caroline; and having spent an hour or two in social chat, and drank a dish of chocolate, they made the best of their way to Mrs. Stevens's, to pay Miss Caroline a visit.

It happened, that the first object which presented itself on their entrance into the house, was Miss Jenny Stevens, whose figure and appearance very highly disgusted old Mr. Jaifon; and more especially, as he imagined her to be the lady whom they were about to visit. Jenny was pretty round too about the waist, which did not escape the connoisseur's eyes: and her dress was exactly such as he hated; such as the ladies of her taste eminently distinguish themselves by in the gay world. The reader may, perhaps, be surprized to find her at home again, after her happy alliance with the charming Mr. Fortebland; but we must inform him, that some unlucky accident or other happened in the midst of all their bliss, which destroyed the scene of happiness between them, and unluckily for poor Jenny, compelled her dear gallant to fly the realm, and to forsake the woman whom he so ten-

derly loved, and had so barbarously ruined. It is not to be imagined or suspected, that he had made or left any sort of provision for Jenny, or the little miserable unborn infant. No, he had no regard to any moral or sacred obligations, and was absolutely unconcerned for the welfare of any one, however connected or allied to him. The truth of the matter was, he wanted to get rid of Jenny, and therefore contrived a tale to deceive her, and pretending immediate necessity, and violent haste, told it, kissed her, damned his ill-luck, and parted from her. Thus was she left entirely friendless, without either money or credit, without either innocence or industry. She did not, indeed, deserve pity; but parents feel not like indifferent people. She applied to her mother; and the bowels of her mother yearned to her unfortunate daughter, and she received the miserable object home again, undutiful and ungrateful as she before had been.

She could not prejudice any one much in her favour, as she had a peculiar pertness and levity, which, wherever they are found, must be hateful to every reasonable man. No wonder, therefore, old Mr. Jaifon was greatly disgusted; who, turning round to his son, 'Pr'ythee, Charles,' said he, 'is this your elegant mistress? ha!—On my word, she is a most charming young lady.' Mr. Jaifon was by no means displeased with the mistake, imagining, as was the case, the modest, meek deportment of Caroline, would not suffer any disadvantage by such a comparison. He informed his father, therefore, that this was the daughter of the landlady, much unlike the lady they were about to visit: for which purpose they were introduced into Mr. Hodson's apartment, who was made acquainted with their intention, and desired to inform Caroline thereof. Mrs. Hodson, as we may well conceive, was no enemy to Caroline, but, on the contrary, wished her well in every part of life; nor can any such matter be inferred from her proceeding in the manner above related with regard to her nephew. She doubtless therein judged and acted very rightly; well knowing the impropriety there was in such a match without the consent of Mr. Jaifon's father; well knowing the breach of duty which must be made thereby, and the calamities which would be prob-

bable therefore to befall him. Actuated by which laudable motives she certainly proceeded in a manner the most justifiable and commendable. Caroline had too much good sense, and too good an opinion of Mrs. Hodson, to judge otherwise; and, therefore, though she could not but be sorry for the disappointment, yet could she not, in reason, be displeased at Mrs. Hodson for her part in it: whence it happened, that the respect and regard on both sides was not at all diminished or decreased. It was great satisfaction, nevertheless, to Mrs. Hodson to bear such a message to Caroline, as she had really no objection to her nephew's marrying her, if his father saw fitting; as she had no doubt, nay, on the contrary, had the greatest opinion of her modesty and virtue, and a very strong opinion that she would make one of the best and most excellent wives. With much pleasure therefore she went to Caroline's apartment, and informed her of the purport of her visit, desiring her to dress herself as neatly as she could, and to come down to her room.

'Perhaps, child,' said she, 'there may be something turn out more to your advantage than you are aware of. Methinks it seems a good sign. Do not imagine me your enemy, or think that I would do any thing to prejudice you: no, very far from it. You may, perhaps, esteem me such from what has passed, and from the information which I have given my brother. But therein I did not more or less than my duty: and that it behoves every individual, without favour or affection, always to do; leaving the consequence to an all-wise Providence, who cannot be displeased at us if we fulfil our parts, whatever may be the event. Make that always your standing and invariable rule: act according to your conscience, and discharge your duty to the full: leave the rest, and be assured it will prosper. In your case, and my nephew's, I have proceeded thus; and I am assured, whatever is best for you and him will follow. For my own part, I most sincerely wish your welfare; and if my brother thinks proper to give his consent, I shall be by no means backward: nay, more than that, if I perceive the least probability of it, be assured I will do my utmost to forward it. I sincerely wish

you well, and whatever I can do to promote your real advantage, you are convinced, I hope, that I am ready to do; but do not offer to proceed one step in any affair or concern of life, that may hereafter upbraid you, and be a matter of uneasiness and disquietude to your mind.'—'Whatever, Madam, I might suffer,' said Caroline, 'I would on no account dare to blame the excellence of your proceedings, since I am so fully convinced it is in all things right; nor can I ever imagine you, who have behaved so kindly to me in every respect, my enemy; far, very far from that: but your kindness will give a little to the frailty of human nature; and, I trust, will excuse me, if by means thereof I have erred a little. Mr. Jaifon's behaviour has been altogether such as must command my esteem, not to say my greatest affection. You are no stranger to the many obligations conferred upon me by him: you know what I owe to him, even all that I enjoy; life, innocence, liberty, and every thing. You would, you must condemn me, were I ungrateful to such a benefactor; had not my mind a due sense of the greatness of my obligations: and I need not inform you how nearly love and gratitude are allied. Do but then consider how almost impossible it hath been for me to resist those kind and tender offers which he has made me, warmed, as my heart already was, prepared as my inclinations were, by the abundant and singular favours conferred upon me by him. You will not blame me; for, indeed, I was here a good deal involuntary; my mind was not perfectly free to chuse or refuse—you cannot condemn me, if I received his offers with joy, and felt a satisfaction in accepting and returning his love. I will make a generous confession to you, Madam, as I esteem you my sincere and undoubted friend: though I love Mr. Jaifon infinitely more than myself, though I can never be happy separated from him, yet so far am I from desiring any thing contrary to his interest or advantage, that I willingly give up all right and title to him, hard as it may be to my soul; and will endeavour to be contented under my misfortune, if it may render him, his father, and yourself, happy. I trust in
God

‘ God I can resign, and I will use my
‘ endeavours (though it were far less
‘ difficult to part with life) to part with
‘ him; and in mournful solitude spend
‘ my days, ever wishing an increase of
‘ his happiness.’

Mrs. Hodson was surprized at such an heroic, yet so serene and pathetick a declaration, and was almost sorry that she had thrown any obstacle in the way of this worthy pair: however, she was determined to use all her endeavours towards their happiness, and promised Caroline her utmost assistance; who, being modestly and decently adorned, descended, with Mrs. Hodson, to the room where was all she loved, and all she feared. Old Mr. Jaïson had retained nothing in his mind so strongly as the figure and appearance of Miss Jenny: he had continued to ruminate constantly upon it; and, as he was mightily disgusted, so did he not easily forget it. But when Caroline, introduced by Mrs. Hodson, made her appearance, the comparison struck him very strongly; and his prejudice was as much warped to the other side. Caroline’s person was, indeed, very striking: her sickness had greatly injured her, having robbed her cheeks of that fine damask blush, which Nature spread over the ivory whiteness of her skin, and which exceeded all that the painter’s pencil ever yet could represent. However, this occasion restored it; for, on her entrance, a beauteous glow spread itself over her face, and her lovely eyes, in modest meekness fixed upon the ground, discovered only so much of their lustre, as helped imagination to form and fancy the rest. She was tall, and remarkably graceful in her person; her manner was peculiarly engaging, and her address particularly pleasing, as it was particularly modest, sweet, and affable. She was dressed in a long white sack, neat without affectation, and genteel without a foolish and forward compliance with fashions. The exactest artist could not find a fault in her face, which yet received such an inexpressible softness from the lovely disposition of her mind, as struck every beholder with delight. She was in no small confusion on her first admission; her little heart beat with tumultuous throbs, and her snowy bosom heaved with fearful anxiety. Old Mr. Jaïson fixed his eyes upon her, and compared her precisely in his

mind with Jenny; she lost nothing thereby; and was secretly much satisfied, not to say delighted, with her. The conversation grew tolerably sociable and jocose. Mr. Clayton grew merry, and old Mr. Jaïson’s heart began to open; the young folks revived a little in hope, and Mrs. Hodson was not backward to promote the growing cheerfulness. In which situation we must at present leave them, as we are summoned to attend the concerns of our other worthies, particularly Mr. Sanson, who appears by his haste and zeal to have some important matter on the anvil, some point which requires fiery expedition and dispatch.

C H A P. III.

MR. SANSON FINDS OUT AND VISITS HIS DAUGHTER LUCY. THE DISTRESS OCCASIONED THEREBY, AND THE MISERY OF THE UNHAPPY FATHER. SHE IS REMOVED BY MR. JAÏSON FROM THE PLACE WHERE THEY FOUND HER.

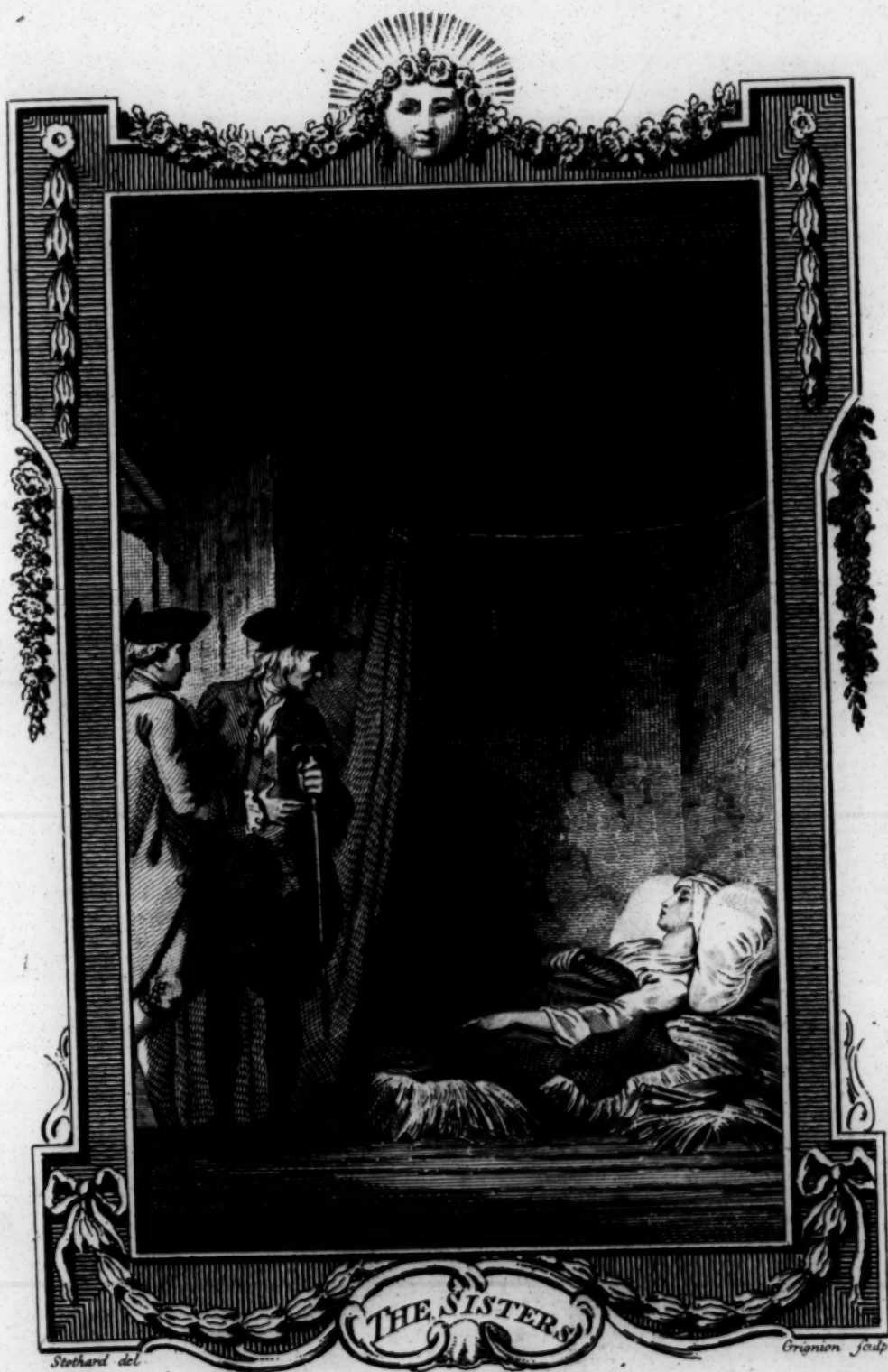
HE had heard that Mr. Jaïson was engaged in company, and therefore went not into the room, but desired instantly to speak with him; with which he complied, and Mr. Sanson scarce beheld him before he cried out, ‘ She is found; we have her! she is found! Oh, pray go with me now this instant; dear Sir, go with me to my Lucy.’ Mr. Jaïson, as was natural, desired to know whence he had this information. ‘ From that gentleman,’ said he, pointing to a person who was with him, and who was no other than the identical Mr. Copper, concerning whom we have heretofore heard; who, reading the advertisement concerning Lucy in the papers, came to give in his information of her, and to receive the reward proposed. Mr. Jaïson enquired of him concerning her; and, finding that he was acquainted with her present situation, promised immediately to attend them, after he had just given a proper notice to his friends in the next room. Accordingly, he begged his father’s permission, telling him know a general state of the case; and having procured it, made the best of his way with Mr.

Sanfon and Mr. Copper in quest of Lucy. Mr. Jaisou satisfied Mr. Copper as to the gratuity offered for the person who should give information of her: and both he and Mr. Sanfon were pretty anxious in enquiring after her present situation and state. 'I wish, gentlemen,' said Mr. Copper, 'it were in my power to give you any account that might be satisfactory; but I fear you will find matters even worse than you can imagine: were she a friend of mine—you know best—I should think her far better lost, than so found.'—'Man, do not make me mad!' said Mr. Sanfon; 'she is my child, my daughter, my poor dear child—and shall I not recover her again!—Oh, I shall now soon see my Lucy, and then to die in her arms will be a comfort indeed!'—'I am sorry, Sir,' replied Mr. Copper, 'very sorry, that she is your child; but might I persuade you, (and I wish I had known the case before) I would return back, and not think of seeing her: worse miseries are reserved for you than you imagine.'—'Worse than I suffer!' said Mr. Sanfon; 'Oh, ignorant and unskilful! you know not what I suffer; you are not so well taught and experienced in the school of misery as I am; you have not had such trials—may never man have such again!'—'But, Sir,' said Mr. Jaisou, 'you should let your happiness in some measure weigh with your misery. Consider what a daughter you have in Miss Caroline; whose many virtues and great goodness should compensate for almost every other earthly misery: consider how much worse your sufferings might have been, and what a dreadful load you must have had, if she had not escaped in this unhappy wreck; and if you had not had one drop of hope or comfort left in the destruction of all you love or value. And you are convinced that this was no improbable matter. Providence hath here exerted itself in your behalf; anger it not therefore by an utter and absolute unthankfulness.'—'I thank you for your counsel, Sir,' replied he; 'but good now, who are they that are so wise as thus to medicine their grief with sweet words? Oh, they come wondrous smoothly from a

heart at ease! these things appear quite light and very trifling—as who should say I would not do so and so. But mark me, nature is far stronger than flowery rhetoric, and stings of parental grief severer than to be healed by the gilded pill of counsel. Come, come, no more of that: I tell you, Lucy is my child, my first-born, my darling; a thousand times I have dandled her on my knees; I have joyed in her pretty innocent prattle—she was my chief pleasure. And can a man forget his child; can a man forget himself? Talk no more on't, but hasten away and bring me, bring me to her; that as I gave her breath, I may in her arms resign my own.'

With such discourse they beguiled the way, till they came to Hockley in the Hole, the place where Lucy was; and having, at the house, procured an immediate information where she was, Mr. Copper attended them to the door, and parted; having, as he said, no inclination to be present at such mournful and distressful scenes. The door was opened; and lo! a sight, that would have pierced the hardest heart of a barbarian! Think then, O reader, think what must have been the suffering of a tender and affectionate father! Oh! if thou hast a heart susceptible of the least tenderness, if thou hast a heart the least affected by the concerns of thy fellow-creatures, come here and look, attend and consider! Behold no fancied scenes of flowery imagination, no fictitious painting of licentious fancy! See plain and miserable truth delineated in its exact colours! Truth not rare and uncommon, but every day unhappily proved by numberless examples in this grand metropolis! Oh, weigh it well, and be wise! fly from the first approaches to iniquity, and dread the very appearance of sin! See to what horrid lengths guilt forces us! see what calamities are the consequences of infamy! Ye sons of pleasure, listen and tremble: ye daughters of simplicity, mark and be advised.

The door, the miserable door, expanded; and behold, in a little, horrid, gloomy apartment, stretched on the ground, on a bed of straw, lay a wretched object, piteously groaning, and sorrowfully pouring forth her lamentation and woe. Mr. Jaisou trembled; his blood





blood ran cold. The old man turned round short, caught hold of him, and said, 'Why are we brought hither? what has this to do with my child? what is all this horror to me?'—'In truth, I know not,' said Mr. Jaifon; 'would we were away.'—'Hold, hold!' replied Mr. Sanfon; 'I'll call to yon poor wretch—they said my Lucy was here; I'll ask her if she knows her.' Upon which he advanced a few steps into the room—his heart again misgave him, and he turned back, sent forth a deep groan, and fixed his eyes on Mr. Jaifon—'Do you speak to her,' said he; 'it is strange—but when I offer to speak, my breath is gone, and I know not what to call her, or how to speak! Pray ask her if she knows Lucy Sanfon?' Upon his saying which, something louder than the rest, the unhappy object on the floor, raised herself a little; and with a dismal hollow voice, sighed forth, 'Who enquires for that miserable wretch, Lucy Sanfon?'—'I, I enquire,' replied he; 'say, where is she—speak at once! where may I find her?' Upon which, she raised herself a little more; and, looking at Mr. Sanfon, cried out, 'Alas, alas, my father! Oh, cursed lot! Misery, misery worse than all beside!' Mr. Sanfon was like a man struck into stone: he stood unmoved, like an image; he held up his hands, and for some minutes continued absolutely motionless. Mr. Jaifon was little less affected: he knew not what to say or do; and never was reduced to such a melancholy dilemma. At length breaking the horrid silence, 'Said she not, *my father!*' cried the old unhappy man; 'said she not, *my father!*—hark! let me listen! Poor miserable object, that in this distress and sorrow hast but even now called me father! One word more, and I have done—speak one word more, and I will be no farther curious—Say thou art my daughter—and there needs not another syllable to burst my heart-strings—they are already cracking!' She groaned, she wept; and, with a voice that would have melted stone, she said—'I am thy daughter! thy most wretched daughter!—Oh, my father, my dear distressed father!' With vehement haste, he threw himself on the floor by her side; and, unable to speak, uttered sounds far more pathetic and expressive than all speaking.

At length raising himself up, he leaned upon his elbow, and looking her full in the face, 'Oh, miserable deception!' said he; 'fool and mad! she is no more my daughter than—— Wretch, who hath bribed thee to deceive a poor old man in such a barbarous way? My Lucy! Oh, ye Powers! my Lucy was a little angel upon earth; her eyes were bright, and beaming lustre, that gave rapture to my heart when I beheld them! thine are dim, are hollow, sunk, and dreadful! Thine eyes had never brightness; thy eyes ne'er beamed heart-warming lustre; thine are dim tapers, clouded, melancholy: Lucy's spoke life and innocence; these are not my Lucy's eyes! Then, what a ruddy health was in her cheeks!—Good God! she looked like another Hebe! Oh, 'twas heaven to my fond heart, when I beheld her blushing beauties. Thou art wan and pale, meagre and thin. These cheeks, overspread with dreary yellowness, could never have been like Lucy's: that aspect, full of dread and horror, could never have had the sweetness, love, and rapture, of my child's. Her voice was soft and tuneful; it was bliss, it was musick to hear her speak! and thine is hoarse and hollow. Speak again! I cannot be deceived in that: I charge thee speak! What? who shall say, though I am a poor infirm old man, that I cannot remember my child's, my own, my dearest child's voice? I cannot be deceived in it; I tell you, it was sweet beyond expression—Sing me her song; sing me that song, she so oft has sung to cheer my melancholy—oh, sing me that, and I'll confess thou art my daughter!'—'Well, indeed, may you doubt!' said she: 'I am not what I was; far, very far different! lost, beyond recovery, to all my former happiness! Alas! my father, I wished not to have seen you—oh, that I had died, and you not known my wretchedness! But now desire to know no more: leave me to my horrid fate; commend me to my poor dear mother; oh, commend me to her; and curse the day, with me, that ever I beheld the face of Dookalb!'—'What, hath he done it? Did he bring thee hither?' said Mr. Sanfon; 'did he bring thee to this place of woe? A thousand curses light upon him! may his

his grey hairs go sorrowing to the grave; and may he only suffer just as I do! May he be tortured thus; and see a child, the very darling of his soul, his only joy; oh, may he see her in such woeful misery! Oh, Lucy, what a change!—My child, my child! when last I saw thee, beauty, life, and health, played joyfully around thee! I blest myself, and wondered if a father lived on earth so happy as was I, in children like my Lucy and my Caroline!—Now, good God! where is my boasting! where is my happiness! Gone—for ever gone!—and I may question, if upon earth there lives so miserable a father as this poor worn out old man! To find thee in a place the very sink of wretchedness, unaided, unassisted, left to pine and die alone in extreme misery! a room fit only for the raving madman! cold, bleak, dark and dreadful! stretched too on straw: my child upon a bed of straw, with scarce a covering to conceal her nakedness; perishing with sickness, cold, and hunger! Oh, fate accursed! O miserable hour! Thus was he proceeding to vent his griefs, and give utterance to the bitter sorrows of his heart, when Mr. Jaisson, soothing him to the utmost of his power, desired his permission to go and procure some proper assistance, that they might remove his daughter from that place, and try all due methods to restore her again to health and peace. ‘Aye, pr’ythee do it, Sir,’ said the old man; ‘I would to God we had a friend! but all mankind are false: do not trust them; they’ll rob you of your children. Cruel monsters! they rob your children too of innocence and virtue! and then what griefs await them! I had a daughter once—but now I’m old, and every one contemns old age! Oh, were my child but with me, she would comfort me, she would soothe all my sorrows: now she’s lost, I care not what may follow!’ The air with which he spoke this, sufficiently declared the situation of his mind, and therefore Mr. Jaisson waited not for any reply, but hastened away with all expedition to procure some assistance, that Lucy might be removed from this distressful state, to a place where her friends might be able to visit and relieve her. Mrs. Cox hearing that some stir was made about this wretched object, whom she had abso-

lutely given up, according to custom, was willing to make her own bargain and advantage therefrom, and on that account betook herself to the place where Lucy and her father were, just after Mr. Jaisson was departed from thence. She entered in her usual free manner; and as her heart was an absolute stranger to pity or compassion, she addressed the old man without any regard to affliction or distress; informing him, that if he wanted that woman, he must expect to pay her debts, for she was pretty deep in her accounts. Mr. Sanson rose from the ground, alarmed by the loud and hoarse sound of her man-like voice, and advancing towards her, fixed his eyes steadfastly upon her, and said, ‘Look’e woman—she’s my child; if you can give us comfort, do not delay it; for in sad truth we want it very greatly: but if you only come, ill neighbour, to spy out and triumph over my misery, look, fill your eyes and heart, see it in all it’s pomp—Behold my child—behold her father!—look and be satisfied—get home and tell your children of it—shake your sad head, and sigh—bless your own hap, and go to bed in thankfulness.’ Mother Cox did not at all understand him, and esteeming it abuse and mockery, began to be exceeding cholerick, and pronouncing a hearty curse or two, declared she did not care a straw for his words; her money she would have, and if he did not pay her it by fair means, she knew how to get it by foul; for she was not used to be choused by such old grey-headed fools as he was; she had lived long enough to know better. ‘It is true, good woman,’ replied Mr. Sanson, ‘I am old, and very foolish; but do not mock me for these old white locks; they speak my age, and used to challenge reverence; but age and reverence all are lost to me. There lies my daughter; can you assist her? Look at her distress—oh, be not too hard-hearted! indeed she once was all that’s fair and lovely! Look at the bed of straw! see those thin coverings, ragged and base.—Do you hear her groans? She has a mother: it would break her heart, yea, in a moment stop each throbbing pulse, and lay her lifeless at her feet, to see her child, her lovely loving child, her Lucy, her first-born, to see her in so piteous a condition!

dition! You are a woman—have a woman's heart, and do not deny your sex: weep with me, and lament a fate so dreadful!—' You may think, perhaps, to put me off with these fine words,' replied the beldame, 'and by finding fault with my goods, hope to pay nothing for them; but you are mistaken, man: I know better things, I have seen too much of life to be so tricked and deceived; and as to your pity, and compassion, and nonsense, I see enough of this sort of sport every day of my life, to deliver me, thank God, from all that. No, no, your daughter, if she is your daughter, old master, has been the cause of all her misfortunes, as you call them: she has nobody to thank for them but herself; and so wants nobody to pity her. However, bad as her bed and covering may be, if you do not think proper to pay me, she must e'en lie on the ground and rot if she likes it.' The old man, as one would reasonably expect, was astonished and terrified at this speech, delivered as it was, with all the malignity of tone and gesture, all the fury of voice and action, which this wretch was capable of shewing. In the utmost agony of mind, on her pronouncing these words, he trembled in every limb, and throwing himself again on the ground by Lucy's side, clasped her in his arms, and bursting into a flood of tears, cried out, 'She shall not lie and rot—she shall not, shall not perish in cold and nakedness! I will warm her in this bosom—I will cloath her—though I am naked, my Lucy shall not want a covering!' Upon saying which he was about to strip himself, when Mr. Jaïson returned with proper assistance to remove these unhappy objects to a more decent and convenient place, where, if all aid should prove unavailing, they might at least die in peace. His mind had been already sufficiently shocked and alarmed, but human nature could not behold such a scene unmoved. The poor weeping father was endeavouring to get off his cloaths, crying out, 'I will cover thee, my child—thou shalt not be naked—I will cover thee, and keep thee from the cold!' while, the feeble daughter scarce able to lift up her hand, was with tears entreating him to forbear, and striving to hold and prevent him! 'Suffer me,' said she, 'to die, and do not farther

disturb me: give me up, my father; leave me, and do not on my account thus distract yourself and me. I am undone beyond all relief: there is no hopes of me; but do not for such a worthless wretch as I am, do not plunge yourself into such sorrow, do not add new afflictions to my mother, to whom I am now, alas! a stranger. Do not distress your other poor children; but reserve yourself for their advantage, and leave me to the fate I well deserve.' In such a situation Mr. Jaïson found these unhappy people; and scarcely was he entered into the room, before Mother Cox fell upon him too, for the pretended debt, and the money which she averred to be due to her from Lucy. Mr. Jaïson did all he could to appease the fiend, and told her, that she should be satisfied if she would apply to him; but begged her not to make any disturbance or farther uneasiness at present, as she could not be a stranger to the miserable circumstances of this unhappy daughter, and still more unhappy father. With this, however, she would by no means be satisfied, insisting upon something, down without which she protested Lucy should not be moved from thence. Mr. Jaïson, willing to keep matters as peaceable as might be, gave her a couple of guineas, with which she, acknowledging herself contented, retired, and left them to proceed as they thought proper. Such hearts have no feeling, or sense of humanity! The miseries of their fellow creatures are so general to them, that they pass off utterly unnoticed. Sighs never touch their souls, and tears have no power to affect their bosoms. Anguish and horror are as feasts of joy, and the sufferings of others are rendered matter of pleasure or profit to them.

As soon as this wretch was departed, Mr. Jaïson desired the old weeping father to arise, and give the persons who attended leave to bear his daughter to a proper conveyance, that she might be carried to a place where she would be in no danger of perishing by cold, by hunger, and nakedness. The old man raised up his eyes, and fixing them on Mr. Jaïson, 'Oh, thou good young man!' said he; 'still my better genius; still in my sorrows, my only succour and support! Oh, this is a dreadful time—fearfully, indeed, am I now reduced! what can your help avail

'avail me? what can your friendship
 'now farther assist me? Look only at
 'my child—in truth I am not distract-
 'ed: say, have I not cause to weep;
 'say, had ever father greater cause to
 'lament than I have there? Oh, Sir!
 'my sufferings are not for words to ex-
 'press! go then, and be a friend to my
 'poor Caroline; commend her dying
 'father to her, and be happy.'—'The
 'only way, Sir,' replied Mr. Jaison,
 'that I can be a friend to her, is to be
 'such to you and your other daughter;
 'whom I would remove from this dread-
 'ful place, that proper means may be
 'made use of for her recovery, if pos-
 'sible; and that yet you may be blessed,
 'however improbable it may at present
 'seem to you. These men will convey
 'your daughter to a convenient lodg-
 'ing, where she may have all due assist-
 'ance, and your other child may attend
 'her and comfort you.'—'There's rea-
 'son in your words,' replied the old
 man, raising himself from the ground.
 'True, 'tis a dreadful place, and it
 'would be well if both were rescued
 'from it. Come, then, my child, we
 'yet have got some friends; old and
 'most wretched though I be, yet view;
 'I am not quite forsaken. Give me thy
 'hand, my daughter, I'll raise thee up.
 'Oh, ye Gods!—is this my Lucy's
 'hand? the soft round arm, the snowy
 'whiteness, all reduced to this—pale
 'flaccid skin drawn over the staring
 'bones!—O cruel weight of misery!
 'deadly sorrow! how, does thy poison
 'prey upon the body, and even con-
 'sume the fairest, freshest beauties!
 'But come, no more of this. Time!
 'there is always time enough to mourn;
 'the wretched never want hours to vent
 'their griefs! Here, gentlemen, pray
 'be kind, and very careful; raise up
 'my child with all the nicest care, for
 'she is wondrous weak, and very ten-
 'der. I'll bless you for your gentleness;
 'it is all a poor wretched father; in-
 'deed, it is all he has the power to give.
 'A blessing on you, and a hearty prayer,
 'that none of you may ever suffer griefs
 'like this!' So saying, he assisted the
 men to raise up Lucy; and with much
 difficulty the poor and almost dying
 creature, unable to bear the least shock,
 was conveyed to a lodging which was
 prepared and ready to receive her, her
 father never leaving her side, but walk-

ing close by the bier, whereon she was
 carried, uttering often pathetick excla-
 mations, demonstrative of the deepest af-
 fliction, and expressive of the severest
 anguish. Proper assistance was called
 in to her relief, but all was too late;
 she was now too far gone, and the pangs
 of death came fast and fearfully upon
 her.

CHAP. IV.

CAROLINE AND MRS. HODSON VISIT
 LUCY. A CLERGYMAN SENT
 FOR, THE DOCTOR BEFORE-
 MENTIONED; HIS ACCOUNT OF
 DOOKALE'S DASTARDLY BEHA-
 VIOUR. A LETTER TO HIM FROM
 A FORMER FRIEND. MR. SAN-
 SON'S TRIUMPH. LUCY'S DEATH.

CAROLINE, whom we left tole-
 rably easy and happy, began to be
 under great anxiety at the long stay
 of her father and Mr. Jaison; and was
 much surprized at having heard nothing
 concerning them. Old Mr. Jaison, too,
 was not quite satisfied; though, as the
 young lady was with him, he was
 pretty easy on that account, knowing
 nothing could be done contrary to his
 inclinations. He was much softened
 by the lenient advice of Mr. Clay-
 ton, as well as by the gentle re-
 marks of Mrs. Hodson; and found no-
 thing in Caroline's behaviour to dis-
 gust or displease him. Nay, rather, to
 say the truth, he was greatly prejudiced
 in her behalf; and secretly approved,
 though he could not openly commend
 his son's choice. During the time of
 their anxiety, and as it began to en-
 crease, a message came from Mr. Jai-
 son to desire Miss Caroline's and Mrs.
 Hodson's presence at the place (to which
 they were directed) where Mr. Sanson
 and his daughter Lucy were. Mr. Jai-
 son the elder desired permission to at-
 tend them, for reasons best known to
 himself; and accordingly they hastened
 away with all possible expedition. Young
 Mr. Jaison met them below stairs, and
 informed them of the state of the case;
 upon which the old gentleman had no
 inclination to go up, but waiting below
 with his son, the ladies went to the
 room where lay the unfortunate Lucy,
 just breathing her last; and the still

more

more unfortunate father hanging over her, and lamenting the misery of his fate.

Caroline could not support the sight. She fainted instantly away on her approach towards the bed where her sister was. The old man was in the utmost consternation; he arose from the side of the bed, ran to Caroline, then to Lucy, and now would stand in the midst between them, holding up his hands, and shaking his head, while the tears trickled plentifully down his cheeks: then he would cry out; 'Oh! it is too much, it is too much, righteous Heaven!—both at once, both in one moment! Youth and strength could not support such misery! what then, can age and weakness; what then, can an infirm old man sustain such shocks? Two strings tie fast my heart. To have broke one had surely been sufficient: but to crack each at once, O traitor, Fortune—what needed such consummate agony! And does she then revive? Oh, Caroline! look there, behold thy sister! Speak, Lucy, one word to thy father! Ah, poor girl—what dreadful groans, what horrid sobs are these?—Oh, Dookalb, may each groan, each sob of her's cost thy accursed heart a stream of blood! mayest thou in vilest infamy compleat thy days, and full of horror quick descend to hell!—How does my child? speak, Caroline—say, Lucy—how art thou? Ah, me! I wonder that my fiery brain don't burst asunder, and furious madness tear my distracted senses! Two children, both my darlings, both at once perishing before my eyes! Oh, that I were but blind! Oh, that long since my body had been dust, and my soul slept in quietness and peace!' Caroline's eyes and heart were both too full to utter one syllable, or to offer one word of consolation to her father. Mrs. Hodson endeavoured so to do, but fruitless were her endeavours, and very much in vain all her efforts to comfort. When she began to speak, Mr. Sanson fixed his eyes upon her, and seemed to listen with great attention; but she had scarcely began, ere he pointed to the bed where Lucy lay, and threw himself by her side, little regarding any thing which she said. But when she came to talk of death, and its consequences, he started up, and told them, that was well remembered; for

he wished to die, and fain would be prepared: and therefore desired they would provide some worthy clergyman, that he might join in prayers with him and hear if he had any hopes of happiness hereafter. Mrs. Hodson immediately communicated this request to Mr. Jaisson, who readily agreed to it; and accordingly himself waited upon the worthy doctor, of whom we have had occasion to make mention heretofore, as the properest person he could chuse for this office. He found him at home, and very ready to comply with his request: they, therefore, made all possible expedition to the wretched father, and delayed not to bring all the relief in their power. Mrs. Hodson had, upon Mr. Jaisson's determination, informed Mr. Sanson, that the clergyman who would speedily visit him, was that worthy and excellent man, who, out of zeal for goodness, and a desire that iniquity should not be concealed, carried on the prosecution against Dookalb; nay, indeed, was the very author, and principal cause of the whole proceeding. The old man blessed himself upon this news, and rejoiced to think he should not only see and thank so good a man, but have the satisfaction to hear of the compleat downfall of that complicated villain. Even Lucy, wretched and weak as she was, desired to be raised up a little on the doctor's arrival, that, as she said, she might hear of Dookalb's destruction, and then die in peace. The doctor, when present, perceiving that their minds were thus bitterly enraged against this terrible wretch, was somewhat averse to gratify their revenge; observing, that such a state of mind was absolutely unfitting a Christian when in health and strength, much more when in all appearance just launching into eternity; and, therefore, he judged it far better to consider only of the proper preparation for that great voyage, and the due provisions for so long and untried a journey. 'I tell you, Sir,' said Mr. Sanson, upon these hints from the doctor, 'I tell you, he, that cruel, cruel Dookalb—even he, has ruined my child. I pray you, turn your eyes to that sad bed. There lies my daughter!—Look upon her misery, hear her heart-rending groans, behold her death-like countenance! Oh, Sir, contemplate for a moment that poor creature, and then I will shew you what she was.

'None, none, can even in the least degree conceive the change, but those who knew her beauty! She was the loveliest, and the best of children; as fair as good, and no less fair than innocent; pure snow was not more white and spotless: so she went from me; such she was when she departed from my fostering arms! This Dookalb, this vile traitor Dookalb, was my friend. He talked of services, he proffered kindnesses; and I, vain, credulous old man, heard and believed—nay, would you think it, esteemed him—this same monster—I esteemed him the very best of men, and first of friends! All that was valuable, all that was dear, all that was tender to me, I intrusted to this felon; to this false, seeming friend: this man with whom I would have trusted even my soul, so zealously did I affect him. Oh, could you see how I commended to him these my dear daughters, these my lovely children! How I conjured him by each sacred tie, by all that is binding to humanity, to guard them, to protect them, to secure their virtue, and see that nothing hurtful might approach their yet untainted minds! And well he kept his faith.—Oh, heaven and earth unite your utmost powers to blast the villain! A thousand, thousand curses fall upon him! Nay, I will be but just in my demands—make him, O make him suffer, only suffer just what his horrid cruelty hath brought on me!'

'Well, Sir,' said the doctor, 'I cannot but confess, that you have the greatest reason to be displeased and enraged at this wicked man's behaviour and cruel treatment of you; but his punishment you must leave to that avenging Deity, who never suffers vice and villainy like his to pass away unpunished; and, believe me, he is rewarded to the utmost: the most savage revenge would be greatly more than satisfied. It is only to be lamented, that his agonies are not directed into a proper channel; and that he feels the load of his enemies only to torture and distract himself. You are not ignorant, I suppose, of the prosecution which hath been carried on against him. We had, from the

very first moment, great reason to suspect him guilty of the horrid crime laid to his charge; but we had not so full proof as was necessary. It pleased Heaven, therefore, to give Mrs. Searchwell, his wicked accomplice in many, many dark scenes of the vilest sort; I say, it pleased Heaven to give her a short interval from the rage of her fever before her death, which I took and improved to the greatest advantage. I pressed her to a discovery of the whole fact, which, in the fury of her disorder, she had so plainly opened to us; and, after many and cogent persuasions, she came to a full and ample confession; acknowledged, that the girl proving unfit for their purpose, Dookalb, from the frequent advertising her, fearing a discovery, advised a secret taking her off; which was done with the utmost privacy by them, with the assistance of an old and tried servant, who, after they had cut her throat, conveyed her body by pieces out of the house; and at different times differently disposed of them, where there was no possibility of a discovery. Having gained this information from the miserable dying wretch, and caused it to be confirmed before proper witnesses, my next care was to secure this servant; which done, he turned evidence, has saved himself, and condemned Dookalb. The time for his execution is fixed; and he is well nigh dead already! All his friends have forsaken him; and a thousand scenes of such black and vile horror are now laid open, as would make any one hang him. Nothing can equal his dastardly and mean behaviour. That wonted insolence and haughty pride which he wore in prosperity, were sunk before his trial into the most abject and groveling meanness. He applied to all those great friends, for whom he had infamously pimped heretofore, and begged of them to use all their interest in his favour. From most of them he received no answer at all; from many, only curses and upbraidings; telling him, that he had gained at last what he deserved, and that it would be a pity to rob the gibbet of so worthy a personage, who had so long been due to it. *One

* This was no other than that worthy personage, known in the former part of our story by the name of Captain Smith.

of his friends more especially, who
 had constantly used his assistance, and
 with whom he had lived in great
 esteem, gave him the severest shock.
 He had placed his hopes here, and was
 assured, that let who would forsake
 him, this faithful and tried master
 would never abandon him. He there-
 fore wrote to him, and most pressing-
 ly desired his immediate interest to
 save him from the infamy which the
 malice of his enemies was about to
 bring upon him. In answer to which,
 he received the following letter, which
 he delivered to me on my visiting him.
 You must not wonder that he com-
 municates any thing to me; for so ab-
 ject, so mean is the man grown, as
 even to communicate his grievances
 to me, and to apply to me for my in-
 terest in his behalf; so very a coward
 is he, so infinitely fearful, as well, in-
 deed, he may be of his approaching
 fate, and sure impending destiny.—
 This is the letter.

IT surprises me, Dookalb, that you
 have the confidence to make
 any application to me on such an af-
 fair, when you well know, that I am
 perfectly convinced you wholly de-
 serve the fate you are about to suffer.
 Scandalous as your past life has been,
 and infamous as the present crime
 laid to your charge, do you imagine
 that I can use any interest in your fa-
 vour? No, I cannot. But were not
 this the case, to say truth, I would
 not assist you, unless it were to fur-
 ther the prosecution, and to forward
 that punishment which you so justly
 and truly deserve. Oh, thou vile
 pandar, and most consummate of
 villains!—accursed be the day that
 ever I saw thee, and accursed the hour
 that thy insinuating hypocrisy found
 a way to my heart. My heart?—it
 is false, you never found a way thi-
 ther; you reigned only in my lusts:
 my better reason ever abhorred and de-
 tested you. What a heap of vengeance
 is reserved for my soul by thy means!
 what a load of anguish now horribly
 afflicts my conscience! Oh, Dookalb,
 in whatever hell we meet together,
 we shall be no small tormentors to
 each other! I will be a fiend to tor-
 ture thee; and the reflection that I
 was such a dupe to be deluded by
 thee, will be sufficient torture to my

soul. Know, it is a hell already;
 and the miserable wretches whom I
 have robbed of their virtue, and
 plunged into irrecoverable ruin, be-
 gin to have their revenge, and to be
 as very adders to my conscience. To
 think that I have plunged many a
 soul in hell; to think that I have rob-
 bed heaven, to people the kingdom
 of darkness—what agony can equal
 that reflection, and what sufferings
 can be adequate to such a crime?
 Thou art about to meet thy due here
 upon earth; but let me pour the dread-
 ful tidings into thy ears; this, this is
 but indeed the very beginning of sor-
 rows! worse, far worse than I can
 describe, will soon overwhelm thee;
 and agonies insufferable will speedi-
 ly be thy everlasting lot. For my-
 self, I feel them now; thou art ne-
 ver a moment from my view; thou
 art my constant attendant, and my
 constant torturer: thou and those
 wretched women—(oh, ten thousand
 curses light upon my lusts and thee!)
 ye are ever haunting me; rest is ba-
 nished from my soul, and slumber
 from my eye-lids. Comfort or hope
 I have none; I live in the very black-
 ness of diabolick darkness. I can
 neither pray to God, nor expect any
 relief from him, whom I would not
 believe in, and whose power, if pos-
 sible, I would gladly deny; but that
 my heart too forcibly compels me to
 own him, and my horrors proclaim
 his power and fiery justice. May I
 never see him! O that I could plunge
 quick into damnation, and avoid the
 consuming shame of that dread day,
 when all my guilt must be laid open
 to every eye, and the whole world be
 witness to my infamy, my vice—and
 above all to my folly, my accursed fol-
 ly, in listening to thy abhorred and per-
 nicious counsels! See then, here, all
 the assistance, all the interest thou art
 like to have from me. Think of the
 nights of shame, the days of filthiness,
 the hours of vice, and the moments
 of pollution, which I have horribly,
 horribly spent, and which thou hast
 introduced me to! Think of the poor
 young creatures, whom, fair in pu-
 rity, and blushing in innocence, I
 have robbed of their virtue, by all
 the artifices and specious delusions
 which thou could'st devise, and hell
 put into thy accursed thoughts: think

“ of the consequences of that ruin ; the
 “ misery, shame, and sorrow, which
 “ have involved them, and the curses
 “ which now come to us ; and which,
 “ in the bitterness of their afflicted souls,
 “ they have showered on thee and me :
 “ think of the parents, the tender fa-
 “ thers, the affectionate mothers, the
 “ kind relations, and beloved friends,
 “ whose hearts have been broken to sa-
 “ tisfy my lust, and thy—what?—oh
 “ let me call it nothing but thy truly
 “ devilish love of doing injury, and
 “ spreading destruction ! All these, with
 “ the accumulated force of our many
 “ other weighty transgressions, our oaths,
 “ blasphemies, lyes, and, worst of all
 “ with me, my adultery—oh ! there’s
 “ the sting—my adultery, Dookalb !—
 “ Where’s your plausible reasoning now ?
 “ where’s your arguments, so strong and
 “ forcible for the use of concubines,
 “ and defiling the sacred marriage-bed ?
 “ Oh ! they vanish now : I see their
 “ weakness, and thy wickedness ; and
 “ have only to commend my sincerest
 “ curses to thee ; wishing thee every
 “ woe which a convicted and condemn-
 “ ed conscience feels ; in this world a
 “ fore-taste of thy sorrows, and in the
 “ next, a full, very full, and ripe har-
 “ vest of them. There will I meet
 “ thee ; there more largely upbraid thee ;
 “ and, in the sight of every delighted
 “ devil, proclaim myself thy tool and
 “ slave ; led on, ruined, deceived, and
 “ undone, as I am, by thy hypocrisy
 “ and baseness. Read this again and
 “ again—curse thyself and die ! Do not
 “ dare to have a hope ; but curse thy-
 “ self, horrid miscreant ! curse thyself,
 “ and plunge into perdition ! ”

“ Here’s a triumph ! ” said old Mr. San-
 son, as soon as the doctor had finished
 reading this letter. “ Did’st thou hear it,
 “ my Lucy ?—Ah, poor girl ! it is now
 “ almost too late for thee : but I am
 “ strong, I am healthy for revenge ; and,
 “ however otherwise weak I may be,
 “ yet, I am most nervous and stout in
 “ this faculty of my soul. Give me my
 “ fill ! glut me with a farther detail of
 “ the miseries of this execrable fiend !
 “ Tell me more, more, good Sir ! tell me
 “ more of this accursed Dookalb, and
 “ I’ll be mute as midnight silence while
 “ you speak.—Lie still, my Lucy.—Oh,
 “ I could gladly sit and hear of this same
 “ wicked Dookalb, till my feeble pulse

“ stood still, and my exulting heart
 “ throbbed it’s last, feasting on the vil-
 “ lain’s guilty horrors.”—“ His hor-
 “ rors,” replied the doctor, “ are now
 “ great indeed ; and such as even might
 “ draw compassion from his bitterest
 “ enemies : his soul is already in hell.
 “ I visited him in the condemned dun-
 “ geon, where he lies : but never, sure,
 “ was there so miserable a spectacle ! the
 “ place added no small frightfulness to
 “ his woe ; and the company, the dread-
 “ ful company ! much increased the la-
 “ mentable misery. Loaded with irons,
 “ thrown all along upon the ground,
 “ squalid and pale, and filthy ; groan-
 “ ing out the deepest woe, and weeping
 “ with the terror of a child ; I beheld
 “ this same Dookalb ; late so high in
 “ prosperity, so proud in authority, so
 “ insolent in all his behaviour : he who
 “ lately had nobles at his beck, had not
 “ now one single friend to administer
 “ the least comfort ! he who lately had
 “ admission to the most splendid palaces,
 “ and whose own dwelling was adorn-
 “ ed with every elegance, now had not
 “ a bed whereon to stretch his manacled
 “ limbs, nor aught to satisfy his hun-
 “ ger and thirst, but bare bread, and
 “ cold, even cold water ! Here is a
 “ change ! here is misery ! Contemplate
 “ it, and pity him.”—“ I do, I do with
 “ all my soul,” said Mr. Sanfon : “ Oh,
 “ I rejoice that I have the power to pity
 “ him. Pity him, good Heaven !—I
 “ thank thee, that I have lived to pity
 “ Dookalb ! Let no man pity me ; for
 “ where is the relief from cold com-
 “ passion ? I’ll have none of it ; but
 “ greatly bear my sorrows by myself,
 “ and wish for no man’s pity ! Yet, Sir,
 “ I shall be pitied : I have a wife—and
 “ could I speak her praises, alas ! good
 “ woman, she would find a friend, and
 “ you would help the widow in distress.
 “ Let me unfold my heart. You see
 “ what cause, what very little cause I
 “ have for joy. Earth has no comforts
 “ left for me ; and, truth to say, I do not
 “ wish it’s comforts. Death has nought
 “ dreadful in his aspect to me, save in
 “ my better self—and there I die—and
 “ in the little helpless orphans, poor
 “ fatherless, defenceless babes, I leave
 “ behind me ! How can they struggle
 “ through an evil world ; how, unbe-
 “ friended, escape the various rocks and
 “ quicksands that are gaping to de-
 “ vour them ? And where’s the reme-
 “ dy ? ”

'dy?—'tis fruitless all. Hope, every wretch's last resource, is gone from me; and I am—words are wanting to say what—yet I am a husband, of all others the most unfortunate; a father—O that I had never known the name!—a father cursed beyond the lot of parents. A friend!—O base hypocrisy! that word contains all ruin! My brains turn round, my heart's blood boils in fury; and I am mad indeed, whenever I mention *friend*! 'Dookalb was my friend!' Thus was he proceeding, when deep and hollow groans from the bed called his, and all their attention: the pangs of death laid fast hold upon his wretched daughter; and poor unhappy Lucy was now about to resign her last breath. To see so young a creature, scarce in full bloom, just in the dawn of life, reduced to such circumstances, and in so dreadful a condition, was truly pitiable. She fixed her languid sinking eyes on Caroline; and pressing, with a cold and feeble gripe, her sister's hand, while her scarce intelligible voice rattled indistinct in her struggling throat, she laboured out, 'Commend me, O commend me to my dear sister! to my poor—' *mother* she would fain have said—but death forbade an utterance; and as she was, with all her might, endeavouring to express it, at once deprived her of all power of farther speaking.

Thus fell the once lovely, the once innocent, and once happy Lucy! a prey to the vile artifices of a wicked monster, and the unbridled lust of a barbarous destroyer! Happy might she have continued, had she continued innocent; lovely might she still have been, had virtue never forsaken her! But happiness never dwells with vice and iniquity; peace and loveliness are never found with sin and shame! Oh, what a life of bliss and pleasure might this unhappy maiden have enjoyed! treasuring up tranquillity and comfort for future times; what exquisite and compleat happiness might she have given to some delighted partner of her heart, had not the fell destroyer blasted her virtue, and spread a consuming mildew over all her future bliss! What shall such destroyers feel? Imagination cannot reach it; fancy cannot picture it! Sons of perdition, knock at your own hearts; enquire there, be terrified, and tremble! Oh, that this example could in the least prevail, or

prove, in the smallest degree, efficacious, to alarm and awaken the unwary virgin, and to shew her the horrors that wait on guilty pleasure! Think it not, ye fair-ones, O think it not the wild invention of a fruitful brain! but read it, as it is, a fearful, horrid truth, which every day's observance may confirm to you; and, which too common and notorious experience will sufficiently declare! Would God, this were the sole example! But ask the man of pleasure, and, in a triumphant strain, he'll boast of every hapless virgin that he has ruined; and exult (though his own conscious heart, mean time, severely stings him) over every hapless heart that he has broken! Behold the wretched women that haunt our populous streets! Ask of them; enquire, learn the truth: while they speak, your blood will freeze with terror; and while they tell their melancholy tale, your heart will almost be congealed to stone! Improve their relations; grow strong in virtue; and despise all the vile and artful insinuations of vice. The man of pleasure, unrestrained by any principle, only soothes you to destroy you; only attends to seek occasion for your ruin. Dread him, as you would dread the poisonous adder: trust not yourselves too far; but fear your resolution. Fly carefully from every distant, and yet scarce appearing danger; and keep your souls in purity and modesty most sacred. Seek for an aid superior to your own, and there rely. Receive counsel, O ye daughters of beauty; and, without fee, hear the voice of instruction: faithful are the admonitions of a friend; sincere and unprejudiced. I am sincere; I write solely for your advantage: I am unprejudiced; for your misery or bliss can by no means affect mine. Listen, therefore, and be happy! read, consider, and lay it to your hearts!

CHAP. V.

MR. SANSON'S DISTRESS. MR. JAI-
SON'S DECLARATION TO HIM.
MRS. HODSON'S AND OLD MR.
JAI-SON'S GENEROSITY. THE HAP-
PINESS OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE,
&c.

SUCH melancholy and distress ensued upon the departure of this wretched soul, as they can best conceive who

who have been present at such doleful scenes. To say truth, the death of Lucy was not so affecting, or in any degree so mournful, as the agony of the father consequent upon it. His grief was, indeed, before almost raised to the highest pitch; his brain had long since appeared disordered; and the torrent of his misfortunes had well nigh overwhelmed his soul. Caroline screamed violently upon the last parting gasp and struggling throes of her sister—upon which Mr. Sanson seized hold of her hand, and standing at arms length from her, fixed his full eyes upon her, whence flowed unbidden and plenteous tears, and deeply groaning, trembled in every limb! He stood some time thus, not uttering a word; a chill cold horror ran through Caroline's heart, and she was equally unable to vent a syllable. At length, starting from her, he threw himself on the bed by the side of his departed daughter, and clapping his cheek to her's, lay as if watching for, or observing when she should breathe; but after having lain a few moments in this manner, he raised his head up, and looking at Caroline, 'See, child,' said he, 'that I am buried by thy sister; one grave will serve us well!' So saying, he again threw himself by Lucy's side, and lay groaning and sighing in such piteous sort, as rendered all hopes of consolation fruitless, and expressed the incurable anguish of his heart. Caroline was in little less distress; she knelt by the bed-side, and clasping her father's hand, bedewed it with tears, and fervently implored Heaven on his behalf. The doctor, by Mrs. Hodson's advice, offered to do his office, and to pray with them; but Mr. Sanson waved his hand, desired to be left alone unmolested, saying, that there was nothing wanting to fix his mind on God, nothing to incline him to pray. The doctor hereupon retired, and informing Mr. Jaison below of the state of affairs, he went up to give all the comfort in his power, and to see if he could bring any relief. The mournful spectacle before him greatly afflicted his heart; and, as he observed, there appeared such just and real cause for grief, that he could not even offer one word tending to soothe or assuage it. He at length, however, applied himself to Mr. Sanson, and begged him to leave this dismal scene of sorrow, and to resign to the will of the Divine Providence. Upon

which the old man raising himself up, shook his head, and with a deep sigh, 'Oh, I resign! I do indeed resign!' said he: 'the worst is past—and I will do my utmost to support it! But it is here; it has seized this heart, and is too firmly rivetted. I never more shall leave this dismal scene; a dismal one indeed it is! Look at my child! look at my poor dead child! see how she lies, quite breathless—I may call, no Lucy now can hear me; I may speak, no Lucy now can answer: closed are those eyes, whose lustre gave me life; stopped is that mouth whence flowed such tender softness, as gave my bosom ease in every suffering! There lies her breathless corpse! oh, had she died by any common fate, I could have borne it; well, very well, I could have borne this shock: but when I think, good God! of her distresses; when my mind dwells upon that place of horror where I beheld my miserable daughter—oh, Sir! all patience, fortitude of soul, and every power of resolution vanishes! You know it well! you were a witness with me of such a scene, as would have shocked the proudest heart on earth. Do you not remember the dark and gloomy dwelling wherein we found her; do you not remember the hollow voice that from the strawy bed assailed my affrighted ears, and proved to be my daughter's? oh, do you not remember all the horror—to think of which well nigh distracted my brain. How could my child; how could she then support it? Oh, it was such wretchedness as passes belief; and yet, my lovely, tender, darling child, yet it was her's! See there the consequence! talk, then, no more of comfort; teach me no stoick lessons of forbearance; tell me no more of patience and cold resignation. I must be patient, and I must resign! but I am a father, and a tender one! and as a father must I feel my woes.'—'Alas; Sir!' said Caroline, 'it is grief to me that I should even attempt a word of comfort on such an occasion to you; but O remember my poor mother, think of your other children, and plunge us not all in the bitterest woe, by wholly despairing, and casting off all power of relief.'—'Oh, my child,' said he, holding her hand, and fixing his eyes steadfastly upon her, 'would God I had the power to receive

'ceive and welcome any the least ray
 ' of comfort! but my sorrows have been
 ' such, and my sufferings so great and
 ' violent, that my feeble nature has not
 ' been able to support them, and I feel
 ' myself sinking beneath the burden.
 ' Indeed, my child, whatever I have
 ' suffered on your lost sister's account,
 ' as well as in my dreadful fears for
 ' you, is yet in some measure repaid
 ' by the happiness of finding you safe and
 ' virtuous. Let nothing, my Caroline,
 ' let nothing move you from thence; be
 ' resolute in goodness, and God will
 ' bless you, my child. Remember your
 ' unhappy father; and if you prosper in
 ' this world, be a friend to the utmost
 ' to your mother, and my hapless little
 ' family. Oh, Caroline, I shall never
 ' see them more! unless we meet in some
 ' happier, better world than this: but
 ' do you, my child, commend me to
 ' them; tell them my last prayers, and
 ' my sincerest wishes were for them;
 ' and if I could have lived, if I could
 ' have sustained these dreadful shocks,
 ' I would have lived, as I have done
 ' hitherto, only for their and for your
 ' welfare.'—A flood of tears prevented
 ' him proceeding—and embracing Caro-
 ' line, he continued some time silent—'It
 ' rends my heart with anguish, indeed,'
 ' at length he went on, 'to think of what
 ' remains for your poor mother to en-
 ' dure! Oh, Caroline! how can she sup-
 ' port it? Perhaps it will be too mighty
 ' for her also, and you'll be at once be-
 ' reft of both your parents. Then, my
 ' Caroline, my children have not a friend;
 ' then are they left utterly defenceless!
 ' O thou All-seeing Eye! thou Univer-
 ' sal Father! befriend, assist, and pro-
 ' tect them! be to my poor little or-
 ' phans, be to them a father—to thee,
 ' to thee alone, I intrust and commend
 ' them! Oh, if my sins have not block-
 ' ed up the way for my prayers to thee;
 ' if they do not prevent my petitions
 ' from being heard at thy mercy-seat,
 ' hear me, hear me! and let the prayers
 ' of a tender and affectionate parent
 ' earnestly struggle, and at length prevail
 ' with thee for a blessing on his helpless
 ' and deserted children!'

'Be composed and easy on this ac-
 ' count, Sir,' said Mr. Jaisson to him;
 ' and be assured your family shall find
 ' the sincerest friend in me. Esteem me
 ' as your son, for such I really am, and
 ' as such command me, in whatever re-

' spect you think proper, or that can
 ' give you peace. You know and have
 ' approved my intentions of making
 ' myself happy in your lovely remaining
 ' daughter; and may rest confident,
 ' that I shall esteem myself obliged to
 ' serve her family in every respect, and
 ' to consider and study their welfare to
 ' the utmost. Have, therefore, dear
 ' Sir, no uneasy fears on that head, but
 ' compose your mind: and yet, perhaps,
 ' things may be better than you fancy;
 ' they might have been much worse;
 ' look upon them only in that view, and
 ' you'll find cause even for thankful-
 ' ness.' When Mr. Jaisson had con-
 ' cluded these words, which he spoke with
 ' great earnestness and resolution, Mrs.
 ' Hodson silently departed from the room,
 ' and went down and told old Mr. Jai-
 ' son, with whom the doctor had been
 ' conversing during almost the whole time,
 ' since he departed from the room; and
 ' having now left him, the old gentleman
 ' began to be somewhat weary and dissa-
 ' tisfied. The reader may remember he
 ' was greatly altered from his first opinion
 ' and resolution, and much softened by
 ' the reasoning and persuasions of his
 ' friend, no less than the amiable appear-
 ' ance and behaviour of Caroline, which
 ' highly prejudiced him in her favour.
 ' Though a man of natural warmth, and
 ' much inclined to passion, we may ob-
 ' serve, that he wanted not humanity, and
 ' that he was exquisitely fond of his son:
 ' he was a person of such a temper, as no
 ' man could either love or esteem, because
 ' he was seldom inclined to do a generous
 ' action of his own head; but he would
 ' hearken to advice and counsel, and by
 ' those people for whom he had an esteem
 ' might, by degrees, be persuaded to almost
 ' any thing. Mrs. Hodson was among the
 ' very first of his favourites; he had a sin-
 ' gular good opinion of her sense and judg-
 ' ment; and in that particular affair he
 ' was convinced, that whatever she should
 ' say or advance, must be with a single
 ' and unprejudiced eye to the good of his
 ' son, and the advantage of his family;
 ' therefore, happily, she was of all others
 ' most proper to persuade him.

'She was a woman of the greatest ten-
 ' derness, as well as goodness of heart;
 ' and though she detested every criminal
 ' and unjust action, yet she was no stran-
 ' ger to the proper method of doing a
 ' generous one. She saw with infinite
 ' compassion the wretched agonies of poor
 ' Mr.

Mr. Sanfon, no less than those of Caroline, and was greatly affected by Mr. Jaifon's declaration to him; which (though perhaps she would have prevented it) as having made, she esteemed him bound by every sacred tie to perform; since a vow and promise given to a dying person ought ever to be held in the highest veneration. And therefore she was solicitous that the power of breaking it might be taken away: wherefore she came down with a resolution to persuade Mr. Jaifon the father to give his consent, and do his part towards the happiness of these distressed persons; for though she was absolutely averse to such a match, contrary to the consent of the parent, yet she had no objection to it with his permission, as reasoning justly, that a fortune on one side is sufficient where there is virtue and the other requisite qualifications on the other; and these she was well persuaded were all found in Caroline. Accordingly, she represented the whole melancholy affair to Mr. Jaifon as it really was, and did all in her power to raise his pity, and to gain her point. I shall not trouble the reader with a long detail of the arguments used on both sides; suffice it to say, that Mr. Jaifon was at length persuaded by her to go up stairs, and to give before Mr. Sanfon his full consent to the marriage of his son with Caroline. He was greatly shocked on his first entrance into the room, and could scarce refrain from dropping a silent tear: for Mr. Sanfon, whose appearance was truly pitiable, was after the most melancholy sort endeavouring to close Lucy's eyes, and was making some heart-affecting remarks on the clayey corpse of his deceased daughter. There is nothing which more affects the human heart than the presence of a corpse; there is, I know not what, of terror in it, which certainly strikes a damp through the soul, and curdles the blood into horror and affright. But to see an old wretched father hanging over the body of a beloved child, big tears stealing down his aged cheeks, deep groans issuing from his broken heart, and his hands shockingly employed in doing the last sad offices for his darling and his former comfort, is a spectacle which few could contemplate unmoved, and to the misery of which no description can ever in the least degree arrive! The parent only who hath unhappily

proved it, can be a judge of its exquisite agony: let such speak; it is only for me to remark, that Mr. Jaifon was sensibly affected by it, and his heart bled with feeling commiseration.

Mrs. Hodfson interrupted Mr. Sanfon in his complainings, and applying with all gentleness to him, said, 'I am come, Sir, to bring you comfort; Providence is ever gracious in all its dispensations to us; we have never any bitter cup without some sweet mixed therein, to temper and render it not perfectly nauseous.'—'Comfort for me,' said he; 'comfort on this side the grave! Alas, that is not possible! I cannot, nay, I do not even wish for any comfort, but once more, if it were possible, to behold my dear wife, that best of women, to take my last farewell of her: but that too is denied me—and I must be contented.'—'But you would wish,' replied Mrs. Hodfson, 'if it should please God to take you from her and your children, that she should have a friend, and that they should have a protector.'—'I would wish!' rejoined he; 'oh, I would gladly suffer every agony which cruelty could devise, or barbarity inflict upon me; old, weak, and miserable as I am, gladly would I endure every torment, and never repine in the midst of the severest sufferings, could I secure such a blessedness to my beloved family! could I but hope to defend and rescue them from that woe to which unprotected innocence too commonly and too unhappily is subject. But where have I, where, save in that worthy young man, where have I any hopes? Alas! I have proved the deceitfulness of my friends; none, none are to be trusted: so absolute was my confidence in that monster Dookalb, that I did indeed trust him, and my friend proved my worst and deadliest enemy.'—'But,' replied Mrs. Hodfson, 'you have no reason to suspect any such usage from that young gentleman: and as you have hopes in him, I am come to settle those hopes, and to fix them in surety. Your distresses are, doubtless, great; but, if you would consider a little, your comforts are so too. You are miserable, indeed, in one daughter; rejoice that you are not so in both! be glad, that in the other you have all occasion for joy; since she is so likely

' likely to procure the greatest blessings
 ' to herself and family, and to make all
 ' happy, as a reward for her excellent
 ' perseverance in that virtue which shall
 ' never go away unrewarded. Mr.
 ' Jaïson has desired you to esteem him
 ' as your son; there is his father, and
 ' I have the pleasure to inform you, that
 ' there is no obstacle from that quarter.
 ' I hope, therefore, you will receive
 ' such good tidings as they ought to be
 ' received.'—'And are you come, Sir,'
 said he, applying himself to Mr. Jaïson
 the father; 'are you come with the
 ' kind intention to lighten an old man's
 ' woes? May every blessing descend
 ' upon you and yours; and may my
 ' daughter be ever amiable and faithful,
 ' and so worthy of your son, that you
 ' may never repent your condescension
 ' to her!—Come here, my child,' said
 he to Caroline. 'It ill would become a
 ' parent to dwell upon the perfections
 ' of his daughter; but, believe me, Sir,
 ' I give you here a jewel; whose value
 ' rightly estimated, nothing can exceed,
 ' and whose price is greater than all
 ' diamonds and jewels. I give her to
 ' your hands, and I commend her to
 ' your protection. Be a father to my
 ' child, and bring down happiness for
 ' it on your own head: oh, defend and
 ' guard her! and thou, excellent young
 ' man, whose virtues I have proved, let
 ' not thy affections stray from her; re-
 ' pose thy heart in her bosom; there re-
 ' pose it, and be happy. Think of the
 ' sufferings of her miserable father;
 ' and when you speak of me, drop a
 ' tear in pity for my anguish; and
 ' should Heaven bless your embraces
 ' with a happy offspring, O be careful,
 ' be nicely careful, to instruct them
 ' well in virtue, and to bring them up
 ' in that path of peace which they will
 ' then never forsake, and which will
 ' bring continual pleasantness to you
 ' and them!' So saying, he delivered
 Caroline, who wept and trembled, into
 the hands of old Mr. Jaïson. He re-
 ceived her with great regard and tender-
 ness—and thus bespoke Mr. Sanson—
 ' I am heartily sorry for your distresses,
 ' Sir, and am not willing to augment
 ' the miseries of the wretched: truth to
 ' say, I came hither to town with a far
 ' different purpose than to give my son
 ' to your daughter; but we know not
 ' what arguments may arise in favour

' even of matters highly disagreeable to
 ' us. My friends have set things in a
 ' different view; and I am persuaded to
 ' alter my opinion. I have but this
 ' child in the world; and I love him as
 ' I love my own soul. It is true, I
 ' want no increase of fortune for him: I
 ' have taken care enough of that point;
 ' though I must confess it would have
 ' been as agreeable to me. However, I
 ' would have Charles please himself,
 ' and as he likes the young woman, and
 ' I have had an exceeding good account
 ' of her; why, I must e'en give my
 ' consent, and may they live long and
 ' happily together!' So saying, he de-
 livered Caroline into the hands of his
 son, and both in such confusion of grief
 and joy, as they had never felt before,
 kneeled down, while with tears the old
 man blessed them, and turned away to
 conceal the rheum that issued from his
 melting eyes. 'Come here too, my
 ' children, come here too,' said Mr.
 Sanson; 'for now I may call you both
 ' my children, and receive the blessing
 ' also of another father! May happi-
 ' ness and love crown all your days!
 ' may virtue and peace make all your
 ' life easy and joyful! Remember to
 ' be dutiful and very kind to your poor
 ' mother: forget not her, and God will
 ' never forget you! Be parents to my
 ' other dear children; consider the cause
 ' of the orphan, and you will never be
 ' disregarded by the best of Fathers! Live
 ' long and happy! and remember, my
 ' Caroline, to lay my bones by your
 ' wretched sister's: see us entombed in
 ' one grave. I feel the pangs of death
 ' come fast upon me: and my tremb-
 ' ling soul is now preparing to launch in-
 ' to unknown eternity!—Where I have
 ' offended, gracious Fountain of Mer-
 ' cy, look down with a pitying and for-
 ' giving eye! I know *thy sufferings*
 ' have atoned for all our sins! I repent;
 ' do thou pardon! Oh, impute not to
 ' me my numberless transgressions! let
 ' my reliance on thee prove a sure and
 ' steadfast anchor to my soul; and to the
 ' affectionate father, and most faithful
 ' husband, speak comfort, and send not
 ' out the word of thy vengeance! Bless,
 ' for ever bless, those I leave behind;
 ' nay, if it be possible, forgive even
 ' Dookalb. Oh, I forgive, I forgive
 ' him—O Lord, even as I hope for-
 ' giveness from thee.'

C H A P. VI.

MR. SANSON'S SUFFERINGS AND DEATH. REFLECTIONS UPON IT. THE DIFFICULTY OF ACQUAINTING MRS. SANSON THEREWITH. DONE BY CAROLINE AND MR. JAISON; WHO GO DOWN TO HER IN THE COUNTRY. HER VIOLENT GRIEF, &c. THE NUPTIALS OF CAROLINE AND MR. JAISON. THE AUTHOR'S TESTIMONY. THEIR HAPPINESS. A CONCLUSION.

LIKE a fond and affectionate daughter, Caroline used every means, and applied every art, to soothe her father's distress; and, if possible, to bring him some comfort. He grew weaker and weaker; and at the pressing solicitations of his daughter, and his other friends, submitted to be removed to Mrs. Stevens's; though not without an absolute promise from her, that the corpse of Lucy, when laid in its coffin, should be brought thither to him. To die of a broken heart, is, of all deaths, most dreadful and affecting. He took no nourishment; he was not able to take it: tears were his only drink; groans and deep sobs the only food of his soul. He wasted daily, and daily consumed within through pining grief; which now had got so much the dominion over him, and preyed so fast upon his vitals, that it was not in his power, how much soever it might have been in his will, to receive any consolation or relief. Indeed no application was wanting to recover and restore him. Physicians of the greatest eminence were called in, and their whole art wearied out to assist him: they prescribed wisely, no doubt, and largely; and it is not improbable, but that their drugs tended greatly to hasten his approaching end; for they were absolutely unavailing, and therefore might be very disserviceable. What can medicine do in such cases—his own art here could not have availed Appollo himself—

For who can minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff

Which weighs upon the heart?

He was not easy till his daughter's corpse was brought to him; which he insisted upon having placed in the same room where he was; and over which he wept in the bitterest agony. He would hang over the coffin for many minutes, in the saddest and most solemn silence; then would he order the lid to be taken off, and contemplate the miserable body of his deceased child; the smell of whom now began to be so offensive, that few could possibly bear the place where the corpse was. An incident which affected the old man's heart to such a degree, as hastened his end, and more precipitately hurried him to the grave. 'Ah, lovely rose!' would he often say, 'thou art withered now! Sweet blossom! thou art decayed and fallen; and, even in death, I may not enjoy thy sweetness! Cruel tyrant! what, rob me of this last, this mournful satisfaction? And must I no more behold these clay-cold limbs? Oh, my child, my child! my Lucy! Thou can'st not hear me now—deaf, deaf, my girl; thy sorrows have an end; and thou art quite regardless of thy poor old father's grief! Cold, cold, my child! quite cold, and pale—and, worse than all, my daughter grows offensive! I see, though they would hide it from me, that all who visit this sad place of sorrow, express their disgust, and fly this charnel-house! Oh, that I were at rest! Oh, Lucy! that I were but with thee; that, cold and pale alike, we might lie down together, give no offence to any, but peaceably and quietly rest in the grave, and find an end of all our woes and sorrow!'

Often would he vent his grief in this or some such like manner; commending sometimes his love to his daughter Caroline, and blessing her for her great care of, and tenderness to him; and often most pathetically breathing forth his kindest wishes and prayers in behalf of his wife and dear children at home; to whom he begged to be carried down as soon as he was dead; requesting also, that Caroline and Mr. Jaison would accompany his and Lucy's remains; that they might bring some consolation to the afflicted family. After having languished a few days in this manner, the lamp of life being perfectly spent and exhausted, he lay senseless for some time; and uttering prayers for his dear wife and children, expired at length,
and

and with a deep and affecting groan, resigned his breath into the hands of Him who gave it.

Behold here, ye too fond and inconsiderate parents! behold, in this unhappy man, an instance, not rare or uncommon, of a father, undone, ruined, and destroyed by his children! Not guilty of any notorious vice; free from any greater blame, he fell a sacrifice to little foibles, and the vanity of even a tender heart! Let it admonish you to guard well your souls, not from open transgressions only, but also from those same little and destructive foibles, which though not so glaring, are yet too often equally pernicious with more daring offences. Make it the one business of your lives, make it the one study of your thoughts, make it the one subject of your petitions, to seek and request virtue for your children. Inspire them solely with that principle; and kindle not in their hearts the detestable love of pleasure, and the delusive smoke of vanity. Teach them to be humble, and you teach them to be happy: teach them to be humble, and you treasure up for yourselves and them riches indeed; peace which shall never forsake you, and comforts which shall attend you beyond the grave! Fix their eyes there: do not instruct them in the vile arts of gain, or fill their bosoms with the insatiable thirst of worldly pomp and glories: tell them they are pilgrims, and must soon follow their forefathers, either to certain shame or certain joy. Thus, if you direct their little footsteps in the way, thus if you put them in the right path, be assured, they will ever diligently keep it; and their hearts will escape those agonizing throes, which the world-entangled parent prepares for himself and his children; which the vain father leaves for an inheritance to his son; and which the proud and simple mother gives as a dowry to her daughter: a cure for the vanity of the one, a strong medicine for the pride and simplicity of the other.

Hapless Mrs. Sanfon felt and acknowledged these truths; and would have rejoiced, O reader, had she enjoyed the advantages, and received a timely warning! Thou hast a warning; enjoy it's advantages; and mayest thou be happy! Caroline had taken a proper care to advertize her mother of some part of the

sorrows, which must soon be revealed to her. She had written herself, as also Mr. Jaifon did, at Caroline's request. She had informed her of her father's ill health, and the probability of his never recovering: she had soothed her soul with all the comforts in her power, and applied all the lenient medicines she was able. When, however, the fatal stroke was at length come, she was utterly incapable of writing, and knew not in what manner to proceed. She was determined to comply with her father's dying request, and to carry him down to be buried; yet she knew not how to inform her mother of it; how to open the melancholy tale. Mrs. Hodson advised, that she should herself, with Mr. Jaifon, and some other female friend, go down before the hearse, and prepare her mother: for which old Mr. Jaifon's consent being obtained, that point was fixed and determined. It was death to poor Caroline, or something worse, to meet her mother in such circumstances; yet such was her hard lot, and she was obliged to endure it. All things necessary being provided, Caroline and Mr. Jaifon took their leave of Mrs. Hodson and their father, (who returned to his house in the country, and ordered them as soon as possible to attend him there) and set out on their journey. They were three days on the road, and on the third, towards the evening, they arrived at the village; and having before sent notice that they were coming, found the little wretched family in painful expectation of them. To express or describe the meeting of Caroline and her mother, exceeds the ablest pen. I shall leave it, therefore, to the reader's imagination; begging him only one moment to reflect on the sufferings of this mother and this child, and the present mournful circumstances of which the one was ignorant, yet suspicious, and which the other well knew, but was afraid to disclose; add to which the great affection of the parent to her child, and the child to her parent, and the sincere love which always existed between them; and then contemplate what a meeting it must have been, where sorrow on one hand, and joy on the other, were so strangely and dreadfully mixed and blended! Mrs. Sanfon hung around her neck, wept, and wrung her hands, then run around the room ex-

claiming with all the violence of a disordered mind; then kissed her returning daughter, enquired for her husband, asked for her Lucy, rejoiced over her Caroline; and, in short, was agitated with such a tumult and hurry of passions, as human nature, one would conceive, was scarce able to support. When, however, the impetuosity of her mind was a little assuaged, she began anxiously to press and demand an account of all her misery. 'Tell me, my child,' said she, 'are they both dead, shall I never more behold them? Am I the most miserable of all wretches? Is your dear, dear father's heart quite broken, and is Lucy dead too, ruined, lost, and undone?' Mr. Jaisson took upon him to soothe her grief; and, as the only means so to do, represented how much worse it might have been, and therefore what reason she had for thankfulness and resignation! But, alas! all this was by no means availing: she begged to know the worst; and when Caroline, weeping with her, could not speak, the miserable mother fell down on her knees, and implored her daughter, saying she should be happier to know all her sorrow, than to suspect the most consummate misery. Caroline could not bear this, nor yet could she bear to say the horrid things she had to speak. A long, long time was consumed in this dreadful dilemma of grief: and, by slow degrees, at length the whole was poured gently as possible into the heart of the afflicted mother, and the wound healed at the same time with as much oil of comfort as was possible. 'What, both at once!' would she often cry out; 'my husband and my child!—Oh, that I could die with them! oh, that I might be buried in the same grave with my beloved Mr. Sanson, with whom I have lived so many, many years—and now, wretched widow—whither shall I turn me?' Then would she fix her eyes on the poor little children who stood weeping around her, and laid their sorrowing heads in her lap, sadly sobbing to behold their dear mother in such an agony of distress. 'Oh, poor babes,' would she say, 'hapless, hapless orphans, who shall protect you now, who shall guard you from a fate like your dear ruined sister's? Oh, that I had died the day he was about to depart from me!—Fool that I was, to

suffer it—would God I had gone with him!—Oh, that I had never parted from him! My heart, too, would then have been broken, then should I too have died! then should I have died, and breathed my last by my dear, tender husband's side, and in one coffin with him never known the misery of surviving, the misery of living after so dear a friend, so affectionate a companion! But why do I live now? Ah, foolish, weak heart, that can bleed and lament on every little occasion; but when such mighty sorrows lay hold of it, is stout enough to bear them all, and will not, will not burst and set me for ever free! Weep not, my pretty little ones; weep not, my dearest children!—Alas, alas! did I bid you not cry!—Oh, join your harmless tears with me, and let us all weep and die together!' Thus did the truly distressed mother, with all the eloquence of grief, utter her deep and heart-affecting lamentations. Little did her sorrows abate all that night or the next day; and fruitless, almost wholly fruitless, was the voice of comfort from her daughter and Mr. Jaisson. She seemed, however, towards the evening, somewhat more at ease and pacified—when the doleful bell resounded, and it's melancholy toll bespoke the approach of the hearse to the town: such was the custom of the place, and they had forgot to over-rule it. Soon as she heard it, she burst into fresh agonies of grief, and cried, 'It is for them, it is for them; my husband, my child are coming, and I'll fly, I'll run to meet them! I come, your wife, your mother comes! Oh, dear remains of all I loved, I'll hasten to receive you, and I'll welcome you; yes, yes, I'll welcome you with such a true and unfeigned grief, as none shall doubt of, none shall call a compliment!' The noise of the hearse now approached the house: upon which she fell along on the floor, stopped her ears, and cried, 'Let me not hear it, for Heaven's sake, let me not hear it!—Oh, that I were deaf—oh, that I were blind, and could not see! Yet, shall I be ungrateful? Not see thee, O my husband! Life or death makes no distinction in my love—ungrateful! what, not see thy dear remains? and my poor child—where are they?' [Here she arose.] 'Lead me

' to them—and I will so embrace each
 ' lifeless corpse, so warm with tears
 ' their clayey, senseless limbs, as ei-
 ' ther—' [The sound of men removing
 the coffins struck her as she was uttering
 this.] ' Oh, horrible, most horrible!
 ' must they be then thus handled—can
 ' they not help themselves—what, is it
 ' come to this? I'll help them, then—
 ' my hands shall join to do that office
 ' for them! Oh, she would walk with
 ' such a sprightly grace—methinks, I
 ' see her now, so nimbly would my
 ' Lucy tread that threshold—and now
 ' rude hands even labour to convey her
 ' lifeless body o'er it! Not so she enter-
 ' ed once, dear healthful pair! not so
 ' they entered these unfortunate doors!
 ' Oh, happy daughter, thus to be joined
 ' with thy departed father!—oh, hapless
 ' mother, thus to be separated, thus cut
 ' off from both!' While she was utter-
 ing this, the coffin of Mr. Sanfon was
 brought into the room. Soon as she
 saw it, she screamed out, she smote
 her breast, she wept, she dropped down
 speechless. It would be not only an
 unwelcome task to me, but dissatisfac-
 tory to the reader; to attend this afflicted
 wife and mother through all the stages
 of her sore distress. It will be sufficient
 therefore to say, that she continued long
 in the most violent extremities of grief,
 and was very near reduced to death;
 but time and reflection lent their gentle
 and benignant assistance, and these joined
 with the tenderness of Caroline, and
 her approaching happiness with Mr.
 Jaifon, rendered her sufferings in some
 measure supportable, and stemmed the
 impetuous torrent of her passions; which,
 indeed, admitted of no assuages, till
 the funeral of her husband and daughter
 was over, and that melancholy debt
 was paid to their beloved remains.
 These sad and solemn rites performed,
 than which none were ever more sad
 and solemn; at which the whole village
 attended, at which the whole village
 wept; at which even the griping hard-
 hearted Thompson wept; (for who
 could refrain on so melancholy an oc-
 casion, who could refrain at a funeral so
 truly distressful?) I say, these rites be-
 ing performed, all possible means were
 used to give the utmost ease to the un-
 fortunate widow; and Mr. Jaifon prom-
 ised every thing that he had power
 to offer, which was every thing that

could give her tolerable ease in so mourn-
 ful a situation. All she desired, was
 to continue in her present place of abode,
 with a very small addition to her in-
 come, that she might dedicate the re-
 mainder of her days to God, and prepare
 for a second and happier meeting with her
 faithful husband; and that Mr. Jaifon
 would be a father to her children, the
 boys more especially, recommending
 them to some proper means of procuring
 their bread: for the girls, she resolved
 to instruct them herself in such a man-
 ner, as to leave them able to protect
 and provide for themselves with virtue
 and religion.

' I rejoice, Madam,' said Mr. Jai-
 son, as she was one day talking to him
 in this manner, ' that I have an oppor-
 ' tunity to shew my ardent and sincere
 ' affection for your dear daughter, by
 ' any acts of kindness, to those whom I
 ' know she loves and honours as her-
 ' self. Be assured, I shall ever think it
 ' my greatest happiness to serve and
 ' assist this family. Whatever you ask,
 ' in my power, is granted. I will be
 ' instead of a husband to you, and in
 ' the place of a father to all these pretty
 ' orphans. My Caroline shall repay me
 ' for all; her love and her tenderness
 ' will make me an ample amends, and
 ' it shall be the labour of my life to
 ' shew my great and unfeigned affec-
 ' tion for her; in which, I am sure, she
 ' will never be wanting to me.'

' Oh, Mr. Jaifon,' replied Caroline,
 ' such is your extreme kindness to me
 ' and mine, and such the obligations I
 ' have received from you, that I even
 ' blush to think of them; and have them
 ' so deeply engraved on my heart, that
 ' no time or power upon earth can in
 ' the least degree efface them. May I
 ' prove worthy of you; and by my
 ' constant attendance to the business of
 ' pleasing and making you happy, ne-
 ' ver give you occasion to repent of the
 ' infinite trouble and uneasiness you
 ' have had on my account: I will at
 ' least endeavour to do my part towards
 ' it, and I am willing to hope I shall be
 ' successful.'—' You are already so,
 ' my delight, my only joy!' replied Mr.
 Jaifon, ' and our love is founded on such
 ' a basis, as can never move, but must
 ' render us truly blessed. My only
 ' anxiety is, that these accidents have
 ' happened so unfortunately as to hin-
 ' der

der me so long from the entire possession of you; for as I have long possessed your heart, so I esteemed you absolutely and entirely my own, though the priest hath not joined our hands.' This remark was occasioned by Caroline's declaring to Mr. Jaïson her utter refusal of marriage, till the decent and proper time of mourning was fulfilled: during part of which Mr. Jaïson returned to town, and provided all things necessary, visited his father, and procured a proper and sumptuous dwelling, whereto he might convey his lovely bride. He wrote Caroline word from town, that he saw Dookalb's execution; who suffered in the most abject pusillanimous manner. The mob, to express their high horror and detestation of him, pelted him all the way to Tyburn, and shewed their indignation by all the means in their power. It is said, his rage and fury was so kindled against those great and noble friends, who refused to use their interest in his behalf, that he ordered a journal to be brought from his house, which he had kept, of all the transactions of his life, and which contained many the most notable secrets and amours of the great world, and sold it to a bookseller, whom he bound under articles to print it: so that the world may possibly expect much entertainment, many very diverting and extraordinary relations, when that same bookseller shall think proper to publish Dookalb's Journal.

Of him, then, we take our leave, and return to our young lovers; who waited with no very patient expectation for the happy moment which joined their hands and hearts for ever, and united them in the bands of wedlock. Happy was it to them both; for never did a couple meet together more truly fond, more virtuously affectionate. Peace and pleasure for ever attend them! joy and felicity crown all their hours! Mr. Jaïson received all that man could wish, and Caroline declared herself the happiest of the daughters of happiness. For my own part, I never yet behold a couple which I envied, save them: my acquaintance commenced with this lovely, loving pair, near a twelvemonth after their marriage. They diffuse chearfulness and peace wherever they arrive; and wherever present, transport and bliss reign in the highest degree. They are ever

uneasy separate, and know not any joy equal to that of each other's loved society. Such a tender complaisance appears in all his behaviour to her, as witnesses the most settled affection; and such a soft and winning sweetness in her's, as bespeaks the most fond heart, and the sincerest esteem for her husband. Nothing gave them the least shadow of uneasiness, they declared to me, save the want of children; which for almost a year Providence denied to them, Mrs. Jaïson never having been with child: but that fear has been since removed, and she has made him the happy father of two lovely boys, and one beautiful girl like herself; the very image of their delightful mother. Old Mr. Jaïson is become so very fond of her and her children, that he is scarce ever easy when he is not in the nursery with them; and as he lives not a great way from them, every day rides over to visit and enquire after his little darlings. Her mother and family are never forgot by Caroline; she prevents every wish: and that unfortunate woman avows, that the dutiful behaviour and happiness of this daughter, almost wholly compensates for the miseries she suffers; which yet a settled melancholy demonstrates too plainly, a constant reservedness, and a love of solitude. The whole neighbourhood love and respect this amiable pair: the ladies envy Mrs. Jaïson so uncommon and loving a husband; the gentlemen envy him so tender and lovely a wife. Happy Mr. Jaïson! happy, happy Caroline!

Ye sons of lawless pleasure, contemplate and be abashed: fly from the delusive embraces of the wanton and the harlot; boast no more of your speedy-palling joys; but, to obtain happiness sure and lasting, scorn the delusions of flattering iniquity, and live under the awful protection of real honour and firm integrity!

Ye daughters of simplicity, listen and be wise! She that abandoneth the paths of modesty, that once hath trodden in the ways, the falsely-deemed flowery ways of sinful delight—she shall fall, she shall wither, she shall certainly, in some sort or other, partake of Lucy's fate, and suffer like that miserable daughter of distress and folly!

But whoso fixeth her eyes on the bright chaplet, which Virtue, seated on yonder

yonder golden cloud, offers as a reward to all her strenuous followers—she who fears sin more than she fears death; she who dreads the allurements of vice more than the snares and fury of the Hyrcanian tiger—she shall be rewarded here; she shall be blessed, like faithful,

virtuous Caroline; and, like her, shall shine in never-ending glory! Be steadfast, therefore, ye daughters of Britain! endure, be resolute; be watchful, be sober; be serious and reserved: be virtuous, ye lovely ones; be virtuous, and be blessed!

F I N I S.



